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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NO. XCI.
FOR MARCH, 1867.

ART. I.—1. *Trades-Societies and Strikes.* Report of the Committee on Trades-Societies, appointed by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. 1860.

2. *Trades-Unions and Strikes: their Philosophy and Intention.* By T. J. DUNNING, Secretary to the London Consolidated Society of Bookbinders. 1860.

3. *Strikes and Arbitrations: with the Procedure and forms successfully adopted by the Building Trade at Wolverhampton.* Written at the request of the Working Men's Club. By RUPERT KETTLE. 1866.

4. *The Beehive Newspaper.* 1866.

5. *The Builders' Trade Circular.* 1866.

6. *Report of the Conference of Trades' Delegates of the United Kingdom, held at Sheffield, July 17-21, 1866.*

THE history of attempts to adjust the relation between workmen and their employers in England, extends over a period of more than five hundred years. The first Statute regulating wages was passed in 1350, after a great plague had thinned the labouring class, and when the survivors, taking advantage of the small supply of workmen, were claiming an advance of wages. The animus of the Legislature of the day is shown in the preamble, where this very natural desire is ascribed to idleness and malice, and declared to be the cause of 'great damage of the great men, and impoverishing of all the commonalty.' Farm-labourers were bound down to a certain rate of wages, under penalty of three days in the stocks for disobedience to the law; while workmen in the building trades were exposed to fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Justices.

be formed among workmen to free themselves from the effects of this and similar enactments; but the iron fingers of the Legislature were ready to nip such attempts in the bud. So far back as the reign of Henry VI., persons causing general chapters of masons to be held were declared felons, and persons attending such chapters were to be punished by imprisonment and fine. In 1549 an Act was passed to suppress the confederacies of workmen who had conspired together to determine, among other things, how much work was to be done daily, and at what hours and times; and it was declared that any one convicted of such a crime should for the first offence pay £10; for the second, £20; for the third £40; with the alternative of twenty days' imprisonment, in the first case; the pillory, in the second; and the pillory and loss of one ear in the third. But it was soon found that this law was too stringent, and when, next year, the city of London petitioned against it, on the ground that it would drive away their craftsmen and artificers, and impoverish their city, it was 'made void for ever.' A kindlier spirit towards the labouring classes, however, appeared in some of the legislation of this period; and efforts were not wanting to check the oppression to which they were often exposed. In the fifth year of Elizabeth, an important and well-known enactment was passed, requiring that every workman should have served as an apprentice seven years, and restricting the number of apprentices which masters might employ. Another important provision of this Statute was, that the wages of labour were to be fixed every year by the Justices of the Peace at the Easter Quarter Sessions. This practice, though the Act was not formally repealed

till 1813, had gone into disuse long before.

Meanwhile the industry of Great Britain was beginning to assume another form. The bodies of workmen working together were often becoming much larger, and the opportunities of combination to defeat the law and advance their interests increased in a corresponding ratio. The Legislature, ever ready to apply its specific, passed Act upon Act, 'prohibiting all agreements or associations of workmen for the purpose of advancing wages, or controlling their masters in the management and regulation of their business; and empowered the magistrate to convict summarily, and punish with imprisonment for two or three months, any workman who should take part in them.'

It cannot be denied that in the whole course of this legislation against 'combinations' the sympathies of the Legislature were for the most part with employers; and the fact must be borne in mind, when attention is turned to the excesses and follies that have accompanied the assertion of their rights by workmen in these recent years of new-found freedom. As Adam Smith shrewdly remarks: 'Whenever the Legislature attempted to regulate the differences between masters and workmen, its counselors were always the masters.' Combinations on the part of masters, the same writer remarks, were authorized, or at least not prohibited by law; it was the combinations of workmen only that fell under its lash. Against workmen convictions of breaking the law were taking place constantly; but there is no record of any conviction against an employer. We know how difficult it is to get rid of traditional feelings, even when the occasion for them has disappeared. For nearly five hundred years, with but little interruption, a traditional sense of hard usage, in respect of their relation to their employers, had been working into the soul of the labouring class. To eradicate that feeling it would be reasonable, we apprehend, to allot a period not less than the three generations said to be required for purifying the blood.

No law can have much effect which is not backed by the general conscience of the community; and for want of such backing the 'Combination Laws' were often disregarded. And it must be confessed the temptation to do so was sometimes very great. In the year 1786, for example, the bookbinders of London, whose day of work was from six in the morning to eight at night, applied to four of the masters for a diminution of one hour; the application was followed by the discharge of the men and

the apprehension of their leaders, and by a criminal prosecution. Most of the masters combined against the men, and the book-sellers backed the masters; but other masters were more favourable, including King George III., who had a bookbinder's shop in the then Buckingham Palace, for keeping in repair the royal library at St. James's, and who was the first to grant the hour. About the same time, the Sheffield cutlers had a strike against the 'extortionate practice' of making thirteen knives to the dozen. An employer who had made himself obnoxious by enforcing this vexatious violation of Cocker, was lampooned in doggerel, characterized by the usual combination of bad rhyme, rough humour, and bitter feeling, especially as regarded the use to be made of the thirteenth knife:—

'Then may the odd knife his great carcass
dissect,
Lay open his vitals for men to inspect;
A heart full as black as the infernal gulf,
In that greedy, blood-sucking, bone-
scraping wolf.'

At the commencement of the century strikes were common in almost every trade, and the Legislature made a vehement effort in 1800 to extinguish them completely by one other stringent enactment. The attempt was not only a complete failure, but its results showed that such enactments only stimulated the evil they were meant to cure. At last, a Committee of the House of Commons, of which Mr. Hume was chairman, having reported, in 1824, against the Combination Laws, measures were passed repealing them in that and the subsequent year. The immediate effect of the repeal was to give a great impulse to strikes, and the policy of re-enacting the exploded law was seriously considered in 1825. But milder counsels prevailed. In 1838, when an inquiry into the effects of the repeal was made by a committee of the House of Commons, it was reported that its bearing on the conduct of strikes had been on the whole beneficial. There was not so much violence as formerly, and the union men were pronounced by the majority of masters to be the most highly skilled of the operatives, and the most respectable in the trade. Since that time there is a very general concurrence of testimony, to the effect that strikes have been conducted with less of barbarous violence, with an increasing measure of outward self-restraint. No doubt cases of violence do still occur, and the brutal endeavour to blow up the house of the knife-grinder Fearnlyhough, at Sheffield, a few months ago, looks as if matters were

becoming worse than ever. But unfortunately not a few instances are on record of attempts to blow up houses, and of many other outrages at Sheffield. In the policy of annoyance and vexatious interference with masters, it is unhappily true, as will appear subsequently, that trades-unions have lately become far more offensive than ever they were formerly. But the days when vitriol used to be dashed in the faces of obnoxious workmen, when men at the point of death were brought into court on stretchers to identify the villains that had shot them, when clothes burnt almost to a cinder were produced to show what vitriol had done, when even young women were blinded for life for going against the rules of the union, and when actual occurrences such as these gave a dread significance to threatening letters from the 'captain of the vitriol forces,' dated from 'nine miles below hell,' and to the rough representations of pierced hearts, coffins, pistols, death's-heads and cross-bones that embellished them—such days, we trust, have passed away for ever.* Even if no higher principle were in force, the members of trades-unions have common sense enough to see that such atrocities inflict incalculable damage on their cause, and on the very smallest allowance of charity, they must be credited with a sincere desire to prevent their recurrence, although their policy and methods may not be so readily exonerated.

In point of numbers, resources, organization, and activity, trade-societies have made marvellous progress. Since the repeal of the Combination Laws, a variety of circumstances has contributed to this result. In forty years the industry of Great Britain has made an amazing stride, and the number of workmen has vastly increased. The application of steam-power has caused the concentration of much larger numbers than in former times, and has thus at once given them facilities for conferring together, and impressed them with a higher idea of their strength. The penny-post, the cheap newspaper, and the railway have bound together the scattered companies and regiments of the army, and greatly promoted unity of sentiment and action. And, rightly or wrongly, the idea has gained a strong hold on their minds, that in the distribution of the profits of production labour has not had its due portion, and that capital has been fattening on the fruits that should have fallen more largely at least, to the workman's share. From the very nature

too of the action which trades-unions have taken, they have necessarily tended to enlarged organization and increasing power. We do not allude here, nor shall we in this article, where space is so limited, to those confessedly benevolent and beneficent objects which most trade-societies embrace, the sick-funds and the aid-funds, by means of which they so laudably strive to benefit their members in distress. It is of their economic bearings on the labour-market that we speak, when we say that continual enlargement has been their necessary tendency. For whatever screw-power they can exercise in raising wages and easing labour, is due to the difficulty they cause in the way of employers obtaining labour on easier terms than those which they propose. It was enough in former times that this difficulty was made to exist in the immediate neighbourhood of the employer's work. But in these days, when communication is so easy, when labour can be transported in four-and-twenty hours from one end of the island to the other, it is necessary for the policy of trades-societies that the same difficulty should exist over the whole country; that employers, when they quarrel with their men in London, should find the workmen of Aberdeen and Inverness, of Dublin and Belfast, as stiff and immovable as those who have been working in their yards or mills. Nay more, wider limits must be contemplated than the boundaries of the United Kingdom. The possibility of obtaining foreign workmen on more favourable terms is becoming an important element in the strife, and to carry out in full the policy of trades-unions, it is necessary to take steps for a common understanding and united action among the labourers of all civilized lands. It is no wonder, therefore, that trades-unions should have been strengthening their position in every possible way. The International Congress of workmen held at Geneva last autumn was an important step towards a union much more wide than the limits of a single kingdom or nationality. And when there are heads clear enough to see, and imaginations active enough to fancy, the *terminus ad quem* of their enterprise, there floats before the mind's eye the vision of a world-wide confederation of labour, an organization that utterly dwarfs the zollvereins, and leagues, and confederations of all past and present time, and before whose overwhelming might, capital, if such a thing should be able to survive at all, would have no alternative but to 'stand and deliver.'

The increasing power and resources of trades-unions since the repeal of the Com-

* See Parliamentary Report on Combination Laws, 1824; and Speech of Sir Archibald Alison at Glasgow at Social Science Conference, Sept. 1860.

bination Laws has been clearly shown by the gigantic strikes which have occurred from time to time in some of the most important and extensive branches of our industry. According to Dr. Watts of Manchester (whose calculations, however, have been challenged by unionists), the great strike of the Preston spinners, which lasted thirty-eight weeks, involved a loss of no less than £627,000. That of the amalgamated engineers cost about half-a-million. The cost of colliery strikes can hardly be put down at less. In regard to the actual number of trades-societies, and the members of each, exact information cannot easily be got. The *Daily Telegraph* of 28th January 1867 represents the number of associations as having been, a short time ago, 1800 or 2000. The number of towns in which these societies existed exceeded 400. London had then 290 such bodies; now it has probably more. In Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, and Manchester, the number ranged from 45 to 97; and it had been estimated by competent authority that the members of each amounted to about 100. The fifteenth report of the 'Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-makers,' shows that during 1865 nearly £28,500 was added to the accumulated fund, the total amount of which, at the close of that year, was £115,357, 13s. 10½d. During the year there had been an increase of 3583 members, making a total of 30,978. The expenditure during the year was £49,172, 6s. 2d. The society of carpenters and joiners numbered 5670 members, and had a fund of £8320, 13s. 7d., the expenditure for the year having been £6733, 11s. 5½d. At the conference of trades' delegates of the United Kingdom, held at Sheffield in July 1866, there were present 138 delegates, representing nearly 200,000 members. Two things are apparent from these figures: on the one hand, the immense power and resources of the trades-societies of Great Britain; on the other, the fact that their membership is but a small fraction of the total labourers, skilled and unskilled of the country.

Much though the bearing of trades-unions on social interests has been agitated, it is surprising how little can be said to have been conclusively settled or placed beyond the reach of controversy. Commonly, when a subject has been long under discussion, there comes to be a general consent on a number of points; either avowedly or tacitly, they are held on both sides to be established, or at least they cease to be objects of contention. In the discussions that have

taken place on combinations and strikes, it is remarkable how little there is that on both sides can be said, as yet, to be admitted or established. Whether there is a real call and ground for combinations of workmen, or whether the self-acting rule of supply and demand would not sufficiently regulate the remuneration of labour; whether combinations and strikes have had any effect in increasing wages, or whether wages would not have risen at least as much without them; whether the mass of working men go voluntary into them, or whether they are not coerced by clever agitators, who love pre-eminence and pay; whether or not the labourer has a right to know anything about the profit of the business to which he contributes his share of work and skill, and to adjust his demands accordingly; whether or not courts of conciliation would contribute to the peaceful solution of the differences of masters and men, and if so, how they should be constituted,—on all such questions as these, there cannot be said to be anything like agreement between both parties. Such is the mistiness that envelops the subject, that it is almost amusing to observe the differences as to plain matters of fact that sometimes characterize the statements of masters and men when a dispute occurs. One would think it would not be very difficult to agree in a statement as to the wages actually earned by workmen, the rates of pay actually current in a work. Yet in colliery disputes, for example, there sometimes occur, or used to occur, so many deviations, or alleged deviations, from obvious weights or measurements, that very great diversities arose in the statements of masters and men. Thus, in the West Yorkshire coal-strike and lock-out of 1858, Mr. Ludlow alleges that the two statements were irreconcilable, and he accounts for the fact on the supposition that the employer reckoned the ton of coal at twenty-one cwt., both for sale and for wages, while the men asserted that for wages he reckoned it at twenty-five. This, again, would seem to depend on the size of the 'corves' filled by the colliers, which they asserted had grown 'like an oak-tree out of a sapling,' while the master affirmed that they had undergone no alteration in size during twenty years.* Similar differences in fundamental data have

* In the chain-makers' strike in 1859-60, no agreement could be come to between the parties either as to what was the average amount of existing wages, the men putting it at less than 15s. per week, the masters at 30s; or as to the extent of the advance demanded, the masters estimating it from 10s. to 12s. for all the higher labourers, the men from 5s. to 8s.

occurred in many other trade disputes. Nor can it be said that there is much to encourage the hope that the mist which envelops the whole subject will speedily clear away. The interests, and therefore the feelings, of both parties have been so much involved in the warfare, that it has been almost impossible for them to take that calm and impartial view of the question which is favourable to a common understanding; and at the present moment, the battle rages with such heat that we can hardly hope to secure even a patient hearing. We may, however, cherish the belief that there are not a few earnest truth-seekers on both sides, to whom views which have been formed after much investigation and reflection, and which are offered not in the spirit of the partisan, but in that of the mediator, will prove neither unwelcome nor useless.

One thing about trade combinations may be held as sufficiently established—they are a great fact. Whether they ought to exist or not may with some be a question; that they do exist, and have every likelihood to continue to exist, is about as certain as that standing armies and navies will continue ever so long among the institutions of civilized nations. No one seriously proposes the re-enactment of the Combination Laws, or fancies that it would be possible to administer them if they were again placed on the Statute-book. Mr. Edmund Potter of Manchester, though a decided enemy of unions, admits that ‘strikes, as the action and the almost inevitable result of commercial bargaining for labour, will always exist.’ Mr. T. J. Dunning, whose pamphlet on trades-unions and strikes is a very creditable specimen of calm and sober reasoning on the workman’s side, and who deprecates strikes as a state of moral warfare, and productive of that mutual bitterness which ensues from all war while it lasts, is notwithstanding clearly of opinion, ‘from long experience of their results to journeymen, both of success and defeat, that there is no proper alternative, in certain cases, but the position of a strike.’ It were Quixotic, therefore, to raise the question at present, whether there ought to be combinations of any kind. The tug of war must be on their practical administration, the ends they contemplate, and the means they employ for the attainment of these ends. It is to these that we propose to devote the remainder of our article.

No good can arise from those sweeping and unqualified denunciations of either side which have been common even in our higher classed periodical literature. It is easy to set up a man of straw, and tear him to

pieces. It is easy to say that trade-societies have not the confidence of the working classes, that they are managed by selfish and interested demagogues, that their conductors are utterly blind and unreasoning, ignorant of the most elementary rules of political economy, reckless of every ulterior consequence, bent only on obtaining the immediate advantage for which they are contending, and that therefore such institutions are unmitigated evils. We do not deny that some facts do give a certain colouring of truth to these charges. But in dealing with the subject, we are willing to admit that it is alike unfair and inexpedient thus to characterise the supporters of combination. We will admit that, with exceptions, working men are in favour of combinations as being, in their view, beneficial to their interests; that the delegates whom they choose generally enjoy their confidence; and that the measures which they devise are those which they consider best fitted in the circumstances to promote the welfare of the class. We will admit that there is some ground, more or less plausible, for each of the positions which trades-unions maintain in their conflict with employers; and we will endeavour to state, as far as possible in their own terms, and in the most favourable way for them, the reasons they have for all that they claim.

The avowed object of trades-unions and combinations, then, is to secure for the workman that share of the profit of production which is due to labour. That labour in past times has not obtained its fair share is inferred by the advocates of these unions from the fact that many employers have made large fortunes, and that most of them live in a style of comfort that indicates an abundant profit. It is not actually denied that the law of supply and demand is that by which the remuneration of labour ought to be regulated. It is rather maintained that the different circumstances of capitalists and labourers prevent that law from operating freely, and from determining equitably what the one ought to give, and the other to take, for his labour. If the law of supply and demand is to work fairly, the pressure, so to speak, on buyer and seller ought to be equal. If one of the parties be subject to a pressure which the other does not feel, the fair action of the law will be interfered with. If the one requires to sell his commodity immediately, but the other does not require to buy immediately, the advantage is on the side of the purchaser. The owner of an estate, or of a house, or of a horse, may sometimes be so situated that he must sell at once, for whatever the article will fetch. But in such a case he does not get the proper

market value for it. To enable him to do so, he must be in no greater haste to sell than the other to buy. To apply this to workmen and capitalists, labour is the commodity which the one wishes to dispose of to the other. But it is affirmed that singly labourers are not on an equality in entering the market. The labourer lives on his earnings from week to week, and usually supports a family on them, and therefore cannot wait. The capitalist has other means of living, and does not require to buy at once. The labourer is thus exposed to the risk of selling his commodity through necessity for anything it will fetch at the moment. To remedy this evil he combines with other labourers. By this means a fund is accumulated which gives him support if the employer and he differ as to terms, and he is saved the necessity of parting with his labour at a sacrifice. By this means, too, he is enabled to frame other conditions for the disposal of his labour. He believes that he then, and only then, enters the market on equal terms with the employer, when he can say, without fear of being undersold,—‘Here is my labour, here is the price at which I will sell it, and here are the conditions on which I will yield it.’ To place him in this position is the avowed object of trades-unions.

Without either admitting or questioning the soundness of this reasoning, let us mark one inevitable result of the policy which it suggests. The individual labourer forms a union with other labourers, and with such success, we shall suppose, that the great mass of his fellow-craftsmen agree to support him, and to support one another in bargaining for the disposal of their labour, and subscribe large funds for the purpose. How does this affect the position of the employer? Very clearly, when he goes now into the labour-market as an individual, the tables are completely turned. The pressure of necessity which formerly was presumed to bear upon the labourer now bears upon the employer. The labourer can now bide his time. But the individual employer cannot wait indefinitely. His capital is limited, and it will soon be wasted, if it be not employed. Or let us suppose that he has certain contracts in hand. Heavy penalties are incurred if the contracts are not fulfilled within a limited time. It is evident that it is he that must now go into the labour-market at a disadvantage, and buy the labour he needs at whatever price, and on whatever conditions may be demanded. Such at least is his position if he act singly, and without combination with other employers. It is therefore in self-defence that he tries to form such combination. A union of mas-

ters is regarded as necessary to restore the equilibrium which the union of workmen has disturbed. If a union of workmen be necessary to prevent the individual workman from having to sell his labour at a disadvantage, a union of masters is necessary to prevent the individual master from having to purchase his labour at a disadvantage. The master’s union is the result of the workmen’s; and the lock-out is the consequence of the strike. We are reasoning at present on abstract principles, and without reference to actual cases, where particular circumstances may render our logic inapplicable. But undoubtedly there is a point at which the necessity which urges the workmen to unite is transferred from them to the employers. Some employers, however, complicate matters by combining for the avowed purpose of breaking up the union of the men. It may be that they are driven to this. But it looks as if the masters claimed to themselves a right which they denied to the men. With the intense sensitiveness of the men as to equal rights, the avowal of such a purpose, sought in such a manner, must be exasperating. Each party has a right to combine to obviate the necessity of going into the market at a disadvantage; but neither has a right to combine to break up the combination of the other.

But it is time to advance from the abstract to the concrete. What, in point of fact, is the policy of trades-unions, when they try to make their own bargain,—what are the conditions they impose, or seek to impose, when they offer their labour to capitalists for sale?

The answer to this question may be comprised in some half-dozen particulars:—1. They seek to establish certain standard rates of wages, beneath which no employer shall be at liberty to pay his men. 2. To limit the hours of labour, and especially to discourage or do away with the practice of working over-time. 3. To discourage or do away with the practice of piece-work. 4. To limit the number of apprentices. 5. To prevent the employment of non-union men along with or in room of unionists. 6. In certain cases, to oppose the introduction of machinery, or the employment of unskilled labourers in the working of machinery. Other points may occasionally be insisted on, but, speaking generally, we may say that these six embrace the chief demands which trades-unions have been wont to make.

In order to sift thoroughly the character and the tendency of these, or any other conditions of a similar kind, it will be proper to inquire—I. Whether or not it be a right thing to trammel the labour-market with

any artificial restrictions, instead of allowing a perfectly free trade in labour; II. What the precise merit or demerit is of each of the restrictions contended for, especially as regards the workman, and whether or not, according to the recognised laws of political economy, they tend to secure the end for which they are designed; and III. What their bearing is on the position of employers—whether or not they are compatible with that freedom and self-respect, and with that sense of responsibility for the right conduct of his undertaking, without which the position of a master is but a mockery, and the management of business a worry not to be borne.

I. Nothing, it has often been said, succeeds like success; and the marvellous success of free-trade, as recently carried out in this country, has made it necessary for persons who contend for restrictions in any branch of business to stand on the defensive. But it does not follow, as a matter of course, that because free-trade has succeeded in one sphere, it ought to be applied out and out in every sphere. In the main, free-trade is a question of expediency. The only principle of a moral or religious nature applicable to it is, that it is the will of God that the superabundant products or commodities of one region should be readily available for the supply of other regions, and that it is a sin to frustrate this benevolent purpose by artificial restrictions, designed to promote the interests of a class. Now, it will hardly be contended that this principle has to do with this question whether labourers are entitled to place any restrictions on the sale of their own labour. What remains to be pleaded in favour of free-trade is, its great expediency—the remarkable comfort, certainty, quickness, and expansiveness of commercial transactions untrammelled by restrictions. It is this expediency that has received such marvellous illustration in the commercial policy of recent years. But although it is certainly very desirable that all business be transacted with as few fetters as possible, it is not imperative that there be no fetters. In fact, a higher expediency may render the imposition of some fetters indispensable. The interests of public health, or of public safety, or even the demands of national revenue, may be regarded sufficient to justify restrictions in trade. For such reasons the sale of poisons, of gunpowder, and of intoxicating drinks, is subjected to somewhat rigid restrictions. The free-trade expediency is checked by higher expediencies; and fetters condemned by the one are restored at the demand of the other.

But perhaps the case of the labour-market itself furnishes the best illustration of the propriety of occasional restrictions in the exchange of commodities. For, side by side with the advance of our free-trade policy, there has been carried out a policy of limitation in the employment of labour. The Ten Hours Act is one result of this policy; so is the prohibition of female labour in certain employments, and of infant labour; so also is the half-time system; and indeed the whole arrangements connected with the public inspection of factories and mines, and the provisions which such inspection is designed to enforce. This is no doubt true; and, under shelter of such precedents, trades-unionists sometimes argue that they are entitled to lay upon the sale of labour the restrictions which they contend for. But before this conclusion could be justified, they would require to make out that a higher expediency than that which calls for free-trade demands such restrictions, and especially that such restrictions are called for in the interest of the public. For restrictions in the interest of public health, or public safety, or public morality, are one thing, and restrictions in the interest of a section of the community, are another. Restrictions of the nature of protection, going to constitute a monopoly, contracting the energies of industry, clipping the wings of enterprise, are those of which our free-trade experience has made us most jealous. Trades-unions would require to show that the restrictions which they propose are not of this character, and they would need to be the more particular in their proof, from the circumstance that our past experience of guilds and other protected industries has not been favourable. Our history shows that it is not in the old seats of protected industry, not round the dull and venerable halls where hammersmiths and cordwainers have held their lifeless meetings, that our modern industry has gathered its resources and achieved its matchless triumphs, but in new, unheard-of places—in Manchester, Leeds, Rochdale, 'Birmingham by Warwick' (as letters have been addressed within the present generation); not in Dublin, but Belfast; not in Edinburgh, but Glasgow; not in the fair city of Hal' o' the Wynd, but its *parvenu* neighbour, Dundee. The *onus probandi* is thrown upon the advocates of restriction, and proof must be brought forward that the measures which they plead for are not calculated to paralyse industry, or to promote the welfare only of one class. The restrictions themselves must then be examined individually, and their true character and bearing ascertained.

II. We proceed, accordingly, to examine in detail the several restrictions sought to be imposed by trades-unions on the free sale of labour, and to inquire whether these restrictions are in themselves justifiable, and whether, according to the laws of political economy, they tend to secure the end for which they are designed. In doing so, we shall first endeavour to state, as fairly as we can, on the one hand, the arguments by which the several demands are in wont to be enforced by their more temperate advocates; and on the other, the objections to which they are liable.

(1.) In regard to the claim for *standard rates of wages*, where the men are paid by time, we find, at the outset, an important difference in defining the real meaning of this claim. If we take Mr. Dunning's account of it, it does not mean that all workmen—good, bad, and indifferent—should be paid alike; and it is not liable to the objection that it drags down the superior workman to the level of the inferior. It means that a certain rate should be fixed as the *minimum*, below which wages should not fall, leaving the employer to pay for superior skill, or working ability, as much more as he pleases, or as the man can obtain. It excludes a master from employing men at a lower rate, even though he should judge them, or they should be admitted to be, decidedly inferior workmen. The reason alleged for it is, that it is necessary as a barrier against the introduction of the 'sweating system,' a system that takes advantage of the urgent necessities of working men, and constrains them to work at rates that, in their effects, are alike demoralizing and ruinous. It is admitted that, in point of fact, the *standard* rate usually becomes the *average* rate of payment, and this is justified on the ground that most men are entitled to it, as being of average ability, and that the deficiencies of some are made up by the surplus work of others. Although it is denied that the regulation is *designed* to make the able and more skilled workmen do less work than they would do under a system of graduated payment, it is hardly questioned that its *tendency* is in this direction. It is hardly to be supposed that when the wages received are uniform, the quicker and abler workman will do more work than his slower neighbour. Why should he work more than the average amount, he asks, when he receives no more than the average pay? Would a clever writer in a review or magazine, capable of doing double the work of another in the same time, write two sheets for the pay of one, if he were engaged by time? And if it be said that the master, by this system,

has no redress against inferior workmen, whose work is decidedly worth less than their pay, the reply is he can dismiss them. Whenever a slack time comes, he can weed out the inferior hands; and the dislike of being dismissed, or of being superseded, acts as a check against the abuse of the regulation.

However this may be, the general effect of the arrangement, it is affirmed by masters, is to lessen the daily amount of work. In certain trades, masters complain bitterly that the work done in a given time is greatly less than it was twenty years ago.* This is ascribed, not so much to the predominance of a lazy habit among the men, as to the influence of a notion that has taken hold of them, that by lessening the amount of work they increase its value. By creating an artificial scarcity of labour, they believe that they increase the market value of that labour. This notion we shall have to examine fully afterwards, for we shall find that it lies at the foundation of most of the restrictions which the trades-unions contend for. Meanwhile, we may remark that the establishment of a standard or uniform rate of wages, though not relished by masters, does not seem to be one of the demands against which they are disposed to wage mortal war, provided the rates proposed are such as they think they can accept of.

(2.) We come then to the second demand—the limitation of the hours of labour. In favour of such limitation two kinds of argument are usually employed. In the first place, there is the consideration of health and morality,—a most valid and reasonable one within certain limits. Thus, in a petition to Parliament, the colliers of West Yorkshire have alleged as "a well-known fact, that the longer the men are employed, the more liable are they to become allured by intoxicating drinks, or other debasing habits." In any case, the exhaustion caused by toil requires the use of restoratives, but the restoratives provided by nature—simple diet, sleep, social intercourse, fresh air, games, scenery, music, religious services—

* Employers of masons, for example, complain that the number of strokes given with the mallet per minute is smaller than it used to be. In a procession of masons at Edinburgh last autumn, a figure, representing a stone-hewer, who gave a stroke with his mallet when the bearer pulled a string, was declared by the masters to be a most faithful symbol of the unionist stone-cutter. The number of strokes per minute was extremely small, corresponding to what used to be called, in the kingdom of Fife, 'Cupar time,' as distinguished from 'Auchtermuchty time;' and the strokes were given just as the string-puller directed,—the real string-pullers being the heads of the union.

are for the most part slow in their operation. Hence, when toil has been protracted to extra hours, restoratives of more rapid action are sought after, and intemperance is greatly promoted. At the discussion on trades-unions in Glasgow in 1860, Mr. Fergus, who began by saying that he utterly abhorred and detested strikes, referred to the case of the engineers of Lanarkshire, a class with whom he had become acquainted some thirteen years before, and who then spent their evenings most rationally; but by competition a system of overtime had been introduced, which had wrought great damage to their physical and moral nature. The evil was far greater than was generally supposed, and it wrought amongst the men physical decay, premature death, and in some cases insanity.

In so far as workmen seek to reduce the hours of labour to such limits as the average human frame is adapted to bear, and desire more leisure for self-improvement, their object must commend itself to every honest Christian heart. Besides, the community has selfish reasons, if it would think of them, for desiring that workmen be not made to labour beyond their strength. Wherever there is excessive labour, the death-rate and the poor-rate are increased, and widows and orphans in large numbers are thrown on the public for support. But probably there is no class to whom overtime is so hurtful, in a general point of view, as to employers themselves. When their men are working overtime, and drawing for that time the extra wages which are paid for it, they are actually doing less work for more pay. They are contributing exhausted, or at least impaired energies, and for that they are receiving more than in ordinary circumstances they get for the application of energies fresh and unimpaired. They are tiring themselves for their ordinary daily work; for a man working hard till eight or ten o'clock at night is not the same man at six next morning as he used to be, and not able to work as hard. It is but natural then that employers should be as much against overtime as workmen. What they plead, in certain trades, such as that of engineers is, that the heavy expense of their machinery and tools, and the peculiar character of the work they produce, render overtime, piece-work, and irregularity of employment an unavoidable and certain incident of their calling.

'We cannot, like the spinner, the weaver, or the cloth-worker, manufacture on speculation, and produce without order, certain that ultimately the article will be required, and must always be in demand. We can only produce to order, and we must produce our commodity

when it is ordered. Our customers require all their purchases for a special purpose, and at a special time. Perhaps they are useless to them unless supplied when stipulated; certainly they will cease to employ us if we fail to finish to our time.'

There is obviously force and reason in these considerations, but there are other employments where the men are engaged under regulations that seem to set every consideration of health and comfort at defiance. We refer to engine drivers, stokers, and other railway employés, whose hours of labour, at least on some lines, are one of the most unfathomable of the many mysteries of railway management. Ever and anon we hear of men who are not off work for days and nights in succession, beginning their duty perhaps on a Monday evening, and not leaving it till the following Wednesday. It is humiliating that it should be in our new industries that such barbarous instances of disregard of the laws of nature are commonly found to occur. The case of railway employés is a crying scandal, and it is all the more so that the justification of one company seems usually to be, that the same practice is prevalent in the rest.

But there is another reason sometimes given for limiting the hours of labour that is not entitled to equal consideration. In the request of the Operative Builders to the Masters, London, in 1859, it was alleged that

'The application of machinery to all pursuits of human industry had to a great extent rendered the demand for manual labour unnecessary. In our own trade it already rips the material, ploughs, mortises, and tenons, and does everything except the bare putting together, and we are warranted in anticipating further depressive aggressions, and justified in attempting to provide a barrier against future distresses by shortening the hour of labour.'

Without entering here on the question (which will be touched on afterwards), whether the application of machinery does really lessen the demand for manual labour, we remark that the pith of the argument lies in this, that the workman is justified in restricting his day's labour, in order to make room for the employment of as many of his brother craftsmen as possible. A certain amount of labour, he reasons, is needed for the work of the country; we must contrive that as many of us as possible be employed to do it; in order to this we must get the hours of labour shortened, and at the same time we must try to secure that our wages are not diminished. We do not deny that the argument is well-meant, that it is designed to promote the good of the

brotherhood generally; but unless we are mistaken greatly, it is just one of those arguments that, if carried to its consequences, as we shall try to show by and by, would paralyse industry, and drive it, not to some hitherto unknown centre of activity within the British isles — some Birmingham, or Leeds, or New Lanark, — but beyond the outskirts of the United Kingdom, to colonies alive with youthful enterprise, or to foreign countries, where, if they would but adopt the Celtic motto, '*Olim marte, nunc arte*,' hundreds of thousands of young fellows, by beating their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, might so stimulate their national industries, that most formidable competition would be created to our own.

(3.) The argument against *piece-work* rests largely on a similar basis. In some occupations no attempt is made to disturb *piece-work*; but where it is open to an employer either to engage by time or by the piece, the feeling of unionists is in favour of the former. It is felt that when men are paid by *piece-work* the stimulus to work more than they ought to work is too great to be resisted; that work is thus confined to a limited number of workers; that those who may be going idle have neither a fair share nor a fair chance; that too high a notion is conveyed of what a day's work ought to be; that the wages earned are apt to be considered too large, and that encouragement is thus given to masters to attempt to lower the rate of remuneration. In the iron-trades, *piece-work*, like overtime, is peculiarly obnoxious to the men. On the 11th July 1851, the council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers issued a circular to all their branches, annexed to which was a schedule of questions, which members were asked to fill up. Two of the questions inquired how many members were in favour of, or against *piece-work*; and how many in favour of, or against, systematic overtime? Out of 11,800 members upwards of 9000 voted, and of these only 16 were in favour of *piece-work* and systematic overtime. In arguing with their employers on the subject, they said, that the same reasons that were applicable to overtime were capable of being urged against it.

'Whatever evils spring from men working longer hours than is consistent with their health or moral wellbeing spring from *piece-work* to the full as much as from overtime. By it men are incited to work as long as exhausted nature will sustain itself, and in addition, it leads them to hurry over their work, and leaves it imperfectly finished when defects may be concealed.'

On the other hand, it is argued in favour of *piece-work*, that it is by far the most likely way of enabling the able workman to rise to the position of an employer.

'Many of ourselves,' said the Master Engineers, 'have traced their rise from the position of employed to that of employers, to the opportunities afforded by *piece-work*, which enabled them to become small contractors, and thereby to avail themselves of the rewards of their directing skill. As it is the fairest and least fallible test of the value of labour, and best enables the master to make his estimates with security, so it is the line which measures off the expert and industrious workman from the lazy and unskilful; and above all, it is the lever by which the patient merit and superior intelligence raises itself above the surrounding level, and enables society to reward, and to profit by, mechanical genius and energy, as well as by respectability of character.'

There is no doubt that there is much force in these considerations, and their bearing on the interests of the workmen is obvious. Very likely, however, workmen would deny that in general they are allowed to reap the full fruit of the system, and would be ready to bring forward instances in which mechanics who had invented some improvement in the mode of working were deprived of the benefit of their invention. The main objection to *piece-work*, however, arises from the tendency believed to be inherent in it, to lower the general remuneration of work. This question we reserve for after discussion.

(4.) Regarding the employment of apprentices, there are obvious reasons to account for the eager desire prevalent among workmen to limit their number. As a man advances in life, the feeling must gain upon him that he is less eligible than he once was to employers, and that younger men have the advantage. The grey whisker, as some one has said, is the worst letter of recommendation a workman can carry, and it is a letter he cannot suppress or conceal. A flood of youthful labourers pressing round employers is one of the most painful visions that can rise before him. Under the pressure of circumstances he sees that employers as a rule are not in favour of old workmen. In the regulation of many establishments the law of selfishness is predominant without a check; and even those masters who have heart enough to be unwilling to dismiss an old servant, sometimes find convenient excuse for telling him to go. Employers of a certain rank sometimes fall upon contrivances for getting no small amount of work performed by boy-labour; some have even been known to accumulate fortunes rapidly upon savings de-

rived from the employment of children. What workmen chiefly dread, if no limit be placed on the number of apprentices is, that the market shall be flooded by a surplus supply of labourers; consequently that there will be a general fall in wages, and that the older and feebler workmen will go to the wall.

Besides this, it is alleged that it is the function of the journeyman to instruct the apprentice, and that therefore the former is entitled to stipulate as to the amount of time and trouble he will become liable for in doing so. The Amalgamated Engineers, in one of their documents, when asked whether they did not acknowledge the right of an employer to engage any industrious man he pleased, said that they did, but that they did not acknowledge his right to compel them to instruct an ignorant workman. In like manner, if the employer would undertake to teach the apprentices, he might have as many as he liked; but if they had to instruct him, they begged to be allowed to say how many they would undertake. The consequence of a horde of apprentices is affirmed by the Sheffield workmen to be that they are not properly taught, and therefore not qualified as efficient or first-class workmen. Such half-taught lads will be welcome to the manufacturers of cheap goods, who do not bring into the market a trustworthy manufacture, but are bent on underselling the respectable dealer. The effect of their admission is to derange the trade, to perplex, if not deceive the public, and to discourage the first-class producer.

The limitation of the number of apprentices in a trade would be of little use, if it were not coupled with a provision that none but those who have served a regular apprenticeship shall be eligible for employment as workers in the trade. This demand is enforced by the consideration that it would be unjust to put persons who have not served an apprenticeship on the same level with those who have. Some persons go so far as to argue that a period of servitude, as it is called, confers something like a legal right to all the benefits of the craft in which the apprenticeship has been served. The Railway Spring-makers' Society address their members thus:—

'Considering that the trade whereby we live is our property, bought by certain years of servitude, which give us a *vested right*, and that we have a *sole and exclusive claim upon it*, as all will have hereafter who purchase it by the same means, it is evident that it is every man's duty to protect by all fair and legal means the property whereby he lives, being always equally careful not to trespass on the rights of others.'

It is surely clear to common sense that when people come to speak of a 'vested right' in any craft, or of a 'sole and exclusive claim' upon it, or of having 'purchased' it, or of its being their 'property,' they have got into the region of wild fanaticism. As a mode of securing due instruction to apprentices themselves, and as affording tolerable security to employers and to the public for their efficiency, the apprenticeship system may be very fairly defended. And in professions where the public can hardly judge of a man's ability to do what he undertakes, such as that of the law or that of medicine, the security afforded by his having passed through an apprenticeship, and been licensed by a competent body, is of considerable, though not complete or exhaustive value. But on what principle can a man claim a vested right to an employment, simply because he spent four, five, or seven years in trying to learn it? To do this is to confound the means with the end. An apprenticeship of ten thousand years would give no man a vested right, or a right of any sort, to any work, if he were not able to do it. Acknowledged ability to do the work is the only valid kind of claim any man can have to a craft, and that claim is not a vested right. Fancy the absurdity of trying to exclude any one from writing a newspaper article or reporting the proceedings of a meeting, because he had not passed through a five years' apprenticeship! In ordinary circumstances, an apprenticeship affords a presumption that a man is an efficient workman; but if his efficiency can be demonstrated otherwise, the absence of the apprenticeship cannot fairly exclude him. Was George Stephenson trespassing on 'vested rights' when, without having served an apprenticeship as an engineer, he set himself to make locomotives? Was Richard Arkwright, the barber, committing a robbery when he turned spinner, or Dr. Cartwright, when he turned weaver, without an apprenticeship? Let apprenticeship be defended ever so warmly as a benefit to the young workman, and as a *prima facie* evidence of qualification; but never let it be seriously upheld as conferring a vested interest, or an exclusive right to the benefits of the craft.

On the other hand, one can understand the apprehensions of workmen, that by opening the door to an unlimited number of apprentices, or by throwing all crafts open to all and sundry, whether they have served an apprenticeship or not, the skilled workmen would be overwhelmed with the unskilled, and the market would be overstocked with labourers. On this we remark, that, as a general rule, those trained to an employ-

ment in youth will always be preferred, and that the evil of an excessive rush of apprentices to any trade will be sufficiently checked in the end by the difficulty of finding employment. Besides, the rigid limitation of the number of apprentices is against the policy of free trade. And if a rigid limitation is enforced in all trades, what is to become of the surplus boys? If they must not learn a trade, they must go to swell the ranks of the unskilful, or of the *classe dangereuse*; they must either become hewers of wood and drawers of water, or worse. But is not the class of unskilful labourers in reality that which is most overstocked? Is it not the class for whose improvement something has most need to be done? Is it not really the most helpless and defenceless of any? And is that class to be excluded altogether from the sympathies of the privileged craftsman? It is easy to draw a circle round a particular craft, and say to all but a limited number, 'You shan't come here.' It is easy to draw fifty such circles, and to say the same thing in the case of every existing craft. But what becomes of the excluded? And is society on the whole the better for having all its surplus labour thrown into this great *proletaire* class, this mixed multitude that dwell in the camp of the chosen people, but are only of the uncircumcised? When a battle is raging, it is not wonderful that each side should maintain an exclusive regard to its own interests, and refuse to look beyond; but on those who are not so engaged, it is incumbent to embrace a wider field, and endeavour to secure arrangements which will be for the welfare of the whole population.

(5.) The next limitation with which we have to deal is that which goes to exclude non-unionists from working along with, or in room of union-men. As this is one of the most prominent of the usual conditions of trades-unions, and has very much to do in shaping their policy, it is necessary that we examine it with the greater care. The issue here between the opponents and the upholders of the policy of trades-unions is very distinct. We admit every man's right, say the former, to make a bargain with an employer for the disposal of his labour. We admit the right of any number of men to combine for the same purpose. But we utterly and indignantly deny their right to coerce other workmen, or to interfere between them and an employer as to the terms of their engagement. Now, this is the very position which the champions of trades-unions dispute. They affirm that they have a right to interfere between employers and workmen who differ from them, as to the terms on which they will labour. Their

plea is, that they have a general right to prevent these men from making an arrangement which will be hurtful to their interests; that is, which will tend to bring down or keep down the current rate of wages. More particularly, they urge, that as wages are kept up, and the interests of workmen generally are promoted by the exertions of the unions, supported by the contributions of their members, those who do not belong to the union reap where they have not sown, and ought to be compelled to contribute to an institution whose benefits they share:—

'The men,' says Mr. Dunning, 'naturally expect that every man should pay his quota for an advantage which he enjoys in common with the rest. . . . In fact, whatever is deemed to be the right and proper course for the welfare of all, by the majority of a community or body of men, and adopted by it in the aggregate, will be sure to be considered by that community as the duty of all to adopt and carry out. In fact, it is its public opinion; and how potent public opinion is need not be repeated. And if that course involves a money-payment, he who refuses or attempts to shirk that payment will always be, let him be of what class of society he may, "coerced" by its public opinion.'

This is sufficiently strong; but that it is no over-statement of the views which have been adopted by the leaders of trades-unions, and carried out with tremendous energy, will be apparent if we quote from a leading article in *The Beehive* newspaper of November 3, 1866, the recognised organ of the unionists:

'A trades-union is a combination of workmen to keep up the price of their labour, and to keep down the hours of their labour; and to make the combination effective the members have to expend much time, trouble, and money. There are thirteen men working in one shop, twelve of whom are members of the union, and the thirteenth holds aloof from it, but yet he reaps the benefit of the time and money expended by the other twelve, in receiving the same high wages, and working the reduced hours; for, were it not for the combination to which his twelve fellow-workers belong, he would in all probability be working at a lower rate of wages and for a longer number of hours. He is thus reaping the benefit of a harvest he has not assisted in sowing; and we deny that there is any tyranny in the twelve men using every means, short of violence, to compel the thirteenth to bear his share of the labour and expense from the increasing of which he obtains the benefit. The sympathy of these right honourable and right reverend lecturers, is, however, invariably given to the refractory, or thirteenth man, and they say he has a right to work any number of hours he pleases, or sell his labour at any rate he thinks

proper; but we say no; we say he has no such right if by so doing he is likely to reduce the price paid to the other twelve men for their labour, or to cause those men to work longer hours than they desire to do. The individual in a trade, as the individual in the nation, must forego his personal liberty for the general good, and has no right to act in such a manner as to be inimical to the general body of his fellow-workmen.'

With the strongest possible wish to deal fairly and candidly with the trades-unionists, we must own that it is absolutely staggering to find so loose a statement put forward by them as their defence of a position of so great importance, and against which so many minds instinctively recoil. It is a collection of assumptions throughout. First of all, there is the absolutely unqualified and unguarded assumption, that 'in a trade, as in the nation, the individual must forego his personal liberty for the general good.' Within certain limits this would not be denied; but the whole question turns on what these limits ought to be. Secondly, it is assumed that the opponent of the trades-union is 'the individual,' being as 1 to 12 to the unionists, which no doubt may be the case in particular shops, but cannot be assumed over the country at large, and cannot, therefore, even on unionist principles, justify the coercion of large bodies of workmen. Thirdly, it is assumed that the operations of the union are beneficial to the non-unionist; but this is probably what the non-unionist would deny and repudiate. It is, at the very least, not a fact so generally allowed even among workmen as to be legitimately made the basis of coercive measures. Fourthly, it is assumed that the case of a trade and the case of a nation are parallel. But how utterly do they differ! The nation, in imposing limits on individual freedom, proceeds in a public and constitutional way; discusses the matter openly in a representative assembly, allows the use of petition and remonstrance, and is open to whatever influence of public opinion may be brought to bear upon it. The non-unionist finds himself called to surrender his liberty by a body to which he does not belong, where he is not represented, whose deliberations are close and secret, whose decisions admit neither of remonstrance nor appeal, and on which public opinion beyond its own circle, exerts no influence whatever!

But even granting, for the sake of argument, the legitimacy of the plea, let us advert to the analogous course which it suggests for employers, when in defence of their position they are led to form a union or combination. In their view, the combination

so formed is as much fitted to protect the interests of their whole body, as is the trades-union in the view of the men. Hence a measure of 'coercion' would become quite legitimate in dealing with an employer who did not approve of their course, and join their ranks. Any employer friendly to the claims of the men might thus be constrained, contrary to his judgment and his feelings, to join his brother-employers against them. Or let us suppose that the employers came to the conclusion that, for their own interests, and the interests of society at large, it was desirable that their workmen should forego their personal liberty, in so far as to cease to be members of a trades-union. Suppose they should coerce their workmen into signing a declaration to that effect. How would the workmen relish this call to forego their personal liberty? It is needless to say that such 'declarations' have been the cause of the keenest feelings in the contests between masters and men, and that to the defeated party, when defeat has come, the necessity of signing them has been the bitterest of all humiliations. The builders of London affirmed, that the declaration they were first asked to sign would rob them of every privilege of freemen, and reduce them to the level of serfs. We are not to be held as approving of the policy of masters in this or in similar cases. We merely indicate that if the plea in question be applicable to the men, it must be held, by parity of reasoning, to cover the masters too.

(6.) It seems hardly necessary to enter on a separate discussion of *opposition to the introduction of new machinery* as one of the grounds which union men have held in disputes with masters. That may surely be regarded now as an abandoned position. Though it be but a very few years since the shoemakers of Northampton struck, in opposition to the use of the sewing-machine in boot-closing, their movement need not excite much criticism; it was but a feeble one, and only partially supported. The intelligence of the working classes, and their capacity of patient thought, enable them now to see how vain the endeavour to oppose useful machinery would be, even if the theoretical considerations against it were stronger than they are. No one dreams of imitating the fury of the Luddites. No one now drinks to the toast of 'The destroying angel, the labourer's best friend.' The utter abandonment of such positions is at least one mark of progress. Yet, in a theoretical point of view, no one of the six grievances we have discussed presented a stronger *prima facie* case against

the working man. Not only did the introduction of the spinning-jenny, the powerloom, and similar machinery, deprive a host of working people of the only mode of earning a livelihood which they ever had, but it seemed likely so to flood the labour-market for the future, that the few who would get employment would be glad to take it on any terms. Experience has taught us the contrary. Machinery has given such an expansion to British industry, that probably there is no branch of employment where more men are not employed now than were employed before. The number of persons employed in letterpress printing is greater than it was before the steam-press was known. So also more horses are needed for the work of the country than were required before a single locomotive began to snort on our railways. More wheeled vehicles are made than were made in the palmy days of the road; more hotels are required, taking all the country over, than in the times when the traveller had to content himself with eight miles an hour: so wonderful is the impulse which improvements in machinery give to industry, and so rapid is the recovery in a normal and healthy state of things, from violent changes and temporary derangements.

Having thus passed under review, one by one, the various restrictions on the free disposal of labour for which trades-unions more or less contend, it will be proper that we now proceed to inquire whether, in accordance with the laws of political economy, the provisions sought to be enforced tend to secure the end which their supporters are trying to attain?

Looked at generally, in their relation to political economy, these regulations resolve themselves into an endeavour to secure a better remuneration for labour, by limiting the number of workers, and the amount of work done by each; in other words, by causing an artificial scarcity of labour. It is believed that, by limiting the number of apprentices, by discouraging overtime and piece work, by maintaining the exclusive privilege of tradesmen who have served an apprenticeship, and by securing a minimum wage for every workman who practises a trade, an artificial scarcity of labour may be maintained. A glut in the labour-market will be prevented; tradesmen well advanced in life will still have a fair chance of employment; the capitalist will be obliged to pay higher wages, and, to enable him to do so, he will have to content himself with smaller profits, or to charge his customers a higher price for the article. We do not wish it to be thought that this is the *only*

view which the managers of trades-unions take of the character and bearing of the measures they recommend. We have expressly stated that our present object is to view these measures in the light of the laws of political economy; and the statement we have now made simply sets forth the state of the question when the discussion is confined to the arena of economics.

In commenting on this scheme, the first thing that claims our notice is its *artificial* character. It is not natural or self-adjusting, but at almost every point it involves an interference with the natural order of things. This, of course, does not necessarily involve its condemnation, although it must cause it to be looked on with some suspicion. But, for the sake of argument, let us in the mean time admit the beneficial tendency of the scheme in raising the remuneration of labour. Let us admit that a good move has been made on the chess-board towards the accomplishment of this object. But will no deduction fall to be made from the sum of benefit in consequence of the move which the player on the other side may be constrained to make? Will the benefit sought to be obtained by the *artificial* process we have described not be neutralized by the injury likely to be inflicted on a *natural* process that would otherwise have operated in the workman's favour? To perceive our meaning, let it be remembered that, when things are going on in a natural way, that which tends to increase the wages of the labourer is competition among employers for his services. The labourer's chance of getting an advance of wages from employer A. is, that employer B. wishes to get him, and is willing to give him more than he is receiving at present from A. If by any means this competition for labourers on the part of employers should be brought to an end, the labourer would be exposed to most serious loss. The natural force would collapse which tends to raise his wages. Suppose, then, that the policy of trades-unions should lead to a great combination of masters, and that the masters should act as one man in questions of wages and other matters, what would become of the influence of competition for the services of men? It would be gone. B. could not now give to a labourer more than A. He is bound by an agreement which prevents him from doing so under heavy penalties. Even when B. is extending his business, and cannot obtain the number of men he requires without great exertions, he cannot offer to give to them more than is offered by A. Members of trades-unions must take this into consideration. They must consider whether the ben-

effit expected to be derived from the artificial system which they urge is greater than the loss accruing from the collapse of the natural; whether the rise of remuneration that may spring from enforcing their regulations, even if they could enforce them, is greater than that which might have sprung from a free competition among employers now driven (according to the supposition) into a combination that binds them rigidly to uniform terms in dealing with their men?

In the next place, it deserves to be considered whether an artificial scarcity in the supply of labour might not and would not lead to a similar scarcity in the demand for labour. It is surely not to be supposed that employers would have the same amount of work to be done under all conditions of the labour-market. If labour be scarce, high-priced, precarious, troublesome, many a piece of business is sure to be declined which employers, in other circumstances, would have gladly undertaken. If great difficulty is to be experienced by them in finding men for the work,—if the risk has to be run of such increased demands by the men, while the work is in progress, as would absorb the profit, or even entail a loss,—the work will probably be declined; or, perhaps, efforts will be made to carry it on by other means. The risk and trouble of employing unskilful workmen may be deliberately preferred to the risk and trouble of employing men whose terms excite dissatisfaction, and whose spirit creates the fear of an explosion. Efforts may be made, notwithstanding the great inconvenience attending the arrangement, to import workmen from foreign countries. Under the pressure of difficulty, some one's inventive faculty may be set in motion, and machinery may be invented—as, indeed, has been done once and again—to do some part of the work. Supplies of needed articles may be got from abroad, as cargoes of doors and window-frames for housework have lately been imported from Sweden. Besides all this, it is an invariable law that when the cost of producing any article is increased, the demand for that article is diminished. When the price is high, customers take less of it than when the price is low. The policy which we are considering, by increasing the cost of production, must inevitably cause a reduction of the demand.

But, it is said, the profits of capitalists are enormous, and when they find that skilled labour is not readily to be had, they will require to abridge these profits and offer more liberal terms to the workmen. There is a laxity in this mode of reasoning which requires all the more to be noticed, because

the argument is apt to be urged under the influence of excited feeling. The profits of employers, it is said, are enormous. Workmen are very apt to have their eyes dazzled by particular cases of great success or rapid fortune-making on the part of employers, and to think of these as constituting the normal state of things. But this is obviously fallacious. Of course there are cases where, through various causes, through a sudden rise in the market, through the opening up of some new channel of trade, or through a happy application of skill and capital, profits are singularly large, and fortunes are rapidly made. But such cases are exceptional and rare, and are often balanced by other cases, where, through causes of an opposite kind, losses are sustained of equal magnitude. If it could be made out that the workman was entitled to share in the extraordinary profit in the one case, it would follow that he was bound to share in the extraordinary loss in the other. In regard to more ordinary cases, we deny that it can be assumed that the profits of employers are in general excessive. If regard be had to the amount of capital employed, the risks incurred, the skill and trouble involved in carrying on the business, it will be found that as a general rule the profits are not larger than might reasonably be expected. In such a country as this, the steady operation of causes tending to equalize the returns of business must prevent the excessive profits that are apt to dazzle the imaginations of workmen. Profits, like water, must tend to a level. In any case, if the workman has made a simple contract for service, he is not entitled to claim the privileges of partnership, much less is he entitled to rank as partner when there is profit to be reaped, and to decline its responsibilities when loss has to be borne.

We say that there are natural influences tending to equalize the profits of employers. The competition among employers themselves for business is evidently the chief of these. Young men especially, pushing into business, and offering their wares to customers at tempting prices, are usually willing to content themselves with a smaller profit than those whose business is established. And in every case where an unusually high profit is known to have been realized, a rush of capital takes place in that direction, causing, in a short time, that very competition by which the rate of profit is speedily equalized. Let it be considered, further, that there is no impassable gulf between the employer and the labourer. An immense proportion of employers, say in the building trades, and in other trades, have risen from

the ranks. It would be curious to know the statistics of this proportion, but there are no means of finding them out. But in such a place as Birmingham, it is notorious that many employers were formerly workmen. Now we are far from affirming that such employers carry into their new sphere the sympathies of the old. It is the common complaint that they are the least sympathizing masters of any. 'The case being altered, that alters the case,' and, as in the instance of a woman who has been a domestic servant, and becomes a mistress, the exacting spirit seems to become worse when, from being the victim, it becomes the exactor. We do not, therefore, say that the interests of workmen derive any great benefit from the fact that so many pass from the ranks of labourers to those of employers. But this fact does take away the right of labourers to inveigh against employers as if they were a natural aristocracy, a hereditary nobility hedged by a divinity which no outsider dare penetrate. Those who have made the change from workmen to employers will not all speak of it with rapture. They have found, many of them, that they would have done better to bear the ills they had, than fly to others that they knew not of. Many a time they have looked back with lurking regret on the days when they drew their weekly wages, and supplied the wants of their families, as regularly, and with as little anxiety, as the sheep in the meadow or the cattle in the field supply the wants of themselves and their offspring. It was a new and very bitter experience of life they entered on, when they grappled with the anxieties of business. Never to know exactly how they stood, to be for ever muddling with bills and credits, perplexed about markets, worried with bad debts, crushed by a losing contract, haunted by the apparition of bankruptcy; to lose their sleep by night and their appetite by day; to have their very home-life embittered by cares and forebodings, and to find in the very sanctuary of God, where they used to enjoy such calm heavenly communion, ten thousand worldly thoughts ever ready to rush in and chill all divine and blest experiences—all this gave them a new light on the pleasures of employers. All men are not fit for the position. They have not education enough, brain enough, nerve enough, quickness and sagacity enough, patience and application enough to sustain its burdens. It should be remembered that a position that demands so much in order that its responsibilities may be satisfactorily met, must have, on the whole, a higher scale of remuneration. Workmen should make up their minds to see employers living on a scale of comfort and elegance

considerably above their own. If it were not so, there would soon be no employers whatever, no large contracts, no large works. Society would return to a primitive condition, and there could be no more contests about sharing wealth, for the simple reason that there would no more be any wealth to be shared.

It remains to be seen whether a part of the increased wages of labour, proposed to be secured through the method of an artificial scarcity, might not be provided for by a larger price being charged for the articles produced. The best way to test this argument is to examine its operation carefully in a particular case. Let us take the case of coal-miners for example. The president of the Miners' National Association, when lately receiving a testimonial from the Scottish miners, urged the shortening of the hours of labour and the keeping down the stock of coals as the best means of securing good wages. Let us say, once for all, that we have the greatest sympathy with any movement that aims at the shortening of the hours of labour *as far as is necessary for human health and well-being*. But this is quite a different thing, and to be aimed at by different means, from shortening the hours of labour in order to force up wages. Let us suppose, then, the object of the miners' association gained. The price of coals is forced up in the market. On whom does this rise of price press the hardest? On the rich man or on the poor? Coals are one of the articles for which the poor widow pays a much larger proportion of her income than the noble lord. It is a far greater hardship to her to pay an additional penny on her bag than the nobleman or his steward to write out a cheque to his coal-merchant for a hundred pounds in place of ninety. A rise of price on such an article as coal sensibly touches the comfort of every humble family in the kingdom. The collier is no doubt better paid, but the non-coller has the more to pay. Or let us vary the illustration, and take the case of the building trades. When masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and plasterers get their wages raised, the inevitable consequence is a rise in the rents of houses. Here, again, the pressure falls heaviest on the poor. House rent is one of those items which, to the poor man, are most difficult to meet; and a rise of rent is ever a double grievance, since it brings with it a corresponding rise of parochial and other rates. It is a more serious evil for the workman to have his rent raised from six to eight pounds, than for the merchant prince to have to pay for his mansion eight thousand instead of six thousand. If we take the case of the

iron trades, the effect of an increase of prices may not be so direct; but undoubtedly it has a bearing on the poor man as well as the rich. Higher prices in the iron market imply dearer rails, dearer locomotives, dearer wheels and axles, and consequently higher railway fares; dearer grates, iron beds, pots, and locks, and therefore more expenditure in household economy. Considering the vast proportion to which the working classes are customers for all the more common products of industry, it is evident that where better wages result from higher prices, it is they that will have the largest share of the increase to defray. The rise of wages will be accompanied by the rise of prices. No doubt the working class will be benefited on the whole if wages rise generally, because it is not likely that *all* the articles they require will become proportionally dearer; but it would be an obvious fallacy to assume that the benefit of the rise would be in proportion to its apparent magnitude, or that the increased rate of wages would represent an equal increase of the commodities of life.

We have yet to examine a very important consequence of the policy of stinting labour artificially in order to enhance its market value. We have to inquire, What effect it will have upon the *spirit* of industry? and how will it influence that character for enterprise and energy which has hitherto been the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race? Our answer to this question is very simple. Its whole tendency is to paralyse industry and enterprise. It reverses the moral conditions on which prosperity and progress depend. We have been accustomed to think that the hand of the diligent maketh rich. It has been our fancy that a conscientious servant watches the interests of his master as if they were his own, and that, according to the New Testament doctrine, he will be rewarded for doing so by the Great Taskmaster. We have even heard sluggards reproved by one who used to be called 'The Wise Man,' and sent to the ant for a lesson in industry. If the view be correct, that the labour of each individual ought to be minimized, in order that the more labourers may have work, and that work may command the more pay, the slug-gard, when employed by a master, must be a very patriotic and philanthropic member of society. By reducing the amount of labour, he is increasing its market value. The pity is that all his comrades do not do the same. That greenhorn from the country, who works as diligently as if it were a sin to waste time, and who really accomplishes the work of two men, is a nuisance; for is he not just preventing an additional workman from being employed to do half his work? He is

causing a man to go idle who might be working, and a family to starve who might have bread. Where is this reasoning to end? Where or what is the minimum below which a day's work is not to fall? Can it be thought that we are in real danger from a policy that outrages the moral instincts of every healthy mind? Must we go back to prove that whether one be master or servant, employer or employed, 'not slothful in business' is the right motto for his active hours? Shall we get another Hogarth to reverse the pictures of the idle and the industrious apprentice? Is the time coming when parents, sending out their children to work, will instruct them to do as little work as may be? We would not insult the working people of Great Britain by supposing such a thing possible. We have far too high an opinion of their moral instincts to fancy that they could ever be led to adopt deliberately such a position. The principle on which some of their advisers are now counselling them to proceed has, as yet, hardly been seen; it has not been subjected to deliberate scrutiny; it has been made to flit past in twilight hours, casting a vague look of friendliness upon toil-worn masses. But examined more carefully, we cannot doubt it will be found cousin-german to the prophet's roll—sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly.

It may be difficult, and even impossible, to define what constitutes a fair day's work. It may be impossible—we believe it is impossible—to say how much a man ought to yield to a salutary fear of impairing his health or exhausting his strength,—how much of what he feels at the moment that he might do, he ought not to do, out of regard to these considerations. In point of fact, we find that even when men are their own masters, they differ infinitely in the view they take of such matters. But surely it must be admitted, that in every healthy, vigorous, manly nature, there is a spring—an impelling force—an *ἐνέργεια*—that urges him, whatsoever his hand findeth to do, to do it with his might, and that the habitual repression of this 'spirit within the wheels' of his being would be alike unnatural and disastrous. It is through the operation of this spirit that all enterprise that has brought glory to its promoters has been carried to a successful issue; and the more equally the spirit has been diffused among the workers, the more signal has been its triumph. Arctic expeditions would have been sorry enough undertakings had not the whole crew, from the ship-boy upwards, been animated by a common interest in the undertaking, and a common desire to contribute all they could to its success. Exploring expeditions have

been comparatively easy when the party were all of Anglo-Saxon blood; but woe to the Dr. Livingstone or the Sir Samuel Baker who has had to depend for co-operation on idle savages bent only on plundering him, or doing the least possible amount of work for the largest possible amount of pay. It is to the prevalence of a similar spirit among the whole body of *collaborateurs* that British industry has largely owed its pre-eminence. The whole body of workers have brought to bear on the work a degree of intelligence and interest beyond the common, and have given effect to that inward impulse which has urged them to work with a will at the undertaking on hand. The heads of the concern have felt confidence in their workers as men of principle and men of spirit, who would not let the enterprise fail through listless indifference or any other meanness. Let these conditions be withdrawn from our industry, and who shall say it will not be like Samson with his locks shorn? who shall say that the Anglo-Saxon, *minus* his Anglo-Saxonism, will continue to win the race? Or that colonial and continental populations, under the influence of growing freedom and enlightenment, will not be able to keep pace with the people of these islands, and that our industry, which, though slow to move, is not immoveable, may not find more congenial settlements beyond the seas?

III. We have yet to view trades-unions in their bearing on the position of employers. Do they, as practically conducted, lead to such interference with the liberty and prerogatives of employers as to make the management of a large undertaking so difficult and disagreeable a task, that any man of spirit or self-respect will shrink from attempting it? Are they, or are they not, an intolerable interference with the rights of masters?

That the men have a right to combine, and by combination arrange the terms on which they will work; and that the masters have a right to direct and regulate their undertakings as they see fit, are both indefeasible propositions. The difficulty lies in adjusting them to each other. In Acts of Parliament, in controversial statements, in articles of peace after war has been raging, this difficulty is continually apparent. It is easy to say a great deal that is true and relevant in support of either of these rights. But this is nothing unless you get them fitted harmoniously to each other. Usually the collision has occurred by one of the parties pushing his claims so far as to jostle the cherished rights of the other. The consequence has been the awakening of an in-

dignant sense of wrong, and a vehement spirit of resistance in the party believed to be invaded. A war as *pro aris et focis* has arisen; not a mere difference as to the terms of a bargain, but a bitter civil war, in which each party contends as if for life and liberty, heedless of the cost, determined to win. The coalmasters in Yorkshire resisted their men in 1857, on the ground that 'the struggle is not based on the question of wages alone, but is in fact a struggle for the entire mastery between the employers and employed.' The master-engineers in 1851-52 declared, that a great question of civil liberty was involved in the uncontrolled right of every master to contract for the services of any British subject he pleased. They were indignant because the shipwrights on the Wear were at that moment on the strike, chiefly on the simple ground of their masters venturing to assert their right freely to make their own contracts, and for refusing to dismiss their labourers, and to engage artisans to perform work that did not require skill. Mr. Rennie, an employer very friendly to the men, while proud to acknowledge the virtues and value of the artisans of the country, felt that 'self-respect, as well as prudence, required the masters to defend themselves and peaceable hands from a dictation that was ruinous to both.' The Preston masters, in 1853, complained bitterly that irresponsible parties interfered with the relation between master and servant, dictating to the operatives the conditions on which they were *permitted* to labour, and protested that to this spirit of dictation they could no longer submit. One of them, Mr. Hollins, who was willing to comply with the terms asked by the men, shut up his mill on the question of authority, whether he was to make an independent bargain with his operatives, or to be subject to the dictation of a committee of unionists.

To understand the bearing of this part of the dispute, this question of authority, it is necessary to bear in mind the footing on which the men desire to stand with their employers in exchanging their labour for wages. They wish to be recognised as INDEPENDENT PARTIES, having a certain commodity, viz., labour, to dispose of, but determined to conserve their liberty while bargaining for their labour. As slaves, serfs, villains, or knaves, they will not be hired. They will have nothing to do with the feudal system. Perhaps they deem their employers and themselves pretty much on a level, and hold that the one is as much entitled as the other to say what he will do or what he will allow. Now, we are quite as ready as they can be to throw feudalism to the winds.

We gladly and cordially acknowledge the independence of the workmen. But the very nature of the contract they make, to do work for one who has a business to manage, and who is responsible for the articles he produces, implies a certain amount of deference to him as the ruling or managing power of the concern. A domestic servant, accepting of a situation in a family, virtually binds herself to recognise the authority and to conform to the arrangements of the heads of the house. A farm-labourer, in like manner, recognises the authority of the farmer. And wherever a business has to be carried on under the guidance of a responsible head, there must be a similar concession. It is he who has to plan and arrange how he is to accomplish the work he undertakes. It is he who has to make each department of his business fit in to the rest. It is he who has to pay wages and all the other expenses; it is he who undertakes contracts, becomes liable to penalties, has to make good any part of his work which may be found defective, and runs the risks of failure incidental to all, and especially to large and difficult undertakings. When workmen accept employment from such a person, they must be understood as surrendering their individual freedom to the extent which is necessary for enabling him to fulfil the responsibilities of his position. What that amounts to, is a question which can never be quite settled on abstract principles. Good sense and good feeling on both sides are indispensable to the comfortable adjustment of such questions. But when any flagrant violation of right takes place on either side, when the freedom either of masters or men is violently invaded, or is believed to be violently invaded, there is a fair ground for the injured party making a stand, and falling back on the rights of free-born men.

It is a very delicate matter to discuss the conduct of masters and men in relation to their mutual freedom, feelings, and interests. No doubt there have been, and there are, some masters who fail to recognise in their men those feelings of independence which they are resolved to assert. The old notion of villainage or serfage that lingered so long in the Statute-book, has its hold still on the minds of some masters, and could they enforce as rigid and unquestioning submission to their orders as the commander of a ship of war, they would not scruple to do so. Unreasonable expectations, and an intolerant and intolerable tone on the part of certain masters, have no doubt been the cause of similar conditions and a similar tone on the part of the men. The following instance is given by Mr. Rupert Kettle, an opponent of

strikes and combinations, of the way in which disregard of the feelings of the men, unintentional probably, has borne the bitterest fruits:—

‘When the mining district of South Staffordshire was convulsed by the last great strike, and when enough of loss had been sustained to prove that both parties were thoroughly in earnest, a meeting was arranged between a deputation from the masters and a deputation from the men. The meeting was fixed for a certain hour, at one of the principal hotels in the neighbourhood. At the appointed time the workmen’s delegates went to the place of meeting. They were ushered into a grand room, in which the masters had been assembled some hours before. The men found the negotiators with whom they were to meet already seated at a long table, with writing materials before each, and their chairman presiding. The men’s delegates were directed to a bench at the end of the room as the place provided for them. Here they sat in a row, dangling their hats. When all were seated, and the scrutinizing eye of ten-master-power upon them, the masters’ president opened the negotiation with—“Well, what have you chaps got to say for yourselves?” The question cost the district an incalculable sum of money, positively tens of thousands of pounds. The asking of it was indeed nothing less than a public calamity. Yet the masters’ chairman could have had no intention to wound the susceptible pride of the men, for he was naturally most genial and kind-hearted. Take another instance. Lately the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster were deeply incensed, and though more prudent counsels prevailed, and a strike was avoided, still the town was thrown into great excitement, because the representatives of the masters put off their hats and withdrew from a conciliation meeting when the men desired them to stay.’

Many instances could be given of tyrannical conduct on the part of masters when the men have wished respectfully to bring grievances under their notice. There have been works where, by a law unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, any request for an increase of wages has been followed by immediate dismissal. There have been employers who have scornfully refused to negotiate in any shape with their men on the subject of work or wages, except in the way of summarily dismissing those who have been active in getting up the memorial or petition which conveyed the request. There have been instances in which the men have had to sign their names in the form of a ‘round robin,’ to prevent detection of the first signatures, and consequent dismissal of the parties. All this tends to engender a like feeling in the hearts of the men,—a feeling which seeks its revenge, and does not spare the class that have produced it, when the opportunity comes round. The

iron that has eaten into their soul makes them hard and regardless when their turn has come—when circumstances, for a time at least, have given them the whip-hand of their masters, and almost enabled them to dictate their terms.

Then it has become the turn of the masters to wince. In the middle of a large contract, or as it was drawing to a close, imperative demands have been made, under the instigation of the union, for conditions favourable to the men. A shipbuilder, under stringent obligation to have a vessel ready by a certain day, when she is to proceed on a voyage, possible only at certain seasons of the year, or to carry a cargo which cannot be delayed, sees the stately and beautiful fabric approaching a finished state. Suddenly, like another Tantalus, about to move the cup to his lips, he finds it dashed from his hands. A strike occurs among the workmen. The demands are peculiarly vexatious and annoying to him. The benefit which some of them may bring to the men is out of all proportion to the annoyance they will cause to him. His dilemma is very disagreeable. Should he refuse to comply, he is unable to deliver the ship, and is compelled to pay heavy penalties. Should he yield, his self-respect is wounded, and, moreover, he feels that should a similar demand be repeated, he is helpless in the hands of the men. Of course, he will be most chary of new contracts; and the shipowner who employs him will be chary of giving him fresh orders, which, not being implemented at the stipulated time, may derange the whole current of his business. No doubt, the workman has had his triumph. The union has turned the tables on the employer, and shown that labour is the true master. But such victories are too Pyrrhus-like to excite much satisfaction in rational men. Of the many thousands of shipbuilders who have been going idle during this fearful winter on the banks of the Thames, the Tyne, the Wear, the Mersey, or the Clyde, not a few are, doubtless, lamenting the tactics in which they may have lately been glorying. They have found that the ordinary fluctuations of trade are quite sufficient to derange or arrest the operations of the shipbuilding yard, and that there is little need to add to the embarrassment by a course which alike discourages the shipowner from giving fresh orders, and the shipbuilder from engaging to fulfil them.

The actual state of feeling prevalent among employers in reference to the proceedings of trades-unions, may be gathered from the following extract from a leading article in *The Builders' Trade Circular* of

December 27, 1866, the organ of the master builders. After referring to the manner in which efforts to obtain an increase of wages are made, the writer goes on—

‘But it is altogether apart from questions of rates of wages that we would join issue with the advocates of trade-unions as they are at present conducted. These unions are now, and have for some time been, persistently interfering with freedom of trade, both as regards the master, and, still more oppressively, as regards the man. If they have their way, the old idea of a “Master Builder” will soon be an anachronism. That idea involved somewhat that of a commander of a company of volunteers. No man need enlist. But every man who does enlist accepts the conditions previously laid down both as to pay and as to duty. And if after experience of them he does not like them, he can quit the service. The greatest enterprises, both civil and military, that the world has ever seen, have been accomplished by such companies. But we are told that this is an unjust and tyrannical arrangement. We are to give up this idea, and in lieu thereof to take up one similar to that which used to actuate the Dutch and other republics. We are to be nominal commanders, but we are to be accompanied by civil commissioners, who are to direct all our goings, and who can veto all our plans. But we are even worse off than a poor Dutch general under such circumstances; for while their High Mightinesses thus thwarted him, they at least paid the troopers; but we are to be providers of the pay and other capital required, while their “High Mightinesses,” the leaders of trade-unions, dictate to us what we shall do, and how. And this dictation extends to every part of our business. As the President of the Association said at Edinburgh, “We have had rules introduced into our trade as to the number of apprentices we must employ, the men we must employ, and the men we must not employ. We have been directed that certain men, and they only, must erect a scaffold, and certain other men, and they only, must go on it when erected.” And not only so, we are dictated to as to the material we must use, the place at which it shall be worked, and the means by which we shall work it.’

Nor is this the *ne plus ultra* of the dictation complained of. In the *Builders' Circular* for Jan. 17, 1867, it is stated that Mr. Holroyd, a master plasterer of Bradford, had just received the following official letter from the Bradford Plasterers' Union:—

‘BRADFORD, Jan. 7, 1867.

‘MR. C. HOLROYD,—We, the Operative Plasterers of Bradford, do hereby give you notice, that all your sons that are working as plasterers, which are above twenty-one years of age, are requested to join the society on or before Saturday next; and failing to do so, all our men will cease work on Monday morning next, and not return again, unless you pay all the expenses of the strike. —We remain, yours,

‘THE OPERATIVE PLASTERERS OF BRADFORD.’

Mr. Holroyd may surely be congratulated on one thing—the faith reposed in the filial duty of his sons. But if the three young Holroyds, ‘which are above twenty-one years of age,’ should choose to act for themselves, and decline the society, what must become of the father? The payment of the fine will be found to be no empty threat; for nothing is more common than for masters to be called to pay the expenses of strikes caused by their alleged violation of the rules of the trade. The journal quoted from mentions the case of a plasterer in Glasgow, who in this way had lately to pay a fine of forty pounds. As another sample of the kind of letters which masters are in the habit of receiving, we give the following:—

‘SOCIETY-HOUSE OF OPERATIVE PAINTERS,
‘Held at the Cross-Keys, Byard Lane.

‘SIR,—It having been represented to us that you have an Individual in your employ of the name of G. Willson—who is a person that refuses to become a member of Our Respectable Body—Consequently it becomes necessary for our Interference for the protection of the Members under your Employ. We therefore Respectfully Inform you that unless you immediately discharge the said G. Willson. We shall withhold from you the services of those Individuals who belong to us and in your Employ. By Order. SAML—W—REEVE, *Sectry.*’

As warm friends of the working classes, we say that such letters are simply lamentable. We cannot conceive the possibility of the policy that dictates them issuing in anything but disaster. We would appeal to any candid workman, Is this the way you would be done by, if you were a master? Or can you fancy a master, with due self-respect, not feeling bitterly aggrieved by such attempts at dictation by his men?

There are other aspects of the recent policy of trades-unions, besides those we have dwelt on, at which we must briefly glance. There is its bearing, for example, on the stability of our industry. We have examined most of what has been written on this subject, especially the letters of Messrs. Creed and Williams, but we have not been convinced that as yet, at all events, much trade has been driven out of the country in consequence of the disputes between labour and capital. It has always been a ready argument, when a strike occurred, that the trade would be ruined by it. In the excited state of men's minds at present, the argument has been brandished with more than usual vehemence. But the return of the Board of Trade exhibit no falling off in our industry, even in those departments that have been most affected by trades-unions. If locomotives have been built in Belgium, and if

door and window-frames have been imported from Sweden, it is quite possible that the same things might have been done had the labour-market at home remained perfectly free from disturbance. The rising spirit of enterprise abroad, the increased facilities of transport, and the great pressure on the home-market might quite possibly have given rise to these or to similar transactions.

But though there is not evidence that much harm has been done as yet, there is ample reason to apprehend it, if the present state of things should go on. Every man of common sense must see that a disturbed state of the labour-market is essentially most injurious to the prosperity of trade. The master engineers put the case strongly for the British capitalist in a statement drawn out by them in 1851-52:—

‘Afraid to subject himself to the repetition of practices which present to him only the alternative betwixt heavy fines for failure of contracts, or loss of business-character, and exorbitant remuneration for inferior skill, the master declines otherwise profitable orders, draws his operations narrower, and diminishes the demand for labour; and this dread, spreading generally through the trade, and too amply justified by offensive interference, forced upon every master, induces a universal disposition to decline the most valuable custom, and thereby seriously to depress the business and circumscribe the employment of the country.’

It is evident, too, that the British manufacturer may soon look for much keener competition with foreign nations than he has hitherto had. International exhibitions are stimulating the nations in the race of industry. Emperors are propounding that the policy of their empires is not war but peace. ‘The development of the country's resources’ is becoming the watchword of statesmen. The success of England's free-trade policy is breaking almost everywhere the bonds of protection. Facilities of communication and of correspondence are making distant countries like the provinces of one kingdom. Young nationalities, like those of Prussia and Italy, are becoming conscious of an energy that must have an outlet somehow. And it is well known that in continental countries work can be done cheaper than at home. From every quarter the warning comes to Great Britain to be on the alert. An able writer in the *Economist* of January 19, remarks:—‘We have watched the approaches of foreign competition for a long series of years, and have from time to time warned our readers of the coming certainty. . . . The danger is no bugbear; but neither is it a matter for panic or despair.’ That the present is a very critical

time for the interests of British industry can hardly be doubted. But though appearances are at present ugly, we have great confidence in the return of that good sense and good feeling which have so often seemed on the eve of forsaking us, but through God's mercy have always returned when peril was near.

We are glad to find some indications, on the part even of the advanced guard of the unionist army, of the necessity of caution:—

'Labour, in certain departments,' said *The Beehive* newspaper a few weeks ago, 'has lately achieved decided victories; but it may, by going too far, come to be terribly defeated. And if any one says there is now no danger, we differ from them. . . . Our sympathies and interests are with advances, but we must go on safe grounds. We thus see, and therefore say, that it is the prudent policy and the true wisdom of the existing well-paid trades, to maintain their present position; and certainly, just now, cease to agitate either for time or wages. . . . Already the advantages gained by their union action are attracting the floating workers of other districts, and their pits will soon be overflowed with labourers, to their own detriment. They will be overstocked by labour; while, if they restrict work, or advance prices further, they will drive trade to other districts more favourable to the masters. Besides, they will compel the coal-masters to united action and efforts for self-preservation.'

The bearing of trades-unions on the higher interests of the working classes is an important subject, but it does not afford many satisfactory results. It is probable that in promoting acuteness, knowledge of the world, self-denial, perseverance, and endurance, the policy of trades-unions, with their strikes and sufferings, has done a measure of good. But, on the other hand, it is a terrible ordeal to any man, or body of men, to be engaged in a perpetual struggle for money. It may be a duty; that we cannot deny; but God help the man on whom the duty is laid! How shall he be protected from the secularizing, pulverizing influence of such a conflict? How shall he be made to feel that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth?' It is not without significance that at this very time a conference has been held to discuss the reasons for the general alienation of skilled workmen in England from the public services of religion. We are glad to observe that Mr. Potter was a member of that conference, and that he showed a lively interest in the endeavour to promote a more religious spirit in workmen. But we doubt whether, as a rule, the leading spirits of the union are very zealous in this cause. We miss, in the columns of *The Bee-*

hive, anything indicative of a living interest in the progress of education and temperance, or in any of those movements which aim at promoting the higher and more spiritual interests of the masses. We are concerned to find little or nothing indicative of a comprehensive view of what bears on the welfare of the working millions, the cultivation of their taste, the improvement of their domestic condition, the purification of their character, the elevation of their recreations, or even the economization of their earnings. We cannot find evidence that the mere agitation for wages tends to urge them forward in any of the higher walks of attainment, and character. And when strikes occur, though there is usually a marvellous display of steadfast endurance and self-denial, we doubt whether the permanent effect on the character is beneficial. To have the habits of daily industry interrupted, to be thrown into loose and irregular ways of spending time, to have the mind kept in a state of constant excitement, cherishing a sense of wrong, and a vague expectation of a remedy so slow of coming that the heart becomes sick in waiting for it, cannot be a good state for most. The greater part may probably return to regular habits and plodding industry; but in the case of some, a disorderly life will show the effects of the derangement to which their habits have been exposed. Nor must we overlook the effect of the present agitation on the temper of employers, or the discouragement which it entails on all who desire to promote friendly bonds between them and their workmen. 'Commercial philanthropy' is at a discount, and efforts to get the 'Heads' to care for the 'Hands' in the world of labour, are little better than sneered at. The friends of the working man are told that their labours are producing the very opposite effects to those which they aim at; and they almost need to be ready with an apology for what but lately seemed, as indeed it is, one of the noblest of causes—the effort to raise the masses higher in all that makes human beings great and good and happy.

What then is to be done? No one can look on the present relations of capital and labour, and say contentedly that the best or the only policy is just to leave things as they are. On the other hand, it may be that the whole subject has not been sufficiently investigated or considered, to enable us as yet to say with certainty what ought to be done. This, we own, is our own impression. In this view, we welcome the Royal Commission just appointed to inquire into the

subject, although it can do little more than furnish materials for public discussion and opinion. Meanwhile, the suggestions we have to offer must be presented somewhat cautiously, more light being needed on several points to justify more dogmatic conclusions.

In the first place, then, as to trades-unions, we do not agree with those who, in present circumstances, would leave to them no functions except those of benevolence,—to care for the sick, the aged, the disabled, or the unemployed. This, beyond doubt, is of great importance, and it is the sphere in which most direct good may be done, with the smallest deduction or drawback. But, at the same time, we think that until something better be established to supersede them, there is a legitimate function for trades-unions, in connexion with the remuneration of labour. The labourer, in his individual capacity, negotiates at a disadvantage with the capitalist. The cause of this is that, as Adam Smith remarks,

‘Masters are everywhere in a sort of tacit, but constant and uniform combination, not to raise the wages of labour above their actual rate. To violate this combination is everywhere a most unpopular action, and a sort of reproach to a master among his neighbours or equals. We seldom, indeed, hear of this combination, because it is the usual, and, as one may say, the natural state of things, which nobody ever hears of.’

This being the case with masters, it is almost a necessity for the men to combine. And if it be right to combine, it may in certain circumstances be a duty to strike. But it would be of vast importance if this right to strike were only exercised on very rare occasions, and if the union operated chiefly in the way of giving weight to the representations of the men, in any dispute between them and their masters. A union-executive, characterized by wisdom, moderation, and good feeling, and never interfering without good cause, might become a great moral power, whose influence would be almost irresistible. But if it be asked, What is the likelihood *in practice* of such a state of things? we are bound to answer, Hardly any.

One thing seems to us very plain; it is a perilous thing for the working man when employers are driven into closer and more formal combinations than those to which Adam Smith adverts. For these informal combinations still leave to the workman the benefit of a certain amount of competition among employers for his services, especially in busy times. But when employers are driven into formal combinations, this advan-

tage is lost to the workman. Employers then act as one man, and when refused by one the workman has no chance of getting his terms from another. In ordinary circumstances, employers do not relish the trouble and difficulty incident to a combination. It is when they are unusually goaded and annoyed that they resort to this step, and its painful accompaniment, the lock-out. Of course we do not say that the circumstance of the masters combining, or declaring a lock-out, is in itself a proof that the men have done wrong; but it is a proof that matters have reached a serious crisis for the workman. It is a proof that he is about to lose a natural ally—the competition of employers for his services, and to encounter a formidable foe. It is as if the social barometer were pointing to Stormy, and warning him to retrace his steps. In most cases, certainly, where employers resort to combinations and lock-outs, there is room for inquiry whether they may not have received some unwarrantable provocation, that has roused them to a step which nature abhors, and which must be a very miserable one to all concerned.

Yet it is the universal remark that of late years lock-outs have become very frequent. They are said to be ‘alarmingly on the increase.’ A great conference of trade-delegates of the United Kingdom was held last July in Sheffield, expressly to consider what steps ought to be taken to counteract them. One of the speakers remarked that there was hardly a movement by workmen but the opposing weapon of lock-out was resorted to, and pointed in illustration to the great lock-out in London, the lock-out in 1865 in the iron trade in Staffordshire, the disturbances in Sheffield, the lock-out on the Clyde, and the lock-out in the Staffordshire potteries. We cannot refer with much satisfaction to the proceedings of this conference. Alarmed at the progress of combination among masters, it could only think of meeting the evil by an enlarged combination among workmen. A few of the speakers ventured to hint that the men were responsible for most of the lock-outs, but Mr. Troup ridiculed their ‘penitential psalms,’ and told them to think of all the good things that had lately come out of the misery of strikes to the working man. The vista opened by the Sheffield conference is not a cheering one. If the men combine the more to resist the masters, will not the masters combine the more to resist the men? Shall we not by and by have two colossal confederations in mutual conflict, that of labour against capital, and that of capital against labour? And which of the two will be first

exhausted? And while they are exterminating each other, what will become of our industry?

Another remedy that has been proposed for the prevailing evils is Arbitration. Courts of Conciliation are proposed to be formed, on a basis similar to the *Conseils des Prud'hommes* of France and Belgium, for the settlement of trade disputes. A Bill for this purpose was introduced in the House of Lords by Lord St. Leonards, during last session of Parliament. That measure, however, was withdrawn, because the masters did not like it. Lord St. Leonards had said that he would not go on with it unless both masters and operatives were in favour of it. The masters were not satisfied, but as his Lordship thinks that their objection may be arranged, he has again introduced his bill during the present session.

In one well-known and interesting case, that of the Wolverhampton Building Trades, the method of arbitration has been adopted for the settlement of disputes, and has been found to answer remarkably well. In the spring of 1865, there was a strike impending in the building trades of that town. The Mayor called a public meeting of the trades, to devise, if possible, a remedy. One branch of the trade, the carpenters and joiners, appointed six delegates to confer with six delegates of the masters, and endeavour to arrange their differences. The twelve delegates met in March, elected a chairman-umpire, discussed a code of trade rules, and came to an agreement upon them. In November a difference arose which required adjustment; the delegates were called together, and the umpire gave a decision on the case. One of the rules was, that the code should continue in operation from May to May, but that if any alteration were proposed, notice should be given, and the Court called in the previous January. In January 1866, alterations were proposed and considered, and harmoniously settled. The same method has been at work in other towns, and with similar success.

It has, indeed, been doubted whether arbiters are competent to decide all the questions that are liable to arise between masters and men. The matter in dispute, the masters have sometimes said, is of a private nature; it involves a detail in the management of our business; and we can trust no one with the settlement of it, because no one can know so well about it as we do. But whether or not such courts of conciliation would be competent to decide in every case of disagreement between employers and labourers, there can be no doubt that they

might bring to an end, or wholly prevent, a great amount of miserable wrangling. That which begins as a difference about a bargain, often degenerates into a keen, bitter, unreasoning party contest. The parties become incapable of coming to an agreement; the more they meet the more they wrangle, and the more bitter becomes the strife. In such a case, a court of conciliation would have little difficulty in settling the dispute. The spread of the conflagration would be arrested, and a bitter and lasting alienation between masters and men prevented.

The gradual growth of courts of conciliation, or of committees of arbitration, would greatly lessen the necessity for the action of trades-unions. These might continue to exist for a time, but as disputes would be otherwise disposed of, their economic function might gradually cease and determine.

A third proposed method of obviating the evils now so prevalent is that of co-operation. Under this general term, workmen might either carry on business together, being masters and operatives in one; or the workmen might have an interest in the profits of the business, either as shareholders of its capital, or as recipients of a stated bonus, where the business was profitable, in addition to their wages. The success of the plan of a bonus out of profits has been so far evinced in the case of the Methley Collieries, and in other instances where it has been tried. But a much wider induction of facts is needed to show whether this plan could be worked extensively in practice. The inquiries of the Commission might very profitably be directed to this important question.

It is remarkable that the methods of conciliation and co-operation find more favour among foreign workmen than among those of Britain. At the International Congress of Geneva this was apparent; the Continental delegates inclining to the more peaceful methods of solving the problem of capital and labour; while the British were more disposed to rely on combination.

Lastly, we are not to forget, among the means of putting an end to the present disastrous strife, the promotion of a spirit of sympathy and mutual regard. Nothing is more apparent in the history of this subject, than that this spirit, where it has existed, has been the means of either preventing strifes altogether, or of causing them to be speedily adjusted. Employers who have shown a friendly interest in the welfare of their men, and who have treated them with kindly consideration, have not had much difficulty in settling wages or other points

in dispute, except when their people have been overruled by a distant union-executive. Such interference of unions has given rise to the most distressing results. Nothing can be more painful than the sight of a workshop driven into war with a kind-hearted and considerate employer by the indiscriminate commands of a union, whose motto seems to be,

'Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.'

The statement of Sir Charles Fox at a recent meeting we thoroughly indorse:—

'It had fallen to his lot to have the management of large numbers of working people, and his experience went to prove that if they were dealt with as Christian and rational beings, and not as cold chisels, to be laid aside when done with, the best feeling could prevail between employers and employed. At one time he had 12,000 men to superintend, and though they had several strikes, they always came to terms, because he said to them, "send a few men to have a talk with me," and thus an amicable arrangement had always been arrived at.'

It has been remarked, that strikes are seldom got up by the old hands that have been long in the employment of a master, but by comparative strangers, who seem to have a vocation for wandering hither and thither, and exciting disaffection and revolt. Nothing would be more to be regretted, in connexion with the present agitation, than that it should have the effect of discouraging kindly employers in their philanthropic and Christian efforts to promote the good of their workmen, or that it should fill the hearts of workmen with bitter jealousy and dislike towards masters really anxious, if they knew how, to do their duty.

In writing, on the 16th July last, to the Secretary of the London Trades' Council, Lord St. Leonard remarked:—'The operatives as well as the masters cannot lose sight of the alarm which exists in the public mind at the vast spread, throughout the land, of strikes and lock-outs.' Would it not be well for both parties now to proclaim a truce, and endeavour to devise a method of settling their differences worthy of the most civilized and the most Christian country of Europe?

ART. II. — 1. *Georgii Buchanani, Scoti, Poetarum sui seculi facile Principis, Opera Omnia, ad optimorum codicum fidem summo studio recognita et castigata.* Curante THOMA RUDDIMANNO, A.M. Edinburgh, 1715.

2. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan.* By DAVID IRVING, LL.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1817.

THE fate of those men of genius who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries employed the Latin language as their instrument for acting upon the intellect of Europe, has been something altogether peculiar, and to which no parallel can be found in the history of literature. The old classic writers still live. The old modern writers still live. There are students of Horace and Cicero; there are students of Chaucer and Montaigne. But to be at once a classic neglected by scholars, and a modern neglected by readers for amusement, is a destiny of curious hardness; and it is the destiny of the great men, one of whom we have chosen for our subject on this occasion. Nobody is entitled to say that they have become obsolete for want of those literary qualities, the want of which, in a general way, not unnaturally consigns the mediæval chroniclers to lasting obscurity. On the contrary, they were in constant familiarity with literatures of which the chroniclers had heard only a faint echo; and they had learned to develop their powers in every direction which has since been taken by the European intellect. The mere talents of Erasmus were certainly not inferior to those of Voltaire. There is as good, rich, sly, sarcastic portraiture of monkery in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* as in Rabelais. The *Scaligerana* has not less sense and wit than the recorded Table-Talk of Walpole or Rogers. Yet the names of Erasmus, Von Hütten, Joseph Scaliger, or our own Buchanan, resemble nothing so much as the V.R.'s or other royal initials, the day after an illumination. They may still be made out on the walls; but the light has gone from them; and the casual passer-by perhaps wonders why they have not been taken down before. The better these memorable writers did their work, the worse it has proved for them. They were classics in the interest of the modern world, and moderns in the interest of the classical world. They spent their lives in uniting the two; and now they cannot be said to have a place in either. Modern Europe has as little grateful recollection of them as a pair of young lovers—made one—has of the parson without whom their union could not have taken place.

We are unwilling to believe that Scotland has been more ungrateful to George Buchanan than other countries to their heroes of the same class. The edition of

his works by Ruddiman is a literary monument as honourable as the edition of Erasmus by Le Clerc. Something was done for his biography by George Chalmers; and it was written by Dr. Irving with much good sense, and much solid research. His Latin version of the Psalms was long used in our schools; and his portrait adorns the cover of the most famous of our periodicals. Nevertheless, what Father Prout said is very true: we are more apt to glory in his reputation than to read his works. And, perhaps, we hardly appreciate the immense importance of that reputation to our literary dignity in Europe. When all is said—and done, we Scots have at best produced three writers of European influence and celebrity; George Buchanan in the sixteenth, David Hume in the eighteenth, and Walter Scott in the nineteenth century. This calculation involves no disrespect to the memory of Burns or Adam Smith, because Burns was hampered by the limitations of his culture, his subjects, and his language; and Smith devoted himself mainly to one study, connected only with one side of human affairs, and has not even yet penetrated with complete success the Continental mind and Continental legislation. Now, of the three, the three who keep the citadel of our fame for us, Buchanan was the earliest. The Scottish genius had *braided* before his day; but had never ripened into grain to be eaten as bread. From many passages in Erasmus, it is clear that we were only beginners in letters before Buchanan's time. He it was who made us famous from the Vistula to the Tagus, and gave us a national name in literature by his pen, as Bruce had given us a national name in politics by his sword. Of such a man, every Scot ought to have something like a familiar image in his mind; and every Scot ought to know by what labours, and kind of labours, his fame was achieved.

It is not known to which of the races making up our nationality the ancestors of Buchanan belonged. The name in itself proves nothing, because it was taken from the lands which they gained, and lands were gained not by Celts only, but by Norwegians, Angles, Saxons, and Normans. It is certain, however, that he was a cadet of the Buchanans of that Ilk, and came of a family which he has himself described as *magis vetusta quam opulenta*. Like every Scotsman of that age, Knox included, he had a vein of feudalism in him; and the late Mr. Joseph Robertson well pointed out that as 'a Lennox man' hostile to the Hamiltons, he showed his breed and his associations in his politics. He was born

about the beginning of February 1506, in a humble house called the Moss, in the parish of Killearn, Stirlingshire; being the third son of Thomas Buchanan (second son of Thomas Buchanan of Drummakill) by Agnes Heriot, daughter of Heriot of Tra-brown in the Eastern Lowlands. The family fortunes were at a low ebb; and no peasant's son could well have had a harder fight of it than this poor scion of an old Dumbartonshire house from the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond. His father was cut off early by the stone. His grandfather, who survived, was a bankrupt. And the family, of five sons and three daughters, were painfully brought up by their mother, who engaged in farming, and provided for them as best she could, in the old rugged frugal Scotch way. George was a clever lad, and showed some promise at the local schools, though he ought to have told us to which of them he was sent. He was seven years old when FLODDEN was fought,—quite old enough to feel a shudder of sympathy with the thrill of anguish that the bloody news sent through Scotland. Probably there were tears in the modest household when that news came. For we all know how—

'Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,
Though there the Western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear.'

And districts and names were so linked together in those days, that a disaster pierced to the hearts of a hundred families, and plunged them in a common grief.

The promise which George Buchanan showed in the *scholis patris*, whichever they were, already referred to, induced his uncle, James Heriot, to send him to school in Paris in 1520. Here we have one fruit of the old French alliance, and a very pleasant one. Buchanan worked hard at Latin. But within two years his kind uncle died; want and sickness pressed together upon him, and he was forced to return home. He gave a year to the care of his health; and in the winter of 1523 served a campaign on the Borders with the Duke of Albany, the Regent, who had come over with a body of French auxiliaries to make war on the English. The great question whether Scotland, now passing from the mediæval into the modern life, was to develop under Continental or English influences, was fitfully settling itself, sometimes in sharp paroxysms, sometimes in slow struggles. It was to be Buchanan's destiny to arrive through a Continental experience, and yet liking the Continent, at English politics. His immediate

motive now was to see a little of war as a part of education. Long afterwards, he expressed his opinion that there was much more affinity between the literary and the military intellect than was vulgarly supposed. This, too, was characteristically Scotch in him, and akin to the spirit in which Scott worked at his Dalgettys and Bradwardines. The one campaign of Buchanan, however, was not a satisfactory experience. The Regent's army besieged Werk, but was beaten off. The Scots were not agreed on the policy of continuing the war at that time. And as they made their way homewards by Eccles and Lauder, a storm of snow in the night fell heavily upon man and cattle. The young adventurer's health again gave way, and for the rest of the winter he was confined to his bed.

Early in the spring of 1524, Buchanan was sent to St. Andrews, which he entered as a *pauper*, that is, as a bursar or exhibitor,—a fact which we owe to the industry of George Chalmers, who had the registers searched.* Here he attended the lectures of John Mair or Major (*solo cognomine Major*), who was then teaching what he himself called Dialectics, but what Buchanan preferred to call Sophistics. Major moved to Paris, and Buchanan followed him, on which simple basis of fact was built up a grave charge of 'ingratitude' against George, because he afterwards pelted the old theologian with a classic epigram, neat as a pebble from the Ilissus. But in their anxiety to prove the ingratitude, these calumniators forget to prove the obligation. We shall find the same injustice being done to our scholar at a later period. It was during this second residence in Paris that Buchanan first fell under the suspicion of Lutheranism, and for two years he had a sore struggle with evil fortune. However, he fought his way through all hardships. He had become a Bachelor of Arts in St. Andrews. He became Bachelor, and Master, and Procurator of the German nation in the Scottish College of Paris in 1528 and 1529, and for three years presided over a grammar-class in the College of St. Barbe. What kind of life that was he has told us in the first poem in his Book of Elegies, the subject of which is *Quam misera sit conditio docentium literas humaniores Lutetia*. The

wretched master, he says, is old before his time. He has a crew to teach whom nothing can keep in order but flagellation; and whom even flagellation fails to make learn. Poverty is his habitual companion at bed and board. 'Go then,' he exclaims, 'sterile Muses, and seek another servant. Our lot and our inclination call us elsewhere :—

'Ite igitur, Musæ steriles, aliumque ministrum
Quærite : nos alio sors animusque vocat.'

The new occupation which he had found was that of domestic preceptor to the young Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, whose father had been murdered in the prime of life by James Hamilton the Bastard, a very few years before. To him Buchanan dedicated his first work, a translation into Latin of Thomas Linaere's Rudiments of Latin Grammar, and he lived with him for five years. When the Earl returned to Scotland, Buchanan accompanied him, and stayed with him at his seat in Ayrshire, in which county, and Wigtonshire, an Earl of Cassilis of those days was *late tyrannus* : *—

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need hope for to bide there,
Unless he court with Kennedy.'

This residence at the young Earl's *Château* led to an event of importance in Buchanan's life. He amused his leisure there by writing the *Somnium*, a satire on the Franciscans, who soon heard of it, and watched for an opportunity to do the author a mischief. The friars and monks of those days were very different from the early men who exercise so much fascination over the genius of the Count of Montalembert; and the men of letters, especially the humorists and satirists, seem to have had a loathing for them, such as, long before, Juvenal had for sham Stoics, and, long afterwards, Molière had for the models of Tartuffe. They were greasy, lazy, ignorant, cruel,—not unworthy champions of a Church which was rotten to the roots, gorged with wealth ill gotten and ill spent; and whose prelates, at once oppressors of the poor and corrupters of the rich, came from the embraces of harlots, and palaces the neighbourhood of which swarmed with their bastards, to preside at the burnings of the holiest and wisest men of the nation. The known enmity of the Franciscans stimulated the growing Lutheranism

* Chalmers's *Life of Ruddiman*, p. 312. This sort of investigation was Chalmers's great merit. His politics were violent, and his style absurdly turgid; while of his ignorance of Latin some curious proofs can be produced. Among these we rank his denying that Buchanan was the author of his very characteristic autobiography.

* It was the son of Buchanan's pupil who roasted the Abbot or Commendator of Crossraguel in his vault at Dunure, a playfulness of the old school which seems to have deeply impressed the imagination of Mr. Froude.

of Buchanan. And he soon had an opportunity of turning the *Somnium*, a comparatively light and playful satire, into a satire of which neither Juvenal nor Swift would be ashamed. He had been presented to James the Fifth, and when his connexion with Lord Cassilis ceased, James made him tutor to James Stewart, his natural son by Elizabeth Shaw of the Sauchie family.* A similar duty had been discharged by Erasmus for a natural son of James the Fourth, who fell with his father at Flodden. While Buchanan was engaged upon it, in 1537, James brought over from France his young bride Magdalen, whose death in less than two months after her arrival, caused such general sorrow in Scotland, that Buchanan says it gave the first occasion to the use of mourning in that country. Soon after her death, there was a talk of a conspiracy against the King, and James, who thought the Franciscans had acted insincerely about it, called Buchanan to him one day at Court, and asked him to write a poem against them. Buchanan, feeling that this was a task which it was dangerous either to refuse or to perform, brought a half-harmless production, which he hoped would pass as a compromise; but the King wanted something sharp and pointed, *acre et aculeatum*. The result was the *Franciscanus*, which now opens the second part of the second volume of Ruddiman's edition. It is a long satirical poem in sonorous hexameters, occupying seventeen folio pages. He sets out by warning a young fellow who had some thoughts of becoming a Franciscan what kind of men they were. In the first place, the order is recruited, he says, from the ranks of those born to nothing, and who take up sanctity as livelihood; who have a harsh stepmother, perhaps, or a hard father; who don't like school and study, from their stupidity, and whom laziness and feebleness make unfit for the oar and the plough. Then, there are the fanatical candidates and the greedy ones, who hope to prey on the superstition of the vulgar; and a darker school of hypocrites, who look to the grey garb, the cord, and the cowl as disguises favourable to a life of secret crime. What those crimes were Buchanan tells us with the most pungent frankness, in a part of the poem where he ironically introduces a veteran of the society teaching his young

neophytes how to impose upon and enjoy world. It may suffice to say that debauchery and fraud are far from being the worst of them, and that the Scotch religious of that day had some curious points of resemblance to the pagans of Juvenal's time. There is one story introduced, and told with great spirit and pictorial power, which may have belonged to a later period of Buchanan's experience, and have been added by him to the finally-revised edition which he dedicated to the Earl of Murray in 1564. A brother of the order, he relates, embarked on the Garonne for Bordeaux with a woman whom he had seduced, and who was far gone in her pregnancy. The wretched creature fell into labour on the way, and her scoundrelly companion deserted her at the first landing-place, and left her with her child to the pity or contempt of the gazing crowd. An admirable touch of humour follows the narrative: 'I myself,' exclaims the old friar who tells the story, 'young and strong as I then was, could hardly keep down the murmurs and voices of the people; . . . sturdily though I swore that the criminal was a follower of Luther, concealing himself under the name of our holy sect!' There is here some of that unctuous irony, at once rich with fun and bitter with scorn, the great masters of which are Juvenal in the ancient, and Swift in the modern world. It is the natural satire of strong and serious, as distinct from the pleasantry of light and brilliant natures; and Buchanan, a good deal of whose work in the world was done by satire, belongs, as a satirist, to the school of Juvenal and Swift, Dryden and Churchill, rather than of Aristophanes, Horace, Erasmus, or Voltaire. He had a distinct poetical vein, and could relish love, and beauty, and external nature. But this was a vein in the flint of a good hard solid intelligence, primarily strong in its sagacity and its reasoning powers, and in harmony, accordingly, with a disposition from which neither wit nor poetry banished a certain austerity that was natural to it. And, indeed, the austerity would not have been wonderful if there had been nothing else to account for it but the complexion of George Buchanan's fortunes. A pauper gentleman from a country steeped in aristocratic sentiment, a famished student, a suffering schoolmaster, a hunted Reformer,—these are not the parts in the drama of life which are favourable to the continuous good humour of the performer. But the severity of Buchanan's satire was wholesome. And in estimating its power, let us not forget, what the very excellence of his Latinity constantly tends to make us forget, that he was always—unlike

* One of the rare slips of the accurate Ruddiman was his confounding this James Stewart with the celebrated Regent,—a mistake all the stranger, because, in dedicating the *Franciscanus* to the Regent thirty years afterwards, Buchanan tells him that he was appointed by the King to educate his son, which would have been a ridiculous piece of information to the son himself.

the past Juvenal and the Swift to come—writing in a language which was not his own. The swing and freedom of the hexameters of the *Franciscanus* was not the special acquirement of a man who had studied one metre. All metres came alike to him, and all varieties of prose, narrative, dialogue, and oratory. He was rather a Scotticized Roman than a Romanized Scot; or we may say that, like the founders of Rome in the old Legend, he had the Roman wolf for his foster-mother, and absorbed her milk into his whole being.

James the Fifth probably enjoyed the *Franciscanus*. He had the Stewarts' parts, though his education had been neglected, as Buchanan in his *History* remarks; and he was not without a relish for attacks on the abuses of the Church and the clergy. In those very years, he had been present at the open-air performance of the satirical play of good Sir David Lindsay,—to our taste, still the most freshly readable of our old poets, a man of keen sense and gay sprightly humour, the half-developed Aristophanes of an uncultivated age. Nay, there were some hopes that his marriage with Magdalen, who was niece of the Queen of Navarre, would be favorable to the cause of the Reformation in Scotland. But Magdalen was laid, in her girlhood, in the Abbey of Holyrood; and the marriage-torches of his nuptials next year with Mary of Guise lighted the piles of many martyrs. The year after that, early in 1539, Buchanan was made prisoner. The King failed to protect the man who had provoked the bigots at his own request; and Buchanan was even told by friends at the Court that his life was to be sold to Cardinal Beaton for money. He made his escape, when his guards were asleep, through his bedroom-window, and fled to London;* not without hazard, on the road, from the thieves on the Borders, and the plague in the North of England. A Sir John Rainsford, whose memory he honoured afterwards with grateful lines,—it is significant that we should find him grateful to persons whom *we know* to have befriended him,—did him great services at this time; and some verses addressed to Thomas Cromwell, and to King Henry, show that he was anxious to find friends, and perhaps a settlement, in London. We should like to be sure that he visited the tomb of his predecessor in Scottish scholarship, Bishop Douglas, who is honourably mentioned in his *History*, and

had been buried in the Church of the Savoy seventeen years before. But his stay on the banks of the Thames was short. The King was burning, with rigid impartiality, those who insisted on believing in the Pope's authority, and those who insisted on disbelieving the Pope's religion. So, the uncertainty of public affairs, the hopelessness of his private affairs, and, as he tells us, the *summa humanitas* of the French whom he always liked, took him once more over to Paris. There he had the misfortune to find his enemy, Cardinal Beaton, acting as ambassador; so he accepted an engagement from Andrew Govea, a learned Portuguese, who had been for some time head of the College of Guienne, and set off for Bordeaux. Scotland has always been famous for good Latin and good claret; and that her greatest scholar should have taught Latin in the capital of the claret-country, has a historical fitness about it which we rather like. It was still the eventful year 1539 when he settled there; for Charles the Fifth visited the city, in which he held a festival of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and Buchanan addressed a poem to him, in December. Buchanan wrote little poems on several occasions of public interest, which spread abroad, and diffused his reputation, though they were not collected and published, in the modern sense, till after years. Writers publish books now in order to become known; they published books then because they were known. The world of letters of Europe formed a European commonwealth or confederation, with the Latin as its common language. Englishmen, Scots, French, Poles, Portuguese, moved to and fro, serving in each others' universities from the mountains of Scotland to the vineyards of Aquitaine; and this migratory life and free international communication gave superior men a celebrity which was in a certain degree independent of the issue of books.

Buchanan remained at Bordeaux, teaching Latin in the College of Guienne, for three years. It was an interesting period of his life, though not free from anxiety, inasmuch as Cardinal Beaton sent letters urging the Archbishop of Bordeaux to arrest him; and the Franciscans, as usual, were criminally busy scheming how to do him an injury. But it was the fortune of this illustrious man, and an admirable sign of the affectionate respect which he inspired, to make friends wherever he went. At Bordeaux, he had friends who staved off the danger from the Archbishop till the death of James the Fifth, in 1542; and a plague raging in Aquitaine diverted the attention of his persecutors. Meanwhile, he pursued

* Chalmers said that he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Andrews, quoting, in proof of it, a passage in which Brantôme said the same thing—of Queen Mary I!—(See Irving, *note*, p. 23.)

his regular duties, and his nobler literary labours, with his usual energy and success. One young gentleman, sent at a very early age to the College, had him for a domestic preceptor there, and has carried his name to many a circle where it might not otherwise have penetrated. This was the great humorist, and moralist, whom Europe appreciates,—now, perhaps, better than it ever did,—Michel de Montaigne. In his famous essay addressed to Madame Diane de Foix,—‘De l’Institution des Enfants’ (*Essais*, liv. i. chap. 25), Montaigne speaks of him as ‘Georges Buchanan, ce grand poëte escossois,’ and says that he was one of his ‘precepteurs domestiques.’ They met in after years, Montaigne goes on to tell, when Buchanan had charge of the young Comte de Brissac, and Buchanan declared that he meant to write on education, and take that of his old pupil as a model. Montaigne had learned Latin in his infancy by hearing nothing else spoken, and used to chatter it so freely as a youngster, that Buchanan and Muretus, he adds, were afraid to accost him. What a pleasant picture that of such a meeting between the grave and storm-tossed, but brilliant and high-spirited Scot, and the bright-witted, lively French boy, before whom a life of such quiet happy sunshine was slowly opening! When he grew a little older Montaigne used, as he likewise himself informs us, to play parts in the Latin dramas which Buchanan wrote to be acted in the College. These dramas are *Jepthes* and *Baptistes*; the first based on the story of Jephtha’s vow in Judges, the second on the fate of John the Baptist. They are written, not indeed with much tragic tenderness, but with an elevated vigour, and in diction of great purity and elegance. The *Baptistes* is particularly interesting; because it is easy to see that in drawing a cruel Pharisee, Buchanan is thinking of not less cruel Papists; while the stern abhorrence which he shows of tyranny in his whole presentation of Herod, is the natural forerunner of the *De Jure Regni apud Scotos* and the *Rerum Scotticarum Historia* of future years. His Protestantism was steadily strengthening itself; and he had drawn from the purest founts of classical antiquity a love of freedom never more necessary to Europe than just at that time, when the feudal checks on despotism were growing weak, and nothing had yet risen to take their place. In his double capacity of Scottish gentleman and classical scholar, George detested despotism; and we shall see presently that he is one of the undoubted founders of the modern constitutionalism of Europe.

At Bordeaux, also, Buchanan translated the *Medea* and *Alcestis* of Euripides, versions used so lately as the other day by Monk. And to Bordeaux belongs the charming *Maïæ Calendæ*, for he speaks there of the grape which grows on the sandy soil of Gascony:—

‘Nec tenebris claudat generosum cella Lyæum,
Quem dat arenoso Vasconis uva solo.’

The poem is full of all images of love, and joy, and southern merry-making; and, like many a quaint passage in Knox’s History, and many a brilliant hit in Beza’s epigrams, is instructive as giving us the genial side of those great sixteenth-century reformers, whom wretched modern sentimentalists scarcely ever name without a shudder. Buchanan had heard the chimes at midnight, and the laugh of Neæra in the corner; and knew well the flavour of Gascon wine, and talked well over it. He was earnest and laborious and proud; but also hilarious and humane. We sometimes think that he was very fairly typified by his coat-of-arms,—a lion rampant holding a human heart in its dexter paw. He was leonine, but he had the kindly affections of nature too. One great man whom he came to know during his stay in Gascony evidently found him so,—Julius Caesar Scaliger. Scaliger, now getting well on in middle life, was settled as a physician at Agen, and to Agen, Buchanan and others used to go and visit him in the vintage-time. He forgot even his gout,—records his son, the famous Joseph,—when he had such men to talk with him about letters: the ‘literary man’ without literature, being still (happily) in the womb of time. And Buchanan enjoyed Scaliger as much as Scaliger enjoyed Buchanan. It once happened that our George was detained when his friend expected him, and he expressed his feelings in some pleasant lines, which conclude as follows:

‘Quamvis laboris omnia ingratis
Sint plena, res mihi unica
Magis molesta est cæteris molestiis
Non intueri Julium.*

Joseph Scaliger, the ‘greater son’ of Julius, as many have thought him, must have been born while Buchanan was in the province,† and may possibly have been exhibited to him on one of his visits, as the *βρέφος* or *infans*. He inherited his father’s admiration for Buchanan, and perhaps his friendship for him. He certainly tells us, in that

* Buch. *Epig.* i. 49 (*Op.* ed. Rudd. ii. 78).

† In 1540.

eminently curious book of table-talk, the *Scaligerana*, that he was in Edinburgh soon after the murder of Rizzio (A. D. 1566); and it is hard to conjecture why he should have visited Scotland, without counting a wish to see Buchanan amongst his chief probable motives. Strange to say, this journey of the younger Scaliger to the North has failed to attract the attention of any of Buchanan's biographers. Buchanan mentions him with honour in his *History*; and he celebrated Buchanan in an epitaph, the last couplet of which ranks with the most masterly things that we know:—

‘Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes,
Romani eloquii Scotia finis erit.’

This memorable residence at Bordeaux lasted, as we have said, for three years. With an indifference to chronological detail, of which Bayle complains, Buchanan passed over in his autobiography the five years which followed, during which he visited Toulouse, and was a regent of the College of Cardinal Le Moine, in Paris. The scholars of that age loved to remember how Buchanan, Turnebus, and Muretus all taught in this College at the same time; and a Scot may assert, without fear of being convicted of patriotic exaggeration, that Buchanan was the greatest of the illustrious triad. As a scholar merely, he was a match for any man; but the greatness of many scholars ended where his had still a new world before it. He was not only a critic, philologist, or Latin stylist, but a man of genius, using the accomplishments which these titles imply as the tools of a fine intellect. The orations of Muretus, for instance, are still worth reading by anybody who cares to see with what easy grace a dead language may be used by a man of parts and scholarship. But that exhausts their praise; for there is no mind at bottom worth the skill employed in the superficial expression. The classicism of Muretus is a Roman mask, but a mask only. The classicism of Buchanan is a Roman face, with a strong living brain behind it.

He was now turned forty, and the gout had begun to give him sharp hints of what was in preparation for his old age. A wanderer from his boyhood, he was to be a wanderer still, and in 1547, he set off with his friend Andrew Govea to Portugal, the king of which country, John the Third, had founded a university at Coimbra, which he was anxious to stock with sound and eminent professors. Of the men selected, several were Buchanan's friends. Portugal seemed a quiet corner to retreat to, at a

time when the whole of the rest of the Continent was threatened with war. And the whole prospect seemed so tempting, that he persuaded his brother Patrick to join the group.* But soon after they all settled down in their new land Andrew Govea died. His powerful influence withdrawn, the Portuguese bigots and heresy-hunters began to vex the little colony of scholars. Three of them were confined, after much outrageous insult, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Buchanan himself was handled with peculiar severity. He was a foreigner, and without patrons. He had written a satire against the Franciscans, which his persecutors did not detest the less, because none of them had seen a copy of it; and because Buchanan had taken the precaution to explain all about it to King John before he entered the country. He had eaten flesh in Lent, and the whole Peninsula did the same. He had made occasional jokes at monks; and was reported to have said in conversation, that St. Augustine seemed to him to lean towards a view of the Eucharist condemned by the Church of Rome. All this was quite enough to ruin him in the eyes of a Portuguese religious rabble. But he was a man of European distinction; so the authorities, after teasing him for half a year, shut him up in a monastery that the monks might ‘instruct’ him! The monks were civil enough, but very ignorant, Buchanan informs us. Yet will his stay within their walls be remembered long after the last monk in Portugal has become an honest ploughman or cobbler; for in that Portuguese monastery Buchanan began his immortal version of the Psalms, and executed many of them. Surely it would be difficult to find a more dramatic position even in that, the heroic period, as it may be truly called, of modern literary history! Here was a Scot from the Lennox,—born on the river Blane, amidst the lochs and mountains of the north,—imprisoned among lemon-complexioned monks under the sun of Lusitania, and while nominally undergoing their illiterate teaching, beguiling the hours by founding a great classical religious work. But there is something more than dramatic in the picture of Buchanan translating the Psalms in a Portuguese cell. His great nature had known sorrow, and was feeling it now, like the royal Psalmist himself; and if he cried to his Lord in a language which was not that he had learned from his mother, the intellectual labour did not, we may feel

* Pate was cut off prematurely: and his brother celebrated him with Catullian tenderness.—*Epig.* 2.23 (*Op.* ed. Rudd. ii. 84).

sure, altogether deaden the spiritual pain. The translation, thus viewed, has a special moral interest; and the fact that such were Buchanan's occupations, prepares us for finding him by and by one of the founders of modern Protestant Scotland, along with the Regent Murray and Knox.

Buchanan's version of the Psalms is indeed, in many respects, a translation standing alone in the history of literature. It is not a translation of a mere work of art, however illustrious, but of a work which the nations have agreed to receive as inspired by more than human wisdom, and expressed with more than human beauty. It is not a translation into the language of the readers to whom it is addressed, but into a language in no way coloured by the faith embodied in the original, and all the associations of which are different from and often incongruous with, that faith. Buchanan was to render the deep Semitic spiritualism of the prophet monarch into a Pagan tongue; into the speech of Epicurean procurators of Judea, and Roman men of the world, whose poetry was half a result of cultivation; into metres made famous by the love-songs of Æolian girls, and the war-songs of Æolian demagogues; the idylls of Sicilians at the court of the Ptolemies, and of their graceful imitators in the Rome of the Emperors; the epics of artificial poets; and the satirical and familiar pieces of debauched heathen wits. This was no common task, but luckily it fell into the hands of no common man. Buchanan knew that his version must be classical; there is no standard of Latin but that which the classical writers supply. So he set himself to build a classical temple in honour of the true God; and instead of the hewn stone, and the cedars of Lebanon, and the gold, and the lily-work, and the pomegranates of the temple at Jerusalem, he provided the marble, and the oak, and the olive-wood, and the silver from Laurion, and the subtle, graceful carvings of Greece and Italy. For every rose of Sharon, he did his best to provide a rose of Pæstum. And the result is a work unequal in parts, too closely recalling, sometimes, its classical models; but grave, chaste, noble, skilful, and occasionally of a beauty which defies all rivalry; which has the Syrian depth of feeling with the European charm of form, and in which you seem to hear the old sad Hebrew soul breathing itself through the strings of an Italian lute. Lest the reader should fancy that our reverence for Buchanan has carried us too far, we transcribe what is perhaps the gem of the whole work, the '*By the Rivers of Babylon*,' the 137th Psalm:—

'Dum procul a patria mœsti Babylonis in oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus aquas;
Illa animum subiit species miseranda Sionis,
Et nunquam patrii tecta videnda soli.
Flevimus, et gemitus luctantia verba repressit;
Inq̃ue sinus liquidæ decidit imber aquæ.
Muta super virides pendebant nabilia ramos,
Et salices tacitas sustinuerunt lyras.
Ecce ferox dominus Solymæ populator opimæ
Exigit in mediis carmina læta malis:
Qui patriam exilio nobis mutavit acerbo,
Nos jubet ad patrios verba referre modos,
Quale canebarum, steterat dum celsa Sionis
Regia, finitimis invidiosa locis.
Siccæ divinos Babylon irrideat hymnos?
Audiat et sanctos terra profana modos?
O Solymæ, O adyta, et sacri penetralia templi,
Ullane vos animo delectat hora meo?
Comprecor, ante meæ capiant me oblivæ dextæ,
Nec memor argutæ sit mea dextra lyræ:
Os mihi destituat vox, arescente palato,
Hæreat ad fauces aspera lingua meas:
Prima mihi vestræ nisi sint præconia laudis;
Hinc nisi lætitiæ surgat origo meæ.
At tu (quæ nostræ insultavit læta rapinæ)
Gentis Idumææ tu memor esto, pater.
Diripite, ex imis evertite fundamentis,
Æquaque (clamabant) reddite tecta solo.
Tu quoque crudeles Babylon dabis impia pænas:
Et rerum instabiles experiere vices.
Felix qui nostris accedet cladibus ultor,
Reddet ad exemplum qui tibi damna tuum.
Felix qui tenero consperget saxa cerebro,
Eripiens gremio pignora cara tuo.'

This may be studied as a model of such compositions. There is thorough power, yet perfect ease; a quiet finished classical tone throughout, but no patchwork, no mosaic, no *centoism*. His Muse does not carry the classic rose in her bosom as something she has plucked; but it is on her cheek, it comes from the classic health in her blood. Anybody who wishes to see the difference between a modern man of genius writing in Latin, and an accomplished modern gentleman who can write Latin verses, should turn to the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and compare this delightful performance with the translation of the same psalm by Lord Grenville.

Another poem in Buchanan's version which stands very high, is the 104th—'*Bless the Lord, O my soul.*' There is a fine roll of genial vigour in the passage we are about to quote. The reader may like to compare it with the version used in our churches, to which we give precedence, accordingly:—

'He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:

That he may bring forth food out of the earth ;
 And Wine *that* maketh glad the heart of man,
 And oil to make *his* face to shine,
 And bread *which* strengtheneth man's heart.
 The trees of the Lord are full of *sap* ;
 The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted ;
 Where the birds make their nests :
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.
 The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ;
 And the rocks for the conies.*

'Tu pater aërios montes, camposque jacentes
 Neotare celesti saturas, fecundaque rerum
 Semina vitales in luminis eliciis oras.*
 Unde pecus carpat viridis nova pabula fœni :
 Unde olus humanos geniale assurgat in usus :
 Quæque novent fessas cerealia munera vires,
 Quæque hilarent mentes jucundi pocula vini,
 Quique hilaret vultus succus viridantis olivi.
 Nec minus arboribus succi genitabilis humor
 Sufficitur : cedro Libanum frondente coronas,
 Alitibus nidos : abies tibi consita surgit,
 Nutrit ubi implumes peregrina ciconia fœtus.
 Tu timidis montes damis ; cava saxa dedisti,
 Tutus ut abstrusis habitaret echinus in antris.'

The great variety of metres used is another distinction of Buchanan's paraphrase of the Psalms, and shows the range of his command over the language. Here is the latter part of the 27th Psalm—'*The Lord is my light and my salvation*,' from the 9th verse onwards :—

'Ne conde vultus lumen a me amabilis,
 Neu me in tenebris desere.
 Servum per iram ne sine opprimi tuum :
 Vitamque, quam debet tibi,
 Tuere ab hoste, et e periculis eripe,
 O spes salutis unica.
 Me cari amici, me propinqui, me pater,
 Me blanda mater liquerat :
 At non reliquit, qui pios in asperis
 Non deserit rebus, Deus.
 Parens benigne, me vias doce tuas,
 Rectaque deduc semita :
 Ne vis metusque ab hoste me deterritum
 De calle recti detrahat.
 Ne me impiorum obnoxium libidini
 Relinque. Testes impii
 Fingunt maligne falsa de me crimina,
 Armantque se mendaciis.
 Mens victa tantis jam fatisceret malis,
 Ni spes foveret me tua
 Benignitatis, post labores anxios
 Mox affuturum gaudium.
 Vivusque vivos inter ipse commoda
 Vitæ beatæ præstolor.
 In rebus ergo turbidis ne concede,
 Sed fortis usque sustine ;
 Te roborabit Dominus, et cor fulciet ;
 Tu fortis usque sustine.

This measure, used by Horace in the *Epodes*, was a favourite with Buchanan, who has employed it in his paraphrase twenty-

eight times, while Sapphics appear on ten, and Alcaics on sixteen occasions.* It is true that he takes a greater license sometimes than is now permitted to those who produce once or twice in a lifetime, a choice copy of verses as an academic exercise. But Tate has shown in the *Horatius Restitutus*, that he did not exceed in this way more than still later modern Latinists of the first rank. And besides, it belonged to his very character as a creative writer, who had taken all Latin, as Bacon took all knowledge, for his province, and who really spent his life not so much in imitating Latin literature as in adding to it.

Now and then Buchanan simply borrows a line or two from an ancient, and dovetails them into his Psalter. Thus we find—

'Gentis humanæ pater atque custos'

(Hor. *Carm.* i. 12) opening Psalm 8th ; and

'Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovæ.'

(Hor. *Carm.* iii. 1) opening Psalm 82d. But such cases are rare, and with regard to the latter, which has excited some censure, Dr. Irving observes that '*Jova* is the tetragrammaton of the Hebrews,' and that 'to insert the word Jehovah in the translation of a psalm certainly cannot be called reprehensible.'† The extent of Buchanan's Hebrew scholarship is not, we believe, accurately known. He seems to have consulted the Hebrew text with the interpretation of his friend Vatablus and the commentators, and he probably used these as subsidiary to the Vulgate, the Septuagint, and the modern translations. But this is a question for Hebraists, and we recommend the inquiry as an interesting study to our probationers.

Our present object being, however, to give something like a sketch of the whole life and works of our great countryman, we cannot linger even over this renowned paraphrase, much less enter into any comparison of its merits with those of the version of Arthur Johnston. After some months of monastic imprisonment, he was set free. The king gave him a little money for his daily expenses, and held out some vague hopes of employment. But Buchanan was sick of Portugal, and longing for brilliant cultivated Paris, a longing which he has expressed in a delightful allegorical pastoral, the *Desiderium Lutetiæ*.‡ While he was in

* See Ruddiman's Essay, *De Metris Buchananæis*, appended to his invaluable edition.

† Irving's *Memoirs of Buchanan*, p. 113.

‡ *Silva*, No. III., *Op.* ed. Rudd. ii. 50. For a good

* Some editions read *auras* (see note ap. *Op.* ed. Rudd. ii. 69).

this mood (and those who know the smells of Lisbon in our own time, will have dark visions of the Lisbon of three centuries ago), a Cretan vessel bound for England put into the Tagus. Buchanan embarked in her,—Crete belonged to Venice in those days, and she was probably a decent vessel with a valuable cargo,—passed down the noble river, with its sloping hills clothed with woods, and reached the country then ruled by young Edward the Sixth, in safety. Buchanan seems always to have had a kind of dim prophetic notion that London was a place which ought to afford a field to a Scotch man of letters. The time, however, was not yet come. The factions of Northumberland and Somerset were agitating the country, the public mind was disturbed, and after a brief delay, Buchanan made for the French capital, where we find him in January 1553. France had always something for him: and after holding for some time the office of Regent in the College of Boncourt, he was engaged as domestic tutor to the young Count Timoleon de Cossé, son of a great noble, distinguished soldier, and accomplished gentleman, the Marshal de Brissac. If a gentleman must take employment of this kind, he is likelier to be happy with a family of real quality and distinction than elsewhere. Buchanan spent five years with the Marshal, by whom he was treated with the highest consideration, and lived with him in France and Italy. During this time, 1555-1560, Buchanan had leisure to study theological questions more than he had yet done, and also began, or planned, the *De Sphæra*, which the occupations of his subsequent life did not permit him to finish. The first specimens of his Psalms appeared during those years, and his *Alcestitis*. He flung off occasional poems also, *more suo*; one on the surrender of Calais, a topic which engaged the highest French wits; and an epithalamium on the marriage of his beautiful young countrywoman Mary with Francis the Second. She was then as brilliant and charming in the eyes of Buchanan as the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette two centuries afterwards in the eyes of Burke. But how different the duty that was to devolve on Buchanan towards the lustrous young sovereign of his day, from that which the other man of genius was to discharge to the other beautiful offspring of the blood of Lorraine!

Mary landed in Scotland on the 19th August 1561. The exact date of Buchan-

an's arrival is uncertain, but he too was beyond doubt in his native land in 1561, after an absence, as he himself describes it, though a little inaccurately, of twenty-four years. He found his country victorious over the Papal tyranny, but with much still to do for the establishment of its Protestantism. He joined the new Church, towards which all the lines of his intellectual life had long been converging, at once; and his value was immediately seen and recognised. He was appointed to assist in inspecting the revenues of the Universities, and drawing up a model of instruction; and, being a member of the General Assembly in 1563, he was one of those charged with the revision of the *Buke of Discipline*. Next year he dedicated the *Franciscanus*, in its revised and perfected form, to the Earl of Murray. But as yet it was quite possible to be a firm friend to the Scotch Reformed Church, and to all good causes, without ceasing to be a loyal friend to Mary Queen of Scots. Buchanan had probably been presented to her in Paris. Almost the first trace we have of him after his return is in the letter from Randolph to Cecil * of April 1562, which describes him as daily reading Livy with the Queen in Holyrood. The list of the Queen's books shows that she was a highly accomplished woman, and no mere tiro in Latin will ever get any pleasure out of Livy. Buchanan became, for some time, the laureate in fact, if not in title, of Mary; and it was no mean part of her splendour in a lettered age to have in one and the same person, and that person a subject, the best scholar in Europe for her preceptor, and the best poet in Europe for her poet. Mary was far from being insensible to such claims, and want of liberality was never one of her faults. She presented Buchanan, in October 1564, with a pension of £500 Scots, to be drawn from the temporalities of Crossraguel. Buchanan did his best to repay her with a wit brighter than gold. He celebrated her nuptials with Darnley in 1565; and the Pompæ or Masques which he supplied for the festivities are equal in point and grace to anything of the sort by Ben Jonson or Voltaire. Nay, far more, he brought out, that winter, or next spring, 1565-66, at the house of the Stephens of Paris, the first complete edition of his Paraphrase of the Psalms, and dedicated it to the Queen in the renowned epigram which every Scotsman ought to have by heart; which is one of the brightest jewels in the Scottish crown; and which rivals or excels any com-

squib on Portugal and a strange colony then being sent out from it to Brazil, see the *Frateres Fraterrimi* (Op. ed. Rudd, ii. 25).

* First quoted by Chalmers, *Life of Ruddiman*, pp. 319, 320.

pliment paid to a European sovereign since the revival of letters. Listen, reader, once more, to this famous specimen of the wit and politeness of a great old world that has passed away:—

‘Nympha, Caledoniæquæ nunc feliciter oræ,
Missa per innumeros sceptrâ tueris avos;
Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus,
Accipe (sed facilis) cultu donata Latino
Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.
Illa quidem, Cirrha procul et Permesside lym-
phâ,

Pene sub Arctoi sidere nata poli:
Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere
fœtum,

Ne mihi displiceant quæ placuere tibi.
Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequi-
bant,
Debent genio forsitan illa tuo.’

We subjoin a translation, but feel pain-
fully how in striving to preserve the conden-
sation of the original we have let its elegance
escape:—

‘Lady, who happily in Calydon,
The sceptre of a thousand sires bygone,
Bearest; whose lot thy merits far outshine,
Whose worth thy years; mind, sex; and man-
ners, line;
Gently accept, in Latin garb arrayed,
The noble songs the prophet monarch made.
Born far from Cirrha and Permessian stream,
Almost beneath the pole-star’s icy beam;
Yet would I not the bantling cast abroad,
Lest I should seem to scorn what you applaud.
For what their master’s genius cannot give,
Thy genius may bestow, and make them live.’

About this time, too, Buchanan collected the fugitive pieces that he had scattered abroad during his wanderings in life, and which had got blown like thistle-down all over the world. Some of these were sting-
ing little satires against monks and similar riff-raff of the old bigotry; and it may amuse our readers to see the freedom with which he handles such *canaille*. The lines that follow are addressed to St. Antony, whom an old tradition represents as having kept a herd of swine:—

‘Diceris, Antoni, porcos pavisse subulens
Vivus, adhuc monachos lumine cassus alis.
Par stupor ingenii est ventrisque abdomen
utrisque,

Sorde pari gaudent, ingluvicque pari. [suillo,
Nec minus hoc mutum pecus est brutumque
Nec minus iuspidum, nec minus illepidum.

Cætera conveniunt, sed non levis error in uno
est,
Debut et monachis glans eibus esse tuis.’*

‘When living, thou, St. Antony,
As swineherd kept thy swine,
Now dead thou keep’st, St. Antony,
This herd of monks of thine.

‘The monks as stupid are as they,
As fond of dirt and prog;
In dumbness, torpor, ugliness,
Each monk is like each hog.

‘So much agrees ’tween herd and herd,
One point would make all good,
If but thy monks, St. Antony,
Had acorns for their food!’

There is a grim humour characteristic of the man and the age in our next quotation:

‘IN PIUM PONTIFICEM.

‘Vendidit ære polum, terras in morte relinquit;
Styx superest Papæ quam colat una Pio.’*

‘Heaven he had sold for money; earth he
leaves in death as well:
What remains to Pontiff Pius?—nothing
that I see, but hell.’

The distich on Zoilus is better known:—

‘Frustra ego te laudo, frustra me, Zoile, lædis;
Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.’

‘I praise thee, Zoilus, in vain,
In vain you rail at me always;
Because the world don’t care a grain,
What either of the couple says.’

But, as we have seen before, Buchanan shone in the complimentary as much as in the satirical epigram; and indeed it is a very great, though a very common mistake to limit the signification of the word to sar-
castic effusions. Of the famous lines on *Nœra*, *Ménage* used to say that he would have given his best benefice to have written them, and *Ménage*, as has been observed, held some fat ones:

‘Illa mihi semper præsentî dura Nœra,
Me quoties absuin semper abesse dolet;
Non desiderio nostri, non mæret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.’

‘Nœra is harsh at our every greeting,
Whenever I am absent, she wants me again;
’Tis not that she loves me, or cares for our
meeting,
She misses the pleasure of seeing my pain.’

In 1566 Buchanan was made principal of St. Leonard’s College, St. Andrews, and in 1567 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly. That was the dark and dreadful year of the Darnley murder; of the Bothwell marriage; and of the Queen’s imprisonment; and it behoved honest men to look to their country’s honour and safety,

* *Fratres Fraterrimi*, 22 (*Op. ed. Rudd. ii. 24*).

* *Fratres Fraterrimi*, 10.

and to take an active part in public affairs, according to their conscientious convictions. No Scottish man of letters has ever held such important public offices as Buchanan. In 1568, after Langside, and the Queen's flight to England, Buchanan appeared in England with Murray, and Morton, and the other Commissioners, and assisted them in the exposure of Mary, by drawing up the *Detectio*. We shall probably never hear the last of his 'ingratitude' on this occasion, because there is no sign of any future lack of intellects of the calibre suited to the belief of nonsense of that stamp. It is vain to tell an operative sentimentalist that when a queen rewards a great writer for his services in an innocent part of her life, she does not thereby bind him over to support her through thick and thin, after she has become an adulteress and murderess, and the wife of her accomplice in murder and adultery. We put the matter very plainly, because it was just in this plain light that it appeared to Buchanan, and determined his course of action. And that is all with which we have to do for our present biographic purpose. It so happens, indeed, that we believe as Buchanan believed on the subject, and as Hume, Principal Robertson, Mr. Laing, Sir Walter Scott, M. Mignet, M. Teulet, Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Froude, Mr. Joseph Robertson, and Mr. John Hill Burton, have concurred in believing since. But we do not need to go into the miserable and hackneyed controversy once more, because the only point of consequence to us now, and here, is, whether Buchanan was sincere in the faith which he professed in Mary's guilt, and on which he acted? And why should he not have been so? He was a public man, with every opportunity for observing the circumstances. He had led an honourable life up to sixty years of age; and was the esteemed friend of half the great men in Europe, from Tycho Brahe in Denmark to Roger Ascham in London, and from Roger Ascham in London to Theodore Beza in Switzerland. Hitherto he had always passed for a wise and an honest man; why should he have suddenly become a fool, or a scoundrel? No rational answer can be given to this question. The factious and foolish answer is, that he conspired against his Sovereign in the cause of his ambition;—he who never cared for money, as Joseph Scaliger specially remarks;* who was never

noted as eager for advancement; and who had already secured independence and distinction. But it is no common guilt that the partisans of Mary attribute to Buchanan. They accuse him not of ingratitude to her merely, which is more a silly charge than anything else under the circumstances; but of forging her handwriting to sustain the impeachment of her by her chief nobles. And all this rests on mere conjecture, and is not supported by a tittle of the evidence which is required to bring home a forgery to the ordinary practitioners of the art at the Old Bailey. We know no such stupendous impudence of calumny against a man of the same rank, in the whole history of letters.

Fortunately, however, venomous drivel of this kind is now found on the lips of the lower grade of controversialists only, some of whom would be sufficiently punished if they were called on publicly to construe five lines of the great genius whom they defame. Scholars, like Mr. Froude, substantially accept the *Detectio*, and the higher currents of historical criticism are all flowing in the same direction. We may therefore go on to say that, having done his duty according to his lights, at York, Westminster, and Hampton Court, Buchanan returned to Scotland, and was in 1570, the year of Murray's assassination, made principal teacher of the child king, James.* This rendered it necessary that he should give up St. Leonard's, and his head-quarters for some time were now at Stirling. On the whole, he was very successful in his tuition of James. A man or a gentleman he could not make him in the nature of things. But it was possible to make him a scholar, though of a peculiar type, and this Buchanan achieved. There is a tradition that when somebody blamed him for turning the lad into a pedant, George answered that it was the best result of which the case admitted. Other stories, too, floated down, illustrative of the wholesome severity of his discipline; and we need not repeat his well-known saying to the Countess of Mar, when she scolded him for a pungent application to an important part of the person of the 'Lord's anointed.' The caustic humour of the much-travelled veteran seems to have increased with his years, and was probably not improved by the gout, or by the continual labour which he imposed on himself to the end of his useful life.

* 'Contemtis opibus, spretis popularibus auris,
Ventosæque fugax ambitionis, obis,'

are two of the fine lines in which this great man celebrates Buchanan after his death.

* Chalmers made an exquisite blunder about this appointment (*Life of Ruddiman*, p. 329, note). He found, in Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, that Mary had appointed certain *tutores*—that is, of course, *guardians*—to her son, and thinking it meant tutors in the sense of teachers, antedated Buchanan's nomination to the office by some years!

The same year, 1570, which saw him made the King's teacher, saw him made, during the regency of Lennox, Keeper of the Privy Seal. This gave him a seat in Parliament, and he took an active and leading part in public affairs. He opposed Morton; he helped the Church to revise the Book of Policy; he drew up a scheme for the reform of the University of St. Andrews, one effect of which, if the Act establishing it had not been repealed, would have been to widen and deepen the study of Greek in Scotland. He wrote two political essays in his native tongue, 'Ane Admonition to the Trew Lordis,' and the 'Chamæleon.' These are both well worth reading still, if only as samples of the good old literary Scots, so full of vigour and character, of the sixteenth century.

To the last years of Buchanan's life belong two very important works, the exact progress of which it is not now possible to know in detail. The first of these, in order of time, was the *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, a well-known dialogue on government, first published in 1579. The object of this work is to lay down the abstract principles of political rule, and to illustrate them by the traditions of Scotland and other countries. A friend of the author, Thomas Maitland, is introduced as having just returned from France, and as falling into conversation with him on the recent events,—Darnley's death, and the incarceration of Queen Mary. These events, Maitland says, had caused great indignation in France,—the first as a gross crime; but the second, also, as a violation of the rights of monarchs. Buchanan holds the last feeling cheap, and invites his friend to discuss with him the origin and nature of monarchy. He proceeds, accordingly, to lay down the doctrine, that when society formed itself among mankind, a king was chosen, like a physician, as a healer of social perturbations. But a king, after all, being only a man, the law was given him as a colleague or moderator. Buchanan denies that he has any dislike of monarchy in the abstract, though he is aware that his companion thinks so, from having often heard him praise the ancient republics and the government of Venice. He does not care whether the ruler be called king, duke, emperor, or consul, so long as he is placed in his magistracy for the purpose of equitable administration. The general decisions arrived at for the welfare of the country ought to be the result of counsel taken between the *rex* and the *populus*. Buchanan does not want the people to impose its wishes on the king by force, but only to prescribe a measure to his absolute government; so

that the two powers may consult together in common, and come to a common resolution as to their common interest. Nor is the old philosopher for allowing the whole people to take part in the matter:—'*Ego nunquam existimavi*,' says he, '*universi populi iudicio eam rem permitti debere*.' He would have been content with a selection from all orders, very much like that of the Scottish Parliament—*prope ad consuetudinem nostram*. A sharp distinction is drawn throughout between the king and the tyrant, and a suggestion is made that prizes ought to be given to those who slay a tyrant, as to those who kill a wolf. Coming to the Scots monarchy, Buchanan maintains that our princes were originally selected for their virtues; that many of them who acted cruelly and flagitiously were called to account, of whom some were punished with exile and some with death, no measures being ever taken against their punishers. But of all nations, he declares none was ever more severe on the violators of good kings. The murderers of James the First were fearfully tortured to death; while as for James the Third, a wicked man, nobody avenged his fate or even regretted it. He illustrates this general law of our history by a characteristic reference to the fate of King Evenus, one of those fabulous monarchs before the Christian era, who are now regarded as never having existed, except on the walls of Holyrood. He cites the case of the rejection of John Baliol also; and presently he passes on to the argument from the Scriptures, and argues that when St. Paul advised his disciples to be subject to the higher powers, he was not advising an acquiescence in tyranny, but only checking some fanatics who were opposed to all civil obedience whatever. The Scriptures, according to Buchanan, clearly permit tyrannicide; and he lays down plainly the doctrine that, as kings derive their powers from the people, the people has a right, in a just cause, to reclaim the powers which it gave.

Such are the prominent points of this celebrated dialogue,—the natural offspring of three influences: the traditions of a country where monarchy was weak; the freedom-loving spirit of the Greek and Roman literature; and the still sterner teachings of the Hebrew history, as it appeared to the mind of the most vehement of the Reformers. What seems to us its common-places now, were heresies which, in the sixteenth century, sent a thrill through Europe. Buchanan was 'answered' at once, of course, and generations of royalists tilted at him. We find a squib of the Civil War beginning

'A Scot and Jesuit,* hand in hand,
First taught the world to say,
That subjects ought to have command,
And monarchs to obey.'

Dryden looked upon Buchanan as the inspirer of the politics of Milton, and Fletcher of Saltoun and that old classical generation all loved his name. He must be regarded, therefore, as one of the founders of our modern freedom—in fact, of our modern constitutionalism; for his whole dialogue shows that he was quite content to leave the kings their share of power, if they in their turn would be content with that. In short, he wanted a well-regulated historical freedom, such as Burke and De Tocqueville have loved in later times; something equally removed from a tyranny and a democracy. To Buchanan, who had seen so much of the Continent, especially, the danger from tyranny must have appeared the master-danger of the age; and there is no doubt that in another generation he might equally have laboured to save society from the mob,—especially if he had seen that mob-government was only a roundabout way of arriving at the despotism which he abhorred.

The dedication of the *De Jure Regni apud Scotos* is sufficiently remarkable to demand special mention. It is dated at Stirling, and addressed to the young King, who was then (January 10th, 1579) in his thirteenth year. After stating that he had written the dialogue several years before, in turbulent times, Buchanan, with the gravity of an old man who felt that he had not much more to say in this world, earnestly commends its lessons to James. He is inclined to hope good things of him from his promise; but he fears, sometimes, that the flattery of courtiers may corrupt him, and begs him to take the little book as a guide through such rocks. Well would it have been for the Stewarts if they had listened to the voice—with a mournful tone of love in it visible through all its hard clearness—of the venerable sage!

When the *De Jure* appeared, Buchanan was occupied, as he had been for some years, with his *Rerum Scotticarum Historia*,—his History of Scotland. For the practical purposes of ordinary readers this work has been long superseded. The early part of the narrative is thick with fables; there are inaccuracies of statement in later parts, which Ruddiman has punctually exposed;

much that a modern student wishes to know of the growth of our nation is wholly passed over; and the solid trustworthy portions of the book have been long absorbed and expanded by much valuable detail in later histories. Modern criticism has, like a winter wind, blown thirty-nine leaves, with the names of kings on them, from Buchanan's genealogical tree of the Scots monarchy.* We know now what to think of the league of Achaius with Charlemagne; and of the descent of the Stewarts (a Norman family coming out of Shropshire) from Banquo; and we know that Bruce the Competitor *did* swear fealty to Edward the First in 1291, and did not make the patriotic answer which Buchanan attributes to him. And yet, for all that, the *History* of Buchanan is a great literary monument, beautiful even in obsolescence and decay. Nobody but a man of genius could have cast his eye over Scotland as he did, and produced the masterly little picture of it, a literary map, which occupies fourteen pages of Book First. Every region is described there, in a few happy strokes, by the characteristics which still fix it on the observer's mind. He brings before us the Lothians, already distinguished by their high civilisation and their comparative plenty; '*hæc regio humanitatis cultu, et rerum necessariarum ad usum vitæ copia, cæteras longe præcellit.*' He glances at Fife; marks its fringe of little towns, '*totum littus frequentibus oppidulis præcingitur,*' and its variety of occupations; and says a good word for St. Andrews, where he had learned as a youth and taught as a man. In three words he disposes of the rich Carse of Gowrie (Gorea), '*frumentarius campis nobilis.*' He notes the amenity of the climate of Morayshire; sketches the line of the mountains of the Highlands; shows the run of all the chief rivers; and photographs Galloway as swelling with frequent hills. The islands take their turn; and, indeed, everywhere, the essential facts, moral and physical, of Scottish geography, are hit upon with the true master's eye. If Adam Smith had selected the points, and Walter Scott described them, they could hardly have been made more of in the same narrow compass. The reader who may not have leisure to go through the whole twenty books cannot do better than peruse this description; and his attention may also be specially called to the fine character of Robert Bruce, the concluding paragraph of Book Eighth; and the noble speech of Bishop Kennedy, in Book Twelfth, which, Ruddiman thought, disputed

* The Jesuit was Mariana, the historian of Spain, who also wrote a political treatise of a similar complexion.

* See Mr. Hill Burton's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 318.

the palm with the ancients themselves. The tragedies, too, of Mary's reign lose nothing in the hands of so vigorous a describer; for vigour is the distinguishing element of Buchanan's style. It is consummately elegant, no doubt, but the manly power is what arrests the mind first. Of his special felicitous phrases in the *History*, one has had extraordinary success. There is hardly an expression in commoner use everywhere to this day than that in which we talk of the '*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*.' It is simply a variety, without being an improvement, of the words of Buchanan in the Sixteenth Book, in which, describing the Treaty of Berwick of 1560 between Queen Elizabeth's Government and the Scots, he says that the English leaders warned the Scots not to fight the French till their allies came up, being afraid '*ne SCOTORUM PRÆFERVIDA INGENIA in errorem inemendabilem rem præcipitarent*.'* There can be no greater error than to regard Buchanan as only, or mainly, a Latinist. He was a man of invention, and brilliant as well as solid and reasoning intellect; a poet and a wit; whose originality comes out in his *History* as everywhere else. That *History*, for instance, is as superior even to good books like Camden's *Annales*, in natural power, as in style.

The politics of the *Rerum Scotticarum Historia* are the same as those of the *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*. He is everywhere an advocate of constitutional rights; and if he sometimes builds on uncertain precedents, still the effect was good. He accustomed men to love freedom, and to seek a historical basis for it. He gave an impulse to thought, and roused the hearts of men against those courtly sophisms and servile theories which were rising everywhere into fashion after the fall of the feudal aristocracies. The Stewarts would not listen, and they were swept away about a century after his death. The Bourbons would not listen, and another century found them, too, in exile and on the scaffold. But we must not confound the spirit of Buchanan with that of our modern revolutionists. His was the inspiration of Alcæus, Plato, Cicero, Lucan, not of the penny newspaper and the platform of the demagogue. There are few more characteristic passages than that in which he talks of a rumour that some gentleman was to be turned out of his estate for the benefit of Rizzio, and records the indignation excited by the prospect that men of ancient nobility and good reputation were to be thrust from the seats of their ancestors at

the will of a needy knave.* The Professor of Latin was classical, but the Cadet of Buchanan was feudal into the bargain.

Whatever the imperfections of this *History*, it had a splendid effect on our national reputation. It was received everywhere as a classic; was reprinted at Geneva, Frankfurt, Leyden, Utrecht, Leipsic; and taught Europe that we had a past, and a past of which we might well be proud. Men of letters, long after the author was in his grave, loved to discuss the question whom among the ancients its author most resembled. Fletcher of Saltoun pronounced for Cæsar; Rapin for Livy; Le Clerc for Sallust and Livy combined.† With more justice, Ruddiman held that he had formed a style of his own from the study of all these admirable models.

'The person love does to us fit,

Like manna, has the taste of all in it'—

says Cowley, or some other of Johnson's metaphysical poets; and this is the character of the Latin style of the *History* of Buchanan. Porson observed of some indifferent Latin verses, that there was 'a great deal of Horace in them, and a great deal of Virgil in them, but nothing Horatian and nothing Virgilian.' The merit of Buchanan's prose is just the antithesis of this. Livy and Sallust and Tacitus are not there in pieces, but the general atmosphere is redolent of the odour of their charm.

Buchanan was a very old man when his *History* appeared; for it first saw the light at Edinburgh in 1582, the year that he died. He writes to Randolph in 1577:—

'I am occupit in wryting of our historie, being assurit to content few, and to displease many tharthrow. The rest of my occupation is wyth the gout, quhilk haldis me besy both day and ngt. . . . And thus I tak my leif shortly at you now, and my lang leif quhen God pleasis, committing you to the protection of the almighty.'

It is to be regretted that we have not more familiar and domestic details of his life. The scholars of that and the following century were voluminous letter-writers, but the relics of Buchanan's correspondence are painfully scanty. We have some details, however, of him in his last years, which throw light on his character as it appeared to those who survived him. He was of austere look, says David Buchanan, ‡ and of

* *Rer. Scot. Hist.* lib. 17 (*Op.* ed. Rudd. i. 344).

† Ruddiman's Preface to the Works.

‡ Of the two portraits of him which hung last year in the National Portrait Exhibition at Kensington, that belonging to the Royal Society struck

* Buch. *Op.* ed. Rudd. (i. 321, D).

homely garb, but brightened readily into wit and pleasantry even in the most serious discussions. He was 'a Stoick philosopher,' says Sir James Melville, ' . . . pleasant in conversation, . . . and also religious.' He was wont to despise pompous monuments, observes Archbishop Spottiswood; and Scot of Scotstarvet tells that, being summoned to 'compear' before the Council for some passages in his *History* while it was going through the press, he told the maceur that 'he was to compear before ane higher Judge.' Andrew Melvin and his nephew James, with Thomas Buchanan, found him not long before his death in Edinburgh, teaching a young lad in his service the hornbook. 'I perceive, sir,' Andrew said, 'you are not idle.' 'Better this,' the old man answered, 'than stealing sheep or sitting idle, which is as bad.' The Melvins came to him again after visiting Arbuthnot's printing-office, where they had seen the passage of his *History* relating to Rizzio's burial, and expressed a fear that the King would prohibit the work entirely. 'Tell me, man,' Buchanan asked from his bed, 'if I have told the truth.' 'I think so,' the younger Buchanan replied. 'Then I will abide his feid and all his kin's,' said the dying scholar. 'And so,' concludes James Melvin, to whom we owe this narration, 'by the printing of his chronicle was ended, that maist learned, wise, and godly man ended this mortal life.' 'One of the last stories told of him is, that he asked his servant what money he had, and finding that it would not cover his funeral expenses, ordered it to be given to the poor, leaving the city of Edinburgh to bury him or not as it pleased. All he had in the world was an arrear of a hundred pounds due on the pension he derived from Crossraguel. He died while King James was in the hands of the Gowry conspirators, ten years after Knox, and during the boyhood of Shakespeare,* on Friday the 28th September 1582, about four months before his seventy-seventh birthday. He had suffered much pain from gout and other disorders at the close of his long, laborious, and wandering life; and had looked forward for some time to this harbour (as he calls it in his *Autobiography*) with weariness,

but not without hope. No tougher, more genuine Scotch mountain-ash ever fell before the inevitable blow, or had put forth greener leaves in its time, or left behind it nobler timber.

George Buchanan was buried in the churchyard of the Greyfriars, and his funeral was attended by 'a great company of the faithful.' 'His ungrateful country,' we quote Dr. Irving, 'never afforded his grave the common tribute of a monumental stone.* But his name will outlast the proudest monument in that old burying-ground. His fame rides on the sea of time by two anchors, and can perish only with the memory of the Latin language and the Scottish nation.

ART. III.—*The Political Writings of Richard Cobden.* 2 Vols. W. Ridgway: London.

THE time has not yet arrived for writing Cobden's life.

The great political struggles in which he engaged are still too fresh in the memory of the present generation to admit of a faithful record of his political career, without including much which affects too closely the characters of public men still on the scene, or but recently removed from it; and of the last great achievement of his life, and his solitary official act, the Commercial Treaty with France, it is impossible yet to speak freely.

But it is on this account only the more important,—and especially at a time when, upon the conduct and intelligence of the Liberal party in this country, it depends whether the years before us are to bring with them a repetition of the inconsistencies and hesitations which have too often deformed and paralysed our recent course, or are to be a fruitful and brilliant period of rational and consistent progress,—that the policy of which Cobden was the foremost representative should at least be thoroughly understood and widely known.

us as the most characteristic, and we have seen an engraving from it in one of the Continental editions of his *History*. What has become of the portrait which King James recognised on the walls of the house of Tycho Brahe in Denmark? (See Irving, p. 201.)

* A passage in the *History of Scotland* shows that Buchanan had seen the fitness of the story of Macbeth for dramatic purposes; and this suggestion of his may have reached Shakespeare, who was a very well read man (*Op.* i. 115).

* *Memoirs*, p. 309. Chalmers (we like to see a reviler of Buchanan blundering so often) quoted an old epigram in contradiction of this fact, which very epigram unluckily proved that it was perfectly true. Irving shows that the want of a monument was a frequent reproach, though the spot of Buchanan's interment was known, and may have had a mark of some kind or other on it. Surely it is not too late to repair this omission of our ancestors, whose disturbed political life affords some excuse for them?

It is therefore with a peculiar satisfaction that we hail the work before us, and we trust that it may be shortly followed by a republication of his principal speeches, both in and out of Parliament, so far as these can be collected, and if possible, by a selection of his letters on the great practical questions of the day.

In bringing together in a connected form these political essays, written on various subjects, on different occasions, and at wide intervals of time, but unsurpassed in cogency of reasoning, and in their truthful and temperate spirit, Mrs. Cobden has rendered a great service both to her husband's memory and to the rising generation of Englishmen.

Presented originally to the public in the ephemeral form of pamphlets, thrown out in sharp opposition to the prevailing passions and prejudices of the hour, and systematically depreciated as they were by the organs of public opinion which guide the majority of our upper classes, we suspect that they are well-nigh forgotten by the elder, and little known to the younger men among us. Yet do these scattered records of Mr. Cobden's thoughts contain a body of political doctrine, more original, more profound, and more consistent than is to be found in the spoken or written utterances of any other English statesman of our time, and we commend them to the earnest study and consideration of all who aspire to exert any influence on the future government of our country.

Whenever the day shall come for an impartial review of the history of England since the reform of Parliament in 1832, it will, we think, be found that of all those who have played a prominent part in our public affairs during the last thirty years, the two men who, widely unlike in many qualities, both of character and intellect, but with an extraordinary unity of purpose and principles, have left the deepest mark on their generation, and made the most profound impression on the policy of the country, have been Richard Cobden and John Bright.

We know that this belief is very far from being shared generally by the upper classes of their countrymen, the majority of whom still regard these men with open aversion, or concealed suspicion, as the foremost and most powerful advocates of changes in our system of government, designed, as they believe and fear, to affect the security of vested interests which they have been in the habit of identifying with the greatness and welfare of the State.

But it cannot, we think, be denied even now, that in spite of the resistance of class

interests, and of the avowed or tacit opposition of the great political parties, our national policy has been steadily gravitating in the direction of these men's views, and that thus far at least every successive step towards the fulfilment of their principles has led us farther onward in the path of national progress and prosperity.

The truth appears to be, that in estimating the character and labours of these two statesmen, it has been too often the practice to forget that they have been the only two great political leaders of our time, perhaps of any time in our Parliamentary history, who have steadily and uniformly throughout their whole career worked for great principles, without any regard to the interests of classes or of parties, or to the popular clamour of the hour, and that thus they have in turn been brought into collision with all classes, and with all parties, and on some memorable occasions even with the great body of the people themselves.

We believe that to this cause is to be traced the false and shallow judgment so commonly passed upon them. It is thus that they have been constantly charged with narrowness, and with hostility to the institutions of their country, too often confounded with its conservative forces, and cherished as such by many who are entitled to our respect, as well as by the ignorant and selfish; but it will be found that the charge is usually brought on the part of some class whose special interests they had denounced and thwarted, or on the part of the nation at large, when the assumed national interest is opposed to the larger interests of humanity. They have been accused of indifference to the greatness and honour of their country, when, on the contrary, a deeper examination of their views will prove, we think, that they are almost the only leading statesmen of our time who have exhibited a real practical faith in the future of England.

They have suffered the fate of all those who are in advance of the age in which they live, and who aspire to be the pioneers of progress and the apostles of a new political faith; but we believe that when the period of transition and confusion through which we are now struggling shall have passed away, they will occupy a place among the wisest statesmen and truest patriots in our history.

The last is still among us, and is destined, we trust, to add still more to the many splendid services which he has rendered to his country, and to the world. But Mr. Cobden's work is done, and it only remains for those who feel the priceless value of his character and teaching, to point the moral

of his life, and to gather up with reverence the maxims of political truth and wisdom which he has left behind him.

Mr. Cobden's political character was the result of a rare and fortunate combination of personal qualities, and of external circumstances.

Sprung from the agricultural class, and bred up (to use his own expression), 'amidst the pastoral charms of southern England,' imbued with so strong an attachment to the pursuits of his forefathers, that, as he says himself in the volumes before us, 'had we the casting of the rôle of all the actors on this world's stage, we do not think that we should suffer a cotton-mill or manufactory to have a place in it;' trained in a large commercial house in London, and subsequently conducting on his own account a printing manufactory in Lancashire, Mr. Cobden possessed the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with the three great forms of industrial life in England. Nor were the experiences of his public career less rich and varied than those of his private life.

The first great political question in which he bore a conspicuous part, the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and his consequent connexion with the powerful producing class, which, by a fortunate coincidence of interest with that of the people at large, originated and led this great and successful struggle, gave him a thorough insight into this important element of our body politic, in all its strength and in all its weakness; his knowledge of other countries—the result of keen personal observation, and much travel both in Europe and America, his intimate relations with some of their best and most enlightened men, as well as with their leading politicians, together with the moderating and restraining influences of twenty years of Parliamentary life, during which he conciliated the respect and esteem even of his strongest opponents, combined with the entire absence in his case of all sectarian influences and prejudices,—gave to his opinions a comprehensive and catholic character, which is perhaps the rarest of all the attributes of English statesmanship.

Mr. Cobden entered Parliament, not as it is the fate of most of our public men, to support a party, to play for office, or to educate himself for professional statesmanship, still less to gratify personal vanity, or to acquire social importance, but as the representative of distinct principles, and the champion of a great cause.

He thus found himself at once in the front rank of Parliamentary debaters, and in a few sessions, aided by his powerful coadju-

tors, Bright, Gibson, Villiers, and Ricardo, achieved a success which, for its moral greatness, and for its influence on the destiny of England, is without a parallel in our annals.

It is, however, no part of our present purpose to dwell on Mr. Cobden's character, or to narrate his life. Our object is rather to present our view of his principles, which, from their soundness, their depth, and their close logical connexion with each other, appear to us to afford the only consistent and intelligible grounds for the policy of the Liberal party in this country.

The great problem presented for the solution of the present century, is to prepare without violent convulsions for the advent of popular government.

The task of our age is to carry on and to complete the great work, already so far advanced, of liberating capital and industry from all the restrictions and trammels which have hitherto impeded human progress; in other words, to vindicate the rights of property and of labour.

The mission of man in this world is to possess the earth and subdue it, and for this purpose, to summon to his aid and bring under his control the external forces of nature. This task, hard and ungrateful at first, becomes lighter as it proceeds. Every natural force successively subdued to man's uses, adds to the stock of gratuitous services which are the common possession of the race, and when the rights of property and labour are thoroughly established by universal freedom, and the services of man have thus secured their just remuneration, the inequalities which prevail in the conditions of human life, so far as they are the result of artificial and not of natural causes, will diminish and disappear more and more, till even the lowest classes in the social scale will be raised to a level of well-being hitherto unknown and unimagined.

But this, by whatever name it may be called, is democracy, by which we mean, not the rule of a class, but the rule of a nation, in which each class possesses its just share of power. The form of government under such a rule may be monarchical or republican, thrones and aristocracies may find their place under it, and exert their due influence; but whenever the body of the people emerge from their present degradation, and acquire the intelligence and independence which material prosperity will secure them, they must become the preponderant power in the State.

The tendency to this consummation can only be checked and arrested, by opposing the economic law which lies at the founda-

tion of all human progress. It may be a subject of regret to those who prefer the contemplation of types of humanity, which they too hastily assume to be the product of aristocratic institutions alone, to the widespread and general diffusion of well-being among all the classes of a nation, but it is not a question of taste, it is one of necessity.

The progress of this law has already profoundly modified the conditions of modern society. The downfall of the feudal system, and the gradual adoption of the representative principle in most of the countries of Europe, have rendered necessary a searching examination of the institutions and policy, which had their origin in an order of things which is passing away.

So far as England is concerned in the solution of this problem, no man was more alive than Cobden to the aristocratic instincts of the nation, or less disposed to advocate republican institutions among us; but he saw (and it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact) that if our mixed system of government was to be maintained, we could only raise the masses of our countrymen from their present degradation, and hold our places among the nations of the earth, by the adoption of principles of policy by which the forces of the State should be economized to the utmost, and the interests of the people amply and liberally secured.

In his paper on England, Ireland and America, Cobden says:—

‘But they who argue in favour of a republic, in lieu of a mixed monarchy for Great Britain, are, we suspect, ignorant of the genius of their countrymen. Democracy forms no element in the materials of English character. An Englishman is from his mother’s womb, an aristocrat. Whatever rank or birth, whatever fortune, trade, or profession may be his fate, he is, or wishes or hopes to be, an aristocrat. The insatiable love of caste that in England, as in Hindostan devours all hearts, is confined to no walks of society, but pervades every degree, from the highest to the lowest. Of what conceivable use, then, would it be to strike down the lofty patricians that have descended to us from the days of the Normans and the Plantagenets, if we of the middle class—who are more enslaved than any other to this passion—are prepared to lift up, from amongst ourselves, an aristocracy of mere wealth, not less austere, nor less selfish, only less noble than that we had deposed? No: whatever changes, in the course of time, education may, and will effect, we do not believe that England; at this moment, contains even the germs of genuine republicanism.

‘We do not, then, advocate the adoption of democratic institutions for such a people. But the examples held forth to us by the Americans, of strict economy, of peaceful non-inter-

ference, of universal education, and of other public improvements, may, and indeed must, be emulated by the Government of this country, if the people are to be allowed even the chance of surviving a competition with that republican community. If it be objected that an economical government is inconsistent with the maintenance of the monarchical and aristocratic institutions of this land, then we answer, Let an unflinching economy and retrenchment be enforced—*ruat calum!*’

Mr. Cobden belonged to the school of political thinkers, who believe in the perfect harmony of moral and economical laws, and that in proportion as these are recognised, understood, and obeyed, by nations, will be their advance in all that constitutes civilisation.

He believed that the interest of the individual, the interest of the nation, and the interests of all nations, are identical; and that these several interests are all in entire and necessary concordance with the highest interests of morality. With this belief, an economic truth acquired with him the dignity and vitality of a moral law, and instead of remaining a barren abstract doctrine of the intellect, became a living force which moved the hearts and consciences of men.

It is to a want of a clear conception of this great harmony between the moral and economic law, or to a disbelief in its existence, that are to be traced some of the most pernicious errors of modern times.

In France, from an imperfect and superficial knowledge of the order of facts on which economic science rests, and from the prevalence of false ideas of society derived from classical antiquity, the principles of government, whether under a republic, a constitutional monarchy, or an empire, have, until recently, been in many essential respects opposed to the law of material progress. Rousseau, who exercised a greater influence than any other man upon the great French Revolution, and after him Robespierre and Mirabeau,—two great figures who represent and personify that mighty upheaving of society—were all fatally and fundamentally wrong in their conception of the right of property. This, instead of regarding as a right preceding all law, and lying at the root of all social existence, they considered simply as a creation of the law, which, again, derived its rights from a social compact, opposed, in many respects, to the natural rights of man. Society itself was thus made to rest upon the quicksand of human invention, instead of the rock of God’s providence; and law was made the source, instead of the guardian, of personal liberty and of private property.

Hence the disastrous shipwreck of a great cause, the follies and the crimes, the wild theories, the barren experiments, and the inevitable reaction. The principle involved, the State, was stronger than the men who appealed to it, and swallowed them up in a military despotism.

This false direction of ideas survived the Restoration, and when, after 1830, the intellect of France again addressed itself to social questions, it was with the same result. Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, and Proudhon are there to attest the deep-rooted perversion of thought which has hitherto made all free government impossible in France, and brought upon her again, for the second time, the stern hand of the military ruler.

The great founder of the English school of political economy, who had witnessed himself in France the same disorders, and speculated on their causes, viewed them from another side. He instinctively perceived that, as all human society must rest upon a material foundation, it was to the laws of material progress that inquiry must be first directed, and that before and beneath all systems of government and all schemes of public morality, there must lie the science of the 'wealth of nations.' To the investigation of this science Adam Smith devoted those years of patient and conscientious thought, to which we owe the treatise which has made his name immortal, and which, in spite of much that has been added, and much that has been taken from it since, remains as a great storehouse of knowledge to the students of economic laws.

In the hands of Smith, however, it is easy to trace the habitual connexion in his mind between the dry facts of science and the great social laws which alone give them life and meaning, and the steady natural gravitation of all the interests of our race towards order and moral progress.

The school of English economists who succeeded him, appear to us to have too much lost sight of this necessary connexion, and to have dwelt too exclusively on the phenomena of economic facts, as distinct and separate from their correlative moral consequences. To this cause we attribute the absence of adequate political results which has attended their teaching, the repugnance which their doctrines have too often excited in generous and ardent natures, and the consequent discredit of a science indispensable to the progress and prosperity of nations, and destined, perhaps more than any other branch of human knowledge, to reconcile the ways of God to man.

The first great law of humanity is labour.

'By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread.' From this there is no escape. The burden will be lightened as the forces of nature are brought by science and industry more under the control of man; and it may be shifted, as it is, from the whole to a part of society, but the law remains.

It is this law, then, the law of labour, which lies at the root of all human life. Upon this foundation rests the whole fabric of society, religion, morals, science, art, literature—all that adorns or exalts existence. But if the law of labour is thus paramount and sovereign, it follows that its rights are sacred, and that there can be no permanent security for any society in which these are not protected. The rights of labour involve and comprehend the right of personal liberty and the right of property; the first implies the free use of each man's powers and faculties, the second, an inalienable title to the products of his labour, in use, or in exchange.

It is to the violation of the rights of labour and of property, thus identified, in all the various forms of human oppression and injustice, by force, or by fraud, in defiance of law, or in the name of law, that is to be traced the greatest part of the disorders and sufferings which have desolated humanity, and the unnecessary and unnatural inequalities in the conditions of men.

It is to the assertion of these rights, and to the gradual ascendancy of the opposing and equalizing principles of justice and freedom, that the coming generations alone can look for a future which shall be better than the past.

'Il n'y a que deux moyens,' says Bastiat, 'de se procurer les choses nécessaires à la conservation, à l'embellissement, et au perfectionnement de la vie,—la production et la spoliation.' And again, 'Propriété et spoliation, sœurs nées du même père, Génie du Bien, et Génie du Mal, Salut et Fléau de la Société, Puissances qui se disputent depuis le commencement l'empire et les destinées du monde.'

These truths, though familiar to us now, are of comparatively recent acceptance even in theory among us, and in practice still are far indeed from being applied. Such, moreover, is the confusion of thought, engendered by historical associations, political prejudice, and class interest, that many of the forms of spoliation are hardly recognised when disguised in the garb of a British institution, a party principle, or a vested right; in which artificial costume they still impose on the credulity of our countrymen.

It is true that war is generally admitted to be an evil, and slavery to be a wrong;

that the Reformation has dealt a heavy blow at theocracy, and Free-trade at monopoly.

But the spirit of war is still fostered and stimulated by false ideas of national honour, patriotism, and policy, and to the art of war we still devote our mightiest efforts, and consecrate our costliest sacrifices. The grosser forms of slavery have indeed disappeared, but the taint of that accursed thing is still to be traced in some of our laws, and in our treatment of subject races, while the spirit of its offspring 'feudalism' still lingers in the most important class of our body-politic. Our Reformed Church with its temporalities, and its exclusive pretensions and privileges, is still too often the enemy of the foundation of all freedom, the liberty of thought, and, by perverting the judgment of too many of its members, strikes at the root of human progress.

The last, and perhaps the most insidious, of the leading forms of 'spoliation,' commercial monopoly, though driven from its strongholds, and expelled from our national creed, is still regarded by many among us with secret favour, and by most of us rather as a political error than as a moral wrong.

It was to a struggle with this last great evil that Cobden devoted his life, and it is with the most decisive victory ever achieved in this field of conflict that his name and fame will be for ever identified; but it is significant and interesting to know that in selecting his work in life, it was to 'Education,' and not to 'Free-trade,' that his thoughts were first directed.

Two reasons decided him to prefer the latter as the object of his efforts:—*Firstly*, His conviction (referred to above) that the material prosperity of nations is the only foundation of all progress, and that if this were once secured the rest would surely follow. *Secondly*, His consciousness that no direct attempt to obtain a system of national education which deserved the name, could lead to any clear result in the life of his own generation, and that measured with those at his command, imposing as were the forces of resistance arrayed against him on the question of Free-trade, they were less formidable than those which would be brought to bear against a measure which united in a common hostility the Established and the Dissenting Churches.

It was Cobden's fate or fortune to find himself, in taking up the cause of Free-trade, in the presence of one of the worst laws which the selfishness and folly of Governments have ever imposed on the weakness and ignorance of a people.

When the soil of a country is appropriated, the only means whereby an increasing

population can limit the encroachments of the proprietors, is by working for foreign markets. Such a population has only its labour to give in exchange for its requirements, and, if this labour is constantly increasing, while the produce of the soil is stationary, more of the first will steadily and progressively be demanded for less of the last.

This will be manifested by a fall of wages, which is, as has been well observed, the greatest of misfortunes when it is due to natural causes—the greatest of crimes when it is caused by the law.

The Corn Law was the fitting sequel to the French war. The ruling classes in England had seized with avidity on the reaction of feeling created by the excesses of the French Revolution, to conceal the real meaning of that event, and to discredit the principles of popular sovereignty which it asserted. They had at their mercy a people impoverished and degraded by the waste of blood and treasure in which years of war had involved their country; and seeing with dismay the prospect before them, which the peace had opened, of a fall in the prices of agricultural produce, under the beneficent operation of the great laws of free exchange, they resorted to the unjust and inhuman device of prolonging by Act of Parliament the artificial scarcity created by the war, and of thus preserving to the landed interest the profits which had been gained at the expense of the nation.

It is thus that as the forces of progress are invariably found to act and react on each other, the forces of resistance and of evil will ever be side by side, and that as protection, which means the isolation of nations, tends both by its direct and indirect effects to war, so war again engenders and perpetuates the spirit of protection. Free-trade, or as Cobden called it, the International Law of the Almighty, which means the interdependence of nations, must bring with it the surest guarantee of peace, and peace inevitably leads to freer and freer commercial intercourse, and, therefore, while there is no sadder page in the modern history of England, than that which records the adoption of this law by the British Parliament, there is, to our minds, none more bright with the promise of future good than that on which was written, after thirty years of unjust and unnecessary suffering, its virtual and unconditional repeal.

But as the intellect and conscience of the country had failed so long to recognise the wide-spread evils of this pernicious law, and the fatal principles which lay at its root, so did they now most dimly and imperfect-

ly apprehend the scope and consequences of its abolition.

It was called the repeal of a law; admitted to be the removal of an intolerable wrong; but we doubt whether in this country, except by the few gifted and far-seeing leaders of this great campaign, it was foreseen that it was an act which involved, in its certain results, a reversal of the whole policy of England.

This was, however, clear enough to enlightened observers in other countries. By one of those rare and mysterious coincidences which sometimes exercise so powerful an influence on human affairs, it happened that while Cobden in England was bringing to bear on the great practical questions of his time and country, the principles of high morality and sound economy, which had been hitherto too little considered in connexion with each other, Frederic Bastiat was conceiving and maturing in France the system of political philosophy which has since been given to the world, and which still remains the best and most complete exposition of the views of which Cobden was the great representative.

It appears to us that these two men were necessary to each other. Without Cobden, Bastiat would have lost the powerful stimulant of practical example, and the wide range of facts which the movement in England supplied, and from which he drew much of his inspiration. Without Bastiat, Cobden's policy would not have been elaborated into a system, and, beyond his own immediate coadjutors and disciples, would probably have been most imperfectly understood on the Continent of Europe.

More than this, who can say what may not have been the effect on the minds of both these men, of the interchange of thoughts and opinions which freely passed between them?

In his brilliant history of the Anti-Corn-Law League, '*Cobden et la Ligue*,' Bastiat thus describes the movement of which England was the theatre during that memorable struggle:—

'I have endeavoured to state with all exactness the question which is being agitated in England. I have described the field of battle, the greatness of the interests which are there being discussed, the opposing forces, and the consequences of victory. I have shown, I believe, that though the heat of the contest may seem to be concentrated on questions of taxation, of custom-houses, of cereals, of sugar, it is, in point of fact, a question between monopoly and liberty, aristocracy and democracy,—a question of equality or inequality in the distribution of the general well-being. The ques-

tion at issue is to know whether legislative power and political influence shall remain in the hands of the men of rapine, or in those of the men of toil; that is, whether they shall continue to embroil the world in troubles and deeds of violence, or sow the seeds of concord, of union, of justice, and of peace.

'What would be thought of the historian who could believe that armed Europe, at the beginning of this century, performed, under the leadership of the most able generals, so many feats of strategy, for the sole purpose of determining who should possess the narrow fields that were the scenes of the battles of Austerlitz or of Wagram? The fate of dynasties and empires depended on those struggles. But the triumphs of force may be ephemeral; it is not so with the triumphs of opinion. And when we see the whole of a great people, whose influence on the world is undoubted, impregnate itself with the doctrines of justice and truth; when we see it repel the false ideas of supremacy which have so long rendered it dangerous to nations; when we see it ready to seize the political ascendant from the hands of a greedy and turbulent oligarchy,—let us beware of believing, even when its first efforts seem to bear upon economic questions, that greater and nobler interests are not engaged in the struggle. For if, in the midst of many lessons of iniquity, many instances of international perversity, England, this imperceptible point of our globe, has seen so many great and useful ideas take root upon her soil,—if she was the cradle of the press, of trial by jury, of a representative system, of the abolition of slavery, in spite of the opposition of a powerful and pitiless oligarchy,—what may not the world expect from this same England when all her moral, social, and political power shall have passed, by a slow and difficult revolution, into the hands of democracy,—a revolution peacefully accomplished in the minds of men under the leadership of an association which embraces in its bosom so many men, whose high intellectual power and unblemished character shed so much glory on their country, and on the century in which they live? Such a revolution is no simple event, no accident, no catastrophe due to an irresistible but evanescent enthusiasm. It is, if I may use the expression, a slow social cataclysm, changing all the conditions of life and of society, the sphere in which it lives and breathes. It is justice possessing herself of power; good sense of authority. It is the general weal, the weal of the people, of the masses, of the small and of the great, of the strong and of the weak, becoming the law of political action. It is the disappearance behind the scene of privilege, abuse, and caste-feeling, not by a palace-revolution or a street-rising, but by the progressive and general appreciation of the rights and duties of man. In a word, it is the triumph of human liberty; it is the death of monopoly, that Proteus of a thousand forms, now conqueror, now slave-owner; at one time lover of theocracy and feudalism, at another time assuming an industrial, a commercial, a financial, and even a philanthropic shape. Whatever disguise it

might borrow, it could no longer bear the eye of public opinion, which has learned to recognise it under the scarlet uniform or under the black gown, under the planter's jacket and the noble peer's embroidered robe. Liberty for all! for every man a just and natural remuneration for his labour! for every man a just and natural avenue to equality in proportion to his energy, his intelligence, his prudence, and his morality. Free-trade with all the world! Peace with all the world! No more subjugation of colonies, no more army, no more navy, than is necessary for the maintenance of national independence! A radical distinction between that which is and that which is not the mission of government and law; political association reduced to guarantee each man his liberty and safety against all unjust aggression, whether from without or from within; equal taxation, for the purpose of properly paying the men charged with this mission, and not to serve as a mask under the name of outlets for trade (*débouchés*), for outward usurpation, and, under the name of *protection*, for the mutual robbery of classes. Such is the real issue in England, though the field of battle may be confined to a custom-house question. But this question involves slavery in its modern form; for as Mr. Gibson, a member of the League, has said in Parliament, "To get possession of men, that we may make them work for our own profit, or to take possession of the fruits of their labour, is equally and always slavery; there is no difference but in the degree."

This passage, all due allowance made for the tendency to brilliant generalization which Bastiat shared with so many of his gifted countrymen, remains on the whole a most powerful, condensed, and accurate analysis of the great principles involved in the political conflict then passing in England, and is a testimony to the rare insight and sagacity of the writer. It also affords a marvellous illustration of the power which a clear and firm grasp of principles gives to the political student, in guiding his speculations on the most complicated problems which society presents.

The system of which the Corn-Laws were the corner-stone, traced to its source, rested on the principle of spoliation, and on the foundation of force.

That which was inaugurated by the overthrow of that law, rested on the principle of freedom, and on the foundation of justice.

Monopoly of trade, involving, as it must, the violation of the rights of property and of labour, both in the internal and external relations of a State, and implying, when carried to its logical consequences, national isolation, contains within itself the germs of inevitable decay and stagnation. To avoid these results, it is necessary that a Government which maintains it, should resort to all the expedients of force and fraud,—to con-

quests, colonial aggrandizement, maritime supremacy, foreign alliances, reciprocity treaties, and communism in the shape of poor-laws,—and should perpetually appeal to the worst and most contemptible passions of its people, to national pride, to false patriotism, to jealousy, to fear, and to selfishness, in order to keep alive its prestige, and to conceal its rottenness.

It is impossible not to admire the skill and resources of the ruling classes of England in their use of these expedients, but there was a point beyond which even these would not suffice to avert the national ruin; and with a debt of £800,000,000, a starving people, the universal distrust, and the avowed or concealed hostility of foreign nations, who had imitated our policy too faithfully, while growing communities of our own race, with boundless material resources and free institutions, were out-stripping us in the race of progress, and making the future competition of force impossible, a state of things had been engendered which called for prompt and vigorous remedy.

To Cobden, and his colleagues of the League, belongs the merit of having traced the disease to its source, of having stayed the progress of the poison which was slowly, but surely, undermining the national greatness, and of changing the current of English policy.

Mr. Bright has recently told us the occasion, and the manner, of Cobden's invitation to him to join him in this beneficent work.

At a moment of severe domestic calamity, Cobden called on him and said,—'Do not allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much. There are at this moment, in thousands of homes of this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger, of hunger made by the laws; if you will come along with me, we will never rest until we have got rid of these Laws.' The appeal was not made in vain, and we know with what results.

By the repeal of the Corn-Laws, the idle dream of national independence, a dream which never could be realized without violating the fundamental laws of God's providence, and condemning our country to inevitable decay, was for ever dispelled, our foreign trade became a condition of our existence, and the great law of international dependence assumed its rightful place as the animating principle of our future course.

But though the edifice of protection was shaken at the base, and the fabric irrevocably doomed to destruction, the work was only begun; the ideas which the system had created had taken too deep root in the

minds of the governing classes, and the forces of reaction were still too powerful, to allow of speedy or logical progress. To insure the immediate application of the policy of Free-trade, it should have been intrusted to the hands who had forced it on the House and the country, and this was not to be.

To make Cobden minister would have been an act of political justice and wisdom, for which the times were not ripe, and to accept subordinate office from men who had so recently and so reluctantly espoused his views on Free-trade, and who so imperfectly apprehended or accepted its ulterior consequences, would have fatally compromised his future usefulness.

He knew that there were several necessary measures which the general intelligence of the Liberal party would immediately force upon the Parliament, and his work at this moment lay in another direction. He had been the chief instrument in giving the deathblow to a mighty monopoly, in redressing a grievous wrong, and in giving food to suffering millions at home. His services as an Englishman being thus far accomplished, he entered upon his mission as an 'international man.'

He knew, and had measured accurately the obstacles presented by the laws of other countries, often the too faithful reflection of our own, to the fulfilment of the grand aim of his life, the binding together of the nations of the earth by the material bonds which are the necessary and only preparation for their moral union. These laws had raised around us innumerable barriers to intercourse, and as many stumbling-blocks in the way of peace.

In a tour through Europe, which often resembled a triumphal progress, he was everywhere received with interest and attention; but the sudden recantation of a policy, bound up with all the traditions of England, and written in letters of blood in the history of every country in Europe, was open to too much suspicion to inspire confidence, and he was obliged to be content with sowing the seeds of much which has since borne fruit, and with inspiring new zeal and hope in the minds of the good and enlightened men who, in each centre which he visited, were labouring in the cause.

No stronger proof can be afforded of the fundamental misconception of Mr. Cobden's political character which has prevailed in England, than the judgments and criticisms which it was the custom to pass upon him with reference to the class of questions to which he addressed himself on his return to public life at home.

The gradual breaking up of the protective

system after the repeal of the Corn-Laws, was a work which must in any case have proceeded, under the pressure of the irresistible force of circumstances, but we think that justice has never been done to the Government of Lord John Russell in the years succeeding the repeal in this respect.

The equalization of the Sugar-Duties, the repeal of the Navigation-Laws, the reform of our 'Colonial System,' and the introduction of self-government into our principal colonial dependencies, were all accomplished by this administration, and few indeed have been the Governments of England which can point to such substantial services as these in the cause of progress. In looking back it is impossible not to feel how different might have been our history for the last fifteen years, and how superior our present condition, if the spirit which then predominated in the councils of the State, and which would doubtless have rendered possible the cordial co-operation of Cobden, either in or out of office, had been permitted to inspire our national policy.

But to return to our subject. It seems to have been expected that Cobden would have exclusively devoted himself to commercial questions, and when it was found that he proceeded to attack systematically our foreign policy, our system of government in India, our national expenditure, our military and naval administration, and our maritime laws, he was accused of going beyond his province, and discredited as an enthusiast incapable of dealing with the great mysteries of statecraft.

Those who used this language either knew too well, or not at all, that Cobden aimed at something very different and very much deeper than mere commercial reforms.

In each and all of these he took, as was natural, a sincere and consistent interest, but he felt that he could safely leave them to be carried through in the hands which had undertaken the work, and he knew that, incalculable as would be the results to the wealth and prosperity of the country, they would not alone suffice to raise the lower classes of this country from their condition of moral and material degradation, and thus to rescue England from the reproach of failure in the highest ends of civilisation, and assure for her a permanent place in the front rank of nations.

It was therefore, that instead of entangling himself in the snares of office, and devoting his time to the details of practical legislation, he undertook the harder and more ungrateful, but far nobler office, of endeavouring to open the eyes of his countrymen to the necessity under which they

lay, of preparing for fundamental changes in many of the essential principles upon which our national policy had previously been conducted, in its three great divisions, — Domestic, Foreign, and Colonial.

The programme which, in the fulfilment of this task, Cobden appears to have set before him embraced the following objects:—

Complete freedom of trade throughout the British empire, exclusive (as a practical necessity) for the present, of restrictions for fiscal purposes.

Freedom of the press from all taxes, happily designated by Mr. Milner Gibson as 'taxes on knowledge.'

The largest measure of self-government in our colonial possessions, including the obligation of self-defence.

The final and unqualified abandonment of our policy of conquest and territorial aggrandizement in India and elsewhere.

The adoption of the general principle of 'non-intervention' in our foreign policy, publicity in all the transactions of diplomacy, and the renunciation of all ideas of national preponderance and supremacy.

The reduction of our military and naval forces within the limits strictly required for the national security.

A large reduction of our taxation.

A reform in the laws affecting landed property.

The reform of our maritime laws.

We have not included in this enumeration the two great measures of National Education and Parliamentary Reform, because, although these are essential articles in the creed of every liberal politician, and it is needless to say that they both enlisted Cobden's warmest sympathy, he felt that in his time he could more usefully devote himself to questions upon which his views were less generally shared.

Cobden saw clearly that unless our system of government, in all its branches, were adapted to the altered conditions of our national existence, not only would our commercial reforms be shorn of their most valuable and complete results, in the elevation of the masses of the people, but that we should also incur the risk of very serious dangers. Nothing is so fatal to success in the life of individuals or of nations, as a confusion of principles in action.

Under the system of monopoly, it was logical enough in our foreign policy to keep alive the chimæra of the balance of power, to seek in foreign alliances and artificial combinations of force, the security which we could not hope to derive from legitimate and natural causes. In the government of our foreign possessions, it was logical to an-

nex provinces and extend our empire, and by the display of force and the arts of diplomacy to coerce and despoil; and for both these purposes, it was necessary to maintain costly and imposing forces by sea and land, and to cast on the people the burden of a proportionate taxation.

By means such as these we might have prolonged, for two or three generations, a false and hollow supremacy, and warded off for a while the inevitable doom which awaits all false principles.

But with a policy of free exchange, these things are not only inconsistent, they are dangerous.

They are inconsistent because a policy of Free-trade rests on the principle, that the interest of all nations lie in union and not in opposition; that co-operation and not competition, international dependence and not national independence, are the highest end and object of civilisation, and that, therefore, peace, and not war, is the natural and normal condition of civilized communities in their relation to each other.

They are dangerous, because a country which is unable even to feed its own population without its foreign trade, and of whose prosperity, and even existence, peace is thus a necessary condition, cannot afford to encounter the risks of wars with powerful enemies. If such a country appeals to the law of force, by that law will it be judged, and the result must be crushing failure, disaster, and ultimate defeat. The sacred simplicity of the Protectionist mind dimly apprehended this, and deprecated the repeal of the Corn-Law accordingly. It did not perceive that the alternative was an inadequate supply of food for a third of our population.

From this point of view, the 'balance of power' can only be sought in the free development of the natural forces, whether of morality, intelligence, or material wealth, residing in the different countries of the earth, and the balance will always be held (to use the expression of William the III., in his address to Parliament, quoted by Mr. Cobden in his paper on 'Russia') by the country which, in proportion to its powers, has economized its material resources to the highest point, and acquired the highest degree of moral ascendancy by an honest and consistent allegiance to the laws of morality in its domestic policy and in its foreign relations.

The acquisition of colonies and territories formerly required to afford new fields for monopoly, and defended on the plea that outlets were necessary for our trade, while our ports were closed to our nearest and richest neighbours, appeared in its true light

as a wicked waste of national influence, and a costly and useless perversion of national wealth, when all the countries of the earth became our customers, and England the metropolitan *entrepôt* of the world.

Large standing armies and navies, with their necessary accompaniment of heavy, and because heavy, unequal, and indirect taxation, are only rational in countries which are constantly liable to war, and cannot therefore be equally required under a system which relies on moral influence and on international justice, as under one which depends on force and monopoly. For what are the causes which make a country liable to war?

These are of several kinds, but for our present purpose we may class them under the following heads:—

First, The disposition to engage in wars of conquest or aggression.

Second, The necessity of maintaining (for the purpose of repressing liberty at home) a large military force, which a government may at any moment be obliged to employ in foreign war, either to gratify the military spirit engendered by the presence of a powerful service, or to divert public attention from domestic questions.

Third, The habitual violation of the rights of labour and property in her international relations, by prohibitive and protective laws.

Fourth, The pretension of holding the 'balance of power,' and for this purpose of interfering in the affairs of other nations, with its result,—the theory of 'armed diplomacy,' which aims, by a display of force, at securing for a country what is supposed to be its due influence in foreign affairs.

Fifth, The requirements of a nation for purposes of defence against foreign aggression.

Of these, the three first may be dismissed at once, as absolutely inoperative in the case of England under the 'Free-trade' system. For although, to our shame, it must be admitted that our government both in India and in Ireland still maintains itself greatly by force, the conditions of our empire render this necessity in some respects a guarantee of peace rather than a cause of war.

Of the two remaining causes, the first must be so cut down and modified in order to be a pretext for military armaments as to lose its broad and general character, and to require re-statement.

The doctrine of the 'balance of power' is, we hope, consigned to the limbo of exploded fallacies with the 'balance of trade,' and we refer any remaining believers in the 'balancing system' to the history and analysis of this remarkable phenomenon contained in

the essay on Russia in the work before us,* as we think it cannot fail to dispel any lingering faith in this delusion.

With the doctrine of the balance of power, a fruitful source of dangerous and useless meddling in the affairs of foreign countries has been cut away. There remains, however, a limited form of interference in foreign affairs, which it is still thought by many among us, and even by a large section of the Liberal party, that we should be prepared to exert in certain events, and for which, if the principle be admitted, some allowance must be made in estimating the extent of our requirements. We refer to the supposed duty of England to resort to war, in possible cases, for the purpose of defending the principles of free government and international law, or of protecting a foreign country from wanton and unjust aggression. This question is so important that we shall discuss it at greater length in considering the doctrine of 'non-intervention' as the key-stone of our Free-trade foreign policy.

This fourth cause, thus materially modified, and the last, are then the only remaining grounds, so far as our foreign relations are concerned, on which it is necessary still to devote a portion of the national wealth to military and naval armaments; and it is obvious that even these operate with far less force under a system of policy which proceeds on principles of international morality, and appeals to the common interests of all the nations of the earth, than under one which rests on ideas of national supremacy and rivalry.

It cannot, therefore, we think, be denied, even by those who are the most disposed to connect the greatness and security of England with the constant display of physical force, that as our liability to war has diminished, our preparations for it should also diminish; and that it is as irrational to devote to our 'services,' in a period of 'Free-trade,' colonial self-government, and non-intervention, the sums which were wrung from our industry, in an epoch of monopoly, of colonial servitude, and of a 'spirited foreign policy,' as it would be to pay the same insurance on a healthy as on a diseased life.

To summon into existence a principle which in all human relations shall assert the right of property, in mind and in matter, in thought and in labour, and to secure this right on its only true foundation,—the universal rule of justice and freedom,—is to evoke a force which is destined to root up and destroy the seeds of discord and division among men; to bind up the nations of the

* *Vide* Article on Russia, in vol. i.

earth in a vast federation of interests; and to bring the disorders and conflicting passions of society under the domain of law.

To promote all the agencies through which this force can act, and to repress all those which oppose its progress and neutralize its operation, and for this purpose to analyse and expose to view these several agencies, both in their causes and their effects, eternally acting and reacting on each other, was the task which Cobden set himself to accomplish.

It was inevitable, with these objects in view, that Cobden was often obliged to raise discussion upon questions which, to ordinary minds, appeared somewhat chimerical, and to propose measures which were in the nature of things premature; that he should give to many the impression of wasting his strength on matters which could not be brought to an immediate practical issue, and in the agitation of which he could not hope for direct success.

It will be found, however, that although there often existed no possibility of realizing or applying his projects at the time of their enunciation, these were always themselves of an essentially practical character, and inseparably connected with each other; and that although presented as occasion served, from time to time, and as the nature of his mission required, in a fragmentary and separate form, they each and all formed the component parts of a policy coherent and complete, and destined, we cannot doubt, to a gradual but certain triumph.

We have already enumerated some of the principal questions to which, in this vast field of activity, Cobden successively devoted himself, and referred to those among them in which, at the same time, his views were shared by the majority of his countrymen, and which, in whole or in part, were soon adopted by Parliament and the country.

We shall therefore confine our further remarks to those features of Cobden's programme which during his life he laboured, for the most part in vain, to make acceptable to the governing classes of his countrymen, and upon which there still exist, even among those who entertain what are called 'advanced views,' great difference of opinion, and sometimes, we think, no little confusion of thought.

We refer our readers to the essays contained in the volumes before us for a more powerful and elaborate exposition of the writer's leading views on the subjects to which they relate, in a popular and practical form, than any which we can offer; but although it is impossible, in the limits of the

present article, to do more than indicate briefly what appear to us to be the broad general outlines of Cobden's creed on the questions to which we shall refer, and these are so intimately connected with each other that they are hardly susceptible of separate treatment, we will endeavour to offer a few suggestions with respect to the opinions which he appears to have held in connexion with each other of the following topics:—

Foreign Policy.

Colonial and Indian Policy.

Limitation of Armaments.

Reduction of Expenditure.

Taxation.

Cobden's general views on the principles of our Foreign policy have been sufficiently indicated in previous parts of this article, but we desire to make a few observations on what is called the doctrine of 'non-intervention,' by which that policy is ordinarily characterized.

Cobden never, so far as we are aware, advanced or held the opinion that wars, other than those undertaken for self-defence, were in all cases wrong and inexpedient.

The question, as we apprehend it, was with him one of relative duties. It is clear that the duty and wisdom of entering upon a war, even in defence of the most righteous cause, must be measured by our knowledge, and by our power; but even where our knowledge is complete and our power sufficient, it is necessary that, in undertaking such a war, we should be satisfied that in doing so we are not neglecting and putting it out of our reach to fulfil more sacred and more imperative duties.

The cases are rare in the quarrels of other nations, still rarer in their internal dissensions, in which our knowledge of their causes and conditions, and our power of enforcing the right, and assuring its success, in any degree justifies us in armed interference—the last resort in the failure of human justice.

But even if these difficult conditions of our justification in such a war were satisfied, the cases must be rare indeed in which, with a population of which so large a part are barely receiving the means of decent existence, and another part are supported by public charity at the expense of the rest, and at a charge of more than £7,000,000 per annum, this country would be justified in imposing on our labouring classes (on whom, be it remembered, the burden must chiefly fall) the cost of obtaining for another people, a degree of freedom, or a measure of justice, which they have so imperfectly secured for themselves.

Such a course is certainly not defensible

until the people have a far larger share in the government of their country than they now possess in England.

When we add to these considerations the singular inaptitude of the governing classes of this country to comprehend foreign affairs, the extraordinary errors which are usually to be observed in their judgments and opinions on foreign questions, and the dangerous liability to abuse in the hands of any government, of the doctrine of 'Blood and Iron,' even if it be sometimes invoked in a just cause, we shall, I think, acknowledge the sober wisdom of Cobden's opinion, that for all practical purposes, at least for the present generation, the rule of non-intervention should be sternly and systematically enforced.

It was a great defect in our new Colonial system that, in conferring upon our possessions the right of self-government, we did not at the same time impose upon them the duty of self-defence.

Cobden never lost an opportunity of protesting against this last misappropriation of the money of the British tax-payer, and of exposing the secret connexion of this feature in our policy with the perpetuation of pretexts for increased armaments.

The British rule in India was to Cobden a subject of the deepest anxiety and apprehension. His paper in the present volumes, entitled 'How Wars are got up in India,' is an honest and indignant criticism upon an episode in our Indian history, which has only too many parallels, and gives expression to one of his strongest convictions, viz., the retribution which one day awaits the lust of power and of territorial aggrandizement, and the utter disregard of morality so often exhibited in our dealings with the races of this great dependency.

The changes advocated by Cobden in our foreign and colonial policy necessarily involved a large reduction in our military and naval establishments, and to this object his most strenuous efforts were constantly directed; but here the difficulties which he had to encounter were enormous, and the Crimean War, and its results throughout Europe, have rendered all attempts at reform in this branch of our national economy hitherto unavailing.

In attacking our 'Services' he not only had to contend against powerful interests, connected with almost all the families of the upper and middle classes of the country, but also against many honest, though mistaken, opinions, as to the causes of national greatness and the sources of our power. It was the wide-spread prevalence of such opinions that, combined with the selfish influence of

the worst element in British commerce, which led, on the occasion of the Chinese War in 1857, to the rejection of Cobden by the West Riding, and of Bright and Gibson by Manchester. The class of ideas symbolized by the 'British Lion' the 'Sceptre of Britannia,' and '*Civis Romanus*,' irrational and vulgar as they are, have nevertheless a side which is not altogether ignoble, and are of a nature which it requires more than one generation to eradicate.

Cobden approached this question of reduction by two different roads. He endeavoured to bring to bear upon it international action, by arrangements for a general limitation of armaments, in which, as regards France, there appeared more than once some possibility of success, and in which he was cordially supported by Bastiat in the years succeeding the repeal of the Corn-Laws; he also sought, by every means in his power, to urge it on his countrymen, by appeals to their good sense and self-respect. He exposed firstly our policy; and secondly our administration; and showed, with irresistible arguments, that, while the one was unsound, the other was extravagant; and that thus the British people were condemned not only to provide for what was useless, and even dangerous, but at the same time to pay an excessive price for it.

He tells us in his article on Russia, vol. i. p. 309:—

'If that which constitutes cowardice in individuals, viz., the taking excessive precautions against danger, merits the same designation when practised by communities, then England certainly must rank as the greatest poltroon among nations.'

Cobden was often blamed for not devoting more time and labour to the task of minute resistance to the 'Estimates' in the House of Commons. This was the result of his perfect conviction, after years of experience and observation, that such a course was absolutely useless, and that no private member, however able or courageous, could cope in detail with the resources at the disposal of Government, in evading exposure and resisting reductions. He therefore always insisted that the only course was to strike at the root of the evil, by diminishing the revenue and the expenditure in the gross. And this brings us to our next topic, which is inextricably bound up with the last, viz., the reduction of the national expenditure, and the consequent diminution of taxation, objects the importance of which is becoming yearly more vital. Cobden knew that no material reform in our financial system could be effected (for all that has been

hitherto done has been to shift the burden, and not to diminish it) until our external policy was changed, and hence his incessant efforts in this direction; but he also knew that the surest method of accomplishing the latter object was, to diminish the resources at the disposal of Government for military and naval purposes.

The first object in financial reform was, in Cobden's opinion, the gradual remission of indirect taxation.

In a letter to the 'Liverpool Association' he made use of the remarkable expression that he considered them to be the only body of men in the country who appeared to have any faith in the future of humanity.

His objections were threefold, and they are conclusive:—

'1. The dangerous facilities which they afford for extravagant and excessive expenditure, by reason of their imperceptibility in collection, and of the consequent readiness of the people to submit to them, and also of the impossibility of insuring a close and honest adaptation of the revenue to the expenditure.'

What would be thought of an attempt to provide for the administration of our Poor-Laws by taxes on the consumption of the district, instead of by a rate?

'2. Their interference with the great law of free exchange, one of the rights of property, and (so far as customs duties are concerned) the violation of international equity, which they involve; for it is obvious that the conditions of international trade are essentially affected by taxes on imports and exports, and it is impossible to apportion them so as to insure that each country shall pay neither more nor less than its own due share.

'3. The enhancement of the cost of the taxed article to the consumer, over and above the amount of the tax.'

If it be objected that indirect taxation is the only method by which the masses of the people can be made to contribute their share to the revenues of the State, we reply that, if the condition of the masses of the people in any country is such as to place them beyond the reach of direct taxation, it is the surest proof that the whole national economy is out of joint, and that, in some form or other, resort will be had to 'communism.' In England we have too clear and disastrous evidence of this in our Poor-Law system, and in our reckless and prodigal alms-giving. In withholding from our children the bread of justice, we have given them the stone of enforced and sapless charity.

We hail, therefore, with pleasure, the movement which is beginning in Germany

and Belgium, in favour of a gradual abolition of all customs duties; and are convinced that there is none, perhaps, among all the articles of the Liberal creed which, both in its direct and indirect effects, contains the promise of so much future good.

There are two other great questions which occupied a prominent place in Cobden's programme, but at which our space forbids us from doing more than glance. We allude to the laws affecting property in land, and to our maritime laws.

Cobden held that the growing accumulation in the hands of fewer and fewer proprietors of the soil of the country was a great political, social, and economical evil, and as this tendency is unquestionably stimulated by the system of our government, and some of our laws, which give it an artificial value, he foresaw that one of the principal tasks of the generation which succeeded him, must be to liberate the land from all the unnecessary obstacles which impede its acquisition and natural distribution, and to place it under the undisturbed control of the economic law. We cannot here attempt to enter upon a due examination of the causes which in this country neutralize and subvert this law in the case of landed property, but the general principle involved may be very shortly suggested.

The more abundant the supply of land in a country, the cheaper will it be, the larger will be the return to the capital and labour expended on it, and the greater the profits to be divided between them.

It is obvious that laws which keep land out of the market,—laws of entail, laws of settlement, difficulties of transfer, as well as a system of government which gives to the possession of land an artificial value, for social or political purposes, over and above its natural commercial value,—must have the inevitable effect of restricting the quantity, of enhancing the price, and of diminishing the product to be obtained. Land thus acquires a monopoly price, small capitals are deterred from this form of investment, competition is restricted, production is diminished, and the condition of those who live by the land, as well as of those who exchange the product of their labour for the produce of the land, necessarily impaired.

To illustrate our meaning by an extreme case: let us suppose that the State were to connect with property in land the highest titles and privileges, on the condition that it was entirely diverted from all productive uses, and kept solely for purposes of ornament and sport, and that the honours and

advantages so conferred were sufficiently tempting to induce many persons to accept these conditions. It must follow that the stock of available land in such a country would be diminished to whatever extent it was so appropriated, and its material resources proportionably reduced.

In a less degree, who can deny that these causes are operating among us, and are a source of incalculable loss and waste of the national wealth? The suggestion last year that our coal-beds would be exhausted in one hundred years almost startled Parliament from its propriety. Yet we acquiesce year after year without a murmur in a curtailment of our supply of land, and those who warn us of our danger are denounced as the agents of revolution.

In his speech at Rochdale, in November 1864, which was his last public utterance, Cobden especially left this task as a legacy to the younger men among us, and told them that they could do more for their country in liberating the land than had been achieved for it in the liberation of its trade.

On the question of 'Maritime Law,' it is needless to say that he advocated the largest extension of the rights of neutrals, and the greatest possible limitation of the rights of belligerents as a necessary and logical accompaniment of a free-trade policy.

His views on this subject will be seen from a letter addressed to Mr. H. Ashworth in 1862, in which he recommends the following three reforms:—

1. Exemption of private property from capture at sea during war by armed vessels of every kind.

2. Blockades to be restricted to naval arsenals, and to towns besieged at the same time by land, with the exception of articles contraband of war.

3. The merchant ships of neutrals on the high sea to be inviolable to the visitation of alien Government vessels in time of war as in time of peace.

In this letter he observes:—

'Free trade, in the widest definition of the term, means only the division of labour by which the productive powers of the whole earth are brought into mutual co-operation. If this scheme of universal dependence is to be liable to sudden dislocation whenever two Governments choose to go to war, it converts a manufacturing industry such as ours into a lottery, in which the lives and fortunes of multitudes of men are at stake. I do not comprehend how any British statesman who consults the interests of his country, and understands the revolution which Free-trade is effecting in the relations of the world, can advocate the maintenance of commercial blockades. If I shared their views I should shrink from pro-

moting the indefinite growth of a population whose means of subsistence would be liable to be cut off at any moment by a belligerent power, against whom we should have no right of resistance, or even of complaint.

'It must be in mere irony that the advocates of such a policy as this ask—Of what use would our navy be in case of war if commercial blockades were abolished? Surely, for a nation that has no access to the rest of the world but by sea, and a large part of whose population is dependent for food on foreign countries, the chief use of a navy should be to keep open its communications, not to close them!

'I will only add that I regard these changes as the necessary corollary of the repeal of the Navigation-Laws, the abolition of the Corn-Laws, and the abandonment of our colonial monopoly. We have thrown away the sceptre of force, to confide in the principles of freedom—uncovenanted, unconditional freedom. Under the new *régime* our national fortunes have prospered beyond all precedent. During the last fourteen years the increase in our commerce has exceeded its entire growth during the previous thousand years of reliance on force, cunning, and monopoly. This should encourage us to go forward in the full faith that every fresh impediment removed from the path of commerce, whether by sea or land, and whether in peace or war, will augment our prosperity, at the same time that it will promote the general interests of humanity.'

In most of the foregoing questions Cobden, as we have said, was contented to preach sound doctrine, and to prepare the way for the ultimate adoption of principles of policy and government, which in his time he could not hope to see prevail.

But he was destined before the close of his career once more to engage in a great practical work, and to identify his name with an accomplished success, scarcely inferior in its scope and results to the repeal of the English Corn-Law.

This was the Commercial Treaty with France.

As the Corn-Law was the great stronghold of monopoly in England, so was the prohibitive system in France the keystone of protection in Europe, and Cobden selected these accordingly, with the unerring instinct of real statesmanship, as the first points for attack, and fastened upon them with a tenacity and resolution which insured success.

Fifteen years had elapsed since England had renounced, in principle at least, the false system of commercial monopoly, and in Cobden's words quoted above, 'thrown away the sceptre of force, to confide in freedom, uncovenanted, unconditional freedom.'

She had trusted to the teaching of her example, and to the experience of her extraordinary success, in leading the countries of Europe to respond to her appeal for co-opera-

ration in liberating trade, and vindicating the rights of labour,—but she had met with slight response.

Our conversion was perhaps too recent, our course still too inconsistent, and our motives too much open to suspicion, to make this surprising, and, so far as France was concerned, we had unfortunately contrived in all our reforms to retain in our tariff, restrictions upon the staple articles of French production, wine and silk.

The time had come when, unless some new impulse could be given to international intercourse, the forces of reaction might have again acquired the ascendancy, and European progress have been thrown back for years.

Our relations with France were those of chronic distrust and rivalry. The cry of '*Perfidie Albion*' in France too often resounded in our ears; and the bugbear of French invasion was successively invoked on this side of the Channel no less than three times in the period we are considering.

This was a state of things fraught with danger. Monopoly had borne as usual its deadly fruits, in alienating two great nations destined by nature for the closest relations of friendship and mutual dependence, and in fostering in both the spirit of war.

It was under circumstances such as these that Cobden set his hand to the great work of co-operation which led to the Commercial Treaty.

Bastiat, who would have hailed with delight this tardy reparation of the defects in our reformed commercial system which he always deplored, was no longer alive to aid the cause, but to the most distinguished of modern French economists, Michel Chevalier, is due, in concert with Cobden, the merit of the scheme which the Governments of England and France were induced to adopt, which has opened to us a new era of progress, in gradually welding together the nations of Europe in a great commercial confederation, and in laying the foundations of a civilisation which may yet keep pace with that now dawning on our race, in the Anglo-Saxon republics of the Western World.

It was pleasant to see how his old friends rallied around him on this occasion, and how many, who had been often unable to comprehend or follow him in his political career, rejoiced to see him once again in the field against his old enemy Protection. But, on the other hand, he was assailed by an influential class among us with a bitter animosity, which all but made his task impossible, and which revealed too clearly the strength and vitality, of the reactionary forces still at work in our midst.

As Cobden saw in his beneficent work the hope of a new era of peace, and of liberal progress in Europe as its certain fruit, so did his opponents instinctively perceive that his success would carry with it the doom of the traditions of hatred and of fear, which the Governments of Europe had too often successfully invoked, to plunge the people into wars of which they are the invariable victims, and to keep alive the rumours of wars, which have deprived them of the solid fruits of peace.

We believe that it is scarcely too much to say, that the Commercial Treaty with France was a turning-point in the destiny of England. We look upon the contest of public opinion in this country and in France, which was roused and decided by this event, as the death-struggle between the conflicting principles which had for so many years been striving for the mastery in the direction of their affairs.

So long as the political condition of Europe is such as to render necessary or possible the huge armaments, which are a reproach to our age and boasted civilisation, while 4,000,000 men in the flower of their age, are taken from productive industry, and supported by the labour of the rest of the population, no real and permanent progress can be made in the emancipation of the people, and in the establishment of free institutions.

At the time of which we are speaking, even still more than at present, all direct attempts to mitigate this monster evil appeared hopeless; and although he never ceased to urge, both in England and France, the wisdom of a mutual understanding, with a view to reduced armaments, he knew that the only certain and available method of undermining this fatal system and preparing for its ultimate overthrow, was to assist in every way the counter-agencies of peace.

It was in the consciousness that by breaking down the barriers to commercial intercourse between England and France, a greater impulse would be given than by any other event to the forces of progress in Europe, that the men who in both countries undertook and completed this international work entered upon their arduous work. We have said that the time has not arrived when it is possible to speak freely of this episode in Cobden's life, but it is necessary to vindicate his policy from charges which, although forgotten and overwhelmed in its extraordinary success, were brought against it too commonly, and from quarters whence it ought least to have been expected, at the time.

In France he was reproached, by many of

his earlier friends, whose sympathies were bound up with the Orleanist or Republican *régimes*, and who viewed, with a natural aversion, the Second Empire, for contributing to a work which, if successful, might do more than anything else to consolidate the Imperial reign. He replied that what the immediate effect might be he neither knew nor cared, but that all the forces of freedom were 'Solidaires,' and that the ruler who gave 'Free-trade' to the nation, whether King, President, or Emperor, was doing that which, more than anything else, would assure the future liberties of France.

The same causes operated in many quarters to make the Treaty unpopular in England; but he was also assailed in a more insidious form. He was accused of having forgotten or forsaken the sound doctrines of political economy, of which he had in his earlier life been the uncompromising advocate, and of having revived the discarded policy of 'reciprocity treaties.'

It would perhaps be unnecessary to revert to this charge, were it not that a suspicion of unsoundness still lurks in many minds as to the principles of the French and subsequent Treaties of Commerce. It may be well, therefore, to say that, so far as this charge was honest, and something more than a convenient method of discrediting a measure which it was desired to obstruct, it proceeded on a very imperfect knowledge of the policy of the Treaty, and on an erroneous and confused idea of the principles of Free-trade itself.

The system of reciprocity treaties and tariff-bargains, was one of the natural but most pernicious developments of the doctrine of protection. The most notorious of such treaties in our history is perhaps the famous 'Methuen' Treaty, from the effects of which we are still suffering in England in the shape of adulterated wine. These arrangements aimed at the extension of the limits of monopoly by securing for our products protection in a foreign country against the competition of all other countries, and always proceeded on the supposed interest of the producer to the injury of the consumer. They were logical, when it was believed or professed that the reduction of a duty was a sacrifice on the part of the country making it, to the country in whose favour it was made. From this point of view, it was natural, in making such reductions, to demand what were thought to be equivalent concessions from the country with which we were treating, and the supreme art of negotiation was held to consist in framing what had the appearance of a 'nicely-adjusted balance of equivalents,' but in which each country se-

cretly desired, and sought to obtain, the 'maximum' of reductions from the other against the minimum of its own.

But from the Free-trade point of view, in which all reductions of duties, at least so far as protective duties are concerned, are an admitted and positive gain to the country making them, it becomes absurd and impossible to use them as the ground of a claim on a foreign country for compensating or equivalent remissions.

The French Treaty had no affinity, except in form, to treaties such as these.

Instead of a bargain in which each party sought to give as little and to get as much, as possible, it was a great work of co-operation, in which the Governments of England and of France were resolved, on both sides, to remove within the limits of their power, the artificial obstacles to their commercial intercourse presented by fiscal and protective laws.

England had already spontaneously advanced much further than France in this direction, and hence alone, if for no other reason, all idea of 'equivalent' concessions was out of the question. She contributed her share to the work, by sweeping from her tariff, with some trifling exceptions, all trace and remnant of protection, and by reducing within moderate limits her fiscal duties upon wine and brandy.

France, unable at one stroke to destroy the whole fabric of monopoly, nevertheless made a deadly breach in the edifice, by substituting moderate duties, for prohibition, in the case of the chief British exports.

If these reforms had been made exclusively in each other's favour, they might have been justly open to the charge of unsoundness, but they were made equally for the commerce of all the world, on the side of England immediately, on the side of France prospectively, and thus, instead of reverting to a system of monopoly, the prohibitive and differential policy of France was annihilated, and the equal system of England maintained and consolidated.

There were, however, two objections made to the treaty, of a more plausible kind, and which we will, therefore, briefly notice:

First, That a work of this description need not assume the form of a treaty, which tends to disguise its real character, but should be left to the independent legislation of each country.

Secondly, That, although it might be well to abolish protective duties by this method, it was impolitic to fetter ourselves by treaty, with respect to fiscal taxes.

As regards the first objection, it is sufficient to reply, that at the time we are con-

sidering, for political reasons, a treaty was the only form in which such a measure could be carried in France; but a more permanent justification is to be found in the fact, that a treaty is nothing more than an international statute-law, and that, in a matter of international concern, it is necessary that there should exist an international guarantee of permanence. Without such a security, what would be the condition of trade?

The second objection is more subtle, but has no better foundation. A tax which, from whatever cause, dries up an important source of national wealth, and thus takes from the fund available for taxation more than the amount gained by the revenue, is a bad tax, and ought never, if possible, to be imposed or maintained.

The tax on French wine and spirits had the effect of restricting most injuriously one of the most important branches of our foreign trade, and would, if maintained, have deprived us, by preventing the conclusion of the Treaty, of an addition of at least £20,000,000 sterling per annum, to the value of our general exchanges with France. No wise legislation could retain such a tax in the face of such consequences. There is probably no other form of tax to which it would not have been preferable to resort, rather than to maintain these obstacles to our trade with France.

But the consequences of the Treaty with France were not confined to that country and to England. It was an act which, both by its moral effect and its direct and necessary influence on the legislation of the other Continental countries, has set on foot a movement which grows from year to year, and will not cease till all protective duties have been erased from the commercial codes of Europe.

It was thus the rare privilege of the man, who had been foremost in giving the death-blow to monopoly in England, to be also among the first to storm the citadel of protection on the Continent, and to give to the work which he commenced at home a decisive international impulse, destined to afford new securities for the most sacred of human rights—the right of labour, and to add ‘new realms to the empire of freedom.’

Cobden had yet another success awaiting him, to our mind the most signal triumph of his life. He lived to see the great moral and economic laws, which he had enforced through years of opposition and obloquy, asserting their control over the forces of reaction, and moulding our foreign policy.

It must have been with a superb and heartfelt satisfaction (and it was so) that

Cobden watched the conflict of public opinion at the time of the Danish War.

The diplomatic intervention of the Government had brought us to the verge of war, and made it more than usually difficult to retreat.

The old instincts of the ruling classes of the nation were thoroughly aroused, and, unless they had been neutralized and overpowered by stronger and deeper forces, we should, under a fancied idea of chivalry and honour (if anything can deserve these names which is opposed to reason and duty), have squandered once more the hard-earned heritage of English labour in a war of which the causes and the merits were for the most part unknown among us, and could never have been made intelligible to the nation, and in which our success, if possible, might have thrown back all liberal progress for years, both in England, and on the Continent.

But it soon became manifest that a nobler and larger morality had been gaining ground in the heart of the nation, had at last found its expression in the Councils of the State, and had enforced its control over those who still believed in the vain and idle dream, that the mission of England is to hold by force the balance of power in Europe.

The memorable debate which decided the course of our policy in this critical moment, decided far greater issues; and the principle of ‘non-intervention,’ the only hope for the moral union of nations and the progress of freedom, became the predominating rule of our foreign policy, and with different limitations and qualifications, a cardinal point in the liberal creed.

We must here close a hasty and imperfect sketch of Cobden’s political life and principles, in the hope that the outline which we have traced may be filled up by abler hands. Our object will have been attained, if we have succeeded in leading some of our readers to suspect the erroneous and superficial nature of the prevalent opinion of Cobden in the upper ranks of English society, to believe that the verdict of history will rather confirm the judgment of his humbler countrymen, with whom his name has become a household word, and that his life and words and deeds deserve their deepest study and most impartial examination.

In reviewing the political programme given in the preceding pages, we shall see that while much has been done, far more remains to do; and that although there is great cause for hope, there is also much ground for fear.

Of all the dreams in which easy-going and half-hearted politicians indulge, the

idlest appears to be that in which it is fondly imagined that the days of party strife are over, and that no questions lie before us on which the majority of moderate and honest men are not agreed. It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact, that before the future greatness and prosperity of our country can be assured, great issues must be raised, and fierce political struggles traversed. We have a firm and confident belief that the forces on the side of progress are sufficient to achieve what is required for this consummation, by peaceful and constitutional reforms; but the cause will not be won without strenuous efforts.

It will not be won without the aid of men who, in the measure of their gifts, will bring to bear upon the task the qualities of which in Cobden's life we have such enduring proofs; pure morality, keen intelligence, perfect disinterestedness, undaunted courage, indomitable tenacity of purpose, high patriotism, and an immovable faith in the predestined triumph of good over evil.

That the principles of public morality which Cobden devoted his life to enforce, will ultimately prevail in the government of the world, we think that no one who believes in God or man can doubt. Whether it be in store for our country first to achieve, by their adoption, the last triumphs of civilisation, and to hold her place in the van of human progress, or whether to other races, and to other communities, will be confided this great mission, it is not for us to determine.

But those who trust that this may yet be England's destiny, who, in spite of much which they deplore, delight to look upon her past with pride and her future with hope, will ever revere the memory of Cobden, as of one whose life-long aim it was to lay the foundations of her empire in her moral greatness, in the supremacy of reason, and in the majesty of law,—and will feel with us that the 'international man' was also, and still more, an Englishman.

ART. IV.—ON THE CHARACTER OF THE OLD NORTHERN POETRY.

'Omnibus Barbaris Gothi sapientiores semper exstiterunt, Grecisque pene consimiles.'—JORNANDES, *De rebus Geticis*.

I.

It is remarkable that Hegel, who said that the idea of a philosopher required that

he should know everything, and who pretended himself 'to know almost everything,' neither makes any mention of the Northern mythology in his *Philosophy of Religion*, nor of Northern poetry in his *Æsthetics*. Northern mythology and Northern poetry have hitherto been considered chiefly from the antiquarian's point of view, and the attention which is justly bestowed on classical literature has never hitherto fallen to the lot of the Eddas or the Skalds. But though the German philosopher has not given to the poetry of the North a place in his scientific classification of poetry, he, perhaps without knowing it, has described all its properties in his essay upon the so-called 'romantic' poetry. In describing the elements of the romantic poetry, he exactly points out the distinguishing features of the Northern poetry, the energetic overbearing will, the deep reserved mind, that cannot utter itself, but in its struggle against itself either goes to destruction unobserved, like Ophelia, or brings ruin on itself and others, like Hamlet. Now those elements the German philosopher deduces from Christianity; but they certainly are less due to the softening influence of our mild and blessed creed, than to the hardening and bracing air of the North; and Shakespeare, when conceiving such characters as Macbeth and Richard III., undoubtedly was rather a Northern than a Christian poet. Even Hamlet is much more a type of Northern reserve, with all its passion, and of Northern taciturnity, with all its eloquence, than of a Christian's struggling self-reflection. Hamlet speaks only in monologues.

The historical and national elements have never been perfectly abolished, but only modified by religious and political crises. The Wandering Jew might inform us that the modern Greek still preserves some of the qualities of the heroes of Salamis and Thermopylæ; that in the modern Roman there still are to be found traces of the enemies of Hannibal; and that there still lingers a sound from King Harold Fairhair's time in the voice of the modern inhabitant of the Gudbrandsdale. The outward features are preserved, though the spirit may evaporate. The language keeps the old sound, though the mind may vanish. Country and climate are the same, though the temper of the people may be altered to a certain extent.

The Northern spirit which existed previous to Christianity, the Northern poetry which was the product of this spirit, has a greater interest than that of mere antiquity; it may still be traced down to Christian times; it is echoed forth in the best productions of the romantic poetry, and conse-

quently deserves a place in the history of literature.

A proof of this may be found in the 'Song of the Sun' (*Sólarljóð*) in the elder or Sæmund's Edda. The whole poem undoubtedly belongs to Christian times; the old gods have fled, and 'White Christ' has taken their place, but the mixture of energy and resignation which belongs to the Northern mind breathes forth from every line. Like all compositions belonging to two different historical epochs, and grown on the border between the two, the 'Song of the Sun' has the double character which always arises from the conflict, and at the same time, from the blending of dissimilar elements. We thus find in this poem the gloomy mysticism of the heathen coupled with the humility of the Christian, the crafty cunning of Odin as we know it from *Hávamál*, the Northern worldly-wisdom side by side with the purity of Christian morals. But what is especially striking in this song is the fusion of Christianity and Paganism where the Northern and the Catholic mysticism are identified with each other, and when Christian sorrow softens down heathen gloom. We might believe we were reading a translation of Dante's *Inferno* in strophe 53-75 of *Sólarljóð*, were we not suddenly awakened by reminiscence from *Völuspá* and the mythic Edda-songs, in strophe 55-56 :—

'From the north I saw ride
The sons of the men;
They were seven together,
From full horns they drank
The pure mead
From the well of the god of the ring.*

Strophes 58-75 again recall Dante. The heathen strain is resumed from strophe 76 to 81, and the concluding strophes 82, 83, are Christian, and even so modern that funeral speeches in the North at the present day frequently are concluded with the three last lines—

'God grant rest to the dead
And grace to the living.'

The little episode in strophes 10-14, touching the controversy of two friends about a woman, is neither specifically Christian nor Northern. Upon the whole, the song is a poetical expression of two historical phases, which, though conflicting, have many points of contact.

Its relationship to Christianity is the great charm of Northern poetry, and distinguishes it eminently from the classic literature.

This relationship makes the Northern heathen literature a singular phenomenon in Paganism, without anything analogous to it, save some few instances of Oriental and Indian mysticism. But the religion of nature is all that Northern poetry has in common with Indian and Persian poetry. Oriental lust and luxury, Indian softness and fragrance of roses, must freeze to death in the winter of the North; the prurient polygamy of the Eastern nations cannot find its way to the deep starry heaven and the pure snow of the North, which, on the contrary, especially in the relations between the sexes, develops naturally a chastity and purity, which the Catholicism and chivalry of the middle ages brought forth through the influence of religion.

The relation between the sexes, and the manner in which woman is treated by man, are on the whole a good test of real culture in different ages and nations. In the East, the wife was in very truth a slave, had to share the burden of despotic treatment with a number of rivals; the division of the burden in this case being a multiplication. In Greece, we find a similar humiliation of woman: an intimate and dignified connexion between the sexes is an exception, save, perhaps, in the intellectual intercourse between lover and hetæra. Even the son is hardly grown before he makes his mother feel something like a husband's authority. Telemachus threatens to send Penelope away from Ithaca to her parents, that her suitors may there compete for her hand; he orders her to go to her attendants, etc. In the Greek world, woman is not subjected to all the evils of polygamy, but the connexion between one man and one woman is loose. In the Trojan war, we find female slaves who are also paramours, and in the fullest development of Athenian civilisation we find the institution of the hetærae. But however accomplished Diotima may be, her lover injures his legitimate wife, and consequently violates the sanctity of matrimony by his relations to Diotima. In Rome, the wife is both bought and sold, her education neglected, her social position subordinate; the husband may divorce her at his pleasure and take another wife; he loves other women, she other men; the difference is, that what he does openly she does secretly. The Roman marriage is a formal, a political institution; nothing more. Such is married life in the heathen world.

In the North, we find an exception to this rule. The Northern heathen treats woman with esteem. He is chaste, and he therefore, as Tacitus writes of the Germans, begets strong and healthy, free and daring sons, a

* *Mimir* i. e., from the well of poetry.

terror to the Romans and other luxurious Southerners. The Northern wife has a social position, firm and sure; she brings up the children, manages the house, stands by her husband with good advice and cheerfulness, dresses the wounds of the warriors, refreshes the returning champion with mead and mirth, and prepares him an invigorating rest in a marriage-bed undefiled. Her courage and cleverness equal his own, and frequently the Northern warrior owes life and victory to his mate.* In the North, a woman must be legally and regularly wooed, and her parents consulted; if she afterwards has reason to complain of her husband's treatment, or if she is otherwise dissatisfied with her lot, she may return to her parents and wed another man (*Laxdœla-saga*). This is the reason why there are to be found in Northern Paganism so many instances of highmindedness and nobility in woman; she is possessed of a touching faithfulness and firmness which is fitly matched with the unflinching valour and undaunted energy of the Northern man.

The poetry of the North, consequently, has very little in common with classical literature. Greek and Roman poetry is regular and harmonious; Northern poetry is elevated and dissonant. In the former, spirit and form keep pace with one another; in the latter the spirit constantly outruns and over-rides the form. In the former, the tragic as well as the comic element keeps within the limits of beauty; in the latter, sorrow is deepened into humour, and the comic becomes grotesque. The Greek utters his passion in its fulness, he does not even fear to express himself by inarticulate interjections; the Northern character grows more silent as his passion increases; being too well aware of the insufficiency of speech to exhaust his passion, of the inadequateness of the form to express the spirit, he disdains to give vent to it. There the tragic borders on humour, because at its highest pitch the passion of the Northerner voluntarily disguises itself in a counterfeited appearance. Foolishness, ignorance, stupidity, simplicity, joy, and mirth, are the masks of the embittered and sorrowful Northern warrior thirsting after revenge; he lies down in the kitchen and plays the fool, while he broods over revenge and ambition. It was the custom of Viga-Grum † and his kin to smile when they were insulted, and in the Northern Sagas self-possession is always regarded as a manly quality (*at verð stilltr vel*).

The true Northern hero never gives to understand whether he is well pleased or not at another man's sayings or doings—colouring, perhaps, is the only mark of the inward struggle; the play of feature, the ambiguous answer, is the only warning to an enemy to beware. Words are seldom the medium between the thoughts and the acts. Passion is parsimoniously kept in store for action. Not a drop of its precious energy is spilt in words; the Northern hero allows it to ferment until it is ripe for deeds. As plastic and dramatic as the Northern pathos therefore is in action, so great is also its mimical and lyrical power in its first awaking; when instantly quenched it only appears in the glance of the eye, in the quivering of the lip, the trembling of the voice, in the sudden paleness.

'Slight are the outward signs of evil thought;
Within, within, — 'twas there the spirit
wrought.'

Even at this stage of passion it is sometimes also dramatic,—when it utters itself through an ambiguous and obscure answer. This is the pathos of calmness, when the individual masters his passion, and pours it out in drops. The Greeks knew nothing of this sort of passion. With them the passion and its expression were identical; their pathos was eloquent, and as such imposing by the vehement current of words. It is what one might call the expansivity of passion, in opposition to the intensity of the Northern pathos.

In Christian poetry, again, we find this intensity. Many instances of it might be quoted from Shakespeare,—as, for example, the second scene in *Richard III.* Act iv., between Richard and Buckingham,—from Byron, and many others. But one of the most striking proofs of dramatic intensity is given by Alfieri in his *Don Filippo*. The Duke of Alba conducts the king to a garden-door of glass, in order to prove to him the intimate relations existing between Don Carlos and the queen. They are seen by the audience sitting on the same bench.

Alba. Vedisti?
Philip. Vedi.
Alba. Udisti?
Philip. Udi.

Nothing more is said, nor are more words required to prepare the audience for the consequences to the ill-fated Infante.

No doubt there are some points of resemblance between the Northern and the Oriental poetry. The former does not quite abnegate her origin. The spirit of the East is elevated, too, and not harmonious; the tragic is gloomy, the comic is grotesque.

* Gisli the Outlaw, Burnt Njal, Grettis Saga, Earl Hakon, etc.

† See Viga-Grum's Saga, translated by Sir Edmund Head, Bart., K.C.B., London. 1866.

both border on humour. But as a logical consequence of the religion of nature, to which it belongs, the Oriental poetry brings forth images which, although pompous, are often hideous, and at the same time unintentionally ridiculous.

In Indian mythology the images are monstrous, and even exceed the limits of the grotesque. The sensual element, the mysteries of generation, are so absurdly intermingled with the abstract, that not poetical effect, but a hideous caricature is the result. Take as an instance the famous episode of the *Rāmāyana*—the *Descent of Gangā*. Indian fancy outruns the limits both of decency and common sense, and thereby, in the midst of her pomp and profusion of gorgeous images, suddenly becomes poor and unpoetical. Sometimes she is comically strange,—as, for instance, when she paints the god of Love, Rama, riding in moonshine on a parrot. It is not easy to make out what is meant by this symbol. One is inclined to suppose a hidden sense, but then the juxtaposition of parrots and moonshine provokes a smile. Still more absurd is the Indian myth about the manner in which even a Paria may become Brahm; he is only required to stand some thousand years on one leg and look at his nose. By doing this he may become Brahm or the Absolute, which is neither more nor less than the Abstract Nothing. How difficult, is it not, even for a Paria to be reduced to Nothing? The grand and pompous nature of India has thus imbued its poetry with a luxuriant fancy at the cost of taste and good sense. In the North, the fancy is still grand, but at the same time chaste; a warm climate and a fertile soil have not coloured it with their splendour, nor tempted it to spend on matter what is due to spirit. There the human mind has soon learnt to harden itself by constant toil,—to wrestle with a penurious, though sublime nature, and thereby gain the consciousness of her own superiority over matter. There is nothing analogous to Indian lore to be found in Northern mythology, save perhaps the myth of Ymir, which also belongs to the primary products of the people's mind, at the stage where the impression of the influence of nature on man is still overpowering. The myth of Ymir is analogous to the Orphic and Eleusinian theogonies in Greece, which manifestly sprang up in the very first days of classicism, and most likely are rather to be considered as remnants of Egyptian symbolism than as originating in Hellas.

The want of the drama is a feature that ancient Northern and Persian poetry have in common. But while the epic types of character in Northern poetry are various,

and individually different from each other, the lyrics of Persian poetry are monotonous, and though not quite as *glebæ adscriptæ* as the Indian epopees, still sigh under the tyrant's yoke. The Persian poet is nothing but the bard of a despot; and though Mahmūd of Gazneh has four hundred poets at his court, with a poet-laureate at their head, these four hundred poets only exist to praise him, the absolute, the master, and the god; not to sound the depths of a rich national life, and work out the wealthy mines of conflicting passions and stirring actions. Thus Firdusi's national epic, 'Shah Nameh,' is rather a series of mythic traditions than a historical poem. Thus Anwari is nothing but the encomiast of the king, the viziers, the poets, and the ladies at court; Nisami sings of nothing but love; Dehelaeddin Rumi of religion; Sādi is a didactic; and Dschami a mystic poet.

Greater is the likeness between the Northern and the Arabian poetry. The fatalistic energy of Islam has many points of resemblance to the personal daring of the North. The thirst for revenge, the patient endurance, the spirit which never forgets, but always bides its time, of the Arabian, are frequently akin to the descriptions of character found in the Eddas and the Sagas. The same pride, the same daring, and the same carelessness of means to compass an end, are the distinguishing features of both. In the form also there is the same simplicity, heightening the pathos, and pointing out the strength of feelings which in their intensity disdain pomp.

But at the bottom there lies a radical difference, due to the religious creed professed by each. The Arabian poetry, originating in Mahometanism, is fatalistic; the Northern poetry springs from the belief in the might and power of man (*trú á mátt sinn ok megin*), and consequently is the poetry of freedom; because, though it may sometimes appear as if the belief in our own power borders on fatalism, and although blind necessity and boundless liberty are akin, still this difference always remains, that the former keeps necessity within the individual, while fatalism transports it beyond the reach of the individual; that is to say, the believer in his own might acts in virtue of his own, the fatalist in virtue of an alien, liberty. The actions of the fatalist are necessary, because he only acts as the instrument of fate; the actions of the believer in his own power are eminently free, inasmuch as he acknowledges no necessity except the principles upon which he acts. The only limits to his freedom are the horns of the dilemma. Of two opposite things, he can only do one;

even more, at the time he only can be *willing* to do one; and he thus undergoes the necessity arising from his limited power of acting as well as of intending. In other words, he does as he likes, but he cannot but like to do what he does; the fatalist does what fate likes, but fate must like him to do it, otherwise he could not do it. This difference does not prevent the passion of the Arabian and the Northern warrior from being equally impetuous, equally careless of all consequences; only they are not equally free. When the conviction has been once arrived at that the intended deed is not contrary to the rules of honour, it is done without looking to the right or to the left. If crowned by success, well and good; if not, it is good too, only the fatalist is consoled by the satisfaction of a higher verdict, the verdict of fate, and then gives up; the believer in his own might, by the hope of succeeding at another time, and he goes on. Hence it follows that the Northern Nornas have a double character: they are not blind Necessity, as the Greek *πεπρωμένον*, the *Μοῖραι*, or as the Roman *fatum*; they are not asked beforehand; no balance is taken, no oracle consulted; they consequently are no masters of the future. The *future* meets with its verdict at the hand of the individual prepared for action. The will of the individual is the Norna previously to the accomplished fact: let my action reveal what the Nornas have decided. *Afterwards* the Nornas appear when the individual will has made itself good, and confirm the deed by their approbation. They thus are only masters of the past, of the 'fait accompli': *it happened, ergo, it was so determined by the Nornas.*

Though the Arabian poetry may thus have some points of resemblance to the Northern, as far as Oriental fatalism *in action* is concerned, every analogy is at an end as soon as the Islamic fatalism is at rest. The North knows nothing of Mahometan quietism, nothing of sensual eudaimonism; the North holds houris, opium, amber, and lust in aversion. Even when at rest, the child of the North thinks of new toil; he either acts or prepares for action. And even when fully aware of his ruin, he struggles on. Gunnar of Lithend knows that his enemies will never be able to overcome him as long as he can use his bow, and is aware of impending death when his wife has refused to him the lock of her hair for a bowstring. A Mahometan would at that moment either have wrested the lock from her against her will, or given up fighting. Not so Gunnar; he disdains equally to use force against woman, or passively to offer his head to the enemy. He seizes his bill and fights on

against the odds until he is slain. The Northern warrior has not learnt to resign himself, as the Orientalist; his calm is not apathy, but a new form of pathos; he gathers himself together for a new struggle. Therefore, it is only the Saracen *in action* who resembles the Northern warrior, as he also resembles mediæval chivalry, with its trinity of honour, valour, and love.

Now, though we contend that the distinguishing feature of Northern as well as of Christian poetry is the sublime, that in them more than anywhere else, mind overcomes matter, substance form, it must still be well understood that sparks of the sublime appear at intervals in all creeds and all literatures, some having, after interrupted efforts at sublimity, fallen back to the religion of Nature, others having passed into the identity of spirit and matter, of substance and form. At the same time, even classicism, to which we principally allude, possesses sparks of the sublime. The first theogonies, the myth of Erebus and Nox, of Demeter and Kore, of the Orphic Dionysia, as well as the cycle of legends, connected with the Eleusinian mysteries, where, according to Clemens Alexandrinus, reminiscences of the Egyptian, Phœnician, and Chaldean creeds were made objects of mystic dramas, the myth of Herakles as a personification of the mastery of mind over matter, and some other instances of classical heroism,—all belong to the province of the sublime. Is not Apollo sublime when, in his anxiety about his son Phaëton, who, with an inexperienced and mortal hand, holds the reins of the Sun's immortal horses, he follows after him 'on the back of Sirius' (*Σείριον νότα βεβώς*)? But still the sublime of Hellenism never rises above the sublime of nature. In the description of human passion Greece produces much which is strong and striking in the immediate form of violent and sudden passion, but she never reaches the sublime of the free and liberated mind, which in the Northern as well as in Christian poetry, shows its true elevation by mastering and conquering the strongest of all natural forces—passion itself. The Greek gives vent to his feelings, but however he may astonish us by his fresh and fiery passionateness, and by its eloquent expression, we still sympathize much more with the broad-shouldered Northern, who trembles in anger, but is self-possessed. The emotions of the latter are perhaps more violent than those of the former,—who knows? But his pride, his consciousness of the supremacy of the spirit over matter, get the better of them and thus form the pathos of calmness. The man of the North, more-

over, has one stimulus still, he has to maintain the power of mind against a barren soil and a treacherous climate, from which he must daily wring its spare gifts. The Greek on the contrary may, like a child, cling to Nature's motherly bosom, and child-like enjoy the gifts which she freely and fondly lavishes on him. He is therefore in harmony with Nature, and through her with himself, while the man of the North is only through pain and struggle enabled to maintain himself against her.

Longinus has observed the elevated character of the Jewish religion, and quotes from the Old Testament several striking instances of the four principal properties of the sublime, *ρόμη, δεινότης, ἔκτασις, ἐκπληξίς*. He justly lays stress on the 'Let there be light, and there was light' of Jehovah, as something truly sublime; and the relations of divinity to the Jewish nation contain many touches of this character. Now the literature of the Hebrews certainly possesses the sublime of the spirit, of the mind, while the pantheistical creeds know only the sublime of Nature, which being in them the Most High, is consequently above man and the human spirit. Again, when divinity, as in the polytheism of the Greeks and Romans, enters the rank of humanity, the harmonious beauty is brought forth; the powers of Nature are personified, incarnate, and clad in human form. The sublime of the spirit, on the contrary, only exists either in monotheism, where God stands both above nature and mankind,—whether He, as among the Hebrews, governs according to his own pleasure, or, as in the creed of Islam, is known as dire necessity; or in a polytheism which, containing within itself the promise of its own destruction,* opens the prospect to a new heaven,† and a new divinity‡ and thus through a religious suicide terminates in monotheism.

Nothing can be more striking than this self-destruction of the Northern mythology, which in a higher sense creates a new religious life,—this redeeming mysticism, which consecrates all the old gods to an inevitable fate, which in its turn must make way for the new free All-father. Is there a more painful anxiety, a deeper grief, than that of Odin and the other Æsir, conscious as they are of their own decay, their impending fall,—the evening twilight of the gods? And still they shun no sacrifice in order to delay the fatal hour as long as possible. Tyr devotes his hand, Odin his eye; but alas! without avail; the Fenris-wolf gathers

strength, and the Midgard-serpent grows fearfully. Loki and his kin live on; but Baldr dies and cannot come to life again in the old era; his resurrection is contemporary with All-father's appearance. But nevertheless Odin rejoices at every successful scheme,—Thor at his victories over the giants, and the *Einherjar* at their daily battles. The Æsir still exult at their having bound the Fenris-wolf with the slender cord, and Thor's chest expands when he has expelled Loki, driven back the sea by a mighty draught, and dragged the Midgard-serpent up to the edge of his boat. But what is humour, if not Ragnarok's swallowing up of the gods, themselves knowing that they are no true gods, and in the midst of their daily strife and toil aware of their decay? And what is sublime, if not the assurance that this evening twilight of the gods, which threatens them with the gloom of a northern winter night, while the storm howls in the branches of the world's tree,* and the serpent † gnaws at its root,—is to make way for a better world and one almighty All-father? The myth of the Ragnarökkr has, therefore, by some authors, been considered as belonging to the Christian era, and influenced by Christian lore: but it is so intimately interwoven with the whole mythology of the North, that the same might in that case be asserted of all the myths contained in the Eddas. At all events it must be admitted that the finest, the most poetical feature of the creed of Odin, is this very circumstance, that it is weighed down by a mystery involving the victory of Christianity. What did Odin whisper in the ear of Baldr on the funeral pile? This was the great question nobody could answer in the heathen times, except Odin himself, and he never told it to any one,—a question in its way co-ordinate with the myth of the Ragnarökkr.

The natural consequence of this state of the Northern gods, Valhalla being a beleaguered Olympus, and the gods devoted to destruction, is loss of confidence in this Valhalla and in these divinities. The Northern hero, therefore, though never doubting their existence, abandons them, and transfers his faith from them to himself; henceforward he *believes in his own might and valour* (*hann trúir á mátt sinn ok megin*). But still he will not offend the gods, and by courtesy, especially to Thor, with whom he has peculiar sympathy, he makes the sign of Thor's hammer when drinking. Earl Sigurd, therefore, unconsciously uttered a profound truth, when, under the reign of Hakon the

* *Ragnarökkr* (the twilight of the gods).

† *Gimli*.

‡ *Alfadir* (the Father of all).

* *Yggdrasill*.

† *Nidhöggur*.

Good, or Athelstane's Fosterling, he soothed the wrath of the Norwegians, on their complaining that their king made the sign of the cross over his drinking-horn, by the explanation that it was the sign of Thor's hammer. It must be borne in mind that King Hakon was secretly a Christian, but Earl Sigurd made him out to be a believer in his own might. This belief in his own might is the source of that self-reliance, that undaunted valour, which never fails or forsakes him; this is the byrnie, which cannot be iron-bitten (*sem engin járn bita*), this the sword which cuts through everything. The believer in his own might is dipped into Styx, and not even his heel is left vulnerable. But at the same time it is clear that, however indistinctly or unconsciously, he leans already to the belief in one true God, and is on the road to Christianity. The belief in his own power is not so much the trust in the strength of his muscles or in the bigness of his bones, as in the energy of his will, in the firmness of his heart, in the resources of his intellect, and consequently in the divine and immortal part of his own nature.

II.

The truth of the foregoing remarks will, we trust, be proved by a rapid glance at the Eddas, the dirges and ditties of the Northern skalds, and last, not least, at the Sagas.

A. *The Eddas*.—In the Eddas, especially the elder or Sæmund's Edda, to which the younger or Snorri's Edda only forms a supplement, a distinction must be drawn be-

tween the mythic-religious songs, the Northern theogonies, as they might be called, and the mythic-historical or mythic-heroic poems, founded evidently on later traditions, from the great migration of the nations of Northern and Central Europe (Goths and Huns).

1. *The Mythic-Religious Songs.*

These are,—*Völuspá*, *Hávamál*, and *Rúnatalspátr*.—*Odins*, *Vafþrúðnismál*, *Grimnismál*, *Alvismál*, *Hymiskviða*, *Lokaglepa*, *Hamarsheimt*, *Harbarðsljóð*, *Skirnismör*, *Hrafnagaldur*.—*Odins*, *Vegtamskviða*, *Gróu-galdur*, *Rígs-mál* and *Fjólsvinnsmál*. *Hynd-luljóð* forms the transition between the religious and the historical poems, inasmuch as the gods here descend into human life, religious myths and historical genealogies of Northern kings being ingeniously interwoven in this song. *Sólarljóð* again, as we have said, stands apart, and forms the transition from Northern Paganism to Christianity.

Völuspá and *Grimnismál* together contain, in nuce, the northern cosmogony and theogony, the latter even the mythical geography of the world of the Æsir. We are made acquainted with a host of celestial, earthly, and subterranean beings,—Æsir and Vanes, Giants and Dwarfs, Valkyries and Nornas; beneath this world a Fate destined to blow it up, which from the beginning of things has been hidden in Urda's well; and, finally, above and behind this world, a new and superior state of things, from which Fate is exiled, and where Baldur appears new-born (*endrborinn*):—

'*Böls man alls batna,* *i.e.*
Baldur man koma.'

'all evil will be healed,
Baldur is coming.'

The gods are restless and uneasy, conscious themselves of the impending evil, and still more depressed by the certainty that their adversaries also know of the fate which awaits them. Thus they are not only aware of the ruin which threatens them, but also how it will be brought about, and the whole world shares this knowledge with them; but still, and this is the sublimity of their existence, they do not give themselves up to quietism, but struggle on against fate, with Odin's craft and Thor's strength. The consciousness of their imminent fate is graphically manifested by the circumstance that through all ages (*um allan aldur*) gods and men contribute to the shoe which the god Vidar is to put on, when in Ragnarökr he steps on the jaw of the Fenris-wolf. This tragic end of the gods is in *Völuspá* rendered still more pathetic by the whispering mystery which pervades everything, and the highly-wrought

suspense in which gods and men expect and prepare for the twilight of the gods. The dark-red cock crows in the hall of Hela (the Persephone of the North); the dog Garmr barks before the cave of Gnyppa; the branches of Yggdrasil, the world's tree, tremble; Heimdal blows the Gjallarhorn; and Odin mutters to Mimir's-head. A general awe precedes the battle, but vanishes when it is over, because a new heaven, Gimli, appears, high and pure, above the ruins of the old world. This is the expiation which, taking place outside, not within the existence of the old gods, belongs to the province of humour.

Hávamál and *Hamarsheimt* are a supplement to *Völuspá* and *Grimnismál*. The former teaches the wisdom with which Odin grapples with fate; the latter gives us a proof of Thor's valour, in his struggles against the giants. The Northern gods are not as the gods of Greece, *πάκαρες θεοί*; on

the contrary, they represent a declining race, which it must be borne in mind, is not to be replaced by their adversaries, but by new Powers, arising from the ruins of both contending parties. Still the Æsir are not altogether swallowed up by Ragnarökr; two gods survive, and a third comes again to life; all three are transferred to the new state of things. Odin reappears in the more perfect shape of All-father; the resurrection of Baldur takes place; and the second son and avenger of the old Odin, the slayer of the Fenris-wolf, Vidar, the 'silent god,' lives henceforth in the new heaven; while Surtur—the race of Muspel—the Giants, and the rest of the enemies of the gods, are all destroyed, without a single exception. In one place (*Fafnismál*, 14) the Edda speaks of Surtur and the Æsir 'mixing their blood together,' a phrase generally used as pointing to a reconciliation; but the use of the word '*hjörögr*' (i.e., 'liquor of swords,') instead of blood, very likely hints at the mingling of blood in battle, not at any reconciliation. Thus Ismene, in the ΕΠΙΤΑ ΕΠΙΙ ΘΗΒΑΣ of Æschylus, vers. 920-923, speaks in a like manner of the combat of the brethren Eteocles and Polynices—

Ἐν δὲ γαίᾳ ζῶα
φονορῦτ' ἀμείκται
κάρτα δ' εἶσ' ὄμαίμοι.

In any case this is no geogonical, but much rather a historical allusion. In the great revolutions of Nature, the old, the decaying matter, with all its contending elements, is fused into a new state of things, in which the conflicting elements altogether disappear. In the historical crisis, on the contrary, eternal truth survives its decaying framework, which makes way for new and more adequate forms, and only the contradictions to truth vanish entirely. Thus the

'feigum munni mælttak
mína forna staft
ok um ragna rök.'

i. e.

'with a fey tongue I spoke out
my old lore,
and of Ragnarök.'

In *Vegtamskviða* Odin likewise, in the disguise of Vegtam, questions a prophetess about the death of Baldur, the manner of his being avenged, etc., all questions he knows full well himself; but, as in *Vafþrúðnismál*, he concludes by one of those obscure problems which, bearing his stamp, lead to his discovery, and which the prophetess, as well as the giant Vafþrúdnir, cannot solve. This question, as the former, has the effect of crushing the evil genius with whom Odin copes; it is about the bitter weeping of the Nornas. The god-

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Northern mythology allows some of its gods to survive Ragnarökr, even personally, and live in the new era. This promise of a better life, of a higher existence, and even of personal immortality, this reconciliation in the *Völuspá*, is still more expressly asserted in the younger Edda (*Gylfaginning*, c. 3), where it is said that 'All-father (Odin) gave to man the soul, which shall live and never be lost, even though the body becomes dust or ashes; and all honest men shall live in his company on Gimli or Vingolf.'

In *Vafþrúðnismál*, which otherwise is closely connected with *Völuspá*, the reconciliation is weaker; the giant Vafþrúdnir and his lore are thwarted by the great riddle concerning the words which Odin whispered in the ear of Baldur on his funeral pile. The giant not being able to solve this problem, no explanation is given, no prospect opened of a new existence after the destruction of the old gods, only it is related that Vidar shall survive and avenge Odin. With composure Odin asks the giant questions about things which he himself knows better, about his own decease, and with the same coolness he replies to the giant, when the first question had been truly answered, by proposing to him the great problem, which Odin alone is able to solve. He makes the giant feel that there is one question, a vital question, known only to himself, which to him, Odin, is still more momentous than the question of life and death. This problem therefore cannot well contain anything else but the promise of a higher existence, of Odin's and Baldur's new life on Gimli, and of a new world without giants and other evil beings. This supposition is confirmed by the conclusion of the poem. The giant not being able to answer the question, forfeits his life:—

desses, in whom fate is incarnate, weeping, and weeping bitterly (*at muni gráta*)! as soon as they begin to feel, they must cease to be the rulers of Destiny; their reign must be at an end, and their existence too. This, like the preceding question, points beyond Ragnarök to the new life, from which Fate is banished. Odin thus conjures the conjuror with a glance into the new state of things, where fate and its retinue of conjurors and soothsayers must make way before a higher necessity, the golden age of the North, as *Völuspá* names

it, from which sorcery and witchcraft are shut out. The *ultimata* of Odin always have the same effect upon his adversaries as the crow of the cock upon a ghost. In the middle of the night they are a match for him, but the dawn of Gimli overpowers them. Odin questions them till they have spoken out their hidden wisdom; because the only thing of which he is ignorant is how far their knowledge goes; but once aware of the limits of their lore, and at the same time delivered from the anxiety which his uncertainty as to the amount of their knowledge produced upon his mind, he turns the tables upon them, by making them feel that his knowledge of the future is greater than theirs. Still he is careful not to impart his secrets to them; he lets them become aware of his knowing more than they, not of what it is he knows. Delivered himself from his first anxiety, he overpowers his interlocutors, and while to a certain extent he does acknowledge the same destiny as theirs, he rejoices in the consciousness of his resurrection, when they shall have perished irrevocably.

Hence it follows that Odin is the special representative of the Northern mind. His moral nature outruns the existing state of things, to which he belongs, as the foremost of the Æsir.* But his double nature, both to partake of the destiny of the gods, and to see beyond the common ruin, makes him mysterious and given to musing, or, as the Edda graphically describes him, *listening*† and *staring*.‡ Therefore, during the anguish and sadness of the gods at Baldur's death, he always is called *Yggr*, i.e., the Thoughtful, it being his duty and care to heal the

wounds which Destiny inflicts on the existence and power of the Æsir. He it is, also, who unrestingly provides for the well-being of gods and men. He pledges one of his eyes for the draught of wisdom; the eye which is left to him gains so much more in brightness. For this reason he is named *Báleygr*, i.e., the Fire-eyed. He goes about in the interest of gods and men, questioning the giants and the dwellers in the lower world; he visits the kings of the earth to teach them his hidden lore, as Geirröd and Heidrek; he recruits heroes for Valhalla, as when he fetches Gnodar-Asmund, kindles war between the Volsungs and the Gjukungs, and brings about the bloody battles on Dynheath and Bravalla. Alas! Odin is too well aware that the number of the Einherjar (the warriors of Valhalla, levied from men slain in battle) will never be sufficient, inasmuch as Ragnarok is impending, and 'the gray wolf constantly staring at the bands of the gods;' and the giants they know him. However great the havoc is which Thor makes amongst them, still it is not he, but Odin, whom they call *Bólverkr*, i.e., the Doer of Mischief. But the character of Odin excludes joy. In his quality of the wise god (*finbulþulr*) and the counsellor, the adviser of the gods (*hróptr rögn*), he spurns mirth.

'The heart of the wise
Is seldom glad.'

Hávamál, 53.

The musing, pensive character of Odin is tersely delineated in many places of the Edda, but nowhere so strikingly as in *Hávamál*, 164:—

'Veit ek at ek hékki i. e.
Vindga meiddi á
Nætr allar nín
Geiri undaðr
Ok gefinn Óðin
Sjalfr sjálfum mér.'

'I know that I did hang
On the weather-beaten oak
During nine nights
Marked with the spear's point,
And given to Odin
Myself to myself.'

Devoted to himself, he sifts and sounds the problems of existence, and looks into the depths situated beyond the weather-beaten oak, 'the ash of Yggdrasil' (literally the horse of Odin), the world of the Æsir. In the following lines he relates that he fell from the tree as a fruit ripe for a higher existence. Through thinking he acquires the knowledge of the Runes, and sees over all worlds (*alla heima*). In *Rúnatalspátr*.

Oðins he gives a survey of his Runes, his lore, but still there is a reserve:—

'That I know the eighteenth,
Which I never tell
To wife or virgin—
Best is what but one knows.'

He does not taste the nourishing food of the other gods:—

'On wine alone,
The weapon glorious,
Odin always feeds.'

Grimnismál, 19.

He thus stands prominent amidst the Æsir, greater by his wisdom than by his

* *Óðinn æðstr' Asa*, i.e., Odin the highest of the Æsir.—*Grimnismál*, 44.

† *Hlustar Óðinn Hlidskjálfa* i, i.e., Odin is listening in Lidskjalf.—*Hrafnagaldur Óðins*, 10.

‡ *Nista ek niðr*, i.e., I stared down.—*Hávamál*, 140.

majesty or a commanding will, in which respect he is inferior to the representative of strength, Thor. Again, the calmness of Odin is not the high serene calmness of Zeus; it is a deeper calmness—the listening stillness of thought, the ominous silence of night. The Eddaic songs, therefore, of which Odin is the subject, are without exception grave and solemn.

Those, on the contrary, of which Thor is the principal person, as *Hamarshéimt*, *Hýmiskvida*, *Lokaglepsa*, *Harbardsljóð*; and the myths concerning Thor in the younger Edda resound with boisterous laughter and merriment, tinged at the bottom with humour; whether Athasor sits among the

giants as a broad-shouldered bride, or angles for the Midgard-snake, or imposes silence upon Loki, or has his strength tried by Utgardi-loki, or good-naturedly suffers himself to be insulted by the boatman, Harbard (Odin in disguise). The bulk of Thor everywhere exceeds the line of beauty. Good-natured but fiery, brave but rash, he is a type of the northern hero in action. His belt of strength, his 'might-girdle' (*megingjardir*), indicates the unconscious power which grows against every hindrance, and always keeps a fund of valour in reserve for the last and hardest need. Thor, therefore, addresses the river Vimur, which is swelling while he fords it:—

'*Vaxattu nú Vimur,
Alls mik þik vada tíðir
Jötna garða í,
Veitstu ef þú vex,
At þá vex mér ásmegin
Jafnhátt upp sem himin.*'

i.e.

'Do not swell, Vimur,
I want to ford thee
On my way to the giants
KNOW, THAT AS THOU GROWEST
MY DIVINE STRENGTH INCREASES
QUITE AS HIGH AS HEAVEN.'

Snorra Edda, Skáldskaparmál, 18.

He very seldom makes use of his whole strength, only once at the giant Geirröd, whose two daughters had placed themselves

under the high seat of Thor, with the intention of lifting him up.

'*Einusinni
Neyttak ásmegins
Jötnagörðum í,
Þá er Gjálp og Greip
Geirradar dætr
Vildu hefja mig til himins.*'

i.e.

'Once I did avail me
Of the Asa strength
In the giants' country,
When Gjálp and Greip,
Geirröd's daughters,
Strove to lift me up to heaven.'

He then strained the belt of strength so tightly, that the chair resumed its place, and the spines of the giant-maidens cracked. Always good-natured unless provoked, Thor even makes himself respected by Loki, who respects nothing else, whether above or beneath the earth,—'because' says Loki, 'I know thou doest slay (*því ek veit þú veigr*)' Lokaglepsa. Loki is aware that the threats of Thor are never empty. So also the ferryman Harbard (Odin in disguise), after having insulted Thor and tried his patience by refusing to ferry him over, holds his peace when he sees that Thor is going to ford the river.

At the same time there is a kinship between Thor and Odin. Strength sometimes is joined with cunning, as in *Hamarshéimt*, where Thor, in female guise, mocks the giants and gets back his lost hammer; and especially in *Alvismál*, where, with a craftiness worthy of Odin, he deceives the dwarf by delaying him with a host of questions, until the dwarf is surprised by dawn, and cannot slip back inside his rock. Nor does Thor lack public spirit. He has not, as Odin, sacrificed his eye, or, as Týr, his hand, for the good of gods and mankind, but

he, too, carries the marks of his fight with the giants. A piece of Hrungnir's flint remains in his skull to the end of the world; and, finally, in Ragnarok, his end is more tragic than that of all the Æsir: 'In divine strength he crushes the venomous serpent (the Midgard snake), *goes nine steps and dies*' (*Völuspá*, 56, 57). But, compared with Odin, he is of a cheerful mind. Wherever Thor is there is mirth, sometimes at his own expense. There is in him an ardour and a vitality which communicates itself to others; in the presence of Odin silence and obscure utterings alternate; even the gladness of the gods is excluded. There everything is listening and musing; in the presence of Thor all is life and action. Even his sadness is not as Odin's, silent, but he gives it vent in words, or, as at the death of Baldur, in acts:—'Thor went to the funeral pile and consecrated it with Mjölnir' (his hammer). The dwarf, Lit, played 'at the feet of Thor, but Thor gave him a kick and hurled him into the fire, where the dwarf was burnt to death' (*Gylfaginning*, 49). Thor's sorrow is here expressed, not by words, but by action. The two Gods, Thor and Odin, thus truly represent two sides of

the Northern character, which perhaps are more closely connected in the Northern and the Anglo-Saxon mind than elsewhere,—cheerfulness and stern gavity.

The rest of the mythic Eddaic songs are poetically inferior to the preceding. Some of them, as *Hrafnagaldur Odins* and *Fjölsvinnsmál* are so obscure, that they have hitherto baffled the skill of all interpreters. Very likely they are only fragments of greater poems which have been lost. The former by its second title, *Forspjallsljöd*, even indicates that it is an introduction to a mythic song, which we no longer possess. In *Rígsmál* we are made acquainted with an ingenious explanation of the origin of the three classes of men in the old heathen times; earls (nobles), peasants, and thralls. All three are derived from the one god, Heimdal, but from different mothers; Heimdal himself being the son of nine mothers. Goethe, in the second part of *Faust*, may have appropriated the celebrated 'mütter' that have given rise to so much conjecture, and called forth so many commentaries, from the myth of Heimdal. *Gróvugaldur* is a chant on heathen sorcery. Groa, a Northern witch of Endor, is awakened from the grave by a son, who stands in need of her advice.

Skírnisföer is unique in its way, being the only erotic poem contained in the Edda. The god Frey has fallen in love with the giant-maiden Gerda. From Hlidskjalf he has observed the beautiful woman, and from that moment he sits musing in the high halls,—

'The sun shines
Day after day,
But not to my mind.'

Only Frey's page and friend, Skirnir, succeeds in wresting his secret from him :—

'Young we lived together
From old times;
Well may we believe each other.'

Frey sends Skirnir to woo the maiden; he lends him his horse, which may carry him through 'dark fires,' and his sword, which cuts of itself,—'if he is brave who wields it.' Skirnir arrives at Gymislodge, where Gerda's hall is situated. He acquaints her with his errand, and offers her precious gifts,—eleven golden apples and a ring which every night produces eight heavy gold rings. Gerda declines his suit. Skirnir then passes to threats, and concludes thus :—

'Three strong runes
I shall carve for thee ;

Vexation, trouble,
And restlessness.'

Now Gerda gives in, and promises to wed Frey nine nights hence. When Skirnir, who is not allowed to dismount, before he has told Frey the result of his wooing, has reported Gerda's answer to him, Frey exclaims :—

'Long is one night,
Long are two,
When will three be past !
A month often
Is felt to be shorter,
Than half a night at present.'

Hyndluljóð forms the transition from the mythic to the historical poems. In this song the gods descend into human life, and the old generations of Northern kings, the Skjoldungs, Skilfings, Ædlings, Ylfings, Ynglings, and Volsungs, all follow upon the pedigree of the Æsir. To these poems of transition also belong the song of Grotta in the younger Edda, about the grinding of gold to King Fródi, the songs in *Hervararsaga*, Odin's visit to King Heidrek, the song of Half and his heroes, of which two, Utstein and Innstein, have already been mentioned in *Hyndluljóð*, the myths of Nornagest and Ærvarodd, Angantýr's dialogue with Hervara, and some others of less importance.

This entrance of the gods into human life, this moving in human society, has something analogous in the Greek mythology; but in the North, as in Greece and in Rome, familiarity breeds contempt; the gods henceforth lose their authority, and themselves pave the way to man's belief in his own power.

2. The Mythic-Heroic Songs.

These poems, the epics of Northern pre-historical heroism, treat exclusively of the tales about the great migration of nations, Goths and Huns,* Volsungs, Gjukungs and

* 'Þá frá Grímhildur
Gotnesk kona.'
Godrúnarharmr, 17.

'Frágu fræknan,
ef fjör vildi
Gotna þjóðan
(Högni son of Greek)
gulli Kaupa.'
Godrúnarhefna, 22.

'geirnjörð híginn
á Godþjóðu.'
Godrúnarhvata, 8.

'ádr ek gæfak
Godþjóðar til.'—Ibid. 16.

Niflungs ('Niebelungen').* They consist of *Völundar-Qvida*, *Helga-Qvida Hatinga-Skada*, *Helga-Qvida Hundingsbana* I.-II., *Volsunga-Qvida hin forna* (the ancient), *Sinfjötllalok*, *Sigurdar-Qvida Fáfnisbana* I.-II., *Fáfnismál*, *Brynhildar-Qvida* I.-III., *Helreid Brynhildar*, *Godrúnar-Qvida*, *Godrúnarharmr*, *Godrúnargrátr*, *Godrunar-hefna*, *Godrunarhrvata*, *Oddrúnargrátr*, *Atlamál hin Groenlenzku*, and *Hamasmál*. According to the free manner in which the tale always disposes of space as well as of time, and the broad margin which it allows both in history and geography, the scene of action alternates freely between the North, France, and Germany; and the same persons—for example, Helgi and Svava—reappear new-born for a second time in different countries.

Some Northern authors deny that those poems relate to the migration of nations, and endeavour to localize them in a single Northern country, Norway; but the contents of the poems themselves, as well as their analogy with a celebrated German song, the *Niebelungen Lied*, too clearly point out their relationship to the great historical event mentioned above, to allow of any serious doubt in the matter. Why should there be the frequent question of Southern (*suðrænn*) men and women, of southern lands and climes, of the Sun-mountains, the *Sefamountains*, etc., if the scene were exclusively in Norway? The poems in question may have been composed in Norway or elsewhere long after the events described, but that the tales and traditions on which they are founded belong to the migration is beyond doubt. At all events, it is universally admitted, that these traditions sprang up in a time anterior to the formation of three separate kingdoms in the North, and consequently they cannot be very distant in time from the event to which we believe they refer.

The first of these songs, the *Völundar-Qvida*, is merely an introduction to the following epic trilogies of the North, in which

* *Godþjóð* (the country of the Goths here is the land ruled by Jormunroek)
þá mælti Herborg
Húalandsdrottning.

Godrúnarkvida, i. 6.

And in many other places. Once for all, it may be here mentioned, that the Atli of the Eddi is Attila, king of the Huns.

* *Hoi er hermþar litr*
á Hniflungum.

Helga Kviða Hundingsbana, i. 47.

the connexions and dissensions of Goths and Huns are described with a pathos worthy of the prophet Hosea or of Æschylus, and in a corresponding diction. Humour there is not in these poems, because the events on which they turn never reached a final reconciliation. The wild current of passion rushes on without interruption through all the songs, until it vanishes in the ruin and extinction of all who bore a part in it. Love and jealousy, avarice and envy, hatred between relatives, and bloody revenge, urge those Gothic and Hunnic heroes on to their ruin, and like a mortal disease, the passions only abate with the destruction of the victims. These epics therefore, have nothing in common with the Homeric or Hesiodic poems, but rather with the Greek tragedy, especially the cycles of traditions connected with Pelops from Thyestes to Agamemnon. A fatal destiny controls the actions of the contending parties, and a vigilant Nemesis keeps her account, and demands her due, with bloody interest, through the life, not only of individuals, but also of families. A curse is stamped upon the whole state of things; and the purest chords of the human heart grow dissonant from the fatal influence of disorderly passions.

But the background being imposing, and the characters grand, a wide field is open for the sublime. The men—the invincible Helgi, the noble Sigurd Fáfnisbane, or as the latter popular song calls him, 'Snarfari' (Dan. '*Snarrensvena*'), the cruel and crafty Atli (Attila), the brave Högni, the bold sons of Gudrun Gjuki's daughter, Hamdir and Sörli, all spend a short life of strife and of action, as Achilles, and the women exhibit all the gradations of female passion, from the loving submission of Svava to the burning jealousy of Brynhilda, and Gudrun's insatiable thirst for revenge. They are, like Medea, the genii, the Valkyries of the men; or as Svava, they give name in virtue of love, to 'the silent youth, on whom no name could fasten' before he learnt to love (*Helga-Qvida Hatingaskapa*) or as Gudrun, they kindle war between whole nations. The sublime of passion consists in this, that the hero or the heroine prefers passion to existence. Their love and hate are stronger than life. They are not satisfied with a revenge which only reaches the limit of personal safety and convenience; they bring to passion, whether love or hatred, such heavy sacrifices, that the revenge often strikes as hard at the avenger as at its object. Brynhilda brings about the death of the man she loves most, that another woman may not enjoy his love:—

'Then Brynhilda
Budli's daughter
Once laughed
From all her heart,
When on her couch
She listened to
Gjuki's daughter's
Moans and weeping.'

Brynhildar-Qvida, ii. 30.

And nevertheless she soon died afterwards herself from the same cause. Gudrun goes further. Like Medea, she slays Atli's and her own infant sons, Erp and Eitil, dresses them for her husband's table, and finally confesses her guilt, hoping thereby to provoke her own death. She does not know the artful Hun:—

GUDRUN.

'The cup of evil
Thou hast not yet drained,
Lest I too am slain.

ATLI.

It is not needful;
Milder means
I keep in store.'

Atlamál hin Grœnlenzku, 68, 69.

By comparing the different heroic songs with each other, we find that all the principal persons are closely connected by the ties of blood and hatred. The conflict between Völsungs and Niflungs commences in *Helga-Qvida Hundingsbana* i., where the names of Högni and Atli are mentioned for the first time. From *Sigurdar-Qvida Fáfnisbana* i., also called *Grípisspá*, it clearly appears,* that the son of King Sigmund, and grandson of King Völsung, Helgi Hundingsbane, is the same person as the son of Sigmund, and grandson of Völsung, Sigurd Fáfnisbane, or, to adopt the phraseology of the tradition, Sigurd was Helgi brought to life a second time, or born again (*endrborinn*). The blood debts contracted by the race of the Völsungs in the persons of the two Helgis—Hátunga Skafi and Hundingsbani—are increased by Sigurd, in virtue of prophecies and sinister forebodings (*Grípisspá*) by the slaughter of Fáfnir and of Regin; and thereby, as well by the curse attached to the treasures acquired from the former, he is irrevocably involved in the destiny of his race. He falls in love with the daughter of Budli, king of the Huns, and the sister of Atli, the amazon Brynhilda. Huns and Hundings seem to be the same people, and the breach of Sigurd's bridal vow to

Brynhilda, brought about by the sorcery of the queen of the Niflungs, Grimhilda, who substitutes her own daughter Gudrun for his first intended bride, as well as the treacherous part he plays in his brother-in-law Gunnar's successful wooing of Brynhilda,—all this augments the old guilt of the Völsungs in their dealings with the Huns. The blows of destiny now fall faster and faster on the three races, Huns, Völsungs, and Niflungs, until they are all swallowed up by the whirlpool of passion, whose centre is Gudrun, who alone is left among the ruins of her race, after having twice courted death in vain, or, as the Eddaic song ingeniously expresses it, 'after having two times died,'* After the slaying of Atli, she tries to drown herself, 'but cannot sink' (*Goðrúnarhvata*). This is her punishment, her curse, that, like Ahasuerus, she is condemned to a bad immortality,—haunted by the remembrance of sorrows and inextinguishable crimes which, by the profound justice of the tradition, are brought home to her by Hamdir, her own son by a third marriage with King Jonakur:—

HAMDIR.

'By slaying
Erp and Eitil (Atli's and Gudrun's infant sons),
Thou didst aim
A blow on Atli,
But didst strike thyself;
So should a man
Weapons aim
At another's life,
That he hits not himself.'

Hamdismál, 8.

In form and diction these heroic songs are superior to everything which we possess of Northern poetry in verse. They are distinguished by a thorough simplicity and elevation, following the middle course between the sometimes misty and vaporous diction of the mythic Edda songs, and the stiff artificial formalism which frequently renders so difficult the understanding of the Northern poetry of the historical period. The heroic poems are the classical poetry of the North, inasmuch as the diction here exhausts the matter without overloading it. With a true tact, the passion appears in the most fit, though not the most transparent dress, because the reader's mind must be held in suspense by the fermenting depth of passion, which only speaks fully out by starts, and then breaks forth as a mountain-stream when the barriers are withdrawn. The following verbal translations of two fragments of *Völsunga-Qvida hin forna* (Sigruna cursing her brother Dag, who has slain her

* 'Þímunt harða
Hundingssonu
Snjalla fella.'—Str. 9.

* *Atlamál hin Grœnlenzku*, 109.

lover Helgi, and her meeting with the ghost of Helgi in his tomb), and of the revived Sigruna, Gudrun Gjuki's daughter's song, *Godrunar-Qvida* i. will more clearly illustrate the poetical merit of the Northern heroic epics.

FRAGMENTS OF THE ANCIENT VOL-
SUNGA-QVIDA.

i.—*Sigruna cursing Dag.*

18. Thee shall all
The oaths bite
Which thou hadst
Sworn to Helgi
At the bright
Beams of lightning,
And the ever cold
Rock of the ocean.
19. Still stand the ship
Which thou steerest,
Though a fair breeze
Follows its stern;
Still stand the horse
Which thou ridest;
Though from thy foes
Thou wish to flee!
20. Never cut the sword,
Which thou wieldest,
Lest it clash upon
Thine own neck!
Only then the death
Of Helgi is revenged,
When as hungry wolf
In desert forests
Bereft of goods
And of joy whatever,
Thou canst find no food
But foul carrion.'

ii.—*Sigruna's meeting with the ghost of Helgi
in his tomb.*

SIGRUNA.

As glad I am
At our meeting,
As the hungry
Hawks of Odin
Waiting on the field
For warm dishes,
Or when dew-moistened
They greet the dawn.

31. I want to embrace
The departed king
Before the bloody
Byrnie he throws off;
In thy hair, Helgi!
Hoar-frost hangs;
Thy breast is wet
With field-dew (blood),
And thy hands are cold.

HELGI.

32. If Helgi is
Wet with sorrow's dew,
It is of thy making,
Sigruna,
From Seva-mountains!
The sunbright

Southern maiden
When she goes to sleep,
Weeps bitter tears,
Which fall bloody,
Chill, and piercing
On her lover's breast.

GODRUNAR-QVIDA I. (THE FIRST SONG OF
GUDRUN).

1. In times past, Gudrun.
Sat sorrowful
And sad to death
By Sigurd's corpse;
She did not weep
Nor wring her hands,
Nor did she wail
As women do.
2. Fair earls stepped forth
To console her,
But Gudrun was so
Sorrow-swollen,
She might burst with grief,
But shed no tears.
3. Gold-clad, goodly brides
Of the greatest earls
Sat by Gudrun;
Each told her
The sorest grief
Which they had suffered.
4. Then said Gjaflang
Gjuki's daughter:
'Myself, I trow,
To be the most unhappy.
Five husbands
Have I lost,
Two daughters
And three sisters,
Eight brothers;
I am left alone.'
5. Gudrun was so
Sorrow-swollen
At her husband's death,
She could shed no tears.
6. Then said Herborg
Hunland's Queen:
'I a greater
Grief may boast,
My seven sons
In southern parts
And husband the eighth
In battle perished.
7. 'My parents both
And brethren four
Wind and wave
Wafted along;
And a billow beat them
At the boat's edge.'
8. 'I sought for them myself,
Myself I found them,
And in the tomb myself
I lodged their remains;
This I endured
In one single year;
No one did comfort me.'
9. 'Next through warfare
Was I kept in bondage.
Every morning
I was bid to dress
And to tie the shoe-strings

- Of my master's wife.
 10. 'With jealous words
 She wrung my heart,
 And dealt me blows
 In bitter wrath.
 Never did I know
 A better master,
 Nor a worse mistress.'
 11. Gudrun was so
 Sorrow-swollen,
 At her husband's death,
 She could shed no tears.
 Then said Goldrand
 12. Gjuki's daughter:
 'Foster-mother!
 However skilful
 Still thou knowest not
 How to soften
 Sorrow's pangs
 In a youthful heart.'
 13. She swept off the pall
 From Sigurd's corpse,
 And threw it at
 The knees of Gudrun:—
 'Look at thy darling,
 Lips to lips press,
 As when thou embracedst
 The chief alive.'
 14. Gudrun looked at him,—
 Saw the noble head
 Soiled with gore,
 The bright eyes
 Burst and dim,
 And the kingly skull
 Cut asunder.
 15. Gudrun then sank
 Leaning on the couch;
 Her locks were loosened,
 Her cheeks coloured,
 And a rain of tears
 Rushed down on her knees.
 16. Gudrun then wept
 Gjuki's daughter
 A hail of tears,
 To her heart's content;
 And the birds all
 In her bower
 Took to joyous singing.
 17. Then quoth Goldrand
 Gjuki's daughter:
 'Never did I know
 A loving couple
 Like you and him;
 Thou couldst not abide
 Out of doors or in,
 But in Sigurd's presence.'
 18. Then quoth Gudrun
 Gjuki's daughter:
 'My Sigurd differed
 From the sons of Gjuki,
 As a towering tree
 From tender herbs,
 Or a bright gem
 In a necklace,
 A precious stone
 On a princely breast.
 19. 'I too was valued
 Above other women,
 Now, he is departed,
 I am nothing more

- Than a leaf in autumn.
 20. 'I miss my loving friend
 In seat and on the couch;
 Gjuki's sons have wrought
 My brethren own have wrought
 All my misery
 And my bitter tears.
 21. 'May you lose your lands
 As you broke the oaths
 To Sigurd sworn.
 Gunnar! thou shalt not
 The gold enjoy.
 The rings shall be thy bane
 On which thou swarest him faith.
 22. 'There was more mirth
 When he mounted Grani,
 And you went a-wooing
 The luckless dame Brynhilda.'
 23. Quoth Brynhilda
 Budli's daughter:
 'May that woman lack
 Mate and issue,
 Who taught thee, Gudrun,
 Tears to shed
 And this morning
 Thy tongue has untied.'
 24. Then said Goldrand
 Gjuki's daughter:
 'Loathsome fury!
 Utter not such words;
 The fate of chieftains
 Thou hast ever been;
 Harm thou hast brewed,
 Bitter sorrow
 To seven kings,—
 And rage to women.'
 25. Quoth Brynhilda
 Budli's daughter:
 'My brother Atli,
 Budli's son,
 Is the only cause
 Of all this harm.
 26. 'Since in the hall
 Of the Hunnic king
 I Sigurd saw
 Shining with gold
 I never have forgotten
 That unhappy sight.
 27. She leant on the pillar,
 And the pillar bent;
 Fire burned
 From Brynhilda's eyes,
 And she blew venom,
 As she looked on
 Sigurd's wounded body.

The above translations do little justice to the original, but the lyric beauty of these epic poems will strike most readers. For it must be borne in mind, that the poetry of the North is never, like that of Greece, merely epic, but always strongly imbued with lyric elements, so much so, that it may indeed be called *lyric-epic*.

In the heroic Edda songs it must secondly be observed, that they give more room to fatalism than both the earlier and later poetry of the North. Founded as they are

on tales and traditions from the early middle ages of European history—the migrations of nations—they seem to have assimilated a southern and foreign element, which is not grown in the spiritual soil of the North, where personal strength, freedom, and self-reliance, are always the moving power. This appears more clearly on comparing them with other Northern poems, belonging to the same period of transition from tradition to history, as Starkad the Old's dirges, the *Krakumál* of Ragnar Lodbrok,* the *Bjarkamál* of Bödvar Bjarki, the songs in the sagas of Orvar-Odd, Hervör, etc. Here destiny is one element of the event or action described, but personal will and valour the other, while in the cycles of traditions connected with the Volsungs, the actors are entirely subordinate to destiny. Still this destiny is not the destiny of the Greek drama. *Œdipus*, for instance, commits crimes, slays his own father, and weds his own mother, *unconsciously*; he is not aware of the man he slays being his father, nor of the woman he weds being his mother. From a Christian point of view he is innocent; not so in Greece. His actions, although unconscious, are in virtue of *blind fate* crimes, and the consequences the same as if he had committed them knowingly. Sigurd Fáfnisbane's guilt, on the contrary, is, in the first instance, conscious, and to a certain extent his own work, the result of his own free will; he empties the cup of oblivion presented to him by Grimhilda, and thereby forgets his bride Brynhilda. He might have refused the cup offered; he was warned of the consequences; it was in his power, and he thus far had the full responsibility of his action. But once having tasted of Grimhilda's hospitality, he is in her bondage, and now sinks deeper and deeper into guilt. Of *Œdipus* we know, that if in the man he met outside Thebes he had recognised his father, or in the Queen of Thebes his mother, he would neither have slain the one nor wedded the other. But the deed once committed, it makes no difference, according to the religious creed of the Greek, whether it has been committed knowingly or not; the same responsibility rests with the doer, and he is stamped by blind fate as a luckless man, and an object of the wrath of the gods, whether the divine hatred is directed against him personally, or against his race. Again, destiny, in the antique drama, always appears directly as the immediate interference of the gods in human affairs; in the heroic songs

of the Edda, under the form of sorcery, as a power ruled by the evil skill of men, and consequently acting indirectly through human will. This makes a considerable difference between the Fate of the Greek tragedy and the Fate of the Eddas. But the traces even of sorcery disappear as we approach to the historical era of the North, and make room for the free will, the 'belief in one's own power.'

B. *The Sagas*.—There are epochs of transition in the literature as well as the history of all nations. Thus, the heroic songs of the Edda may be considered to be the popular epics, what the Danes call 'Kjæmpeviser' of Northern Paganism; some of them (for instance, 'Sigurd Svend = Sigurd Fáfnisbani') even have been transmitted, of course in an altered shape, to the popular songs or 'Kjæmpeviser' of the Christian middle age of the North, particularly of Denmark. They thus stand in the same relation to the later heathen poetry of the North, of which we know the authors, as the properly so-called popular songs ('Folkeviser' and 'Kjæmpeviser') to the modern Christian literature in the Northern kingdoms. An analogous phenomenon may be found among the Greeks, where epic rhapsodies connected with the most ancient Greek traditions, such as the feats of the Heraclids, the expedition of the Argonauts, and even the Trojan War, by unknown authors, but transmitted orally from generation to generation, preceded the elaborate songs of Homer and Hesiod. The same fact we finally meet with in the relation of the Provençal and English minstrelsy to French, German, and English poetry.

In the Sagas we find two different kinds of poetry, namely, the *drapas*, or dirges and ditties inserted in the Sagas, praising in rhyme the historical events, and the glorious exploits of gods, kings, and heroes, and the Saga itself in prose, which sometimes is rather historical romance than real and sober history of men and events.

1. *The Drapas or Skaldic Songs inserted in the Sagas.*

With the important exception that the spell of fate is broken, the *drapas*, in form and tenor, have much in common with the Eddaic songs. In the first place the Northern skalds or bards never abandoned the lyric epic kind of poetry. They neither made themselves the merely lyric organs of individual feelings, nor did they aim at a dramatic elaboration of human passions and conflicts, but, influenced by the events of

* See an admirable translation of the *Krakumál* in *Travels by Umbra*, pages 56-58. Edinburgh, 1865.

some moment, they praised historical facts and historical men with an always moderate intermixture of their own reflections. The burden or staff (*stef*) frequently occurring in the Northern drapas, and of which we have seen an instance in the above translation of *Godrúnar-Qvída* 1. ('Gudrun was so sorrow-swollen'), points to their decidedly lyric character, because the burden in the poetry of words, is analogous to the melodious theme in the poetry of sounds, music. It is the fundamental idea of the poem which, through all digressions, remains the same, and thereby preserves the unity of the poem.

The North was in ancient times copiously provided with these skalds or rhapsodists (*pulur* from '*þylja*,' i. e., to recite; plur. *þylir*), and it may even truly be contended that poetry was a branch of liberal education in the North. Earls and kings, as Ragnar Lodbrok, Harold Hardrada, and Rognvald or Ronald, Earl of the Orkneys, held it honourable to compete with their own skalds for the prize in poetry and artificial versification. It would carry us too far to enumerate all the poets of the ancient North, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to the mention of the principal skalds, who may naturally be divided into two classes, those who lived in heathen times, or till the death of Earl Hakon of Hladir or the Bad, and those who belong to Christianity, from King Olaf Tryggvason to King Hakon the Old, Hakon's son.

a. The Heathen Skalds.

Of these the principal are Starkad the

"*Sjá þykjast þeir á sjálfum mér i.e.*
Yötunkuml átta handa."

'They pretend to see on my bulk
The scars of giantlike eight arms.
Vikarsbálkr Starkaðar.

And the Bareserks of Upsala reproached Starkad with being a giant and niddering.

—'*fyrir hamar nordan i.e.*
Hergrímsbana
Höndum ra'nti.'

Further, Starkad himself tells how Thor or Hlorridi

'North of the mountains
Cut off the arms
Of Hergrim's slayer (Starkad).'
Vikarsbalkr.

Thor cannot suffer this Briareus of the North to walk about with eight arms instead of two, he therefore amputates six of them to render him more like a human creature; but the remaining stumps bespeak Starkad's giant origin. In Starkad and CErvar-Odd (Odd of the Arrows) fatalism and 'the belief in one's own might' alternate. In the tradition about King Rolf Kraki and his champions, the fatalism of sorcery is prominent. Notwithstanding his valour, Bödvar Bjarki must oppose witchcraft to witchcraft, and

Old, Bödvar Bjarki, Ragnar Lodbrok, and Bragi the Old,* in and immediately after the reign of King Ragnar in Denmark; Thorolf from Hvin, and Thorbjörn Hornklofi, in the reign of the kings of Norway Halfdan the Black, and Harold Fairhair; Eyvind *skáldaspillir* (i. e., the Spoiler, the eclipser of skalds) in the reign of the Norwegian kings Hakon Athelstane-Fosterling, and Erik Bloodaxe; Egil Skallagrímsson, Glum Geirason, and Kormak, in the reign of the Kings Erik Bloodaxe and Harold Grayfell; Thorvald Hjaltason in the reign of Erik the Conqueror of Sweden and Sweyn Forkbeard in Denmark; Einar Skallaglam, the author of the famous dirge *Vellekla*, Tind Halkelsson, and Eilif Gudrunarson in the reign of Hakon, Earl of Hladir. Of these poets, the seven first named were Danes and Norwegians; Bragi the Old, though the bard of the Swedish king Björn on the Hill, was a Norwegian; the remaining seven were Icelanders.

The four first, Starkad, Bödvar Bjarki, Ragnar, and Bragi form the transition from the heroic Edda songs to the later and more artificial skalds. Simplicity of form is combined with a fatalistic tenor of ideas. Starkad, especially, is subject to the absolute sway of an alien will; his whole life is nothing but a chain of conflicts, brought about by the influence alternately exercised upon his doings and sayings by the two Æsir, Thor and Odin, the latter having given him a blessing for every curse bestowed upon him by the former. Thor has a natural antipathy to everything connected with the giants, and in the veins of Starkad there flows giant blood:—

when first prevented from using the unfair means of sorcery, the fortune of battle decides against Rolf Kraki. But Bödvar returns to his human nature, recovers the freedom which he had lost through witchcraft, but forfeits his life. The fatal power of sorcery consists in this, that even where it produces success it destroys liberty; this the

* His father-in-law, *Erpr Lútandi*, also was a famous skald in his times, but no fragment of his poetry has come down to us.

Northern tradition happily expresses by the remark that the person exercising witchcraft is in a state of exhaustion during the process of sorcery. Thus Bödvar Bjarki lies motionless in the hall of Rolf Kraki, while his bewitched self, in the shape of a bear, fights in the ranks of his master. In other words, during the state of witchcraft, Bödvar has delivered himself to an evil power which enslaves him. The song of *Bjarkamál*, therefore, must have been composed after the spell of sorcery had been broken, and after Bödvar had come to himself. It breathes throughout unbounded thankfulness to his benefactor, and an equally unlimited resolution to fight for the king to the last drop of his blood. In a diction luxuriating in imagery, where gold occurs with all its poetical denominations, each containing a myth, the hero, swanlike, sings his last song, of which a part, the so-called *húskarlahvöt* (i. e., 'rousing of the house-carles'), was chanted centuries later by the army of King Olaf the saint of Norway, as a war-song in the battle of Sticklestead. Higher praise of the *Bjarkamál* cannot well be given. Similarly, *Krákumál* is the swan-song of King Ragnar, in which the royal Viking surveys his past life, and with a cheerfulness worthy of his prowess looks to its close as a mere transition to a new heroic existence in Vahalla. Of the drapa of Bragi the Old on the shield which he received as a gift from King Ragnar, we pos-

sess only fragments. They prove, however, that he was not unworthy of bearing the name of the god of poetry. It is a remarkable coincidence between the North and Greece, that in both places art tried her early hand on the shields of distinguished warriors. The Greek and the Northern sculptor were equally fond of illustrating with the exploits of gods and heroes the weapon destined to ward off the vigorous blows of other heroes. Hesiod and Homer described the shields of Hercules and of Achilles, Bragi the Old and Thjodolf of Hvin their own bucklers, the first a gift of Ragnar Lodbrok, the second that of Thorleif the Wise, the famous adviser of the Norwegian Kings, Halfdan the Black, and Harold Fairhair. The fragments left of Bragi's drapa are three in number, and treat three different myths of the Eddaic cycle. The first is the tradition of Thor's fight with the Midgard-snake; the second the myth of the Hjadungs, who, fighting every day until Ragnarok, are slain every evening, but rise fresh for a new battle the next morning; the third has the same object as that of *Hampismál* (*vide supra*) in the elder Edda namely the tradition of Jormunrekr (Ermenrik), the last link in the trilogy of the Gjukungs. As a specimen of Bragi's diction, we cite the following description of the fighting in Jormunrekr's hall, where he is surprised while feasting by the Gjukungs and the hall is set on fire:—

‘Knátti aðr við illan
Jormunrekr at vakna
Meðr dreyrfár dróttir
Draum í sverða flaum;
Rósta varð í ranni
Randves höfuðniðja,
þá er hrafnbláir hefndu

Harma Erps of barmar.

Flaut of sett, við sveita
Sóknar álfs á gólfi
Hræfa dægg of hæggnar
Hendr sem fætr of kenndu.
Fell í blöði brunninn
Brunn ölskakki runna.’

i. e. ‘Evil dreams awakened
Ermenrik in his revel;
Swords were wildly clashing,
Warriors slain and bloody;
Instead of meat and meadups
Maiming blows were passed;
Thus Erp's raven-blue brethren (the
Gjukungs)
Brimful vengeance quaffed.

‘Banks with blood were streaming
Burning dew of corpses (i. e. blood).
Stained the floor, where floated
Feet and hands well severed;
And the bearer of beakers
Burnt in gore was slipping.’

Bragi already is deviating from the vigorous simplicity of the Edda, of Starkad and of Bödvar Bjarki, and paving the road to the artificial poetry of the latter skalds.

Thjodolf of Hvin was the friend and bard of Harold Fairhair. He brought up the son of Harold and of the Finn maiden Snæfrida, Guðröd the Bright, and conciliated his brethren to Harold, when the king once in his wrath was going to banish them from his presence. He is the author of the dirge on the race of the Ynglings (*Yngling-*

atal), of the song on the battle of Hafursfirth, which Snorri Sturluson in his *Heimskringla* erroneously, and in contradiction both to Fagrskinna and the younger Edda, ascribes to Thorbjörn Hornklofi, of *Haustlaung* (i. e., long as autumn), and of the poem on the shield, a gift to the poet from Thorleif the Wise. *Ynglingatal* (i. e., the genealogy of the Ynglings), is in a certain sense the continuation of the Eddaic *Hynduljóð*, a poetic derivation of Norse and Swedish kings from the gods. In this song

occurs a strophe, which throws a light upon the custom of our ancestors to bury their chieftains near the sea. The poet on men-

'Ok Austmar
Jœfri sænskum
Gýmis ljóð
At gamni kveðr.'

i.e.

'And the Baltic
To amuse
The Swedish king,
Sings him the song of waves.

Something analogous we find in the Ant-
thology about the tomb of Achilles—

Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξήνορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ
Δάμησαν, Τρώων δέιμα καὶ ἔσσομένων
Αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νένευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῇσι
Θάλασσης
Κυδαίνουτο παῖς τῆς ἁλίας Θέτιδος.

Of *Haustlaug* only two fragments are left, one about the capture of the goddess of youth, Idunna, by the giants, the other about the combat between Thor and the giant Hrungnir. The description of the manner in which the gods, by the capture of Idunna, suddenly grow old, is very graphic, but the stiff formalism of versification at the expense of poetical thought already begins here to make itself felt. No doubt it must be admitted, that partly the defective form in which these poems exist, partly our want of sufficient familiarity with the old poetical language of the North, frequently as unlike the common language as well can be, may contribute towards making many of those Northern ditties unpalatable. At all events it is certain that the copiousness of expressions and periphrases, proper to the North-

'Ok at isarnleiki
Jarðarsunr, en dunþi
—Móðr svall meila blóðá—
Mánavegr und hánúm.'

i. e.

'The son of Earth (*Thor*)
Drove to iron-sport (*combat*), and dinned
—Meilis brother (*Thor*) was moody—
The way of the moon beneath him.
(*In other words, it thundered.*)

The variety of names for the same thing, not merely in the province of mythology, but also in common life, as men, women, battles, weapons, the sea, gold and silver, etc., which is a marked feature of the old Northern language, further interferes with the easy comprehension of the Northern poetry, a precise and complete knowledge, not only of the language, but also of the myths and legends connected with the poetical denomination of an object, being a necessary condition of understanding the poet easily and perfectly. Thus, in the *Bjarkamál*, the poet relates how the Danish king, Rolf Kraki, was open-handed to his followers, and this he expresses by saying 'that he gave them.'

'Fenju forverki
Fáfnis miðgarði
Glasis glóbarri

ern Skalds, is commonly misunderstood by modern interpreters; but on the other hand, one is at a loss to comprehend why the intricate and often overloaded style of the *dróttkveðið*, the triple trochaic metre, is never met with in the so-called *fornyrðalag* (i.e., the old metre), the double trochaic metre, in which the Eddaic songs are composed. The poems written in the latter metre are uniformly simple and unartificial, those, on the contrary, in which the former is adopted, are so intersected by parentheses and digressions from the original theme, and by sentences included in the principal sentence, that a laborious analysis of the verse is required before there can be any chance of making out its sense. This, of course, weakens the poetical impression; the bouquet of lyric poetry has vanished before the reader can enjoy the meaning of the verse, and his trouble in making out the sense of a Northern strophe is not always sufficiently rewarded by its poetical merits. Now, though we are no friends of parentheses, it must be admitted that they sometimes, when well applied, strengthen the poetical expression, as, for instance, in the following hemistrophe* of Thjodolf's *Haustlaug* :—

*Grana fagrbyrði
Draupnis dýrsveita,
Dúni Grafoitnis
Sifjar svarðfestum
Scelli dalnaadar,
Tregum Otrsgjöldum,
Tárum Mardallar,
Eldi órónar,
Þjá glysmálum,
Þjá þingskilum,
Rínar rauðmálm
Rógi Niflunga.'*

—Bjarkamál en fornu.

Every line is a denomination of gold, derived from a myth, some of them eminently poetical, as 'the tears of Mardöll,' who wept gold, the 'envy of Niflungs'—the

* In Northern poetry a strophe generally consists of eight lines, and is divided into two hemistrophes of four lines each.

treasures of Sigurd Fáfnisbane having caused the deadly strife between Niflungs and Volsungs, etc.

The next skald in the order is Thorbjörn Hornklofi, author, no doubt, of the song on Harold Fairhair's court, quoted in *Fagrskinna* (*Formannasögur*, i. 7, where one of the strophes of that song is expressly ascribed to him); but him we may pass over, as inferior in every respect to his successor, Eyvind skáldaspillir (*i.e.*, the spoiler, the eclipser of poets), who is incontestably at the head of Northern poets, as far as vigour and fertility of lyric imagination are

concerned. We unhappily possess only some few remains of his songs; many of the most celebrated, as the song of praise on the Icelanders, being lost. But the *Háleyggjatal* (the genealogy of the Earls of Halogaland in Norway), the drapa on Earl Sigurd, father of Earl Hakon, and principally the *Hákonarmál*, the funeral hymn on King Hakon Athelstane's-Fosterling, still afford us sufficient means of becoming acquainted with the most striking peculiarities of Northern song. His variations on the tumult of battle are unrivalled even in that warlike age:—

Hákonar-mál.

Göndul ok Sköguł
Sendi Ganta tǵr
At kjósa of Konúnga
Hverr Yngva ættar
Skyldi með Oðni fara
Í Valhöll at vera.

Bróður fundu þær Bjarnar
Ur brynju fara
Konúg hinn kostsama
Kominn und gunnfána
Drúpuðu dólgar
En darrar hristis,
Upp var þá hildr of hafin.

Hæt á Hólmrýgi,
Sá er herkallar
Jarla einbani,
Fór til orrostu;
Gott hafði hinn gjöffi
Gengi Norðmanna
Ægir Eydana
Stóð und ár hjálmi.

Hranðstúr herváðum
Hratt á völl brynju
Vísir verðungar
áðr til vígs tæki.
'Læk við ljóðmögu
Skyldi land verja,
Gramr hinn glaðværi.
Stó und gullhjálmi.

Svá beit þá sverð
U' r síklings hendi
Váðir vafaðar
Sém i vatn brygði;
Bröknðu broddar,
Brotnuðu skildir
Glumruðu glym-ringar
I gotna hausum.

i. e. The God of Goths* sent
Göndul and Sköguł†
To choose amongst kings
Of Yngvi's kin,
Who should go with Oðin
And stay in Valhalla.

They found Björn's brother‡
Of his byrnie stripped, §
The costly king
Close to his banner;
Drooping enemies
Draw their swords:
So the battle began.

The lord of the army ||
As the lead he took,
The killer of earls
Called the Holmrygs; ¶
A choice host of Northmen
Had the open-handed
Terror of Ísle-Danes (Hakon),
His helm was bright as morning.

Before the fighting
The prince of guards*¹
Undid his armour,
Off threw his mail-coat,
The gladsome king
Golden-crested,
It playfully called
'Protecting the country.' †

So bit the sword
Swung by Hakon's arm,
The clothes of Odin ‡
As if cutting water.
Shields were broken
Byrnies flashing,
And the lance-points cracking
In the cranes of warriors.

* Odin.

† Two of the Valkyries.

‡ King Hakon.

§ The poet alludes to the fact of the king's throwing off his coat of mail when the battle of Stord began, in which he was slain.

|| King Hakon.

¶ The inhabitants of the Norwegian province Rogaland.

*¹ King Hakon.

† By throwing his coat of mail on the ground, the king said jokingly, This was a symbol of protecting the soil.

‡² Armour.

Tröddust törgur
Fyrir týs ok bauga
Harðfótum hjallta
Hausar Norðmanna.
Róma varð í eyju
Ruðu konúngar
Skirar skjaldborgir
Í skatna blóði.

Brunnu beneldar
Í blóðgum undum
Lutu lángharðar
At lýða fjörvi.
Svarraði sárgýmir
A sverða nesi
Féll flóð fleina
Í fjöru Stordar.

Blendust við roðnar
Und randar himni
Sköglar veðr lëku
Við skýs um bauga;
Umdu oddlár
Í Oðins veðri;
Hneig margt manna
Fyrir mækis straumi.

Sátu þa döglingar
Með sverð um togin
Með skarða skjöldu
Ok skotnar brynjar,
Vara sá herr í hugum
Er átti til Valhallar vega.

Göndul þat mælti,
Studdist geirskapti:
'Vex nú gengi goða,
Er Hákon hafa

Með her mikinn
Heim bönd of boðit.'

(At this moment Hakon is understood to have received the mortal wound.)

Vísir þat heyrði
Hvat valkyrjur mæltu
Mærar af mars baki:
Hyggiliga létu
Ok hjálmaðar sátu
Ok höfðust hlífar fyrir.

HAKON.

'Hví þú svá gunni
Skiptir Geirskögun?
Værim þu verðir gagns frá goðum.'

Both shields and skulls
Were briskly trodden
By the iron foot
Of the royal hilt.*
There was fought on the islet
The kings † reddened,
Shining forts of shields §
With soldiers' blood.

Blow-flames || blazed
In bloody wounds
The bills bent
On brave men's lives; ¶
The sea of wounds roared
On sword's ness
A flood of arrows
Flowed on Stord's *1 beach.

Under the heaven of red shields
Hand to hand they fought,
Skögun's storm †1 did blow
To the sky with fury;
In Odin's weather ‡1
Waves of spear-points rose,
And the swell of swords
Sunk many warriors.

The kings §1 then sat down (took rest)
With their swords drawn,
Their shields battered,
And shot-through byrnies,
That army was out of spirits
Which had to fight for Valhalla. ||1

Then said Göndul,
Leaning on the spear-staff:
'The train of the gods
Gets a good supply;
Hakon is invited
To their high abode
With a mighty host.'

HAKON.

'Why thus, Geirskögun, ¶1
Deal the lots of war?
I deserved good from the gods.'

* 'Iron foot of the hilt'—blade of the sword.

† The Isle Stord (now Storöen) where the battle was fought.

‡ King Hakon and the sons of Erik Bloodaxe.

§ Bands of soldiers covering themselves with their shields.

|| Swords and lances.

¶ The axes, in the act of hewing, were brought down upon the men at whom the blows were aimed.

*1 The island where the battle was fought.

†1 Skögun was one of the goddesses of war; her storm—the battle.

‡1 The fight.

§1 The sons of Erik Bloodaxe.

¶1 Which was defeated; the men slain in battle go to Valhalla. It must be borne in mind that King Hakon won the battle, though he was slain himself.

¶¶1 The same as Skögun.

SKÖGUL.

‘Vær því voldum
At þú velli hēltz
En þínir fjandr flugu.’

‘Ríða við nú skulum,’
Kvað hín ríka Skögul,
‘Græna heima góða
O ðni at segja
At nú mun allvaldr koma
Ok hann sjálfan at sjá.’

‘Hermóðr ok Bragi!’
Kvað hrópta týr,
‘Gángit gögn grami;
þvíat konúgr ferr
Sá er kappi þykir,
Til hallar hinnig.’

Ræsir þat mælti,
Var frá rómu kominn,
Stóð allr í dreyra drifnum:
‘Í llúðigr mjök
þykir oss Oeinn vera,
Sjáum vær hans of hugi.’

BRAGI.

‘Einherja grið
Skallt þú allra hafa,
þigg þú at Asum öl;
Jarla bægi,
þú átt inni hēr
A’v’tta bræðurquað Bragi.’

‘Gerðar vārar,’
Kvað hinn góði konúgr,
‘Viljum vær sjálfir:
Hjálrn ok brynju skal hirða vel,
Gott er til geirs at taka.’

þá þat sýndist
Hve sá konúgr hafði
Vel of þyrmt veum;
Er Hákon báðu
Heilan koma
Ráð öll ok regin.

Góðu dægri verðr
Sá gramr of borinn
Er sēr getr slíkan sefa;
Hans aldar
Æ mun vera
At góðu getit.

Man óbundinn
Of íta sjót
Fenris úlf of fara
A’ör jafugóðr
A’ auða tröð
Konúngmaðr komi.
Deyr fē,
Deyja frændr,
Eyðist land ok láð;

SKÖGUL.

‘We are the cause
That the field thou keptest,
But thy foes they fled.’

‘Now shall we ride,’
Said the mighty Skögul,
‘Through green worlds and good,
To apprise Odin
That the king is coming
To call on Æsirs’ chief.’

‘Hermod and Bragi!’
Said the king of gods (Odin),
‘Go to meet the king (Hakon).
A hero of high repute
To our hall approaches.’

From battle arrived
In bloody attire
The king spoke thus:
‘Grimly looks Odin;
I can guess his mind.’*

BRAGI.

i. e.

‘Peace thou shall have
From all the Einherjar; †
Drink ale with the Æsir
Earls’ enemy! ‡
Eight of thy brothers
Have arrived before thee.

‘Our attire,’
The good king § answered,
‘We will keep ourselves;
Helm and byrnie should be kept with
And the spear at hand.’ [care

It then appeared
How King Hakon had
Ne’er hurt the gods, ||
As they one and all
To Hakon gave
A hearty welcome.

In a happy hour
Will that king be born
Who resembles him;
His age
Will ever be
In good repute.

Unfettered
Fenris-wolf
On earth will roam
Before in Hakon’s
Empty place
A king like him comes forth.
Wealth dies,
Die kinsmen,
Lands and realms decline.

* It must be remembered that Hakon was a Christian.

† The warriors of Odin will all receive thee in a friendly way.

‡ Hakon Athelstano’s-Fosterling also was called ‘Hakon the Good.’

|| Though himself professing Christianity, Hakon never had shown the Northern gods disrespect.

§ i. e., King.

Siti Hákon
Með heiðin goð
Mörg er þjóð of þjáð.

Let Hakon dwell
With heathen gods;
Many are his mourners.

It can hardly be denied that this is as graphic a description of the tumult of battle as well can be. The reader is almost carried into the middle of the *mêlée*, where the 'waves of swords, axes, and lances are roaring and rising against the bright castle of bucklers,' and 'the flames of glittering weapons blazing' on the bloody soil. Then the description of King Hakon's fall does not convey an impression of gloom; he has won the day, and is invited to the banquet of gods in Valhalla, where, although a Christian, he receives 'heartily welcome from all the Æsir, because he never showed them contempt.' Odin, it must be admitted, 'looks somewhat grimly,' but still Hakon 'is at peace with the heathen gods.' And then how touching the conclusion of the poem, especially if we remember that it was composed under Hakon's successor and

fiercest adversary. Again, how happy and harmonious is each image in itself,—'The sea of wounds roared on swords' mess.' Last, not least, the poet paints with one happy stroke the character of his hero, the cheerful king, who, at the beginning of the battle, throws his coat of mail on the ground, adding playfully, 'The soil must be defended;' *animique magni prodigus*, he rushes himself unprotected into the thickest of the fight.

Egil Skallagrimsson is next to Eyvind both in time and merit. His *Höfuðlausn* (ransom for his head), the song composed to save his life, the drapa on his friend Arinbjörn, and especially *Sonartorrek*, the lament on his lost son Bödvar, are stamped by the same vigorous imagery as Eyvind's poems. He concludes *Höfuðlausn*, which in fact was an encomium upon King Erik Bloodaxe, with the following lines:—

'Hlôð ek lofköst
þann er lengi stendr
O'briggiarn
Í bragar túni.'

i. e.

'On the lawn of song
I built a knoll of praise,
Which will last long
Without crumbling.'

This sort of diction may not be relished by modern taste, but it must be borne in mind that this was the style of those bygone times, as the Homeric epithets are of Greek heroism, or quaintness of the age of Eliza-

beth; and such allowance made, all depends upon the felicity and correctness of the imagery. When Egil in the same drapa uses the following expression:—

'þá er oddbreki
Gnúði hrafni
A' höfuðstafni.'

i. e.

'When the sword-breaker (blood)
Dashed against the raven's
Head-poop (beak);'

the image may seem in bad taste from a modern point of view, but it is correctly and harmoniously carried out, and at all events throws a poetical veil over the bloody harvest for wolves and ravens, which too frequently figures in Northern poetry. But the most original of Egil's drapas is the *Sonartorrek*. The old Viking bard there admits that the real reason of his regret for his lost

son, Bödvar, is the son's resemblance to the father, whose faults as well as virtues the son had inherited. He acknowledges that the character of Bödvar was a mixture of good and evil, and that he might have turned to either side; but nevertheless he wishes he could take revenge on the sea which had swallowed his darling, and then turns himself toward Odin in the following original strain:—

'A'ttak gott
Við-geira drottinn
Gjörðumst trygg
At trúa hánum.
Aðr vinat
Vagna rúni
Sigr-höfundr
Of sleit við mik.
Blótkat því
Bróðr Víla
Goðs Jaðar
At gjarn sæk
þó hefir misvinr
Mér of fengnar
Bölvu bær
Ef it betra taldi.'

i. e.

'I was on good terms
With the god of spears (Odin),
And with true faith
I trusted him.
Till the chariot god, { (Odin)
Chief of victory, }
Tore asunder
The ties of friendship.
Thus not willingly
To Vilis' brother { (Odin).
The supreme god }
I sacrifice.
Still doubtful friend (Odin)
Has made amends
For his evil doings,
If I cared to mind it.'

He argues with Odin on terms of equality, and it is evident that he relies as much upon himself as upon Odin. At the bottom of his heart he believes in his own might; if he sacrifices to Odin it is from habit. Still his

‘Skalat maðr rúnar rista
Nema ráða vel kunni;
þat verðr mörgum manni
At um myrkvan staf villist.’

i.e. ‘With runes no man should meddle
Their meaning lest he riddles;
An evil fate awaits thee
If in dark signs entangled.’

Of Kormak little more can be said than that he is the only erotic poet of the North. Certainly many other Northern bards have addressed ditties and verses to their lady-loves, but Kormak is the only one of whom nothing is left but his numerous odes to his sweetheart Steingerda, except some very imperfect fragments of a drapa on Sigurd Earl of Ladir, the father of Earl Hakon. Kormak thus, at all events, has the merit of proving to posterity that the old Northmen were not insensible to the softer feelings.

Nor need we be detained by Thorvald Hjaltason, Tind Hallkelsson, and Glum Geirason, the last a contemporary of Eyvind Skaldspoiler, and inferior to him, even should he prove to be the author of the *Eiríks-drápa*, the celebrated ode on Erik Bloodaxe.

Eilíf Gudrunarson and Einar *Skálaglam* (Bowl-clasher) are more remarkable, the former as the author of *Thors-drapa*, the latter, as the glorifier of the last representative of the heathen North, Earl Hakon. The subject of *Thors-drapa* is Thor’s visit to the giant Geirroð, and his combat with the giant as before mentioned. Thor is introduced fording ice-cold poisoned rivers.* When arrived at the giant’s dwelling, his reception corresponds with his journey. He is obliged to crack the spines of his host’s daughters, the girls having placed themselves under Thor’s chair, and trying to lift the god higher than he cares; ‘the ruler of the chariot of thunder,’ as the poet expresses himself, ‘broke the old keel of the laughter-ship of both the girls of the mountain-cave.’† The giant then hurls a red-hot iron bar at Thor, who having his iron gloves on, seizes the bar in the air and throws it back at Geirroð. The giant seeks shelter behind an iron pillar, but the bar went through the column, pierced the giant through and through, and emerged outside the stone wall of the cave. It is

easy to imagine the delight with which Earl Hakon, the last true adherent of Paganism in the North, listened to the glorification of his favourite god.

The song of Einar Bowl-clasher to the honour of Earl Hakon himself, can hardly have pleased him better than *Thors-drapa*. For melancholy always sheds her sunlight on a vanishing era, however inferior it may be in intrinsic value to the succeeding age, and a feeling of sadness takes possession of the mind, as we picture the last poets of Paganism sitting in the oaken hall of the last heathen Earl, they reciting and he listening to heathen tales, in which he and they are the last believers. Earl Hakon, therefore, deserved the praise bestowed upon him in Einar’s drapa, *Vellekla*, for the zeal with which he had protected the old creed, and the comparison drawn in this respect between him and King Frodi of Denmark. Still there lingers in the poet’s mind a doubt about the prospects of his gods. He especially dwells upon the circumstance of Hakon’s having reinstated them in their lost rights, and thus admits that they are subject to the vicissitudes of human fortune. The fact was, that like the gods themselves, so their believers had a more or less distinct impression of their impending fate; they too were conscious of Ragnarok being close at hand, and had a presentiment of the approach of a new era, with a new heaven and a new God, as the Edda taught them.* Some of them died in heathen defiance, while others adopted the new creed. Among the latter was this very poet, who now sang of Christ as living ‘on the south of Urðaswell,’† south of the well of the goddess of Fate, not badly for a new convert, who thus hinted at Fate’s being out of power. This is quite as pregnant an expression of the transition from Paganism to Christianity, as the whole Song of the Sun in the elder Edda.

* ‘Hagli oltnar hlaupár, and
þar er eitri þjóðar fjæstu.’—Str. 5.

† ‘Húfstjóri braut hvorra
Hreggs vafrenða tveggja
Hútr-elliða hells
Hundfornan kjöl eprundi.’

* Some, as one of the first settlers in Iceland, Helgi the Lean, professed two creeds. Helgi was a Christian, but ‘he always prayed to Thor, when he was going on a sea-roving expedition, or taking hard resolutions’ (*hét á þór til sæfara ok karðræða*).

† ‘Setbergs kveða síða suðr at urðarbarunni.’
Snorra Edda Sáklskaparmál, 52.

The conflict between, and at the same time the fusion of, the two creeds, is henceforth perceptible in Northern poetry during nearly three centuries, or till the conclusion of the old literary era in the thirteenth century. The Ragnarok of literature takes place slowly and gradually, till finally, saints, legends, and monks succeed in banishing every trace of gods and heroes.

β. *The Skalds of Christian Times.*

The foremost are King Harold Hardrada, Rognvald Earl of the Orkneys; Hallfred *vandræðaskáld* (i. e., the skald in difficulties), under King Olaf Tryggvason of Norway; Sighvat, Thormod Kolbrunsskald, and Arnor Earlskald under the Kings Olaf the Saint, Magnus the Good, and Harold Hardrada; Gunlaug Snake-tongue under Olaf the Swede; Thorarin Praise-tongue under Canute the Old or Powerful; Snorri Sturluson under King Hakon the Old Hakonsson, and Earl Skuli; Olaf the White Skald under Valdemar II., or the Victorious of Denmark; Sturla Thordsson under King Magnus the Law-reviser of Norway, and Earl Birger of Sweden. Besides there are many others of less note, such as Thjodolf, Stuf Skald, Steinn of the Hall (*Hallarsteinn*), Thord Kolbeinsson, Haldor the Not-Christian (*úkrístni*), Ulf Uggason, Ottar the

Black, Bersi Skaldtorfusson, Gissur Goldbrowskald, Ref of Hofgard (*Hofgarda Refr*), Bjarni Goldbrowskald, Stein Herdisarson, Valgard on the Lawn (*Valgardr á Velli*), Odd Kikinaskald, Gisi Ielugason, Björn of the Crookedhand (*hinn krepphendr*), Thor- kel Hamarskald, Thorarin of the Short-cloak, Haldor the Noisy, Markus Skeggjason the poet-laureate of King Ingí Steinkelson of Sweden, the Icelandic priest Einar Skulason under the Norwegian Kings Eyestein, Sigurd, and Ingí, Arnald Thorvaldsson, or, as Saxo calls him, Arnadus Thylensis, the friend of Archbishop Absalon, under Valdemar Knutsson, King of Denmark, etc. etc. With the exception of King Harold and Earl Rognvald or Ronald, all are Icelanders.

In the poems of the above-named skalds we constantly find two currents,—a superficial profession of Christianity and an under-current of Pagan lore. While the poet confesses the new creed, he still preserves the diction, the form, and the metre of the heathen poetry; the imagery, the periphrases, so intimately connected with the Pagan myths, are still drawn from the source of the Eddas. The poets of Northern Christendom still cling to the past with faithful remembrance and regret, and although Christians, because Christianity is the court religion, they nevertheless turn a longing eye to Odin. Thus Hallfred:—

‘Öll hefir átt til hylli
Oðins skipat ljóðum
Algilda mank aldar
Íðju vorra niðja;
Emk traufur því vel viðris
Vald hugnaðist skáldi,
Legg ek á frumfer Friggjar
Fjón, er Kristi þjónum.’

i. e.

‘The race of Odin always
Owned the palm of verses,
The lays of our ancestors
Ever shall be remembered;
Unwilling—Odin’s rule did
Agree with the poet—
My allegiance from Odin
I have transferred to Christus.’*

But this inward contradiction both prevents the later drapas from being as adequate expressions of Paganism as the former were, and from reaching the standard of a new, a Christian poetry. Although a strong proof of the vitality of Odin’s lore, this fact at the same time points to the defects of the poetry of the period, since even poetry cannot serve two masters. Some of these later poets, as Sighvat, Arnor Earlskald, Snorri Sturluson, and Sturla Thordsson may have acquired a still greater skill in versification than the old skalds; they may be able to turn and twist the supple idiom in all sorts of periphrases; but the soul of these periphrases is gone. The poetical diction may be smoother, the rhythms richer and softer, as for instance, Snorri Sturluson’s lay to the honour of King Hakon Hakonsson, *Háttalykill* (the key of metres), or the *Háttalykill* of Earl Rögn-

vald of Orkney, where the following variations on the *mélée* of battle occur:—

* Johannes Olavius in his *Syntagma de Baptismo*, xiii. sec. 14, quotes some more instances of the same regret of the gods; as the following, by the same poet:—

‘Fyrir var hitt er harra
Hlíðskjálf gat ek sjálfan
Skipt er á gumna giptu
Geðskjótan vel blóta.’

And further:—

‘Sás með Sygna rási
Síðr at blót eru gviðjut;
Verðum flest at forðast
Fornhaldin sköþ norna,
Láta allir itar
Oðins ætt fyrri róða,
Verð ek neyddr frá Njarðar
Niðjum Krist at biðja.’

The poet here complains that he cannot sacrifice to Odin any more; if he does, he is denounced. Now,

‘Hríngir brast, hjuggust drengir
Hjálmr gnast, bitu málmar
Rönd skarst, rekkar tyndust
Ruðust sverð, hnígu ferðir;
Brandr reið, blæddu undir,
Ben sullu, spjör gullu
Brast hjör, brynjur lestust
Beit skjórmí, dreif sveita.’

Sverð ruðust, sæfðust ferðir,
Svall ben, valr lá fallinn,
Und raut, álmar bendust
Ör flaug, beitt var hjörvi;
Her féll, geirar gullu,
Gnast lífð, rafu brá fastu,

‘Svalg hverthús
Heitum munni
Viðar hundr
Verma bygðar;
Ok svipgærr
Selju rakki
Um garðshlið
Grenjandi fór.’

But the spirit of the Eddas, of Eyvind and Egil, is gone. The new creed does not penetrate the poet's mind before the middle of the twelfth century, when Einar Skulason wrote his *Geisli* (Ray), an ode upon Olaf the Saint, and even this song is an exception to contemporaneous poetry. The skalds go on in the old artificial strain, until the middle of the fourteenth century, when Catholicism at last succeeds in inspiring the Icelandic monk, Eystein Asgrimsson, with the beautiful religious poem *Lilja* (the Lily), which, in a pure and easy style, and with a pious elevation of mind, praises the Holy Virgin, and which became a household word in the North, it being an old saying, that everybody wished to have composed the Lily (*allir vildu Lilju kveit hafa*). This poet at last believes that simplicity is superior to artificial writing. He contends that—

‘Sjá, er óðinn vill vandan velja
Velr svá mörg í kvæði at selja
Hulin fornyrðin, at trautt má telja
Tel ek, at þat má skilning dvelja
Vel svi at hér má skír orð skilja
Skili þjóðir minn ljósau vilja
Tal óbreytt ok veitt af vilja,
Vil ek drápari heiti Lilja.’

Lilja, Str. 98

he says, everybody exchanges the race of Odin (the gods) for the cross, and I am compelled to turn away from Frey, and to pray to Christ.

The same conflict is ingeniously indicated in the Sagas themselves by the temptations to which Thor and Odin, always in disguise, subject Christian Kings and warriors, such as Olaf Tryggvason, Olaf the Saint, etc. (Snorri Sturluson *Heimskringla*.)

‘Hverr eggjar þik harri
Heiptarstránger at gánga,

i.e.

Oddr beit, ernir söddust
Ulfir fylltist, vè skulfu;

which certainly defy translation into any modern language, every line being a fresh description of swords clashing, helmets cracking, wounds bleeding, ravens breakfasting, arrows flying, etc., and fully bring out the matchless vigour and richness of the language;—but the background of heathen heroism has ever vanished. Sturla Thordsson's drapas on King Hakon Hakonsson likewise abound in the old metaphors, as the following description of a fire:—

‘With his hot mouth
The hound of fire
Gulped the villages
Of Vermaland.
And the grim dog
Of ghastly flame
Howling climbed
The houses' gates.’

Thus translated by Paul Haller in
Latin verse:—

*Non decet obscuris involvere talia metris,
Culta sed e medio verba petita decent:
Omnibus apparent in aperto lilia campo;
Liliaque hinc dici carmina nostra volunt.*

But then he was not the encomiast of kings and princes, who themselves most likely preferred artificial to simple poetry. At least King Harold Hadrada having, previously to the beginning of the battle of Stamfordbridge, composed a war-song in the simple Eddaic style, corrected himself by the remark: ‘that this was bad poetry,’ and composed another song in a more elaborate style, to which a modern reader most likely would prefer the former. It would, however, be a mistake to draw from this fact the conclusion, that the old skalds were mere fawning panegyrists of kings and great men. They adopted the fashion of the day as to their style of writing, but they did not degrade themselves by base flattery. They were too sound for such work, and therefore the great historian Snorri Sturluson, himself a skald, truly remarks, that he has based his history upon the old drapas, because no contemporary poet would have praised a king for virtues he was not possessed of, and daring deeds which he had not performed, ‘this being rather mockery than praise.’ Besides, we have the proofs in existing drapas. Sighvat, in his *Bersöglisvísur* (verses of sincerity, outspoken verses), openly taunts King Magnus the Good with his blunders of administration and the faithlessness of his promises. In the following verse:—

‘Who causes thee, hasty
Handler of keen edges,

Opt reynir þú þínun
þunn stál á bak málum?
Fastorðr skyli fyrða
Fengsæll vera pengill,
Hæfir heit at rjúfa
Hjaldrmagnuðr þér alldri.'

King! to be so careless
Of keeping thy promise?
A king, to win him warriors,
Of word should be steady;
It beseems not blood royal
To break his faith plighted'—

the poet certainly is more outspoken to his king and master than royalty is accustomed to. Sighvat, on the whole, is a fine instance of the faithful skald, who, at the same time, is jealous of the poet's dignity. Nothing can be more touching or more dignified than his elegy on the death of King Olaf the Saint. The poet had gone to Rome as a

pilgrim, before the battle of Sticklestead, and could not stand by his master, when he was slain by the riotous Norse freemen. When, under the reign of Olaf's enemies, he received the tidings of the king's defeat and death, he composed this elegy, of which the following strophe is the climax:—

'Fúss læzt maðr er missir
Meyjarfaðm at deyja
Keypt er ást ef eptir
Oflátinn skal gráta;
En fullhuginn fellir
Flóttstyggir sá er ann dróttni,
Vart torrek lítzt verða
Vigtár konungs árum.'

i.e.

'Rather than miss his maiden
A man fain would perish;
Still love is oft exhausted
In the wail for the dying.
But the brave king-lover
Bloody tears unflinching
Sheds in the swell of battle—
So he bewails his master.'

Of this manly uprightness of Sighvat we have one more proof in his drapa on Erling Skjalgsson, a mighty chief slain by the poet's own king and lord, Olaf the Saint. This dirge was composed at the very court of Olaf, and undoubtedly recited in his hearing; nevertheless the poet is neither sparing in praise of the slain man, nor in regret at his death; 'he did not taste his cup of beer that Christmas-even, when they told him of Erling's fall,'—a hard thing for a poet.

Though from an æsthetical point of view we must consider this later period of Northern poetry as inferior to the former, inasmuch as there lay at the very bottom of the inspiration of the Christian skalds a radical contradiction, which interfered with the free flight of imagination, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that their drapas are invaluable as a source of Northern history. They described truthfully and graphically the events which passed in their time, and of which they, as belonging to the court or retinue of kings and chieftains, commonly were eye-witnesses. We have seen that they were not afraid of speaking their mind, even at the risk of displeasing their masters for the time being. They knew, that if one king should take offence at their boldness, they would find a ready home at the court of another. Sighvat tells Magnus the Good, in *Bersög-lisvísur*, that if the king takes his advice amiss, he will be welcome at the court of the Danish king, but he admits that he prefers staying in Norway. Further, the poets of those ages, being the only existing organs of public opinion, had a power analogous to that of the press at the present day. It was dangerous to offend them; and though they

might, of course, sometimes be influenced by gold or flattery, they on the whole conscientiously fulfilled their task of truthfully chronicling the events and describing the remarkable men of the time, in the manner most fitted to impress them upon the memory of posterity. Thus it came to pass that their drapas formed the essential source of history; the skalds were the forerunners of the Saga-writers; and while the former were historiographers in verse, the latter were often poets in prose.

2. The Sagas in Prose.

It must be borne in mind that the Northern Sagas, though always based upon a historical foundation, are not history, in the strictest sense of the word, if we except Snorri Sturluson's *Heimskringla*. The rest generally waver between history and romance; they are what Goethe calls *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. The heroes and the other characters of the Sagas existed, but their valour and their deeds were frequently no doubt magnified by poetical and popular fiction. Perhaps even the distinguishing features of the events, and of the men connected with them, were historically true; the detail of the story very often was fiction.

In the Sagas, the belief in man's own might is most conspicuous. The immediate rule of destiny, and the direct interference of the gods in human concerns, here disappear. The characters stand or fall by their own worth and valour, and according to their conformity to the general state of affairs, religious and political, to which they belong. Personal worth here holds its own, and

makes itself thoroughly respected. The Northern gods are not, as the Greek divinities, mortified at this defection from their sway. They take no revenge for this blasphemous foolhardiness of human kind. There is no instance of Odin or Thor inflicting torture on a Northern hero for his relying rather upon his own energies than upon their assistance, as Zeus did on Prometheus, or Appollo on Marsyas. Odin confines himself to sending King Hakon Athelstane's-Fosterling a savage look for his having professed the Christian religion; and Thor is satisfied if the believer in his own power uses the sign of the hammer as the symbol of strength. The belief in man's own valour, which from the Christian point of view is blasphemy, is a natural supplement to the Asa creed, and the gods consider the professors of that belief as nothing worse than sectarians or dissenters.

Again, the characters are drawn with Homeric minuteness. They stand palpably before us with their inward as well as outward physiognomy. Historical and poetical truth are both preserved, because the characters are throughout in conformity with themselves, and with the historical background against which they are seen. It has already been observed, that the essential feature of the Northman was a highly-developed feeling of freedom and independence. Even power, as such, was comparatively indifferent to him, save as far as it might help him to independence. Despotie, tyrannical power, he abhorred, because it involved slavery both to ruler and subject;—to the one in the form of anguish, to the other as bondage. In the best period of the Saga age, the hero, the viking, the peasant, did not aspire to anything more than to be master in his own particular sphere of action—in his circuit or district, on board his vessel, in his house; nor was he satisfied with less. Such was Thorgnyr Lawman, and still he could, when he chose, compel the Swedish king to do his pleasure. Högni Langbjörnsson contemptuously declined the offer of nobility tendered to him by King Harold Hardrada. Thus the royal power in the North never became absolute, and partly without knowing it, the Northern nations all possessed a rational self-government. King Magnus the Good even complied with a poet's advice; Olaf Skotking was compelled to give way when the peasants differed from him,—‘so the Swedish kings had ever done;’ and on the bloody field of Sticklestead, Olaf the Saint expiated his contempt of this spirit of freedom.

When we turn to the individual characters, we find, as remarked above, that their passion is calm, their pathos silent,—no noise but that of action, no tumult but that

of battle. The feelings do not expand, but concentrate themselves; they retreat, they do not advance. Thus they either harden or destroy the individual. The boy, whose father has been slain, ‘does not weep, but remember’ (Sigmund Brestisson in the Saga of the *Feroeings*); the old man who lies lame in his bed, when he loses his son, feeds on his grief till he throws down his crutches (*Hávarðas Saga Isfrðings*); Hrefna ‘bursts from sorrow’ (*Laxdæla-saga*). The speech of our forefathers seldom flowed easily; their feelings rather froze into action.

This sort of reserve may be judged differently; of the fact that it was thus embodied in the North there can be no dispute. A sound and strong man needs fuller utterance than words can give. The Northern character, therefore, was faithful in love as well as in hatred, and both frequently ended with life. For the same reason we seldom meet in the Sagas with a protracted mourning; when the subject of love or of hatred had departed there was an end of it; and the revenge of the Northman was not transferred to the children or family of the offender, as in the Jewish or Italian *vendetta*. Hvam-Sturla took to his bed sick, when his mortal enemy Thorun died. When asked what ailed him, he replied, ‘While she was alive I had some hope of revenge; now she is dead, that hope is gone; it is not becoming to take revenge on orphans’ (*Sturlunga-saga*). Then the passion of the Northman was both subdued and calculating; words and features could not truly interpret it, but only action. We certainly in the Sagas sometimes meet with a bitter and cutting interchange of words, but in that case we may be sure that there is no question of serious wrath. Disputes at a public assembly were, as well as cutting epigrams (*nidvísur*), a mixture of joke and earnest, but belong always to the province of the comic, except when they, as sometimes happened, lead to fatal consequences. This constraint on passion, this discipline of the feelings, was in the Northern blood, and formed a part of Northern education. Complaints and bursts of passion were considered as unworthy of a man, and as proofs of an unfree mind.

It is this earnestness of will, this dignity of passion, which imparts a dramatic interest to the Sagas, such as *Njal's* or *Laxdæla-saga*. In his struggle to throw off the chains of passion, the individual seldom during life succeeds in reaching conciliation, without falling the other way into guilt. Revenge generally levies too high a tax, and through the course of generations the debtor be-

comes creditor. Thus the same family, which began by being the avenger, ends by becoming the object of revenge. On this imperfect liquidation of the accounts of passion the old trilogies are based, whose unity is a just Nemesis, which rapidly or slowly walks forth through the history of nations, families, and individuals. This circumstance also lends to the Icelandic Sagas their interest; persons and events which, taken singly, may not be entitled to any historical celebrity, whose sphere of action is limited, and politically speaking, very narrow, acquire through the strength and endurance of passion a poetical, a universal value, which cannot be enhanced either by the mystic hues of tradition or the wide horizon of history. It cannot be denied that the Icelandic Sagas are read with as great pleasure as the history of Snorri Sturluson, not because the Icelandic Vikings had been in contact with Northern kings, but because they, when returned from their travels to their own distant and isolated home, developed there an individual activity, which, in a limited sphere of common life, conveys a faithful and frequently striking picture of the general character of the age, and the race to which they belonged.

Now a low state of civilisation always lacks the movement and variety of a higher culture. But, singularly enough, the individual characters are richer and more original in the former than in the latter. It is a complaint of the present age, that one man is almost like another of similar education, and in the same class of life and society there is a common complaint of increasing want of originality. In the old times, the reverse was the case. The simplicity and uniformity of the age brought forth a great variety of individual temper and character. We meet in the Sagas with every possible shade of human character, from the overbearing force (Egil Skallagrimsson, Skarphedin) to the meekest reserve (Brand the Open-handed), from the frankest generosity (Hrafnkel Freyspriest, Gissur the White, Hjnti Skeggiason, Hall of Sida, Jon Loptsson of Odda) to the greatest prudence (Njal) or cunning (Snorri the priest, Hvam-Sturla, Earl Gissur) or wily crafts (Mörd Valgardsson); and this variety of character is so much the more striking, as the persons that bear upon each other are more dissimilar. Further, the actors appear in their natural dispositions; when they come from Nature's hand frank and open, they do not speculate in tricks, and if stamped by Nature with the lower mark of craft and cunning, they do not wear the lion's hide. But even those Saga characters, whose principal features

are alike, differ from each other in minor points. The cunning of Snorri is unlike that of Earl Gissur. The former is both fiery and prudent; Gissur always cheerful and good-tempered; Hvamsturla plots revenge in his shut bed, as Earl Hakon, and the wisdom of Njal rises to the penetration of the hidden future. The honesty of Jon Loptsson is widely different from that of Hall of Sida. The former is commanding, the latter mild and gentle. The great historical characters also have a place in the Sagas. Who ever was more lavish of his life than King Hakon the Good, or Olaf Tryggvason; who were sterner rulers than Earl Hakon and King Harold Hardrada? Who a better servant than Ulf Ospaksson, of whom King Harold said in his funeral speech: 'Here lies the man, the truest and trustworthiest of all.' What country has possessed greater politicians than King Sverrir and King Hakon Hakonsson? And where is a more stubborn adversary to be found than King Sweyn Ulfsson of Denmark, who, like William III. of England, never gained a battle, but still was never vanquished or subdued? Where a better specimen of a democrat than Thorgnyr Lawman; or of a sturdy squire, than Sveinki Stenarsson? Finally, the mastery of the Sagas consists in this, that the reader, when perusing them, must say of the characters described, as the spectator says of a good likeness, 'How like!' They are not arbitrarily drawn heroes of romance, but real persons, true and sound productions of the inventive power of nature and creation.

The Northman did not, in the same degree as the Greek, pay his homage to the beautiful; this his stern clime, his barren soil forbade. Still, he was not indifferent to outward beauty and elegance. He also knew how to value a fine exterior, a rich 'scarlet' dress. But he always, principally, looked to the inward qualities; he liked the gold-hilted sword to be furnished with a keen edge, and the bright coat of mail to be able to defy any blow. Both the Sagas and the *speculum regium* of King Sverrir contain sufficient proofs of the value attached to a courteous bearing and neat dress, but they were never cultivated at the expense of more essential qualities. Therefore, the freeman in his homespun smock-frock looked upon himself as the equal of the scarlet-clad courtier. His sword was not the gift of a king, nor was it gold-studded as that of the young man, but the blade was as well tempered, and however frequently reddened with blood, it had no stains of rust on it. The old Viking himself forged his spear, and while forging in his smithy, he thought of past

times, and drily said to the blower of the bellows:—

‘Eion af ellifu Bar ek banaord, Blástu meir!’	i.e. ‘One of eleven Was I the bane— Blow more!’
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The test of the real, the positive worth and merit of a literature, and the characters it paints, is to know the reverse of them, their negative side—the comic element. Now, what are the comic points in Northern character? First of all, cowardice and want of self-command; then boasting and blustering. A man who, when in passion, grows wordy—*var óðambla*—is comical. The wild brute of a man—*berserkr*—who *non sui compos* howls like a dog, and takes his shield between his teeth, is comical. But, especially, the coward, as possessed of ‘the mare’s heart,’ is an object of laughter and scorn. Outwardly, these comical characters of the North are uniformly represented as small and light, quick and ready of speech, flippant and full of levity; their very name points to their origin as descending from thralls; they generally are called *Hrappr*, a sham, a person not to be depended upon.

The female characters of the Sagas correspond with the male. Chaste and pure, faithful and dignified, each subordinate to her husband, and taking part in his toil, they stand firmly and lovingly by his side. Generally, they act as mediators, softening his pains, and cheering him; sometimes they step forward with the passion of a fury. Ragnhild, the wife of Thorberg Arnason (*Ólafs-saga Helga*), Bergthora, the wife of Njal (*Njáls-saga*), Helga (*Gunnlaugs-saga Ormstúngu*), are true patterns of the Northern woman. The furies we meet in Hallgerda (*Njáls-saga*),* in Gudrun Osfivur’s daughter (*Laxdæla-saga*), etc. The task of the wife was, according to Northern customs, to watch the honour of the house, to represent the house and the family in the absence of the husband. The house was not, as in the Homeric songs, left to the care of half-grown sons. The Northern wife, therefore, frequently comes forward cheering and encouraging her family, sometimes exciting them. Upon the whole, the old North was endowed with a fine race of women; as the men are, so are women. A sound age brings forth strong men, chaste and tender women. A corrupted age engenders weak and flabby men, unruly and voluptuous women.

As to the form, the Sagas belong to the same species of poetry as the historical romances of modern times, with similar epic, lyric, and dramatic elements; the difference

is, that while modern romance generally observes the unity of action, the principal interest centring on one or two persons, towards which all the rest gravitate, the Saga treats a series of actions, of men and even families. The reason is, that the historical element is in the romance subservient to fiction, in the Saga it is prevalent; the historical romance does not pretend to be history, it only leans on history; the Saga claims the rank of history, which it only adorns with fiction. Besides, the Sagas are mostly tales, not of single individuals, but of whole families and districts (*Laxdæla-saga*, *Svarfdæla-saga*, *Ljósveitninga-saga*, *Sturlunga-saga*), and even where a single person claims the principal place, there are many other individuals equally entitled to the reader’s interest (*Njáls-saga*, *Egils-saga*, *Grettis-saga*, *Víga-glúms-saga*, *Kórmaks-saga*).

It is at the first glance a remarkable fact, that the old Northmen, though endowed, as the Sagas prove, with a true instinct of the dramatic element of plot and event as well as of character, never attained the dramatic form of poetry. But this was a natural consequence of their outward circumstances and their social life, which did not admit the stage. Their degree of culture was not favourable to public artificial pleasure. Of public sports or what is called in England out-of-door sport, they were extremely fond, such as wrestling, football, and horse-races, or rather horse-fights. They also knew dancing (*stiga dans*, *danisleikr*), music (*leikari*), and jugglers (*trúðr*), but as to the drama, properly speaking, they were satisfied with having those scenes of stirring interest represented through the medium of the epic to the inner eye of fancy, which the Greek made dramatically apparent to the outward senses. But in what we may call the dramatic arrangement of the narrative they had the tact of true artists. Read the episode about Thorgnyr Lawman on Upsalathing, of Sveinki the Elvgrime in Snorri Sturluson, or the description given by the shepherd in *Laxdæla-saga* of the party that came to attack Helgi Hardbeinson. Nothing can be more graphic.

We did not undertake the task of exhausting this rich subject; and much more might be said, and better said, in the same direction. Our only object was to point to our readers, who are now beginning to take some interest in Northern literature, the distinguishing features of the old Northern poetry. We shall be much mistaken if, by paying some attention to the Eddas, the Skalds, and the Sagas, they do not find much that is nearly akin to Shakespeare and Walter Scott.

* G. W. Dasent, *Burnt Njal*. Edinburgh, 1861.

ART. V.—VICTOR COUSIN.

A GREAT star has fallen from the intellectual firmament of France. Amongst all the men whose elevation of thought and nobility of character have during the last half century laboured to rescue France from the moral penalties of her political weakness, none stood higher, none did more to fill the minds of his fellow-countrymen with high aims and generous aspirations, than Victor Cousin. It was the magnitude and diversity of his gifts that sometimes led men astray in their appreciation of him, for people rarely disagree in judging power which has but one form, and which, however great it may be, is essentially narrow. Take for instance Royer Collard, a nature as strong in its narrowness as can well be conceived. People do not dispute over Royer Collard; they accept and follow him, or they reject him from sheer antipathy; but they do not 'fall out' about him passionately, which is what the friends even more than the enemies of Cousin were perpetually doing. Radiant natures dazzle; and if ever a radiant nature existed upon this earth of ours, it was that of Victor Cousin. His unity lay in his sympathy with greatness. To greatness he was wedded; and its various forms in man were thoroughly one in him. He took no heed of how the greatness revealed itself, so that it was there; religion, philosophy, history, art, politics, no matter what the field, so that the human soul fought well, and rose high above self. He knew of no party and of no 'opinion,' but wherever there was a great achievement or a great passion he was attracted. Herein alone can be found the unity of his genius; seek for it elsewhere, and he will appear a compound of curiously divergent aims and faculties. He has somewhere said of himself with perfect truth—'the keynote is admiration.' His desire to worship was so intense, that naturally enough it led him more than once to pay too eloquent homage where the grandeur was only apparent. This explains the angry disappointment with which those who had most hung upon his word sometimes judged him.

But the hour of Cousin's death has silenced nearly every dissentient voice, and from quarters where no one would have suspected that so lofty a soul as his could have been known there has arisen in France a note of mourning recognition. Now the radiance of his nature tells; and, as with sunlight in dark alleys and tortuous streets, flashes must have fallen where no one would suppose they could ever have penetrated. From the deservedly condemned *Petite Presse* of Paris, from the columns of jour-

nals where names are signed whose sole notoriety springs from what is frivolous or immoral, but whose chiefly youthful conductors, by reason of their youth, have not yet ceased to respond to the beautiful; from all these there has come one identical expression of admiration and respect. Whoever knows modern France sufficiently to know what the rupture is between the 'rising generation' of a certain class and all the men and things of the past, sees in this an isolated and significant fact. It proves for the thousandth time that whatever is sincere invariably conquers. What the weary enervated garrulous youth of Paris (who had never approached Cousin) felt and knew was, that a man had died whose life's passion had been the sublime, and that that passion had won for him no material gains. Seeking, as he did, objects of admiration everywhere, no wonder either that he made mistakes, or that his sympathies passed too promptly for slower minds from one form of glory to another—excluding neither Republicans nor Royalists, Bonapartists nor Parliamentarians, from his paradise, but welcoming superiority under all denominations, from Duguesclin to Marshal Bugeaud, from St. Bernard to Danton, from Condé to Napoleon Bonaparte. He was powerless to exclude any. Show him but a proof of greatness, and call it by any name you would, and he did homage to it. But the one important point was that never were these changes of Cousin's self-interested; and this, while it only the more perplexed and vexed his friends, secured for him in the end justice from the public, and recognition from that worn-out and would-be cynical 'rising generation,' the prime secret of whose cynicism may perhaps lie in its disgust and contempt for the corruption around it. It was, as Othello says, 'the cause that made the difference;' and while the basest appetites lay bare before the French public, and while 'modifications' of opinion, as they are euphoniously termed, had but the shameless cause of barter—a man's whole soul exchanged for wealth—the 'cause' with Cousin lay so high that none could touch to sully it. And this 'cause' saved him. In a world where consciences were bought and sold in open market, where honour was an obsolete word, where the love of the lovely and the grand was ridiculous, and where that alone was esteemed which was convertible into cash, it was something to see a man who lived with the dead of two centuries ago, and would not be a senator. This, if not this alone, was the source of Cousin's power, a power he himself scarcely knew, for he judged the contemporary youth

of France severely, and believed that between them and him there could be no link. The indestructible basis on which Cousin rests his fame will be found in the fact, that from his first to his last written page there is not one on which the passion of disinterestedness is not inscribed. All his lessons are ennobling; in that consists their unity.

'Bend not your knee before fortune, but be accustomed to bow to the law. Cultivate the noble sentiment of respect. Know how to admire; worship all great men and things. Cast from you that enervating literature, alternately coarse or over-refined, which delights in the poverty of human nature, fosters our weaknesses, and panders to our senses and fancy, instead of speaking to our souls and elevating our thoughts. Hold out against the disease of our age, that fatal love of ease, incompatible with a generous ambition. Into whatever career you step, propose to yourself some high and noble aim, and to its pursuance devote a constancy that nothing can shake. *Sursum corda!* lift your hearts on high! therein lies all philosophy! this it is which we have borne away from all our studies; this we taught to your predecessors in the schools; this we leave to you as our final instruction and supreme last lesson.'*

To this teaching Cousin remained faithful through a period of fifty years. And for never having, in the course of half a century, spoken or written one word that was not in strict harmony with the injunction *Sursum corda*, he has merited that, at his death, those who were remote from his intimacy should, out of sheer regard to justice, say of him, with Sainte Beuve: 'The void left by Cousin is no ordinary one. It is not an eminent individual who has gone from amongst us—it is a power, a force, a grand intellectual influence that has ceased to be.'

Victor Cousin was born in Paris in the year 1792. He is one of the small number of illustrious Frenchmen who are by birth and parentage Parisian. Like the father of Jean Jacques, the father of Cousin was a watchmaker. The strong belief in the omnipotence of knowledge had already set in in France, and the boy was sent early (and not without some sacrifice on his father's part) to school. His first studies were at the *Lycée Charlemagne*, and the triumphs of young Victor Cousin remain still among the traditional scholastic glories of the place. All the great prizes were awarded at once to this single student at the *Grand Concours* of all the *Lycées* of France; and, as far as mere collegial fame could go, the future philosopher was famous before the first years of manhood had opened upon him. From

the *Lycée Charlemagne* he went to the *Ecole Normale*, and from that moment the outlines of his destiny were fixed. M. de Fontanes, who guided the University under the Empire (one of the few compensations France enjoyed during that period of noisy intoxicating violence and wrong), had made Royer Collard Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy at the *Faculté des Lettres*. Laromiguière was at the same time Professor of Philosophy.

In 1812, when the intemperance of successful tyranny (as all authentic documents now prove) was ripening into actual insanity, and the Russian campaign was to spell the first letters of the 'awful writing on the wall,' no man could have been better chosen than Royer Collard for impressing the minds of young men, who naturally revolted from wrong, and were beginning to feel that morality might have its glories as well as war. The object of the *Ecole Normale* as an institution, was to educate Professors, to form those who were to lead the national mind. It was in itself a powerful and useful body, and like many other creations of despotism, became a terrible instrument of resistance to its creator. Those who have at all studied the character of M. de Fontanes will arrive at the conclusion that he was thoroughly aware of what he was doing when he appointed Royer Collard to the professorship, not of Philosophy, but of the History of Modern Philosophy at the *Faculté des Lettres*. It is certain that had Napoleon been as well aware, he would never have sanctioned the appointment. But his genuine inability to appreciate impalpable force, his determined disdainful blindness to what was neither a battalion nor an edict, allowed to be sown the seeds of an opposition the power of which was not calculable by him. Cousin, then completing his twentieth year, heard Royer Collard, and chose his career in life. We purposely abstain from saying that he followed Royer Collard, or became his 'disciple,' for that view of his conduct would be incorrect. The matter and the manner of Royer Collard's teaching alike struck Cousin's ardent nature, as flint on steel, and the fire flashed,—but the matter and the manner of Cousin were not those of his predecessor. When the youthful student stood amongst his fellows, and first listened in 1812, to the noble doctrines of the teacher upon whose austere repute there lay no shade, he was somewhat in the mental position which Dante has described in the words: '*Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.*' Darkness was all around, and, to a certain degree, silence; and though men's souls, by reason of their divine origin, could not deny the higher attributes and

* *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, Avant-propos, p. 10.

higher longing, though freedom and human dignity were on the eve of being loudly evoked, the voice was as yet but a whispered one, and the public was still only groping after what were one day to be its great gains. Now the intellectual action of Royer Collard upon Cousin opened for him a gate out of Dante's 'darksome wood.' Light came through the branches, and the listener saw a path, down which he dashed—dashed with the impetuosity which never left him till his last hour,—but he went his way alone: the teacher was left at the gate which he had opened. Cousin never was a *Doctrinaire*. It might be almost safe to say that Royer Collard was that alone.

Cousin's lot in life was now irrevocably chosen. As in all cases where a vocation is so evident, success greeted him at the outset, and never abandoned him to the end. He had barely reached his majority when he was named *Maître des Conférences* at the *Ecole Normale*, and became virtually Professor of the future Professors of France.

In 1815 an important interruption occurred in Cousin's academic life. The vanquished Emperor returned from the island of Elba; and from the 20th of March till the 18th of June, it may be said that nothing in France remained upright,—all was jostled together in one wild mass of helpless confusion. There was, in good earnest, nothing to choose between parties: all were equally corrupt, cowardly, and imbecile.* If the Bourbons, on their first return, had not attempted to restore the absolutely worm-eaten paraphernalia of a monarchy as thoroughly defunct as that of the Pharaohs, the comedy of the Hundred Days could never have been enacted at all; and if the Hundred Days had not served to show up the miserable clap-trap devices to which the utterly exhausted Imperial *régime* was reduced, there never could have been a second appeal to the family of the elder branch. The time was ill chosen for esteem or admiration of anything French. Flood after flood had swept over the land, and left it morally bare. To the crimes of the old *régime* had succeeded the crimes of the Revolution, which in their turn had ushered in, if not caused, the devastating oppression of the Empire. The fallen were on all sides, and in 1815 it was hard to see where the work of reconstruction could begin. In the midst of so many beliefs overthrown and duties betrayed, one only duty seemed plain—the defence of the soil. To this the youth of France eagerly

rushed, and Cousin's intimates in later years could trace many tendencies and predilections, not wholly accounted for by mere love of history, to the few months spent by him as a Royalist volunteer.

At the end of 1815, however, when monarchy had become, for a time at all events, the form into which France had settled, Cousin's intellectual activity flashed into its first splendour. He took, at the age of twenty-three, the place of substitute to Royer Collard, as Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy. Few now living remember Cousin's lessons at this time, but the few who do so describe the impression made by him as something unparalleled. In the six years between 1815 and 1821, he in fact founded his school. After having commenced his teaching, inspired almost exclusively by the doctrines of our own great Scotch Professors, and taken up his philosophical rank in France as an '*Écossais*,' as it was then termed, he paid his first visit to Germany, and returned to his lectures on the history of modern philosophy, as full of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, as he was before of Dugald Stewart and Reid. In 1821 the Restoration began to show its readiness for reaction against Liberal opinions, and contrary to the wish of Louis XVIII. and the wiser convictions of M. Decazes, a system of secret prevention rather than actual compression was resorted to; suspicion was the order of the day, and perhaps for almost the first time in France, intellect was regarded as dangerous. The murder of the Duc de Berry (the act of a fanatic) was made to serve a system, and princes were persuaded into a fatal belief of their own incompatibility with freedom. Outbreaks of what is termed by the timid 'the revolutionary spirit' were of frequent occurrence, and the *Carbonari* in Italy sufficed to petrify with terror whoever in Europe went by the name of a Conservative. The princes of the House of Bourbon in France were by no means the most timid of their brethren; quite the reverse; but they followed the lead of other Thrones, and useless acts of severity laid the basis for what, nine years later, was a national movement carrying everything before it. In 1821, it was decided that Cousin's lessons were 'dangerous,' and 'authority,' as is its wont in such cases, hastened to put the crown to his popularity by suspending his lectures. Morally, the young Professor's fortune was made by this, but, in a worldly point of view, his means of subsistence were greatly reduced; for simultaneously with the suspension of the *Cours d'histoire philosophique* at the Sorbonne, the doors of the *Ecole Normale* were closed, and that nursery

* For the proof of this, read Villemain's *Cent Jours*.

of future doctors laid waste. From 1821 to 1825 he was appointed private tutor to one of Marshal Lannes' (Duc de Montebello's) sons; and at the same time he was engaged with his famous edition of Descartes, and his translation of Plato into French.

In 1825 Cousin paid his second visit to Germany, a visit destined to be more fruitful of celebrity to him even than the first. Matters were advancing to a crisis, and everywhere the obstinate cowardice and wilful blindness of governments were forcing contemplative intelligence into political action, and ripening the future success of their own worst enemies. The clear-sighted, sceptical, dispassionate French king, Louis xviii., was dead; the period of the 'unforeseen' was already opened in France under the weak, honest, bigoted rule of Charles x., and an *entourage* of ministers and favourites, who held 'reaction against revolution,' as they styled it, to be a duty. In Germany, every State, large or small, rested on a volcano; and the unfulfilled pledges of 1813-1815 were secretly prompting revolt from the Elbe to the Rhine. In Italy and in Spain the impulse had been given by princes, and 'houses were divided against themselves,'—the result being, what it generally is, the betrayal of cause and comrades by the Prince, and increased contempt for the Holy Families who asserted that their right of governing was 'divine.' Great Britain, whose monarchs had for a century and a half unlearned that mischievous doctrine, and grown to know that the tenure of sovereignty rests on the happiness and prosperity of the nation—Great Britain stood almost alone in dignified tranquillity, whilst the remainder of Europe was convulsed.

Caution was not one of Cousin's qualities. His appearance and attitude were enough to frighten any Teutonic police functionary. 'There is something defiant in the very way his head is put on his shoulders,' one of those who knew him best used to say; and this may have been true, for before he had done more than been seen and heard amongst private friends, he was arrested in Dresden, sent to Berlin, and kept a prisoner there for six months!

Cousin's greatest public triumphs date from this time. In little more than a year after his return from his German 'captivity,' the Villèle cabinet fell, and was replaced by the Martignac ministry,—the first and last serious effort at conciliation with the spirit of the age made by a *régime* whose fate was sealed. This was a brilliant passage in the intellectual history of modern France, and nothing that was really grand in the '*Grand*

Siècle' outshone the lustre that was thrown over the French name by the host of noble thinkers that then arose. Villemain and Cousin at the Sorbonne, Guizot at the Collège de France, were the three foremost chiefs round whom flocked the rising generation. But the nature of his teachings and the nature of the man made Cousin the most prominent of the three. When his lectures were once more opened to the public in 1827, the hall where they were held might be looked upon as a more important place than the Chamber of Deputies. The crowds that assembled there had not bent their minds to the practical discussion of some public measure, of some legal enactment; they had heard the capacity of the human soul descanted upon in the loftiest language, and had gone forth inflamed with enthusiasm and ripe for attack upon whatever was unworthy or mean. In all this Cousin was not to blame; he was then, what he always remained at heart, a royalist, a genuine conservative, a chivalrous French royalist, awarding a larger portion of active preponderance to the monarch himself than any British constitutionalist could ever be brought to sanction; but at the same time, he had lived far too constantly with the great Greeks, and communed too closely with Plato, not to believe that ideas have a sphere of their own, high above all governments. As far as political rule was concerned, Cousin was a staunch, and according to our notions not even a very liberal royalist; but he put philosophy above kings, and denied their right to trammel thought; which is precisely what no champion of *le Droit Divin* can ever be induced to admit. Struggle as he might against the absurdity of the misapprehension, Cousin was set down throughout Europe as a revolutionist in 1827—just as, in 1848 and the following years, he was declared to be a '*Révolutionnaire*;' but it was circumstances that had changed and altered the point of view from which he was seen; with a few insignificant external variations, his doctrines suffered far less modification than the general public supposed.

However, the high-handed 'logic of facts' had its own way, as it mostly has, and dealt with Cousin according to popular appreciation rather than according to downright reality. As he was foremost among those who had elevated the national mind, and thereby helped to wind it up to repel tyranny; as he was one of the victims to the reactionary government of Charles x., so he became one of the favoured of the government of July. Before the year 1830 had come to an end, he was a Professor

at the Sorbonne, a Councillor of State, a member of the great Council of Public Instruction, and of the *Académie*, and director of the *École Normale*. In 1832 he was made a peer of France. In 1840 he joined the short ministry of M. Thiers, known in France under the name of '*Ministère du 1^r Mars*,' and during the eight months the cabinet endured (till the 29th October, when the last, fatally-long Guizot ministry succeeded), he remained Minister of Public Instruction, into which department he introduced reforms the expediency of which was not contested by even his bitterest enemies.

From the end of the year 1840 until the Revolution of 1848 a period of nearly eight years opens, during which Cousin's activity was chiefly political. He resigned his place as member of the Council of Public Instruction upon entering the ministry in March; but this, on ceasing to be a minister, he resumed, and then took upon himself the task of defending the University in the Chamber of Peers. Most valiantly he acquitted himself of the task—not always sympathizing with the kind of support he met with from his friends, and never enjoying a respite from the violent acrimony with which he was pursued by his foes, whose arguments, moreover, he did not indiscriminately reject. From the 24th February 1848 till the day of his sudden and recent death, a period of nineteen years, the fame of Cousin as a thinker and writer, as a powerful intellectual agent, however removed from the bustle of public life, grew in splendour, a splendour steadier and calmer, but perhaps even more intense, than that which flashed over the stormy contests of his earlier days.

We repeat the words with which we began this essay; 'It was the magnitude and diversity of Cousin's gifts' that provoked hostility. He could as little confine himself to one narrow opinion as to one single pursuit. He saw men and things from all the points of view which in fact existed; never from his own point of view only. His largeness of perception unsettled his friends in their adherence, for the simple reason that in practical politics above all, men are for the most part, and in spite of themselves even, attentive to details, whilst Cousin's speciality was in all things to overlook details, to treat them with the loftiest indifference. In this respect, his mind might be said to be divergent from the purely political mind, according to the ordinary acceptation of the word. But no one who reads his studies on Richelieu or Mazarin (particularly the last work

on the Italian cardinal)* will refuse to Cousin the grandest capacity and clearest perception where the vast problems of government and the first principles of policy are in question.

It happened to the great French philosopher, as so often happens to men who overtop the mass of their fellow-men, that he was judged by lesser minds than his own, and arbitrarily condemned to occupy a place and pursue an aim to which he could not confine himself. Those who have attacked Cousin, and they are many, above all in Germany and France, forget, or were never able to comprehend, what his objects in life were, and they abuse him for not having been faithful to theirs. Cousin had very few objects in life, but to those few he gave himself entirely, heart, soul, time, faculties; from what he worshipped he withheld no part of himself. Now the one object which he pursued for fifty years, which he followed through every variety of form, to which he sacrificed whatever stood in its way, and to which he never, in thought, word, or deed, was unfaithful, from the hour when he learned to think till the hour when thought vanished from his brain—that one object was Spiritualism. In this respect, there perhaps never existed a teacher in any country whose teachings show such an absolute oneness. From the lessons of 1818 to the studies on the history of France in the seventeenth century, through all the professorship of the close of the Restoration, all the discussions in the Chamber of Peers under the July monarchy, and all the confusing events of the nineteen years that followed the Republic, of '48, through all that, one aim remains unaltered, one worship unmoved, one belief unimpaired—Spiritualism.

We must remember that Cousin was a Frenchman, that he taught in French, educated and tried to elevate the youth of France (not of any other nation), and that, whilst in other countries Spiritualism may give its name to a philosophical doctrine, which may be more or less calmly discussed and disputed over, in France it implied more than this. In 1812, when Royer Collard expounded the text of our countrymen at the Sorbonne, he spoke to men who, twenty years before, had been the chief actors in the Revolution, and for whom the patent proof of Materialism lay in their own success. What could the spirit, the soul, the flame from on high, immaterial and divine, mean to men who with the brutal sledgehammer of fact had beaten down thrones and crushed

* *La Jeunesse de Mazarin.*

creeds? To these men Spiritualism was a weakness. Yet from the hour he first opened his mouth to teach that France in which Materialism was rampant and gorged with power and success, Cousin taught her the opposite doctrine and that only, and he forced her to recognise and do homage to it under every variety of shape.

This was the great achievement of which so many people lose sight. We will take Cousin upon this point as a witness in his own cause, for it is perfectly safe to do so. In 1853 he republished, under the title of *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, the lectures he had delivered between 1815 and 1821; and in his Preface occurs this passage:—

‘Our true doctrine, our true standard, is spiritualism—the philosophy, generous and solid at the same time, that commences with Socrates and Plato, that the Gospel spreads over the world, that Descartes forced into the severer forms of the genius of modern times, that in the seventeenth century was the power and the glory of our land, and that in the eighteenth succumbed with our national greatness. . . . The name of spiritualism is properly given to this philosophy; for its character is, that it subordinates the senses to the spirit, and that, by all means which reason can avow, it perpetually tends to elevate man and make him greater. Spiritualism teaches the immortality of the soul, the freedom and responsibility of human action, the obligation of morality, the virtue of disinterestedness, the dignity of justice, the beauty of charity; and beyond the limits of this earth, spiritualism points to God—the Creator and the Type of humanity, who, having created man evidently for an excellent end, will not abandon him during the mysterious development of his destiny. This philosophy is the natural ally of every noble cause; sustains religious feelings, inspires true art and poetry worthy of the name, and all lofty literature. This philosophy is the mainstay of right, and rejects alike despotism and demagoguery; teaching all men to respect and love each other, and gradually leading the communities of this world to true republicanism,—that dream of all generous natures which, in the Europe of our day, seemed to be realized by constitutional monarchy.

‘According to the strength we possess, to co-operate in the work of reviving, defending, and propagating this noble philosophy, has been the object which made us what we are, which has upheld us, during an already long career, in which great difficulties have not failed to meet us on our path. Thanks be to God, time has rather increased than weakened our convictions, and we end as we began. A new edition of the writings of our early youth is but a fresh effort in favour of the sacred cause for which we have fought for more than forty years.’*

To this passage we earnestly call the attention of the British reader; for this passage contains Cousin—the teacher and the man. Beyond it there is little left to seek for, and from it he never swerved an inch. There, as he himself recalls in a work republished at a distance of forty years from the date of its original appearance,—there are his objects, or rather, the object in which all others were comprised. Spiritualism—the cause of the soul against the senses, of the generous against the sordid, of the lofty against the base; the cause of self-sacrifice against enjoyment, the cause, to use his own words, of whatever was ‘true, beautiful, and right.’

The words we have quoted above express Cousin's teaching. Man, created free, and yet under the law of duty, distinct from, and yet dependent on God the Creator: there stands the creed in all simplicity. There is the foundation on which, from Plato to Descartes, so many glorious spirits have rested their faith, and which the modern German school, culminating in Hegel, professes to have found too narrow. Whether the human soul finds a wider field, and a nearer approach to truth, in either of the two antagonistic systems which seek to supersede Spiritualism as Cousin understood it; whether Hegelianism or Positivism advances most towards the solution of the eternal problem—that is not the present question. The question is what Cousin taught and believed,—believing it and teaching it at the end as he did at the beginning. This question we have answered; and however the envious or the prejudiced may deny the fact, the consistency of Cousin is proved with a clearness that does not often fall to the lot of public men. What frequently misled those who judged him was the spirit with which he met all illiberal interpretations of great doctrines by little men. Shocked by the readiness with which a contemporary school denies the necessity of what is divine, Cousin sought more and more the support of the great Christian masters, and drew daily nearer to Pascal, Descartes, and Leibnitz; but those who, in their anger, described him as church or priest-ridden, or as what they term ‘gone over to Rome,’ laboured under a complete misapprehension. In the year 1860, observing upon a friend's table the volume of Bossuet's *Elévations* and the *Meditations on the Trinity*, Cousin suddenly exclaimed, ‘What a book! what a guide for those who are trying to find their way!’ His friend smiled, and rejoined: ‘I know many an ecclesiastic who would be rejoiced to hear you say so.’ Cousin sprang from his chair, and throwing back his head with an

* *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*. The lessons of 1815-21, republished in 1853-55-56, Preface, p. 7.

air of defiance peculiar to himself: 'Priests!' he cried sharply; 'don't talk to me of priests! Those meditations of Bossuet on the Trinity, those glorious meditations, I would sign them with both hands any day: but what do priests know or care for *la Trinité incréée*?^{*}' His friend, whose belief was somewhat more formal than that of the great philosopher, prolonged the conversation by adding, that the man who would sign Bousset's treatise on the dogma of the Trinity, accepted implicitly the doctrines of the Church. 'Perhaps so,' was the reply; 'but I will not answer for repeating the Credo on my deathbed.' 'Why not?' asked his interlocutor. 'Because,' answered Cousin, fixing upon him the steady gaze of the eyes, whose lustre none will ever forget upon whom they ever shone—'because that will depend upon the priest who is near me when I am dying.'

Fire lay so ready in Cousin's ardent nature that the flame of enthusiasm was easily lighted by what had a semblance of greatness, but he surrendered himself to none, and those who could rule him have yet to be discovered amongst living men. They will be found neither in Berlin nor in Rome, not more among Hegelians than among Romanists, and this was probably the reason of frequent misunderstanding. Whilst Cousin never devoted himself to anything save the doctrine taught, his disciples attached themselves to those who taught it, and thus became intolerant, which he could not be. It was thus in his political as in his philosophical career. For having, like most lofty spirits, acknowledged the grandeur and beauty of republican theories, he was held pledged by a certain set, not of dreamers, but of very practical placehunters, to the utter repudiation of all forms of government that should not put the governing power into the hands of *Messieurs les Républicains*! Consequently, when Cousin did what any practical Englishman would have done, when he accepted the monarchy of July as the best chance offered to France, and helped with all his might to give that monarchy stability by a wise liberalism, when he did this he drew upon his name all the obloquy that a noisy and disappointed party, incapable of responsibility, could cast upon it. With all his passionate love of the sublime, Cousin never disregarded common sense, and in all crises his disinterestedness supplied him with moderation. His impartiality exasperated those who, in politics, for instance, care less for the act than the agent. To Cousin the agent was always a matter of supreme indifference.

Then again, the charge of eclecticism

was brought against him. Now how does this matter stand? 'You may have eclectic philosophers,' said Goethe; 'you cannot have an eclectic philosophy; there is no such thing.' Did Cousin ever say there was?^{*} is the question we would fain put; and here, in our opinion, comes the one circumstance which those who have attacked and those who have defended him seem to have forgotten, namely, that Cousin was not the founder of a doctrine, but the historian of doctrines. What he was appointed to teach to France, both before and after he succeeded Royer Collard, was the History of Philosophy. It was not his function to dogmatize, or to invent a formula out of which there should be no salvation. He was not called upon to startle a whole world by proclaiming in five words a symbol like that of Descartes; but he sought out and found that

'Je pense donc je suis'

had been the underlying thought of all great metaphysicians. This was the sentiment of Pascal too, when he said that at the distance of twelve hundred years St. Augustine and Descartes had thought the same thought, which was simply 'otherwise lodged in St. Augustine than in Descartes.' Cousin taught what he discovered, what his mind had palpably realized to itself—that all the leading minds of this world of ours had been Spiritualists, and had from the finite effect mounted surely to the Infinite Cause, proving God to their own souls, even when, as with Plato, he was unrevealed. This bringing together from all the ages of witnesses to man's spiritual superiority, and to the existence of God, was pre-eminently Cousin's work, and with it his eclectic method was consistent. But it is a misapplication of terms to call this 'Eclectic Philosophy,' and false to say that Cousin did so.

* The misapprehension was foreseen by Cousin, and he knew his adversaries well enough to be aware that bad faith would be added to misapprehension. His own words are explicit upon this point. At the outset of his first *Cours*, he says: 'Eclecticism is, in our eyes, the true historic method, and has for us all the importance of the history of philosophy. But there is something that we put far above the history of philosophy, and, consequently, eclecticism; and that is, philosophy itself.'

'The history of philosophy does not carry its own evidence with it, and is not its own aim and object. How then should eclecticism, which has no other field save history, be our sole, or even our first object?'—*Opening Lecture of the Cours of 1817*, 4th Dec.)

It is scarcely possible to state more clearly how Cousin applied eclecticism, and the words taken from the lips of the master himself authorize our statement that he never founded, or dreamed of the absurdity termed 'eclectic philosophy.'

As the limits of this article do not afford room for minute details of Cousin's teaching or of his career, we will confine ourselves to the elucidation of two or three of the points on which his action bore strongly on the minds of his countrymen or of mankind.

What a gain for France was Spiritualism, rising as it soon did proudly above the sensual theories of the eighteenth century. Thus far we have heard no voice raised to deny the importance of Cousin's initiative. Even the *jeunes Normaliens* admit that the commencement of Cousin's teaching was of the highest worth; and one of the Positivist sect says of him: 'For the fifteen years intervening between 1815 and 1830, philosophy in France is almost exclusively personified in Cousin. He is its beginning and its end. He was the founder of a school, and that school dies with him.'

Now, of these assertions, we admit some and reject others. We hold that, for more than fifteen—for at least thirty years, the philosophic thought of France, if not actually incarnate in Cousin, was at all events subject to him. He was its leader. For the space of thirty years he was the mightiest prompter of the French mind that France had; but to say that he was the 'founder of a school' is to speak inaccurately, just as it is inaccurate to declare that what he founded died with him. What Cousin originated was not a mere 'school,' but a method and spirit. He brought all the facts of past thought to bear on the public mind of France. After generations of wrong and misery and shame, the mind of France was conscious of a void: he filled it—filled it with the facts, or as it were, with the deeds of thought. He exhibited the history of philosophy, as Herder did the philosophy of history. He weaned France from her bigoted incredulity, by showing to her the example of all the great thinkers in the world's annals. But this was a spirit, a method, not a 'school.'

The great reproach brought against Cousin by some men of this generation is, that he stopped short, and would not tread the paths of Hegelianism to what they are pleased to term a 'logical' conclusion. But we ask, Who has reached this logical conclusion?—Where is it? He stopped at Kant! cry they indignantly,—'he never allowed a disciple to go further than Kant.'

We beg pardon of these gentlemen, but we maintain that Cousin stopped before Kant. He stopped at Leibnitz, and it yet remains to be shown that any one has gone beyond. Cousin chronicled Kant, if we may be allowed the expression, but Kant never indoctrinated him; for the simple reason that what is in Kant is in Leibnitz, and that

what in Kant is not Leibnitzian escapes the hold of Kant himself, and bears the mark of what Leibnitz calls 'a false and corrupt reason, misled by appearances.'

Two classes of fanatics never forgive the refusal to go all their lengths,—the ultra-speculator and the formal priest; the first will tolerate any amount of mysticism so long as its final result is to land you in total disbelief; and the second will favour speculative scepticism so long as, instead of transforming itself into strong rational faith, it throws you in despair into blind, helpless subjection to the ministers of the Church of Rome. Now Cousin resisted both, and with the ultras of both sects his name is an abomination.

Besides establishing by history the great fact, that all deep thinkers were men of faith, Cousin was foremost among those who asserted that all science is compatible with faith. '*Plus vous saurez de vérité, plus vous saurez de Dieu*,'* he had boldly said in 1818,—thus confessing the creed of his noble German master, who, a century before, proclaimed that 'a truth can never be opposed to reason,' and laid down as a first principle that 'necessary truths and the demonstrative consequences of Philosophy could never be contrary to Revelation.† The grand and steady movement of thought, which is going on in one direction and unceasingly in France, and which is far too little observed out of it, has its source chiefly in Leibnitz, whose immediate influence on the present generation can never be sufficiently noted.

'Noble youth of the nineteenth century,' exclaims Cousin, in one of his fervent appeals to his hearers, 'your task is to find in a deeper analysis of thought, the principles of the future, and out of so many ruins of vast systems to construct an edifice that Reason can avow—*Le xix^{me} siècle doit être celui des réhabilitations intelligentes*.' And this is the underlying thought of France in every direction; in religion, philosophy, politics, and art. But when Cousin spoke those words they were an inspiration; one of those sudden flashes of genius which, throughout his life, served him better than the mere knowledge which they preceded, and illuminated the unknown with a sure and steady light. Shelley's words are profoundly true: 'We know too much; what fails us is to imagine what we know.' This was Cousin's grand characteristic; he imagined what he

* *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, Lessons of 1818–19.

† Leibnitz—*Discours sur la Conformité de la Foi et de la Raison*.

knew, and the imagination soared upon so strong a wing above a knowledge that lay deep, that never was the knowledge uninteresting or the imagination unsafe.

In three different directions he was, as we have already said, a prompter of the French mind—he established Spiritualism as the most rational of doctrines on the authority of historic fact; he reproduced the grand theory of historic fact; he reproduced the grand theory of reconciliation between Faith and Reason (which since the famous controversy between Bossuet and Leibnitz had dropped out of France's memory); and he revealed the moral grandeur of the Seventeenth Century to a race who, in their just indignation at what followed it, had flung away the title-deeds of their national superiority. The French nation was, intellectually and morally speaking, in a situation dissimilar to that in which any modern nation has been placed. It had seen the holiest creeds so foully perverted to the vilest uses that it madly turned its wrath upon the creeds themselves as much as upon those who had dared to misuse them. How could an unusually ignorant race (for the French were so) be brought to esteem monarchy as an institution, when three generations had groaned under Louis XIV., the Regency, and the long wretched reign of Louis XV.? How could they believe in the wisdom of a Church or the soundness of a religion whose representatives were men like Fleury or the infamous Dubois? Disbelief, utter absolute disbelief, was a refuge, and France eagerly sought it. Destruction was the spirit of the time long before it assumed a concrete political form. Religion was swept away before royalty was attacked—at which royalty tacitly connived, caring, as usual, marvellously little about the souls of the lieges so long as their bodies were under control. The consequence was that when, in 1793, a weak, well-intentioned, incapable, honest, ill-educated Prince paid for the crimes of his predecessors, nothing was left standing. There was no religion more—only some simple-minded, meekly heroic Christian priests, who suffered martyrdom obscurely, paying for the sins of a corrupt, impious, and ignorant clergy. France was godless. The revolutionary set who proclaimed atheism were not more godless than the blind, obstinate, frivolous society which they attacked. It is a law of life that no one portion of a nation has ever the monopoly of either good or bad; the faults and virtues are of the same kind, and are the faults and virtues of all. The fault of France, in all classes, had been for eighty years godlessness; her virtue was energy.

But the energy of the assailants was more fresh and passionate, than the energy of the assailed, therefore the latter succumbed.

The efforts of the first Napoleon in favour of an official reconciliation with the Papacy were among the first steps which led the Governments of the Continent into a thoroughly false position with the Church. The faults of secular and spiritual authorities were common to both, and they sought together for a common recovery from the consequences. During the actual crisis of the Revolution itself, the governing power was nearly everywhere overthrown; government was no more; from the moment that government revived it became defensive. Sovereigns, no matter of what origin or what denomination, when they either clambered up to a new throne, or got back to their own, had been so shaken, that they never felt secure in their places, and their own predominant idea became that of resistance to their people. The power of the Church having been struck down with the power of the Crown, the mere priesthood (very generally ignorant, and not high-minded) forsook their true position, and regretted the power, growing unmindful of their duties. The ministers of the Church made themselves the accomplices of the Sovereigns, and the period of the *Concordat* inaugurates that unholy alliance in which, throughout Europe, Crowns were to provide the bayonet, and the Church the bushel. All light was proscribed!

But France was too intelligent to submit permanently to such a state of things, and France has (whatever may have been her weaknesses and excesses) a strong sense and a genuine yearning for the Divine ideal. Without God she could not continue to live. Had the ministers of the Church been true to the precepts of their Divine Master, had they gone forth as apostles, contented to be poor and unprotected by aught save the Word of Christ, had they rested on their faith, France would, much sooner than she did, have returned to the recognition of Christian doctrine. But with the ruin of everything else the faith of the clergy fell. They descended (and showed that they did so) to faith in brute force, and the nation ceased to have any faith in them. The wars of the Empire, and their disastrous, humiliating end, chastened France; and there can be no doubt that with the return of the Bourbons in 1815, and with the ten years' reign of Louis XVIII., much was regained for the French nation that might a few years before have been reasonably supposed to be forever lost. During these ten years men were springing up who, five or ten years later,

were to be the guides and the glory of France. The wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the comparatively liberal tendencies of his government, gave genuine freedom of thought and action to men who were really worthy to help in the task of regenerating a country. In 1825 fresh impetus was given, and the short reign of Charles the Tenth placed no obstacles to the current of modern French thought, but on the contrary, strengthened intellect by condemning it to hostility, and by obliging speculative and aspiring minds to become doers of deeds.

But during all this time the clergy had neglected its great part. Content to exercise any sort of power, the priesthood had allowed themselves to be made the instruments (no longer even the accomplices) of political authority, and filched away power from timid consciences. There was in all this no pure, bold, simple Christian faith; and the words of Cousin were true, 'What cared such a priesthood for *La Trinité incarnée*?'

At the same time truth was dimly there, and must be saved. Without God, without belief, the nation could not live, and the nation felt it. But is God a reality? This awful question rose; it awoke in the national mind, lay at the bottom of every heart, and generations sought passionately for a proof of what they were equally without proof to deny. Half a century and more had taught them to seek for truth; the vanity of their own achievements for twenty years, had taught them that they could not live and die without a belief. Before the Revolution, France clamoured for a proof that God was not; after the Empire she longed for a proof that all was not chance. She meant more than the Materialists expressed; but what remained of her doubts was the inquisitive desire for proof—nothing less would satisfy her. This opened the way to science, natural science, which at the present day in France has at least begun to prove that what are termed miracles are everywhere around us, and that mysteries need not necessarily be rejected by reason. Spiritualism was the forerunner of the present movement, and when Cousin, in the way of proof, showed historically how all great thinkers had believed, he spoke the first word of consolation to the uneasy, empty heart of France.

When Cousin said, 'The more you know of truth, the more you know of God,' he opened the way to the reconciliation between Faith and Reason, which is the grand work upon which the thinkers and believers of France are now occupied, and which was initiated by Leibnitz. 'How many things,' says M. Paul Janet, in his admirable article

on Cousin,* 'how many things that have since occupied men's minds are to be found in these republications (the *Lectures*), so full of fire and youth! How many theories that since then have become predominant find their origin in this enthusiastic theology! . . . How many amongst those who opposed him from him alone received the first spark of fire!' Not only is this true, but what is more strangely true is that in the two camps of philosophical theologians and of Christian philosophers, where Cousin's bitterest detractors are to be discovered, we recognise disciples whose wisdom was derived solely from his teaching. Take the commencement of the famous chapter, '*Dieu Principe des Principes*.' It requires but little penetration to discern in it the source of the whole present school, whose ardent striving is to achieve Belief through Science, and induce faith to bend to scientific proof.†

'From Plato to Leibnitz,' says Cousin in 1819, 'all great metaphysicians have held that absolute truth is an attribute of the Absolute Being, of the Almighty. Truth is incomprehensible without God, as God is without truth. Truth is placed between human intelligence and intelligence supreme, as a sort of mediator. At the topmost height of being as at its lowest level, everywhere God is, for everywhere there is truth. Study nature, aspire to know the laws that govern her, and make her as it were a living truth. The more you penetrate the secret laws of nature, the nearer you will come to God. Study humanity still more! Humanity is greater than nature; for while proceeding, as does nature, from God, humanity knows it, while nature does not! . . . Far from its being true that science leads away from religion, all the sciences lead to it; and physical and mathematical science, and, above all, philosophy, are but so many steps by which we approach God, or, indeed, so many temples wherein we worship Him.'

It would have been difficult to have described more clearly, or to have foreshadowed more distinctly, what became, forty years later, the movement of the national mind. God the Truth—Faith vindicated by science—these were the chief aims of Cousin, as they had been the dogmas of Leibnitz. The first obstacle, as we have said, lay in the hatred of the so-called scientific for all that believed,—their hatred of the clergy, whom they confounded with religion. The next obstacle grew out of the hatred of those who believed for the scientific. Science would not condescend to Faith, nor Faith to Science; each dreaded and maligned the other. Truth is now sav-

* *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, 1st February 1867.

† *Du Vrai, du Beau, du Bien*, p. 99.

ing both. It is a question, according to Goethe's dying words, of 'more light!' On both sides, there was weakness, insufficiency; too little science and too little faith. Both champions are now running the race with equal ardour in France,—the scientific towards more science, the faithful towards more faith. The consequence is mutual respect. Not only is there a rising school of mathematicians, geologists, astronomers, anatomists, who say, 'We do not know enough to deny,' but there is a large school of rising theologians, who, led by such men, for instance, as the Père Gratoy,* consent to the enlightenment of reason on matters of faith, saying, 'If we had perfect faith, we should have no fear.'

It is an important movement; and France, as in intellectual movements generally, has had the initiative. But in modern times its originator is Leibnitz. On his theory of the compatibility of Revelation with Science, and of the impossibility of overcoming the omnipotence of truth, rests the present effort to reconcile faith and science, which in France undoubtedly begins with Cousin, half a century ago.

The last twenty-five years of the great French philosopher's life were devoted to tracking out one of the noblest consequences of his abstract truth. When he had preached to France, 'Truth in God's name!' (for that was the war-cry of his youth), he turned with passionate earnestness to the task of basing upon truth man's dignity.

'The human soul loves truth,' exclaims he, with a triumphant joyfulness. 'Have we found a truth? Then there is something in us which exults. A human being charged to struggle against nature, and having work sufficient, as it would seem, to defend his own life, to sustain and embellish it, can yet love what concerns his worldly nature in no way, what exists but in the Invisible alone! This disinterested passion of truth bears witness to man's grandeur who can feel it.'

And from this passion of disinterestedness, from this desire to substantiate the capacity of our species for greatness, and the dignity of man, 'resident in his thought,' came the historian, and also the word-student and literary artist in Cousin.

As in his method of philosophy, and in his doctrines, Cousin was the direct heir of Plato, St. Augustine, and Descartes, so in the form in which thought is expressed, Cousin has for his direct ancestor Pascal. To no modern writer in any country is it perhaps so fully given to

'twine
His hopes of being remembered in his line
With his land's language.'

Deprived of his works published in the last twenty-five years, the French tongue would be wanting in some of its most conclusive proofs of superiority for prose. Cousin's style was always splendid, but it was only *fixed* from the day when he possessed himself of Pascal. Luckily for France, and for human thought in general, after the fall of the Thiers ministry in the autumn of 1841, Cousin gave his newly-acquired leisure to research in the archives of the Bibliothèque Royale, touching the leading characters of the seventeenth century. He was suddenly brought face to face with Pascal. The genuine manuscript of the *Pensées* fell into his hands, and to him the world now owes the really correct édition of that immortal work; the original expression of the thought of one whose entire soul lay wrapped in the 'shadows of God,' according to Plato's definition of geometry. There was great joy in Cousin's mind when he saw before him the true text of the *Pensées*. There was, too, the strange feeling a man might have in suddenly discovering the portrait of an ancestor. It was recognition; vaguely he felt that he gazed upon a past and still grander self, and from that hour Cousin never swerved from Pascal. Yet, was there no imitation. Cousin was too independent for that, and his own individuality was too powerful. The lesson Pascal taught him was that impression and expression are one, and that to attempt to magnify mere expression beyond the force of what has been impressed on the mind, leads only to inflation and emptiness. The close fitting of the word to the idea, the subjection of terms to thought, the rejection of whatever is not necessary, the horror of ornament,—this was what Pascal taught Cousin, or rather revealed to him in the depths of his own mind. He learnt that, as in everything else so in language, what was termed style was truth. Ideas had always come to him grandly, but from the day when he possessed Pascal, he had no rest till he was certain that they were safe from loose inartistic expression. From Pascal to Port-Royal the road lay open, and Cousin found a shrine at which he could worship without fear.

'Let us pay our full tribute to Port-Royal,' he exclaims,* 'as in our hours of dejection and lassitude we should always bow down our whole hearts before whatso-

* Author of *La Connaissance de Dieu Logique*, and several other works having a like tendency.

* Preface to *Jacqueline Pascal*. First edition was in 1844.

ever serves to raise the dignity of men's characters and minds!' Here was the 'key-note admiration.' The grandeur of the women of the seventeenth century in France, their courage, their capacity of sacrifice, their utter disinterestedness, in a word, their *heroic* qualities, inflamed Cousin's enthusiasm, and he taught modern France how the vain-glorious epoch of Louis xiv., and the frivolous sensual one of Louis xv. were preceded by one half century where, in the midst of perpetual struggles, moral grandeur was to be discovered on all sides. '*Dans un grand siècle tout est grand*,' declares Cousin the historian,* in the concise style which had now become his, and with these words he opens the series of essays on the period between the death of Henri iv. and the majority of Louis xiv., which to France are studies of history, and to the general reader studies of historical psychology.

What Cousin seeks for in history, much more than particular incidents in particular lives, is the capacity of greatness of the human soul. He finds evidence of this in different individuals, and sets them forth as examples, but what he exults over is the principle itself. '*La vraie grandeur ne peut sortir que d'une âme naturellement grande, qui s'élève pour une grande cause*' is his profession of faith, and for twenty-five years he pursues the signs of this '*vraie grandeur*,' and, wherever he finds them, worships, and proclaims them to the world. In the asceticism of La Mère Angélique, in the conviction of Jacqueline Pascal, dying of having signed the '*formulaire*,' in the genuine repentance of Mme. de Longueville, honestly paying for the errors of genuine passion, in the generosity of Marie de Hautefort, devoting herself to a queen she could not deem her equal, in the truth of all these to their ideal, Cousin found what he sought—a means whereby to elevate the mind of France, and show how women had, by the exercise of the noblest virtues, devotion, self-sacrifice, and generosity, been led to deeds of real heroism.

But we touch now on one of Cousin's defects, on perhaps his only narrowness. All greatness was indeed recognised by him, but he loved French greatness alone. He was the proudest of patriots, and an exclusive one. His motto was: '*Gesta dei per Francos*.' He would not have had the doings of others spring one whit less from the Divine source, but he scarcely cared for them when they were not manifested by French agents. His philosophy accepted all great acts as '*gesta Dei*,' but his patriotism

held to their being '*per Francos*.' This pervaded his train of thought. In everything he put France first, and in art went the length of putting Poussin and Lesueur above Titian and Leonardo! But perhaps herein lay a compensation. Perhaps it was as with the figure of the circle whose circumference (and no matter how wide it may be) can only be defined when the intensely narrow centre, the one point, is given. It may be that so imaginative a nature needed at least one check. Had he not had the narrowness of his patriotism, he might have wanted intensity. As it was, his love for France was an intense passion, which he for ever fed by his exclusive study of the French language, and of French history, French literature, and French art.

We must remember also the surrounding circumstances of Cousin's life. He reached his intellectual majority at a time when France, after giving unparalleled proofs of power, had been vanquished, and was chafing at defeat, while vindicating more than ever the right to fame and glory. France was never more French than under the Restoration; and this was natural. It is only in the last sixteen or eighteen years that France has acquired any degree of cosmopolitanism. Something may be due to the present Emperor, whose education and early habits were German and Italian, and whose political experience was gained in England; but free-trade and railway communication have done the rest, and France no longer repels the notion of learning from foreigners. But from the Revolution of 1789 to the Insurrection of 1848, this notion was repugnant to her, and she looked upon the stranger as did the ancient Roman, with a conviction of his inferiority.

That the armies of France had been worsted was a fact. They had been worsted before Waterloo, the real '*coup de cloche de l'Empire*' having been sounded by the people of Germany in 1813. But then came the question, Had the French nation, had France herself been defeated? or was it merely an empty form that had been destroyed, a tyranny usurping France's name, a stage-hero, aspiring to perform the part of a great country? After invasion had revenged conquest, freedom became once more the prime conception of the French mind, and in the vices of military despotism the nation discovered the reason of her failures. Except a small clique of politicians, it might be asserted that, after 1815, all men were Liberals in France. Constitutional liberty—the liberty of thought, pen, and tongue—the power of discussing measures and compelling cabinets,—these were the objects of

* *Les Femmes illustres du xvii. siècle.*

French aspiration. France had awakened to public life. In this single fact you find the unity of French politics for thirty-three years. There may be divergences in the political ideas of the men of the Restoration, and of the July monarchy; these may wish for a larger extension of the electoral franchise, those for trial by jury; some for an hereditary peerage, others for the mobilization of landed property; but we find none who dream of shutting up the whole country and prescribing for it as for a patient. This makes the virtual homogeneity of France between 1815 and 1848. 'Publicity, the right to oppose, and the right indirectly to help in the work of Government,—these are the principles on which rests the oneness of French monarchy, as distinct from the two periods of Empire or military despotism, between which it is placed. The chief superiority of the July *régime* is, that it could not escape the superiority of the individuals who adorned its public life. But the Restoration had prepared these men, and this is too often forgotten. In the public life of France between 1815 and 1830, the unhappy episode of the reign of Charles x. does not, when looked at from an historical point of view, present much more than the characteristics of a weak, bigoted, old-fashioned Tory minister in England. But freedom was new; France was impatient and easily distrustful; so the revolution of 1830 was hurried on, but the forms only of public life were altered. All the men who governed were men whom the contests of the Restoration had formed for public life. Royer Collard, Benjamin Constant, Laffitte, M. de Broglie, M. Pasquier, Guizot, Cousin, Villemain, and a list too long to enumerate, were men who had fleshed their swords in the *mêlée* that had already lasted fifteen years, and with the addition of younger recruits (such as Thiers for instance) and the loss of veterans as years rolled on, these same men led the politics of France for eighteen years more. As France must in some shape or other be proud of herself, as she must have glory, she sought it now in intellect, and intellectual glories replaced the glory of arms.

But during all this period the patriotic feeling, in its narrow sense, was strong. The monarchy in France was profoundly French, was national to a remarkable extent; and the men who helped to sustain it were what we, with out present notions, should call prejudiced.

When the monarchy fell in 1848, and it was seen how the genuine love of freedom, which alone can produce a republic, failed France, the hearts of her nobler sons receiv-

ed a terrible blow. When the nation in 1851–52 signed a deed of abdication, sacrificing all her higher gains for 'order,' the real patriots showed their grief in various ways. Some died, like De Tocqueville, sickening, as he himself says, under the consciousness that 'what he adored France despised, and what he despised she adored.' Some more combative, haughtier spirits, as Cousin for example, took it defiantly, and refused in their caprice to recognise a sign of deterioration. If Cousin could have ever admitted that France was degraded or had hopelessly sunk in the moral scale, he too might have died of it; but he neither would nor could admit it. And this belief, which was so dear, so indispensable to him, drove him deeper every day into the study of the seventeenth century. In the name of all that could not die, he resisted the proofs of dissolution brought before him. This was the origin of the admiration for war with which his adversaries have reproached him. In the noble deeds of the French army in Algeria, in the Crimea, in the Italian campaign, he found a pretext for satisfaction, and consoled himself with the belief that the race that fought so bravely, could yield to civic and political weakness only for a time. Every day found him more intensely French—more absorbed by the lofty minds of the seventeenth century—more wedded to incessant study of the French language.

Amongst his colleagues of the *Académie* his loss is more severely felt than perhaps anywhere; for Cousin was one of the greatest students of the philosophy of language that ever existed. Nothing escaped him, and nothing satisfied him but the perfect. One of the most learned of his brother academicians says:—

'We only can know what Cousin was. At the Thursday sittings* he invariably ended by leading the debates, and fixing irrevocably the value of the words under consideration. No one ever grappled with a term as he did, tracking it to its source, following it to its latest use, forcing it back to its true signification, laying bare all the most delicate *nuances* of its various applications. A greater master of the philosophy of language never existed.'

And what he was in the midst of his colleagues at the *Académie* when the art of expression was being discussed, that he was also amongst his private friends when the subject of talk happened to be his favourite period of French history. It is difficult to give any idea of the fire and earnestness with

* The *Académie Française* every Thursday holds a meeting where the Dictionary is in question, where words are admitted or rejected after due discussion.

which he threw himself into the activity of the past, in which he habitually lived. His eloquence, at such times, was incomparable; and so passionately did he realize the men and things he described that he ended by giving a dramatic form to recital, and you fancied you had witnessed the scenes of two centuries back. Once launched upon this current it carried him utterly out of himself, and made him forgetful of all precaution. A note of his lies before us now, wherein are these lines:—‘I will *not* dine with you on Thursday, unless you promise me an invalid’s conversation as well as diet. Andral* is very angry, and absolutely forbids such excesses as our talk of last evening! I got home at God knows what hour, and have been taken to task by everybody ever since.’ The ‘talk’ which tempted him into the ‘excesses’ he alludes to, had run upon the employment, by Louis XIII. and Cardinal de Richelieu, of the eight days previous to the execution of Cinque Mars; and in the work of living the whole over again in its minutest detail, he had lost the sense of all outside that tragic week. He had scarcely risen from a long and dangerous illness, requiring the strictest care, and freedom from all emotion and fatigue; but the ‘unselfish passion of things’ had seized him, and, all rules and prescriptions forgotten, he had flung himself recklessly into the flood of his own eloquence, and it was two hours past midnight when he remembered that instead of the year 1641 we were living in 1861. No custom ever familiarized those who lived the past again with Cousin to the manner in which he evoked his phantoms. It was always new. The compelling charm of his eloquence on such occasions lay in its sincerity; in the passionate conviction he had that he was nearer to the heroic dead than ever were their own contemporaries.

This it is which makes the appeal at the close of the *Life of Madame de Hauteport*, so affecting. Cousin’s friends knew that it was real.

‘Be for ever blessed, ye Muses, now graceful, now austere! always noble, always lofty! you who have taught me what true beauty is, and unfitted me for all vulgar attachments. You it is from whom I have learnt to avoid the crowd, and instead of raising my fortune, to elevate my heart. Thanks to you, I have found pleasure in a proud poverty. I have lost the vulgar prizes of life, but have been faithful to the grand cause of freedom, deserted in our day, but to which the future is insured. Be my mainstay in the trials which await me, you who were the companions of Descartes, of Pascal, of Corneille, of Richelieu, of Condé; you,

Amie de Bourbon, Marie de Rohan, Mariet de Hauteport, Martha du Vigeon, Louise de la Fayette, all tender of heart as strong, who, after you had shone with such lustre, courted silence and obscurity, give me a share of your courage, and teach me to smile as you did upon age and solitude, upon sickness and death.’

Whoever wishes to know Victor Cousin thoroughly should study every word of that page. For it is one of the pages in which he wrote down his very soul. And truly his dead loves did practically inspire him. He lived beyond our world, away from all petty wranglings or debasing pursuits, and this was the source whence he drew that inexhaustible, imperishable youth, which was his privilege above all others.

Those who saw him in July last, after the results of the campaign in Bohemia, can never forget the rapidity of look and gesture, the eagerness of the whole man to become master of every detail, the passion with which he threw himself into the struggle, noting at each step the advance of victory to the Prussian arms, and almost fiercely seeking out the causes of Benedek’s defeat, to end by mourning over the mysterious overthrow, not so much of a great general, as of one of the noblest natures ever born. Never was Cousin younger or more brilliant than in the last few months of his life; never had he more evidently upon his broad brow the sign of power. Indeed, his contemporaries were wont to say that, wilful as he had always been from early youth, and incapable of discipline, he had with each added year acquired a right the more to lead others. It has been said of him that he was ‘the greatest Professor that France ever had,’ and his rare combination of faculties justified the saying. Everything in Cousin bore the mark of sovereignty. His ringing voice, his large flashing eye, undimmed to the very last, his superb head, his habitually commanding gesture, all told of an instinctive consciousness of superiority,—rarely withstood when it is really instinctive.

‘I could not have believed that, in a time of such intellectual degeneracy as ours, the loss of such a man as Cousin could be felt as it is; I am astonished at the universal outbreak of regret.’—Thus writes from the provinces (2d February) to a friend in Paris, one of the most distinguished men in France, who began life as little more than a boy under the fatal Polignac ministry, and who, in 1848, under Lamartine’s really liberal and too short exercise of power, represented France at a German Court. The reason of this universal regret will be partly found, as we have already said, in that independence of character which refused ever to sub-

* The famous French physician.

ordinate a generous passion to a selfish interest; but it must also be sought for in the ceaseless activity with which Cousin associated himself to the last hour with those intellectual labourers who tilled the same fields as himself. He never lost sight of them; he watched their movements, even their thoughts as it were, and never allowed them to rest. Rest was to him a thing unknown, and far or near, by word or letter, he kept the minds of his disciples in perpetual activity. His last day on earth found him busy with what had been his first inspiration. Before leaving Paris for Cannes he superintended the publication of the seventh edition of his *Histoire Générale de la Philosophie*. No sooner had he reached Cannes than he began to correct what was to be the eighth edition of the work. He wrote several pages on the Philosophy of the Fathers of the Christian Church and recommenced revising the first chapters of the *History*. On the day of his death he was at work, and his lectures on the Scholastic School and on Locke bear the latest strokes of his pen.

Accurately to define Cousin is an impossible task, for a definition implies a limit, and the greatest characteristic of his nature was that on all sides it was unbounded. Everywhere his soul lay open to the Infinite. 'What a singular organization!' exclaims Saint Beuve the other day,* 'what a personality was that which bore the name of Cousin! he has remained for me, and I believe for many of those who knew him best, a problem and an enigma.' Probably the solution of the 'problem' lies in the words *Sursum corda*. His ceaseless task was to elevate both himself and all around him, and he spared no pains to attain his end. 'It is at all events unanimously admitted,' says M. Janet,† 'that as a philosopher Cousin achieved two things—he founded in France the History of Philosophy; he revived and upheld the Spiritualist Doctrine for fifty years with indomitable energy. Those who dislike that doctrine feel of course little gratitude to him, but there can be no two opinions upon the immense utility of having founded the Historic School of France.'

When the disputes and passions of the hour shall have subsided, and judgment shall have passed calmly upon a man who, while living, made it impossible for friends and foes to remain calm when judging him, Victor Cousin will fill one of the highest places among the great men of Europe in any age. For France herself he will remain

as much a part of her mind as Descartes or Pascal or Malebranche, justifying by his life his own notion of greatness, namely, a 'spirit naturally great, busied only with great things.'

ART. VI.—*Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sea-Fisheries of the United Kingdom: Regulations relating to Oysters, and Oyster-Fishing in general.* 2 vols. 1866.

A FEW months ago,* we called attention to the results of the inquiries made by the Royal Commissioners into the laws affecting our sea-fisheries, but space prevented us from noticing a very important branch of commercial enterprise, which was carefully investigated by the same Commissioners, and with similar results: we mean the Oyster-Fisheries. We propose now to consider this very important subject, and shall carefully weigh the evidence elicited by the Commissioners in their inquiries into the operations of the laws regulating oyster-fishing; but before we do so, let us pause a few minutes to notice some interesting facts about this not very interesting-looking bivalve. Who was the first wise mortal to eat an oyster we shall never know. Instead of that man having his

'palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risked the living morsel down his throat,'

as Gay has imagined, we are inclined to assign to him a highly sensitive and exquisite taste, a prophetic appreciation of a dainty, as the tempting morsel lay all succulently upon its deepest valve—which does him much credit. However, it is certain, that oysters have long been considered, not only a valuable article of diet, but a delicious adjunct to the dinner and supper table. But oysters were in existence years before oyster-eaters in the human form were thought of.

'The discoveries of geologists open scenes of regret to the enthusiastic oyster-eater, who can hardly gaze upon the abundantly-entombed remains of the apparently well fed and elegantly shaped oysters of our Eocene formation without "chasing a pearly tear away," whilst he calls to mind how all these delicate beings

* 20th January 1867.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st February 1867.

* *North British Review*, June 1866.

came into the world, and vanished to so little purpose." *

If this is applied to a time when 'natives' were comparatively reasonable in price, how much more forcibly does it apply now that they are 1½d. apiece! What animals enjoyed oyster repasts in these geological days, when, so far as human enemies are concerned,

'Piscis adhuc [illi] populo sine fraude natabat;
Ostreæque in conchis tuta fuere suis, †

whether ancient star-fish or boring whelk-
tangles fed with impunity on the juices of
the Eocene oysters, we cannot tell; but to
judge from the abundant remains of these
conchiferous molluscs in certain forma-
tions, it would appear that then was the
golden age of oysters!

Oyster-shells have been found abundantly
amongst the refuse-heaps or shell-mounds
(*Kjökkenmödding*) of Denmark; and the
fact has been adduced by Sir Charles Lyell,
and other eminent geologists, as evidence of
important physical changes.

'At certain points along the shores of nearly
all the Danish islands, mounds may be seen,
consisting chiefly of thousands of castaway
shells of the oyster, cockle, and other molluscs
of the same species as those which are now
eaten by man. These shells are plentifully
mixed up with the bones of various quadra-
peds, birds, and fish, which served as the food
of the rude hunters and fishers by whom the
mounds were accumulated. I have seen simi-
lar large heaps of oysters and other marine
shells, with interspersed stone implements,
near the sea-shore, both in Massachusetts and
in Georgia, U. S., left by the native North-
American Indians at points near to which they
were in the habit of pitching their wigwams
for centuries before the white man arrived.' †

Scattered all through these refuse-heaps
are flint-knives, hatchets, and other instru-
ments of stone, etc. The men of the stone
period must have opened their oysters with
these flint-knives, for bronze and iron were
as yet unknown. Rather a difficult matter,
we may be inclined to think, for by your
uninitiated amateur oyster-opener, the feat is
seldom accomplished either gracefully or
successfully; but practice always makes
perfect, and even, as Epicharmus tersely
observes,—

ὄστρεα συμμαρκότα
τὰ διελεῖν μὲν ἐστὶ χαλεπὰ, καταφαγεῖν δ' εὐμαρέα. §

'Oysters with closed shells, very difficult to
open, but very good to eat,' may have their
valves forced asunder by rude implements.
The shape of the oyster, as indeed that
of the conchifera generally, must, from the
earliest times, have suggested the need of
some instrument to insert between the shells,
for necessity is the mother of invention.
According to Dr. Milligan, in places on the
shores of Van Dieman's Land, when the
shells of the mound are univalves,

'round stones of different sizes are met with,
one, the larger, on which they broke the shells,
the other, and smaller, having served as the
hammer to break them with. But where the
refuse-mounds consist of oysters, mussels,
cockles, and other bivalves, there flint-knives,
used to open them with, are generally found.' *

Who would have thought that the presence of
oysters amongst the Danish 'kitchen-mid-
dings' can have any bearing upon such a
question as the antiquity of these shell-
mounds, or upon the present configuration
of a portion of the land? But so it is, for
the common oyster (*ostrea edulis*) attaining
its full size is found amongst these refuse-
heaps. But at present the common oyster

'cannot live in the brackish waters of the
Baltic, except near its entrance, where, when-
ever a north-westerly gale prevails, a current
setting in from the ocean pours in a great body
of salt water. Yet it seems that during the
whole time of the accumulation of the "shell-
mounds," the oyster flourished in places from
which it is now excluded. In like manner, the
edible cockle, mussel, and periwinkle (*cardium
edule*, *Mytilus edulis*, *Littorina littorea*), which
are met with in great numbers in the
"refuse-heaps," are of the ordinary dimensions
which they acquire in the ocean, whereas the
same species now living in the adjoining parts
of the Baltic only attain a third of their natural
size, being stunted and dwarfed in their growth
by the quantity of fresh water poured by rivers
into that inland sea. Hence, we may confi-
dently infer that in the days of the aboriginal
hunters and fishers, the ocean had freer access
than now to the Baltic, communicating, proba-
bly, through the peninsula of Jutland, Jutland,
having been, at no remote period, an archi-
pelago.' †

But we must pass on from the contempla-
tion of oysters as they are found in geologi-
cal strata, or in the shell-mounds of prehis-
toric times, to oysters of genuine history.
The ancients, it is well known, were fully
alive to the excellency of oysters, and ate
them raw, or cooked in various ways, accord-

* Forbes and Hanley's *Molluscs*.

† Ovid's *Fasti*, lib. vi. 174.

‡ Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, pp. 11, 12.

§ Athenæus, *Deipnosoph.* iii. 30.

* Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*.

† *Antiquity of Man*, p. 13.

ing to the tastes of the consumers. The Greek palate was not so sensitive to the good things of the table, nor so choice in its predilections as the Roman; yet we find various references to oysters in the works of Greek authors, although little interesting matter. Whether Homer was familiar with these delicacies or not is uncertain; he appears to have only one passage which may possibly contain an allusion to oysters. Patroclus, after having knocked a certain Trojan charioteer off his chariot with a stone, addresses him in not very polite language, as follows:—

‘Good heavens! what active feats yon artist shows!

What skilful divers* are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand,
Pity that all their practice is by land!

But that oysters were early used as food by the Greeks is evident from the fragments of Archestratus that have come down to us. Archestratus was a native of Gela or Syracuse, and lived about B.C. 370. He was a thorough epicure, and extremely fond of fish, and took so much pleasure in all that relates to ‘the good things of life,’ that he travelled through various countries in order that he might see what different animals different people ate, and report thereupon. That he thoroughly appreciated a snug dinner-party is evident from these lines:—

‘I write these precepts for immortal Greece,
That round a table delicately spread,
Or three, or four, may sit in choice repast,
Or five at most. Who otherwise shall dine
Are like a troop marauding for their prey.

He mentions different places as being famous for their production of various kinds of fish, especially shell-fish, as in the following lines:—

‘Aenus has mussels fine, Abydos, too,
Is famous for its oysters; Parium produces
Crabs, the bears of the sea, and Mitylene periwinkles:

Ambracia in all kinds of fish abounds,
And the boar-fish sends forth: and in its narrow strait

Messene cherishes the largest cockles.
In Ephesus you shall catch them which are not bad,

And Chalcedon will give you oysters (τῆζεα).
But, my Jupiter,

Destroy the race of criers, both the fish born in the sea,

And those wretches which infest the city Forum;
All except one man, for he is a friend of mine,
Dwelling in Lesbos abounding in grapes, and his name is Agatho.’

* The words τῆζεα διφῶν are supposed to refer to oyster-catching, but τῆζεα is a word of uncertain meaning.

Matron, a certain individual who wrote parodies, calls oysters ‘the truffles of the sea,’ by which comparison he meant to bestow high praise upon the dainty mollusc. Beyond the notices of oysters to be found in Athenæus, scarcely anything occurs in Greek authors. Aristotle speaks of them, but not in any way that deserves repetition.

Oysters were considered an article of great luxury amongst the Romans, and various tales are on record of the vast numbers consumed by the *gourmets* of imperial Rome. Pliny speaks of them as ‘palma mensarum divitum’ (*Nat. Hist.* xxxii. 6); he considered that the best kind came from Circeii (‘his neque dulciora neque teneriora esse ulla compertum est’). The first person who established oyster-parks (*ostrearum vivaria*) was Sergius Orata, or, as his name is sometimes written, from his fondness for gold-fish it is said, S. Aurata.* He appears to have been a man of considerable ability and refinement, and a most successful breeder of oysters. Cicero, in a fragment preserved by Augustin, speaks of him as ‘ditissimus, amœnissimus, deliciosissimus.’ His oyster-parks were formed at Baiæ, in the Lucrine Lake, and the mode adopted by him for securing the oyster brood was probably similar to that now in vogue in the same locality. It was customary for the Romans to collect oysters from Brundisium, Tarentum, Cyzicum, and even from Britain, and to fatten them on the beds of the Lucrine Lake. Thorough epicures pretended to tell at first bite what localities the oysters came from:—

‘Circeis nata forent an
Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinoꝛe edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu.’

In Macrobius (ii. 9), an express distinction is made between *ostrea crudeæ*, which were handed to the guests before dinner, *quantum vellent*, and *patina ostrearum*, which was a warm dish prepared from oysters,—shall we call it a dish of oyster-scallops? A particular kind of bread was eaten with oysters, which was called *panis ostrearius*. Before the introduction of the British oysters from the shores of Kent, the Lucrine and the Circiian were in the highest request; but when the Roman palate became acquainted with the flavour of a real English ‘native,’ their own oysters had to yield the palm.

‘From the fourth century to the reign of Louis IV. of France, the history of the oyster

* Others suppose he obtained this name from the large gold rings he used to wear. We would suggest another reason—he had plenty of money.

is a blank; but that king revived the taste for our favourite, and during his captivity in Normandy brought it again into request with his conqueror, Duke William. So, when the Normans invaded England under William the Conqueror,—the descendant of that Duke William, little more than a century later,—they were not long in finding out how much Kentish and Essex oysters were preferred to those of France.*

But let us turn to more practical matters. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, a high authority in all that relates to molluscous animals, enumerates five varieties of our common oyster, *Ostrea edulis*, namely,—*O. parasitica*, *O. hippopus*, *O. deformis*, *O. rutupina*, *O. tinctoria*. Var. 1 is found on shells, crabs and other substances; the shell is small, flat, colour purplish or greenish-brown, with streaks of a darker hue radiating from the beaks. It has a more southern distribution than the other varieties. Var. 2 has a large and very thick shell; it occurs in deep water, and is solitary. Var. 3 has a small, distorted, and often nearly cylindrical shell; it occupies the crevices of rocks in the littoral or laminarian zones, and is called the 'rock oyster.' Some specimens, we are told, resemble a *gryphæa* in shape. Var. 4, with a small shell, transversely oval, and of a regular shape, is our true 'native,' from the coasts of Essex and North Kent, in a semi-cultivated state. Var. 5, with a flattened shell, and attached in every stage of growth, having its inside of a rich purplish-brown, or olive-green, and the hinge-margins strongly crenulated, occurs in the west of Scotland, and in Burra, one of the Shetland Islands.

It is necessary to bear in mind the fact of the existence of different varieties of oysters, as all do not present precisely the same features in their habits and economy; some, for instance, spawning considerably earlier than others, some considerably later; hence the necessity of careful legislation, if legislation is necessary at all; but to this point we must return by and by. To the eye of the mere oyster-eater, this animal looks like a flabby mass of semi-animate matter, and perhaps he would be disinclined to credit an assertion that the oyster is possessed of mouth, stomach, and intestinal canal; that it has an appetite, and doubtless an appreciation for its food, which consists of minute organisms both of animal and vegetable nature; that it has a heart, and branchial vessels for the aeration of its blood, a nervous system, and organs for the increase of its race.

Oysters are hermaphrodite, and combine both sexes in one individual. Formerly very erroneous opinions prevailed upon this point, and there are even now writers who continue to assert that these mollusca are of two separate sexes. At the proper time of the year, oysters will be found to contain a quantity of milk-like fluid; this fluid consists of minute eggs and milt; from the ovaries the eggs pass into the folds of the gills, where they remain for some time, and become developed into small free embryos, with rudimentary shells or membranes, and having their upper parts covered with cilia, by the action of which the little animals are able to swim about in the water. It has been computed that two millions of these ciliated embryos may be produced by a single oyster, but few, comparatively speaking, grow up to oysterhood. Unless the embryos find suitable places of attachment, they either die or become a prey to numerous enemies. Hence in oyster-culture, the first essential condition is to secure good spatting-ground, with suitable places of attachment for the young fry. The French have adopted oyster-cultivation in different parts of their coasts, notably at Ile de Ré and St. Brieuc. The mode of oyster-breeding is

'to erect artificial pyramids of stones in the water, surrounded by stakes of wood in order to intercept the spawn, the oyster being laid down on the stones. Fagots of branches were also used to collect the spawn, which requires, within forty-eight hours of its emission,* to secure a holding or place, or be lost for ever. The plan of the Fusaro (the ancient Avernus) oyster-breeders, struck M. Coste as being eminently practical, and suitable for imitation on the coasts of France. He had one of the stakes pulled up, and was gratified to find it covered with oysters of all ages and sizes. The Lake Fusaro system of cultivation was therefore, at the instigation of Professor Coste, strongly recommended for imitation by the French Government to the French people, as being the most suitable to follow, and experiments were at once entered upon with a view to prove whether it would be as practicable to cultivate oysters as easily among the agitated waves of the open sea as in the quiet waters of Fusaro. In order to settle this point, it was determined to renew the old oyster-beds in the Bay of St. Brieuc, and notwithstanding the fact that the water there is exceedingly deep, and the winds very violent, immediate and almost miraculous success was the result. The fascines laid down soon became covered with seed, and branches were speedily exhibited at Paris and other places, containing thousands of young oysters. The experiments in oyster-culture tried at St. Brieuc were commenced early in the spring of

* The Oyster: When, How, and Where to Find, Breed, Cook and Eat it, pp. 24. London.

* Mr. Buckland says twenty-two or twenty-seven days, but we consider he is in error here.

1859, on part of a space of 3000 acres, that was deemed suitable for the reception of spat. A quantity of breeding-oysters, approaching to three millions, were laid down either in the old beds, or on newly-constructed longitudinal banks. These were sown thick on a bottom composed chiefly of immense quantities of old shells (the "middens" of Cancale in fact, where the shell accumulation had become a nuisance), so that there was a more than ordinary good chance for the spat finding at once a proper holding or place. Then, again, over some of the new banks, fascines, made of boughs tightly tied together, were sunk and chained over the beds, so as to intercept such portions of the spawn as were likely, upon rising, to be carried away by the force of the tide. In less than six months the success of the operation in the Bay of St. Brieuc was assured, for at the proper season a great fall of spawn was secured, and the bottom shells were covered with the spat, while the fascines were so thickly coated with young oysters, that an estimate of 20,000 for each fascine was not thought an exaggeration.*

Alas! that the success detailed above is found to be so exceptional, as subsequent experiments both in England and on the Continent have shown. It is found that a good spatting season must not be looked for every year; on the contrary, it seems that such seasons are quite the exception to the general rule, and it is to this reason that we must assign the scarcity of oysters the last few years, and the consequent exorbitant prices charged for natives. A great deal has been said about over-fishing. The assertion is easily made, but we have met with no proof that the beds are becoming exhausted from over-dredging. The Commissioners have, with their usual care, examined this part of the question, and have come, as we shall see, to a very different conclusion.

The most important French cultivation of oysters is carried on on the Ile de Ré, near La Rochelle, in the Bay of Biscay, where there are more *parcs* and *claires* than at Marennes, Arcachon, Concarneau, Cancale, and all the rest of the coast put together. 'It is curious,' says Mr. Bertram, 'to note the rapid growth of the industry of oyster-culture on the Isle de Ré. It was begun so recently as 1858, and there are now (1865) upwards of 4000 parks and claires upon its shores, and the people may be seen as busy in their fish-parks as the market-gardeners of Kent in their strawberry-beds.' The same writer informs us that oyster-farming on the Ile was inaugurated 'by a stone-mason having the curious name of Beef,'—a circumstance, we may remark, which is suggestive of the connexion between rump-steaks and oyster-sauce! *

'This shrewd fellow, who was a keen observer of nature, and had seen the oyster-spat grow to maturity, began thinking of oyster-culture simultaneously with Professor Coste, and wondering if it could be carried out on those portions of the public foreshore that were left dry by the ebb of the waters, he determined to try the experiment on a small scale, so as to obtain a practical solution of his idea, and with this view he enclosed a small portion of the foreshore of the island, by building a rough dyke about eighteen inches in height. In this park he laid down a few bushels of growing oysters, placing amongst them a quantity of large stones, which he gathered out of the surrounding mud. This initiatory experiment was so successful, that in the course of a year he was able to sell £6 worth of oysters from his stock. The result was, of course, very encouraging to the enterprising mason, and the money was just in a sense found money, for the oysters went on growing while he was at his work at his own proper business as a mason. Elated by the profit of his experiment, he proceeded to double the proportions of his park, and by that means more than doubled his oyster commerce, for in 1861 he was able to dispose of £20 worth, and this without impoverishing in the least degree his breeding-stock. He continued to increase the dimensions of his farm, so that by 1862 his sales had increased to £40. As might have been expected, Beef's neighbours had been carefully watching his experiments, uttering occasional sneers, no doubt, at his enthusiasm, but, for all that, quite ready to go and do likewise whenever the success of the industrious mason's experiments became sufficiently developed to show that they were profitable as well as practical. After Beef had demonstrated the practicability of oyster-farming, the extension of the system over the foreshores of the island, between Point de Rivedoux and Point de Lome, was rapid and effective, so much so, that 200 beds were conceded by the Government previous to 1859, while an additional 500 beds were speedily laid down, and in 1860 large quantities of brood were sold to the oyster-farmers at Marennes, for the purpose of being manufactured into green oysters in their dairies on the banks of the river Seudre. . . . So rapid has been the progress of oyster-culture at the Ile de Ré, that what were formerly a series of enormous and unproductive mud-banks, occupying a stretch of shore about four leagues in length, are now so transformed, and the whole place so changed, that it seems the work of a miracle.*

The success that has attended oyster-cultivation on the French coasts has induced similar attempts on portions of our own coasts, and companies have been formed for the purpose of breeding oysters at Herne Bay, Poole Bay, Hayling Island, and elsewhere; but success has not yet crowned the efforts of the cultivators, though the accounts

* Bertram's *Harvest of the Sea*, p. 350.

* *Harvest of the Sea*, pp. 352-4

of the last spatting season at Hayling Island were satisfactory :—

‘Hitherto it has been generally supposed,’ says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, ‘that the system of oyster-culture followed in France, and which has been so successful in many places in that country, was inapplicable to our waters. It was thought that the general temperature of the water was too low for the effective development of the process. Several partial attempts have been made to carry it out at various places on our coasts, but not only have they generally failed to give any successful results, but they have failed so completely, as to leave no encouragement whatever to the projectors to continue their attempts. These attempts, however, were probably made by persons who had but an imperfect knowledge of the French process, and who thus made some fatal oversight in the arrangement of their apparatus. It is satisfactory then to find that the system has been successfully carried out at Hayling Island. In the harbour there a company has become possessed of 900 acres of ground; this harbour being a great inlet of the sea, similar to that of Portland harbour, and situated at a few miles to the east of it. A large portion of the harbour has been cut off by the embankment of the railway, which runs from the mainland to the south of Hayling Island, and within this is situated the 900 acres referred to; the embankment, by the aid of sluices, giving the company a perfect command over the water supply. Parts of the ground have been divided off and set apart for various purposes, some for paces and spawning grounds, some for growing and fattening grounds, others for the cultivation of other molluscs than oysters, or the more valuable crustaceæ, and others as *viviers* for fish. Hitherto, however, the company have only had two branches of these undertakings, those which would be most likely to pay well if they succeeded. The one is oyster and the other lobster breeding. For the latter purpose, the company had a suitable reservoir constructed, and stocked it towards the end of the season with a score or two of breeding lobsters, and the result is that they have now in their ponds thousands of small lobsters, passing through the unprofitable stages of babyhood. The oyster-parc has been made on the side of the old Salterns, oysters being laid down, and collecting-tiles placed to receive the spat in the most favourable positions. It is scarcely a month since the oysters commenced to throw out the spat, but already the collecting-tiles have been covered with the young oysters. The embryo taking to the tiles, and fixing itself firmly to them without difficulty, the tiles are covered with oysters; the number of which may be imagined, when we say that there are about twenty-six oysters to every square inch of tile. The experiment has been carried out at a small expenditure (four acres only out of the 900 having been occupied by the present parc), and the produce promises to be considerable; which is something to the general public, if it leads to other enterprises of the same kind, and a downfall in the price of oysters.*

The success of the Hayling Island experiments is most encouraging, and if care is taken to secure other paces as favourably situated, there is good reason to hope for more satisfactory results than have hitherto attended oyster cultivation. We must become better acquainted with the natural history of oysters before we can determine the causes of failures, which have been so universal the last few years. As Mr. Frank Buckland says, we must first of all consider the amount of failure, to know what we have to combat; (2d) the nature of the young oyster or spat, and the conditions favourable or unfavourable for its development; (3d) the necessary requirements for the adult oyster; (4th) the various operations necessary for the cultivation of oysters both by the natural and by the so-called artificial methods; (5th) the enemies of the oyster. On the subject of the general failure, the same writer remarks that it is most mysterious on account of its universality, ‘for it has extended not only to the celebrated breeding-beds in comparatively shallow water on the south coast of England, but also to the beds at the mouth of the Thames, both north and south of the estuary. Then, again, we find that the beds in the deep sea are equally affected, and that the oyster-beds in France have also failed.’ The beds off Jersey can be hardly said to exist, a colony of shells (crow-oysters) having taken their place. The oyster-beds on the west coast of Ireland have terribly fallen off in their supply of young oysters; nor are the beds on the east coast in a very different condition :—

‘These are the facts we have to deal with, and the first thing we must observe is, the immensity of space over which the cause (whatever it may be) has extended; we must, therefore, while collecting facts and observations at individual localities, not forget to take a large view of things, and look in the first instance for some *one great cause* which must be taken into consideration with the many minor causes, though I am of opinion that the minor causes in many instances are but of secondary importance.’

It is interesting to note that Mr. Frank Buckland, who has paid so much attention to the oyster question, is not an advocate for the over-dredging theory. He says,—

‘I am aware that it has gone forth to the world that over-dredging is the cause of failure. I at once place myself in the position of a man

* Since the above was written we have read a short pamphlet on *Successful Oyster Culture*, by Harry Lobb, Esq., Director of the South of England Oyster Company, in which much valuable information is given.

fixed for his sins in the pillory, and in spite of the numerous arguments and theories which I expect will come spinning through the air at my devoted head, at once give out that I am opposed to the over-dredging theory, and that, if it has any influence at all, it must be placed in the number of the minor causes.'

On the failure of oysters on the French coasts the last few years, Mr. Buckland assured himself by a personal visit to La Rochelle and the Ile de Ré; and he has tabulated the fall of spat as it occurred in France and the mouth of the Thames during several consecutive years as follows:—

	FRANCE.	MOUTH OF THAMES.
1858, . .	Good,	. . Good.
1859, . .	Good,	. . Good.
1860, . .	Very good,	. . Very good.
1861, . .	Good,	. . Good.
1862, . .	Bad,	. . Bad.
1863, . .	Bad,	. . Bad.
1864, . .	Bad,	. . Bad.
1865, . .	No information,	Better.

In considering the question of frequent failures of the spatting of oysters, we must take into account the *a priori* probability, and indeed necessity, of occasional failures; for, as Mr. Buckland has well said,

'in all cases where animals multiply their species at a very great rate, and each individual brings forth its thousands, we find that on the other side of the balance-sheet there are a proportionate number of enemies, be they animate or inanimate, ever present to keep under the species, and prevent them multiplying in an undue ratio.'

Again, if the fall of spat took place every year, previous years' young would be destroyed by the crowded overgrowth of several consecutive spatting, and the result would end in the extinction of the species; so we may see, as Mr. Buckland observes, 'how beneficial it is that there should be periodical successive years of failure, for the new generations to have time to grow and become adult creatures.' What the particular conditions are, indispensable to secure a good spat, as yet remains a matter of doubt, but it would seem that warm calm weather is an essential requisite. The foreman of the Whitstable Company informed the Commissioners that 'they do not expect a good spatting season oftener than once in every ten years, and that a good season has generally been followed by one or two seasons of moderate spat, but that one good season would supply them with sufficient brood for six or seven years.' He also asserted that on one occasion within his recollection there was no spat upon the flats for thirteen consecutive years.

With respect to the laws regulating the oyster-fisheries, the Commissioners have proved that they are in the same uncertain and unsatisfactory state as those regulating the other fisheries. The following articles of the Convention Act have reference to oyster-fishing:—

'XLV. Oyster-fishing shall open on the 1st of September, and shall close on the 30th of April.

'XLVI. From the 1st of May to the 30th of August, no boat shall have on board any dredge or other implement whatever for catching oysters.

'XLVII. It is forbidden to dredge oysters between sunset and sunrise.

'XLVIII. The fishermen shall cull the oysters on the fishing-ground, and shall immediately throw back into the sea all oysters less than two and a half inches (six centimètres French) in the greatest diameter of the shell, and also all sand, gravel, and fragments of shells.

'XLIX. It is forbidden to throw into the sea, or oyster-fishing grounds, the ballast of boats, or any other thing whatsoever which might be detrimental to the oyster-fishing.'

It will be remembered that great uncertainty prevails with regard to the operation of the Convention Act, and 'that there is much difference of opinion among the legal advisers of the Crown as to the limits within which this Act operates, whether it has, in fact, any operation within the three-mile limit from the shores of this country,—the better opinion being that it has no operation within the aforesaid limit.*

The regulations, however, were enforced within the three-mile limit, and the injurious effects thereof were soon felt by the fishermen of Kent and Essex, who from time immemorial had been in the habit of fishing on the 'flats' in the estuary of the Thames, and on the grounds off the coast of Essex, for brood to stock their beds. Owners of private beds also complained, and with great justice; for if the Convention Act was interpreted to apply within the three-mile limit, they were forbidden to dredge and clear their beds during the summer months. In consequence, therefore, of these complaints, and of legal difficulties which arose in the prosecution of persons for dredging in the harbours, the Board of Trade in 1847 consulted the law-officers of the Crown, and gave directions to the Customs 'not to enforce for the present the regulations of the Convention with respect to oyster-fishing in any portion of the sea within three miles of the east coasts, or in any of the bays or es-

* *Sea-Fisheries Report*, p. lxiii.

tuaries thereof.' They said that it 'was not the intention of either of the parties to the Convention to make regulations binding on the coast fisheries of the other, except so far as might be necessary to secure the observation of the regulations applicable to the sea common to both; and that, as regards the seas not common to both, it would be desirable to enforce the regulations to such an extent, and to such an extent only, as might be most consistent with the permanent interest of the fishermen on different parts of the coast.' With respect to other parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom, the regulations were to be enforced unless the interests of the fisheries should require their relaxation. In 1852, in consequence of the French Government having called on the English Government for a strict execution of the Convention regulations as regards the oyster-fisheries, a close-time was generally enforced upon the fishermen of Jersey, and instructions given to the Custom authorities, the Coast-guard, and Channel cruisers, to carry out the Close-time Act most strictly, 'not only outside the three-mile limit, but also within that limit, with the exception of the beds on the east coast,' where the people appear to have enjoyed perfect freedom,—dredging, moving, or selling their oysters exactly as they pleased. Let us see what was the effect of this close-time. The Commissioners say:—

'The enforcement of the close-season worked a revolution in the oyster-trade. It had been the practice on the beds off Jersey, and off the south coast generally, and in most of the bays, to dredge throughout the summer for the oyster brood; the small oysters thus taken were laid down in beds along the south coast, at Langston Harbour, Chichester Harbour, Newhaven and Shoreham, and to the eastward, on beds in the mouth of the Thames, and comparatively few oysters came to market which had not lain a year at least on some one of these beds. It is alleged by many of the witnesses examined by us on this subject, that the effect of discontinuing dredging during the summer months has been to do far more injury than good; that it has allowed weeds and slub to accumulate on the ground, which, under the old system, were prevented from settling on the ground to the same extent; that the spat falling upon this foul ground has been choked by weeds and mud, and that consequently the oyster-beds have almost disappeared.'

In 1855 another Act (18 and 19 Vict. c. 101) was passed, in consequence of the difficulty in enforcing the regulation, as no power had been granted to the Customs officers to destroy the oysters found on board fishing-boats during the fence-months.

'The first section of this Act provides that

any officer, when he boards any British fishing-vessel to examine whether the fishing regulations are complied with, may seize and throw overboard or destroy any oysters found on board such vessel at any time between the 1st of May and the 31st of August, and may seize and dispose of dredges and other implements for catching oysters found on board such vessel, or found sunk in, or floating upon the seas during the time aforesaid; and the second section provides that no oysters taken in the seas between the United Kingdom and France shall be imported into or landed in the United Kingdom between the 1st of May and the 31st of August, and that any oysters imported or landed between such days from any vessel employed in fishing in the said seas, shall be deemed to be oysters taken and imported contrary to the provisions of the Act, unless the contrary be proved, and that oysters which it is attempted so to land may be destroyed.'

The question as to the operation of this Act within the three-mile limit is as much a matter of doubt as the Convention Act, although some have supposed that this Act had the effect of extending the operation of the Convention Act, and enforcing the close-time within the three-mile limit.

'Like the Convention Act, the Act of 1855 was passed for the purpose of executing more effectually the convention between the two countries, and it does not in express words extend any of its regulations to the seas within the three-mile limit. The words "seas between the United Kingdom and France" occur in both Acts, and if, in the Convention Act, they exclude the seas within the three-mile limit, they do so equally in the latter Act. Such being the case, only those dredges may be seized which have been used during the close-season beyond the three-mile limit; and though oysters imported, or landed, from any vessel employed beyond the limit during the close-season, are to be deemed to have been taken beyond the limit, unless the contrary be proved, yet where it is proved that the oysters were taken within the three-mile limit, the Act does not apply. If this view be correct, then neither under this Act, nor under the Convention Act, can the close-time for oysters be enforced by law within the limit of three miles from low-water marks or in those bays which are not more than ten miles across.'

Notwithstanding the evident uncertainty of these Acts, as regards their operation within the three-mile limit, and notwithstanding the absence of any subsequent well-defined Act on this point, instructions, we are told, have been given to Naval and Customs officers on the coast to carry out the close-time strictly, both within and without the three-mile limit, to seize the dredges and oysters of all persons found dredging in the four close-months—May, June, July, and August—in all places, with

exception of the estuary of the Thames, and some parts within 'three miles of the east coast north of the Foreland.'

In 1857, in consequence of complaints from the owners of private beds, an Order in Council was passed, directing the officers of Customs and Coast-guard not to interfere with the action of the owners of private beds within the British limits, as far as relates to the preservation, propagation, and removal of oysters. The owners themselves were not to work the beds, except for the purpose of cleaning them and removing the oysters during the close-months, and then not without a special license; oysters were not to be removed from bed to bed without a license 'addressed by the collector of the port where they are dredged, to the collector of the port where they are deposited;' which rules were to apply to the removal of oysters lawfully dredged in Ireland to the coasts of England.

'As might be expected from the account of the legislation which has taken place respecting oyster-fisheries, we found,' say the Commissioners, 'everywhere great uncertainty existing as to the state of the law on this subject. On the Essex coast the fishermen are under the impression that they have a right to dredge for oysters anywhere north of a line drawn from the North Foreland to Dunkirk. They state that such a line was drawn for them some few years ago by the Board of Trade, and that they were told that beyond that line they were free from the restrictions of the Convention. It seems that latterly the Government have insisted on stopping dredging north of the line, except within the three-mile limit, but the Colchester men told us they had challenged the Government to send a vessel out after them; and an action in the matter is, we believe, now pending.'

As evidence of the injurious effect of the uncertain nature of the law upon the interests of the oyster-trade, the Commissioners cite the statements of the Colchester dredgers:—

'The commander of our cutter will come on board a vessel and say, "You ought only to have oysters of such a size;" and another will say, "You ought not to have a dredge on board;" a third, that we ought not to be here, and the next, that we ought not to be there. Another one says we have no business to go to Burnham for oysters, and what with all these different opinions, we never know what we ought to do. In point of fact, the interference to which we are subjected here has regularly paralysed our trade.'

Again—

'The Government have taken so much advantage of us that our business has been almost paralysed. We are obliged to act contrary to the law; if we did not we should starve, and

should have to seek some other mode of gaining a living.'

The legislation in Ireland with regard to oysters, although it differs for different parts of the coast, has, we are told, 'the merit of being certain.' May 1st to September 1st are close-months, and oysters are prohibited from being taken, but the Act (5 and 6 Vict. c. 106) makes no restriction as to size. The Convention Act is suspended by Order in Council from operation on the Coast of Ireland; and there are Fishery Commissioners who have passed bye-laws with respect to certain oyster fisheries off their coast.

'The clearly determinable results of legislation respecting oysters' have been thus summed up by the Royal Commissioners:—

'1. That round the English and Scotch coasts, and outside the three-mile limit, a close-time is to be observed; oysters less than 2½ inches in diameter may not be taken, and all sand, gravel, and fragments of shell must be thrown back into the sea; ballast or other detrimental matter must not be thrown on oyster fishing-grounds; and dredging must not take place between sunset and sunrise.

'2. That, on the supposition that the Convention Act applies only to the seas between the fishery limits of the two countries, oyster-fishing is free from regulations within the three-mile limit, and in the bays of England and Scotland.

'3. That Dutch fishermen, and fishermen of other nations, not parties to the Convention, may dredge oysters when, where, and how they please.

'4. That, on the above supposition as to the Convention Act, if oysters are landed during the close-time, they are liable to seizure, unless the holder can prove that they have been taken within the three-mile limit.

'5. That in Ireland the taking of oysters during the close-season within the three-mile limit is illegal, but that the Convention Act being suspended outside the three-mile limit, a question would arise whether the taking of oysters outside the limit is subject to any restrictions.

'6. That where the Irish Fishery Commissioners have given leave to remove oysters within the three-mile limit, such removal is lawful; but that elsewhere the dredging up of oysters, even on private grounds, is illegal.

'7. That within the same limits in Ireland there is no restriction as to the size of the oysters permitted to be taken, except where the Commissioners have made a bye-law.

'8. That in Ireland the Fishery Commissioners have power to grant licenses for the formation of oyster-beds; but that in England there is no such power in any public department, and that no grant of exclusive fishing can be made without an Act of Parliament.'

Extensive oyster-beds outside the three-mile limit are found in deep water, from fifteen to twenty-four fathoms, in all parts of

the Channel between Dunkirk and Cherbourg, on the east coast of England near Great Grimsby, at Arklow on the east coast of Ireland, and at Wexford.

These deep-sea oysters are large and coarse when first taken, but improve on being laid down on beds inshore for a short time. They are familiar to every one, being extensively hawked about at fairs and races throughout the country, and piles of them meet the eye of every passer near the Liverpool Docks and at the street-corners. The Jersey dredgers, we are told, since the deep Channel beds have been discovered, have devoted themselves entirely to these banks; the oysters are very abundant, 'and at present' (1866) 'show no signs of giving way.' In consequence of these oysters being inhabitants of the deep sea, they will not stand a winter on the Kentish beds, where the temperature is variable. About three hundred vessels, each of about twenty-five tons, and carrying six men, are employed in this work.

'They hail generally from Colchester, Rochester, and Jersey, but they take their produce to Shoreham, Newhaven, and to the beds at the mouth of the Thames. During the open months the beds at these places are stocked with a supply sufficient to last, as far as possible, through the close-season; and the supply only ceases when the oysters become sick from spawning, when they will not bear carriage; the oysters are then kept back for about a month, and are not sent to market again till the spawning is over.'

With respect to the advantage to the beds of dredging during May and June, the Commissioners say that they found it everywhere the opinion of fishermen engaged in the deep-sea dredging, that these two months might be added to the open season, on the ground that the oysters are never in better condition than they are in May and June; that if permitted to dredge them, the fishermen would be able to bring in much greater supplies, as they are often prevented during the open months by bad weather from dredging in such exposed grounds. And again, the fishermen maintain that dredging the ground during May and June would prevent the growth of weed, and prepare it for the reception of spat. The dredges, of which there are four to each boat, have rings 24 inches in diameter, so that few very small oysters are taken. The regulation of the Convention Act forbidding to dredge between sunset and sunrise is not observed by the Jersey fishermen, who dredge day and night during the fine winter nights. French oyster-dredgers are also engaged in these beds, but no conflicts between them and the English boats occur.

The deep-sea bed near Great Grimsby is situated ten or twelve miles from the shore off Spurn Point, and is worked by the Colchester boats during the summer months, the men declaring they have the permission of the Government to do so, which the Commissioners do not credit. They affirm they must dredge during the summer months on account of the exposed nature of the ground in winter, and its being very heavy to work at that time. The large oysters from the Arklow beds are not fit for immediate consumption; large numbers of them are sent to Beaumaris, where we have ourselves frequently seen them, and form the chief supply of Liverpool and the manufacturing districts during the summer months. The Arklow fishermen are allowed to dredge in the month of May, with the restriction, however, that the oysters are to be sent to replenish private beds. The Arklow beds extend south a distance of thirty-six miles, and join with those opposite to Wexford.

The oyster-beds which lie within the three-mile limit may be conveniently considered under two heads:—1. Those which have never observed a close-season, and where no restriction as to size has ever been attempted. 2. Those in which a close-time is everywhere strictly enforced, both within and without the three-mile limit. Under 1 are classed the oyster-beds of Kent and Essex, chiefly in the estuary of the Thames. Under 2 are to be enumerated the beds on the south and west coasts of England, in the Solent, Portland Bay, Falmouth Harbour, Milford Haven, Swansea Bay, and Carnarvon Bay; in Ireland, those of Clew Bay, Sligo, Tralee, Loeh Foyle, Belfast Lough, and Carlingford; in Scotland, of Loeh Ryan, and the Forth. Of the two different and opposite methods pursued, which is the best calculated to produce the greatest number of oysters for the consumers? The first-named system is a very ancient one, while the other, which prevails in most of the bays and inshore beds on the coasts of England and Ireland, does not date before the Convention Act (1839), and in some cases not before the enforcement of that Act, which, as we have seen, took place in 1852.

Now, in the fisheries of the estuary of the Thames, the fishermen from time immemorial have been in the habit of dredging the open or public grounds for 'brood,' that is to say, the young oysters of from half an inch to one inch in diameter, at any season of the year. This brood is then deposited in the private beds along the coast of Kent and Essex.

'Of these private oyster-fisheries, the most important are the Whitstable and Faversham fisheries on the Kentish coast at the mouth of the Swale, and the Colchester and Burnham fisheries in the rivers Colne and Crouch; and there are numerous other grounds on the Essex coast, in the estuaries of the rivers Crouch, Roach, Colne, Stour, and Orwell, and on the Kentish coast in the Medway and Swale. The public grounds from which these beds are supplied with brood lie off the Kentish coast on what are called the Flats, from near the Isle of Sheppy to Margate, and off the Essex coast from the entrance of the river Crouch to Harwich. The blackwater river, which is a considerable expanse of water, is also open ground.'

What would be the effect upon these private oyster-fisheries if the Convention Act were strictly enforced upon the public grounds which supply the brood? The Commissioners say, that they found it to be the universal opinion of the fishermen in those parts of the coast, that the enforcement of the Act 'would be fatal to the general prosperity of the dredgermen, and to the interests of the private companies.' They give the following reasons:—

'1. If the brood were left on the open grounds, a very small portion of it would come to maturity, or reach the market as large oysters. The question is asked—

'58,200. What would be the effect of carrying out the Convention Act, and preventing you from dredging for young oysters in the close-months?—If we were prevented from working on the ground in the close-months, it would materially injure us no doubt. It is very possible that it might be the occasion of our losing a great portion of our oysters. There is no telling when the vermin would set in. Whenever a bed of five-fingers [the starfish] moves and settles itself upon the oysters, there they lie, and destroy everything before them unless they are removed.

'59,747. I know a case in which a bed of oysters was found in the Channel. It was at the end of the season, and they were very small, so the persons who found them thought they would not go for the purpose of catching them until the commencement of the following season; but when they went, they found that they were all dead, having been killed by the five-fingers.

'2. Oysters which have reached 2½ inches in diameter on the open grounds never are so delicate as those which have been raised from brood on the private grounds; and therefore, if the taking of such brood were prevented, the markets would be supplied with an inferior article.

'3. On the private beds great care is taken of the brood thus secured, so that one good spatting season will supply the private ground with sufficient brood to keep up a constant supply of large oysters for four or five years, and thus the supply of "natives" is husband-

ed, and bad breeding seasons are compensated.

'4. Dredging during the summer months prepares the ground for the reception of spat. If there were no dredging during the months of May and June, there would be a growth of weed and a collection of mud which would unfit the ground for the reception of spat; and it is not to be expected that men will dredge their open grounds during the summer, unless they are permitted to sell what they take up.

'5. The summer months are those in which the brood is most easily dredged. "Although one might think," says Mr. Nichols, the foreman of the Whitstable Company, "that under water the weather would make no difference to the ground, that is not really the case. It is only when the weather is warm that the ground is loose, and we may then catch brood in a spot where we could not catch it at all in the winter. In the winter-time the ground is quite close and hard, and we cannot catch it at all."

'6. Where the prosperity of the oyster-beds requires that for a short period after the spat has been deposited there should be no dredging, lest the young oysters should be injured by the dredge, the fishermen themselves, without any legislative restrictions, abstain from working, in part from a sense of their own interest, and in part because the owners of private beds would refuse to buy brood of them at such a time.'

The following account of the fishery of the celebrated Whitstable Company, the most important of the private oyster-fisheries in the estuary of the Thames, and perhaps the most productive oyster-bed in the world, will be read with interest:—

'This fishery lies immediately off Whitstable, and is protected from the easterly winds by a spit of sand which runs out from the shore for a distance of 1½ miles. Inside of this, the ground which belongs to the Company is about two miles in extent each way, but at present not more than two square miles are cultivated. Except during very extraordinary tides, the beds are never uncovered at low water, the depth not falling below from four to six feet. From this comparatively small piece of ground the produce of oysters is very considerable. The Company is an ancient corporation of fishermen, in the nature of a guild, and is probably an example of the ancient guilds which were formerly so common in this country. They had from time immemorial been working on their present ground, but in the year 1793 they were empowered by Parliament to purchase the exclusive right of fishing from the lord of the manor on the ground where previously they appear to have been only customary tenants. At that time they were only thirty-six in number, and they had to borrow a sum of £20,000, which was subsequently increased to £30,000 for the purchase of the ground, and for stocking it with brood. Their numbers are now increased to 408, including widows, and of these about 300 are working members.

They have succeeded in paying off their debt. Their annual receipts are now sufficient to enable them to lay out a great amount of money in the purchase of brood, and they have a stock of oysters in hand which is valued at a very large sum. At the commencement of the season of 1862-63 their stock was valued at £400,000, and during the season they sold oysters of the value of £90,000. The Company is governed by a foreman, deputy-foreman, treasurer, and a jury of twelve; the officers are elected by the whole body, and the jury is nominated by the officers. The only persons who have a right to become members of the Company are the sons of dredgermen. The officers and jury decide what shall be the quantity of oysters dredged up and sold in the market, and what amount of brood shall be bought, and how much shall be paid to the members for work done for the Company. The rate of wages varies according to the quantity sold and the price of oysters; on the average of the last eighteen years the rate of pay to the members has been 23s. per week; the last few years it has been considerably more; and a bonus was divided in 1863 of £20, and in 1864 of £16; so that the amount each member has received during the last twelve months has been altogether £100. The widows of members are also entitled to one-third of the pay which working members get. Between £33,000 and £34,000 has been paid over by the Company to its members in the course of one year. For this pay the average work performed by the dredgerman, during the open season, when they are engaged in dredging up oysters for sale in the market, is about two hours a day; and during the close-season, when they are occupied in dredging and clearing the ground, and moving and separating the oysters, four hours a day. The rest of their time is generally occupied in dredging the "Flats" for brood, which they sell to the Company for laying down; and in good years they often make more by work outside than they receive from the Company itself in wages.

There is no legal close-time for these beds, but it has been the practice of the Company from time immemorial, to observe a close-time of their own; they cease dredging for oysters for market every year, on a day fixed by the jury—usually about the 9th of May—and commence again about the 3d of August. During this period, though no oysters are supplied to the London market, the men are constantly employed in dredging, for the purpose of cleaning the ground, preventing the accumulation of mud and weeds, killing the enemies of the oyster—such as five-fingers and mussels—and separating the larger from the smaller oysters; the larger are set apart on a portion of the ground, from which the market is supplied during the open season. The dredging goes on throughout the close-season, with the exception of an interval of a month, usually in June or July, when the spat is observed settling on the beds; whenever this is ascertained, the fishermen leave off dredging, on the ground that the dragging of the dredge over the young oysters

before they are sufficiently formed may be injurious. Mr. Nichols, the foreman, informed us that they generally find that they have a good spat on their grounds in years when a good spat is found on the open ground outside; but that, when there is no spat outside, neither is there any to be found on their own ground. They have had no good spat on their grounds, nor has any been observed on the flats, since the year 1858.*

In that year, we are told, the spat was very abundant, and the great quantities of brood which were secured in that and the three following years formed the stock from which the market has ever since been supplied. A return of the quantities of spat yearly bought by this Company, the price paid for it, and the quantity and price of full-grown oysters sent to market, which the Commissioners give, shows the extent of trade in oysters carried on by the Whitstable Company alone. From it is also seen the considerable variations in the quantities and prices of brood obtained from the flats and the Essex beds, the different prices per bushel of 'natives' sold, which in 1865, in consequence of the great scarcity, rose as high as £6 per bushel.*

The oyster-beds on the south coast of England have, the last few years, yielded very poor returns; everywhere there has been a great scarcity of oysters. The fishermen, who dredge the beds in shallow water, and in bays on other parts of the coast, are, with few exceptions, in favour of a close-season. They attribute the falling off of the oysters to over-dredging, or to the taking of oysters of too small a size. They are opposed to the taking of small oysters for the purpose of laying them down on beds distant from their own neighbourhood, though they are not generally opposed to move them for the purpose of laying them down on beds of their own.

In favour of a close-season must be mentioned the name of Mr. Ffennell, a gentleman who has paid considerable attention to these and kindred subjects, and who was for several years one of the sea-fishery inspectors for Ireland. Mr. Ffennell thinks the establishment of a close-season on the oyster-fisheries in the bays and loughs of Ireland has been beneficial; but it appears that the Irish beds have not suffered as the English beds have done from the failure of spat,—a most important consideration, and one which, we are persuaded, lies at the bottom of the whole question. A considerable business is

* The average price of native oysters is about £2 per bushel.

carried on in Irish oysters, and great quantities are sent to Liverpool, London, and other towns. As far as quality goes, it would no doubt be considered an unpardonable gastronomic heresy to say that the Carlingford oyster is equal in flavour to a real 'native,' but the Carlingford oyster, in our opinion, though not so delicious as a 'native,' is the very best attainable substitute. The present price of these oysters is considerably less than that of the 'natives.'* The open-season at Carlingford is reduced to four months, and the regulations as to size are duly enforced. There are 220 boats and 460 men now employed in this fishery, as compared with 357 boats and 887 men employed some thirty years ago; but for a lengthened period it is alleged that the oysters completely disappeared from the Lough; owing, as the Commissioners were told by the fishermen, to a great gale which smothered the oysters with sand, and they have only reappeared within the last three or four years.

Scotland is not celebrated for its oyster-fisheries, the only important beds there being in the Forth and Loch Ryan.† These beds are owned by private individuals, and the fishermen pay for a license to dredge. In the Forth the close-season is from April 30th to September 1st, and small oysters are not allowed to be taken, but there is difficulty in enforcing the restriction. In Loch Ryan only twelve boats are allowed to dredge in September, and twenty-four during the remainder of the open-season; the dredgermen pay to the owner £5 a month for each boat.

That the enforcement of a close-time in the open grounds is not only unnecessary, but may be positively injurious, is insisted on by many competent witnesses examined by the Commissioners. The evils that would result are mainly these two:—(1.) The mud and weed would so accumulate as to destroy the oysters, unless removed from time to time during the summer months. (2.) Constant working the beds is necessary in order to destroy the five-fingers, mussels, whelk-tings, and other enemies of the oyster. On these two points one of the witnesses remarks—(1.) That the ground, upon which freshets are constantly coming, and bringing sullage with them, requires constant clearing; that a heavy gale of wind will come on, and roll up the oysters in a ridge three feet deep. If

the beds are worked after this gale, the oysters would be all spread over the ground again in the course of a few days, and the mud would be dispersed, whereas if the beds are not worked, fresh accumulations of mud would settle about the ridge and choke the oysters; and (2.) That mussels, if allowed to get amongst the oysters, would soon smother them; that the five-fingers sometimes come in upon the beds like a swarm of bees, completely filling the ground, and that they would soon eat up the spat unless the ground was repeatedly dredged:—

'There is one kind which will eat an oyster itself; yet it is a singular thing with regard to them, that after they have been dredged for a time they roll themselves up and float away; so much is that the case, that in places where the fishermen have caught ten bushels of five-fingers one day, they will go out the next day and not catch one. If, during the close-months, the fishermen were unable to dredge, of course it would follow that the five-fingers would soon clear the oysters off the beds.'

If, then, as the Commissioners truly remark, we look at the action and interaction of mussels and star-fish alone, without considering any other of the numerous active and passive enemies of the oyster, we cannot help being struck by the great complexity of the conditions upon which the prosperity of an oyster-bed depends.

But let us look at the arguments which are adduced in favour of a close-time. It is maintained by its advocates—

(1.) That during close-time the oysters are unfit for food.

(2.) That dredging over the beds will crush and destroy the young spat.

(3.) That if the oysters are taken while breeding, the supply must soon come to an end.

But it does not appear that a single one of these statements can be accepted as valid. As to the first, it is 'generally agreed that not more than 20 per cent., or thereabouts, of the oysters are ever spawning at once; at least 80 per cent., even at the worst of times, being eatable and in good condition.' Indeed, there is considerable difference as to the time of spawning; the deep-sea oysters are certainly later than the 'natives,' and those which inhabit more shallow water. Mr. F. Buckland has found an oyster in spawn as late as the 9th of November; and the Danish naturalist Krøyer, who undertook an official examination of the Danish oyster-beds, found not more than one oyster in ten spatting even in July and August. As to the second objection, the testimony of several practical oyster-cultivators is

* We paid for Carlingford oysters, in Liverpool, in October last, at the rate of 1s. 8d. and 1s. 10d. per score. Natives were, and are, 2s. 6d. per score.

† We speak of the quantity, not the quality of Scotch oysters; the 'Pandores' of Prestonpans are in high repute.

averse to it. 'We find,' says Mr. Wiseman, 'that the more we work the ground when the spat is falling, the more spat we have, and there is a friend of mine who works all the year round, and he has more spat than I have.' Moreover, those who have been in the habit of dredging for marine animals are well aware that they bring up delicately-organized creatures from the bottom of the sea without inflicting any injury upon them. Again, the Commissioners say,—

'It is rare for the spatting to take place early in May, and if it does, as the young oysters swim about for twenty-two to twenty-seven days, dredging over the beds cannot possibly do them harm for the greater part, if not the whole, month of May; while if, as is more usual, the spatting does not occur until June, July, or even August or September, not only may dredging during these months be totally innocuous to the spat, on account of its not having settled, but on the theory that dredging over the spat is injurious, great damage may be done in the two first of the *open* months.'

As to the third argument for close-time, that if oysters are taken while breeding the supply will soon become exhausted,

'those who employ it leave out of sight the fact, that oysters are taken before they breed as well as after they breed; if a sheep master own a hundred ewes, all of which will lamb next February, it will make not the smallest difference to the increase of his flock whether he destroys ten of these ewes this July, or leaves them till they are just about to bring forth at the end of next January. The increase altogether depends on the absolute number of ewes which are allowed to bring forth and rear their young. So with an oyster-bed. Other circumstances being alike, the supply of oysters in the bed will depend upon the total number allowed to shed their spawn during the breeding-season.'

As with salt-water fish generally, their amazing fertility renders man's agency, whether for good or evil, altogether inappreciable, so it is with oysters.

'If the conditions for the development of the spat are favourable, it is produced on so enormous a scale that any check exerted by human influence is altogether insignificant; while, on the other hand, if these conditions are unfavourable, man is, in nine cases out of ten, powerless to effect them. Something he may do by clearing away weed and mud, and checking the growth of mussels and the depredations of five-fingers; but how is he to deal with changes of temperature, with gales of wind, with the multitudes of marine animals which prey upon the oyster-spat in all its stages, or with the currents which, by being a little

swifter or a little slower than usual, or by deviating a few points from their ordinary course, may carry millions upon millions of nascent oysters upon sands or mud unfitted for their development?'

'Oysters,' says Pliny, 'are all the better for travelling and being conveyed to new waters; the oysters of Brundisium, when fed in the waters of Avernus, are considered to retain their own native juices, and to acquire the flavour of those of the Lucrine Lake.' This is quite true, and modern oyster-cultivators improve the quality and enhance the value of the fish by removing them to new water and other localities.

'The general state of the case is this: if the oysters are thrown back again on to their native beds, they will, at the end of two years, supposing them to survive the ravages of their enemies, be worth a certain price per bushel; if they are removed to beds in their own neighbourhood, they will be secure from danger, and they will increase in value about a third, while, if they are removed to the Thames beds, which are still better adapted for improving their quality, they will increase in value as much as 50 per cent.'

With respect, therefore, to the prohibition of taking small oysters from public grounds, and transferring them to distant private beds, although it is natural that the fishermen should complain at beholding the small oysters removed from beds whereon they have been in the habit of dredging to other localities where they have no such right, yet if it be an established fact, and there can be no doubt of it, that oysters thus transferred do improve in quality, and consequent value, then it is the interest of the public that such removals should take place. 'Suppose, for example, that 1000 bushels of small oysters of about an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, be dredged up in Falmouth Harbour or in the Solent, is it better for the public that they should be thrown back again on to their native beds, or removed to the beds at the mouth of the Thames, or laid down on local beds near the places where they were dredged up?' The Commissioners therefore are in favour of removing every restriction upon such transfer; the only regulation that ought to be observed being that the minimum size should not be above that at which the oysters are capable of bearing carriage.

The Commissioners very strongly recommend that every encouragement should be given to the formation of private beds in all parts of the country, to which the small oysters, wherever and whenever they are

dredged by the fishermen on open grounds, may be transferred, and there cultivated and protected till they are sufficiently grown for the market. They think that the maintenance of a continuous supply of oysters to the market to a great extent depends on this system being extended. It will not do to apply to public grounds the same regulations or the same system which are observed on private beds, and for this simple reason :—

‘The great distinction between public and private grounds is, that on the latter dredging is carried out for the mere purpose of clearing the beds; in other words, capital is expended on the beds in the form of labour applied in dredging, for which no immediate return is expected. Fishermen cannot be expected to dredge the public grounds without immediate returns, unless the exclusive benefit derived therefrom be secured to them; we might as well expect one of the public to spend money in cultivating a public common, the benefit of which would be shared by all, and not confined to himself, as that one or more fishermen should dredge a public ground without immediate return.’

There are already in most of the estuaries and bays where large public oyster-beds exist, beds which have become, by law or custom, private ones, appropriated to the feeding of oysters; but the Commissioners consider it desirable to extend these private beds. In Ireland, the Fishery Commissioners have power to set apart grounds on the sea-shore for the purpose of forming oyster-beds, and to give licenses to the owners of the adjoining lands for this purpose, subject to a proviso that this power should not be exercised in cases where the public have been in the habit of dredging for oysters. A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed against these private beds, and the results are not encouraging, owing principally, as Mr. Barry maintains, ‘to the apathy of the individuals who get the licenses, and to their ignorance.’ In England no such power of granting licenses for the formation of oyster-beds exists. The power of granting exclusive rights of fishing in the sea and tidal rivers, which in very early times had been assumed by the Crown, was abridged by *Magna Charta*; so that the existence of any such exclusive fisheries now dates before *Magna Charta*, or they are held by immemorial user, from which such grants may by law be presumed; hence, with the exception of the estuary of the Thames, where early grants were made, there are very few places along the coast where exclusive rights of oyster-dredging exist; and these have become private property by ap-

propriation, or under leave of the owner of the foreshore. Some powers, therefore must be given, if it is thought desirable to encourage the formation of oyster-beds. In 1864 a considerable extent of ground at Herne Bay was, by an Act of Parliament, granted to a private company, for the purpose of cultivating oysters, and this question will probably not be forgotten this session.

The propriety of the grant to the Herne Bay Company was questioned by many witnesses examined by the Commissioners, and various objections made, which, however, we need not consider. ‘The advisability of appropriation will in each case turn upon a balance of considerations.’ The Commissioners think ‘that there should be no such appropriation without clear and unmistakable evidence that the ground will, by a course of cultivation, produce a much greater supply than it now does; that where the ground has been extensively dredged by the public, every consideration should be given to them; and that such appropriations should be limited so as to interfere as little as possible with the public uses.’

The result of the Commissioners’ inquiry into the condition of the oyster-fisheries—an inquiry which does credit both to their patience and ability—is summed up in these words :

‘That the supply of oysters has very greatly fallen off during the last three or four years.

‘That this decrease has not arisen from over-fishing, nor from any causes over which man has direct control, but from the very general failure of the spat or young of the oyster; which appears, during the years in question, to have been destroyed soon after it was produced. A similar failure of the spat has frequently happened before, and probably will often happen again.

‘That the best mode for providing against the effects of these periodic failures of the spat is, to facilitate the proceedings of those individuals or companies who may desire to acquire so much property in favourably situated portions of the sea-bottom as may suffice to enable them safely to invest capital, in preparing and preserving these portions of the sea-bottom for oyster-culture. By which term “oyster-culture,” is implied, not the artificial breeding of oysters in the manner in which salmon are bred artificially; but the collection of the brood in years when that brood is plentiful, and its preservation by the application of due skill and care, as a source of supply during the years when the spat fails—a practice in vogue among British fishermen from time immemorial.

‘That no regulations or restrictions upon oyster-fishing, beyond such as may be needed for the object just defined, have had, or are likely to have, any beneficial effect upon the supply of oysters.’

The great problem that oyster-cultivators have to solve is, how to make the little swimming fry stick to the cultch. Whatever may be the conditions requisite for the preservation of the young fry and their attachment, certain it is, as we have seen, that the conditions seldom occur in nature. But cannot art supply these conditions on a small scale? We do not yet know what these conditions are. Mr. Buckland, in his evidence before the commissioners, says that the experiment of taking up oysters just before spatting, and placing them in *claires*, has been tried, but has failed. Professor Huxley asks:—

'60,256. Is there no trade in the taking up of breeding-oysters, and supplying oyster-parks with them?—It would be of no use.

'60,257. The experiment has not been tried?—They have tried, as an experiment, the placing of one oyster on one tile, and two oysters on two tiles, but they do not catch anything under.

'60,258. They have tried the experiment of placing breeding oysters under the tiles?—Yes; M. Coste had the same idea that you have. He thought the young oysters would come from the old oyster and stick upon the tiles, but it has been found that they do not do so.

'60,259. What has happened?—They swim about, and I say it advisedly, for from twenty-two to twenty-seven days. They do not fix themselves as soon as they come out from the parent oyster. The idea of many persons is that they attach themselves as soon as they come out; but it is no such thing.

'60,260. Have you seen them swimming by means of the cilia?—Yes, thousands of them.

'60,261. Do they come to the surface of the water?—They have the power to do so if they choose; but as a rule they keep close to the bottom.

'60,262. Have you seen them forming a kind of seum on the top of the water?—I have had pointed out to me what was said to be oyster-spat forming a seum on the top, but it was nothing of the kind; it was young *medusa*.

'60,263. Are you fully satisfied as to their power of their being able to move about from place to place in calm water?—Yes; but blow the water with your breath, and they go along with it, and at night they are all down at the bottom. In the morning they are going up and down, exactly the same as a shower of snow.

'60,264. They never congregate at the top, but always at the bottom?—Yes.

'60,265. Has anybody tried the experiment of breeding oysters in a close pool of water?—The experiment has not been tried, but the oysters have spat in the *claires*.

'60,266. What has been the result?—Nothing.

'60,267. In the *claires* the water will be shallow?—Not so shallow: from one to two feet.

'60,269. Does the spat never fasten itself within the *claires*?—They have put in tiles, but they have never caught anything. I can lay down as a rule that oysters will not breed on artificial ponds, and that may save millions of money to people who are anxious to try the experiment.

'60,270. They will not breed?—They will breed; but the spat will not fix itself in the ponds. Mr. Wiseman tried the experiment at my instance last year.

'60,271. Did all the spat drift out to sea?—It vanished before one of its enemies.

'60,272. (*Mr. Lefevre.*) Although you can collect the young of the oysters in a bottle like this I have in my hand, and they will live, there are no means of making them fix themselves on beds or anything else?—No. If you find out a means of accomplishing that object, you might make £10,000 a year with the greatest ease.'

Mr. Buckland, however, does not despair that the problem will one day be solved, although, no doubt, it is a difficult one, and many considerations are involved in it.

It has been already stated that oysters have enemies, and amongst the most destructive of all are the 'five-fingers,' an echinoderm, often called 'star-fish,' common on every shore. It seems hard to understand how a star-fish can gain admittance into the inside of an oyster, whose power of closing his valves so tightly is familiar to everybody. The ancients imagined that the star-fish watched till the oyster gaped, and then stealthily inserted one of his five-fingers! Thus Oppian:—

τῷ δ' ὕψι τεχνάζουσι καὶ ἀστέρες ἐρυσσστήρες
Εἰνάλοι καὶ τοῖς γὰρ ἐπ' ὀστρεὰ μήτις ὀπηδεῖ,
ἀλλ' οὐ λᾶαν ἄγουσι συνέμπορον οἷδ' ἐπικούρον
κείνοι, τριχὺ δὲ κῶλον ἐνθρεΐσαντο μέσοισι
πεπταμένους. τὰ μὲν ὧδε πιέζεται, οἱ δὲ νέμονται.*

'In like manner, also, do the creeping star-fish of the sea plot, for craft is employed by them against oysters; but (unlike the crab) they do not convey and make use of a stone in order to open the shells; but when the valves are open, they insert one of their rough fingers into the midst; thus the oysters are killed and the star-fish feeds upon them.'

According to some observers, the star-fish protrudes a portion of his stomach, which he inserts between the valves of the oyster, and thus sucks his juices out.

'Should it come upon a mollusc,' says Mr. Wood, 'which, like the oyster, is firmly attached to some object, it is by no means disconcerted, but immediately proceeds to action. Its first process is to lie upon its prey, folding its arms over it so as to hold itself in the right position. It then applies the mouth closely to

* *Halient.* ii. 181-185.

the victim, and deliberately begins to push out its stomach through the mouth, and wraps the mollusc in the folds of that organ. Some naturalists think that the star-fish has the power of secreting some fluid, which is applied to the shell, and causes the bivalve to unclose itself. But whether this be the case or not, patience will always do her work, and in time the hapless mollusc surrenders itself to the devourer. In the case of smaller prey, the creature is taken wholly into the mouth, and there digested.*

Whelk-tingles (*purpura lapillus*) are also oyster destroyers, and sometimes do considerable damage to the beds. By means of a sharp tongue or proboscis, the whelk-tingle perforates the shell of the oyster, and so gets at the dainty food inside. Mr. Wiseman collects the shells, and paves his garden with them. Mussels have already been stated to be oyster enemies. 'If the spat of the mussel comes and falls upon the oyster-beds, it will spin ropes and collect mud, and the oysters are done for; it will knit the oyster all together, like a spider winding his net around a fly.†' The grey mullet, amongst fish, is also considered a great devourer of oysters, and 'whole beds may be seen marked out where the mullet has been grubbing for food.' Marine worms, such as the *Serpulæ* and the *Hermellæ*, 'take up good places, where the oysters ought to fix,' and there is a bivalve of the *Anomiidæ* family, the spat of which is so similar to that of the true oyster that only close observers can discover the distinction. This is the *Anomia*, with its white, pearly, flat, circular shell, the orifice being interrupted behind by a narrow slit. This is known as the 'crow,' or the 'saddle-back oyster,' and frauds are sometimes practised on spat purchasers, who are induced to buy the 'crow' spat instead of oyster spat. Storms, which roll up mud and sand, are injurious, and frost kills large numbers of oysters. The enemies of our much-prized 'native,' therefore, are clearly numerous; and when we consider the extreme uncertainty of the spatting seasons, together with the effects which are caused by these natural destructive agencies, it seems absurd to attribute periodic scarcities to human agency alone.

Oysters, as everybody knows, vary considerably in point of flavour. According to Mr. Buckland, the oysters of the Isle of Ré 'have a vulgar, bad smell,' and would be valueless if introduced amongst us. But 'de gustibus non est disputandum,' perhaps.

The green oysters, so much esteemed by our friends on the Continent, would probably not find much favour here.

Mr. Buckland has made some interesting experiments in order to ascertain the money value of different descriptions of oysters.

'I made a rule,' he says, 'to weigh the shells and to weigh the meat of every oyster I could get hold of. I have now weighed upwards of fifty kinds of oysters from every part of the world, weighing a dozen oysters, and taking the weight of the shells and of the meat. At the head of the list is the Whitstable oyster, which bears a proportion of one-fourth meat as compared with the weight of the shell. Next came the Colchester oyster, with a beautiful clean shell, and meat one-fourth again. Then Mr. Wiseman's oyster, from Paglesham, one-fifth. Next the Herne Bay oysters, one-fifth, and these were not cultivated. Falmouth, one-sixth; Isle of Ré, one-fifteenth. Like the French pig, they are very lean.'

Mr. Buckland does not tell us anything about American oysters; but according to Charles Mackay, the oysters of New York are the finest in the world. 'Fine in flavour, and of a size unparalleled in the oyster-beds of Whitstable, Ostend, or the Rocher de Cancale.' Some people prefer having their oysters opened on the shallow shell,—being under the impression probably, that the contained liquor is merely salt water. But this is a mistake. According to M. Payen's investigations, the liquid found in the substance of the oyster and between its shells is not salt water only, or principally, but contains a good deal of organic matter. 'When shaken with ether, it deposits some albuminous material, containing 8.75 per cent. of nitrogen.' Real oyster-lovers eat the creature out of the deep shell, and thus get all the delicious liquid. Some people swallow an oyster whole, others masticate it. According to a little handbook on this mollusc,* 'the ancients, our teachers in all arts, but especially in æsthetics, did not bolt the oyster, but masticated it. With more epicurean tact, they always extracted the full enjoyment out of the good things set before them. Not so we. Most of us now bolt them; but this is a mistake, for the oyster has a much finer flavour, and is far more nourishing, when well masticated.' The ancient Romans, we may remark, after they had eaten as much as they were able, used to practise a not very refined custom, whereby they were enabled to go on eating

* Wood's *Nat. History*, iii. 730.

† Report, Minutes of Evidence, 60, 314.

* *The Oyster: Where, How, and When to Find, Breed, Cook, and Eat it*, p. 42.

more. We hope we may never copy them in that particular branch of æsthetics!

Oysters are generally considered nutritious and easy of digestion when eaten raw, and, as is well known, raw oysters are not unfrequently recommended to the invalid; their digestibility probably depends upon the person by whom and the time when they are eaten. The London costermongers deal largely in oysters; they are sold to them out of the smacks at Billingsgate, and a few at Hungerford. The more expensive kind are never bought by the costermongers, but they buy oysters of a 'good middling quality.'

'At the commencement of the season,' says Mr. Mayhew, 'these oysters are 14s. a "bushel," but the measure contains from a bushel and a half to two bushels as it is more or less heaped up. The general price, however, is 9s. or 10s.; but they *have* been known 16s. and 18s. The "big trade" was unknown till 1848, when the very large shelly oysters, the fish inside being very small, were introduced from the Sussex coast. They were sold in Thames street and at the Borough Market. Their sale was at first enormous. The costermongers distinguished them by the name of "scuttle-mouths." . . . With the scuttle-mouths the costermonger takes no trouble; he throws them into the yard, and dashes a few pails of water over them, and then places them on his barrow, or conveys them to his stall. Some of the better class of costermongers, however, lay down their oysters carefully, giving them oatmeal to fatten on.'

The number of oysters sold by the costermongers amounts to 124,000,000 a year. Those, at four a penny, would realize the large sum of £129,000. 'We may therefore assume,' adds Mr. Mayhew, 'that £125,000 is spent yearly on oysters in the streets of London.'

Every one has heard of the saying that oysters are in season only when there is the letter *r* in the months; 'an error which was refuted so long ago as the year 1804, when M. Balaine contrived the means of sending to Paris oysters fresh, and in the best possible order, at all seasons alike.' As oysters differ considerably in their times of spawning, as we have seen above, the *r* axiom must be taken *cum grano salis*. At any rate the rule is violated, for August 4th inaugurates the oyster season; and in this month more oysters will be found spawning than in the month of May, and perhaps of June. The 'whiskered Pandores,' of which all Scotchmen boast, are obtained at Prestonpans and Cockenzie, where oyster-dredging is the principal occupation of the fishermen.

'The Pandore oyster,' writes Mr. Bertram, 'is so called because of being found in the

neighbourhood of the salt-pans. It is a large fine-flavoured oyster, as good as any "native" that was ever brought to table, the pooldoodies of Burra not excepted. . . . During the whole time that the dredging is being carried on, the crew keep up a wild monotonous song, or rather chant, in which they believe much virtue to lie. They assert that it charms the oysters into the dredge.

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,
For he comes of a gentle kind."

We conclude by expressing a hope that the 'gentle' bivalve will become more and more sensitive to the charms of oyster-cultivators, and that their efforts to induce the dancing fry to settle down to a quiet spat may ere long be attended with success.

ART. VII.—OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE great inquiry into the English Universities which was instituted in 1852, and the changes which were the result of that inquiry, stand out conspicuous among the many services which Lord Russell has rendered to the country. For these measures the Government of that day never, we think, received sufficient credit. Only a Minister of strong convictions and great courage would have boldly approached, with reforming hands, those powerful academic bodies. The danger encountered was not slight. The Universities cried aloud against the rash innovators; the inquiry was opposed by the whole force of the Tory party. Happily that outcry and that opposition were in vain. It is not unfrequently urged that, laying out of view certain leading measures of reform, the country derives no benefit from the continuance in office of a Liberal Administration; that the ordinary business of the Administration can be as well carried on by the Tories as by their rivals. The remark, though plausible, is very shallow. To this one great change we would point in answer. It was carried by a Liberal Government, acting on principle alone, not urged on, not even supported, by popular clamour, and carried against the whole force of the Tory party. How important the reform has been, how instant have been its results on the Universities, especially on Oxford, all who know the Universities are well convinced; and the constitution of English society is such, that everything affecting those great bodies must extend and spread itself, until

it penetrates throughout the whole community. No one has a better right to set forth what has been the work accomplished by the Reformers of that time than Mr. Goldwin Smith—himself not the least active and powerful among them.

'In the swift lapse of academical generations the Reformers of 1850 are rapidly passing off the scene. They encountered and overcame opposition in their day. They cleared away a mass of obstruction which during centuries of torpor had accumulated to such a height that the effort to remove it assumed something of the character, was attended with some of the evils, and has left behind it something of the lassitude, of a revolution. They overthrew oligarchy in the University and despotism in the College. They restored the Professoriate, for want of which the University had lost her position to a great extent as a seat of learning, and almost entirely as a seat of science. They opened and augmented the Scholarships, thereby giving you the means of drawing hither the flower of English youth. They introduced physical science, which besides its intrinsic importance as a study, and as the indispensable title to the intellectual allegiance of a scientific age, has naturalized here the scientific habit of mind, and erected a bulwark of assured truth, though it may not be truth of the very highest kind, against which the alternate waves of Jesuitism and scepticism will henceforth beat in vain. Above all they opened the fellowships, a reform which in the case of many Colleges, and those among the wealthiest, amounted to nothing less than the reconversion of a mere body of proprietors, with a certain literary and educational tinge, into literary and educating institutions; and which moreover has assured the future by placing the destinies of Oxford in the hands of men, who, whatever qualms or reactions may prevail among them for the moment, cannot fail, as they have hearts and brains, in the long-run to see and feel the grandeur of their trust.*

But though much has been done, there yet remains much to do. The Reformers of 1852 often failed to see their way clearly, sometimes fell into serious error. Besides, the work they had set before themselves was so great that they could not hope to achieve more than a portion of it; had they attempted more, they might have failed altogether. They were acting, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has said, mainly as pioneers. Partly owing to their own shortcomings, still more owing to the inveterate obstructiveness of well-drilled opponents, their pioneering labours have not fully thrown open the rich country which lies before us; 'the problem of converting the literary monasteries of the middle ages

into modern places of learning and education has not yet been solved.' The abolition of the old Laudian government, under which the University had slept through centuries, undisturbed by the movement of the world without, was doubtless a long step in advance. But the constitution which, inexperience or timidity substituted has been found indifferent or hostile to true academic interests; powerful only to obstruct, sometimes to disgrace. Owing mainly to the inefficiency, or worse, of the governing body, the examinations of the University are not in a satisfactory state. The position neither of college tutors nor of private tutors is right or just; the restoration of the professoriate has been, on the whole, a failure; and, above all, the pressing question of University Extension remains very much where it was in 1850.

To this matter the attention of the University has been recently directed; and we propose in this paper to discuss very shortly the various schemes of University extension which have been suggested. It seems to us that education is rapidly rising to a place among great political questions. We are beginning to recognise its vital importance, to comprehend the power it must exercise in strengthening and in restraining the yet untamed forces of the future. And if this be so, it is a thing of no light moment to inquire how far it may be possible that the vast wealth, the noble associations, the humanizing influences of Oxford, may eventually find fitting scope in the education of the country.

The subject is no new one. So far back as 1845, many gentlemen of mark, both lay and clerical, among whom were the names of Lord Sandon, Lord Ashley, and Mr. Gladstone, presented an address to the Hebdomadal Board, praying them to adopt measures which might render the University accessible to a larger class of the population. Pamphlets urging the same duty, have from that time to this, been periodically written and in due course forgotten. Few matters received more attention from the Commissioners of 1852. It occupied a considerable space in their Report; and nearly all the eminent academics whose evidence was published, discussed the various schemes which had been suggested for the attainment of this end. Mr. Mansel was perhaps the only man worthy of mention who maintained that it was fitting the Universities should be, as they then were, and unhappily still are, 'chiefly a training school for clergymen, or for men of fortune who need no profession,'—a position which he endeavoured to support by some heavy jocularly directed

* *A Letter to the Rev. C. W. Sandford, M.A., Senior Censor of Christ Church.* By Goldwin Smith.

against what he was pleased to style 'academical ptochogony.' But all this is based on misrepresentation. No real Reformer wishes that men should be encouraged to come to Oxford merely because they are poor. To have entertained this idea and acted upon it, is a lasting reproach to the Scotch University Commissioners of 1858. They actually preserved small bursaries in the hands of private patrons, with the avowed object that by means of them poor students might be sent up to the University. The English Reformers were misled by no such weak prejudice. On the contrary, they have been accused of disregarding the claims of indigence, because they opened the fellowships and scholarships to real merit, without any preference on the score of poverty.

Professor Rogers, for example, has of late been pressing this view with some urgency. Mr. Rogers would hardly, we think, propose that the University should retrace her steps; and we have no fear of such a disastrous result; but as we firmly believe that the Oxford ordinances throwing open the fellowships, etc., were not only in accordance with right, but also in the real interests of learning, and as different views touching the nature of academical endowments and the right mode of dealing with them appear to prevail even among intelligent men—witness the opinions expressed by the Scotch University Commissioners,—we cannot think it superfluous to quote a few weighty sentences from the report of the Oxford Commission of 1852:—

'Doubtless, Colleges were eleemosynary foundations, but their sole object was not, like that of an almshouse, to relieve indigence. They were intended no doubt to maintain scholars who were poor; and in an age when learning was regarded as ignoble by the great, and when nearly all but the great were poor, persons willing to enter the University as students could hardly be found except among the poor. If, in modern days, those who impart or seek education in the Universities are not indigent, it must not be thought, therefore, that the poor have been robbed of their birth-right. Rather the Universities, among other agencies, have so raised the condition of society, and mental cultivation is now so differently regarded, that persons intended for the learned professions are at present found only amongst the comparatively wealthy. Such persons, if elected for their merits to Fellowships and Scholarships, would most faithfully fulfil the main object of Founders, namely the promotion of religion and learning.'

Sound, however, as these views undoubtedly are, there can be no doubt that, as a matter of fact, many poor men who could have got to Oxford 'on the foundation,' as

it is called, before the recent changes, are deprived of that privilege now. This is, as we have said, quite right; but, at the same time, it seems to entitle the claims of the poor to increased consideration in dealing with University Extension. Now, undoubtedly, under the present system, no poor man can hope, without a scholarship, to enjoy the advantages of Oxford. The question, 'What is the cost of an Oxford education?' is so frequently heard in society, that we think the following calculations by the Oxford Commissioners will be read with interest by many of our readers. We may add, that we believe these calculations to be quite as applicable to the Oxford of the present day as to the Oxford of 1852:—

'On the whole, we believe that a parent, who, after supplying his son with clothes and supporting him at home during the vacations, has paid for him during his University course not more than £600, and is not called upon to discharge debts at its close, has reason to congratulate himself. Those who allow their sons a private tutor should add proportionably to their estimate. Private tutors usually charge £10 a term, or £30 a year, for three hours a week; £17, 10s. a term, or £50 a year, for six hours a week. Private tutors of high standing expect £20 a term; £30 is usually paid by young men who join a reading party during the long vacation.'

Now, on behalf of poor scholars, the object to be aimed at is, that all young men who can gain a scholarship, and that others who are not so successful, but yet have had a good academical training, should be able to enjoy an Oxford education, and obtain an Oxford degree at a cost within the reach of very moderate means. It is quite plain that the system which yields the above results must be considerably altered before this object can be attained.

But there are stronger reasons than the claims of indigence why a change in the present system is to be desired. Many men who would profit by Oxford, and do honour to it, are kept away, not because of the expense, but because of the tone of the society in which they would mix. Now, the surest way to improve this tone, to make it more rational and less prejudiced, is to extend and diversify the society. We are glad on this point to cite the convincing testimony of Sir Charles Lyell:—

'I speak,' he says, 'from personal experience of what has happened within the circle of my own friends and acquaintances, when I affirm, that parents possessing ample pecuniary means are often deterred from sending their sons to Oxford by a well-grounded apprehension, that after a residence of a few years, they will con-

tract from the social atmosphere of the place, notions incompatible with the line of life to which they are destined, although that professional line may be one peculiarly demanding a liberal education. They wish, for example, to bring them up as attorneys, publishers, engineers, surgeons, or as merchants in some established house, and naturally turn their thoughts to Oxford as a safe and good training place, till they are warned by those who know the working of the system, that the youth, however well satisfied with the honourable calling proposed for him (which, perhaps, he has chosen himself), will discover at the end of a few terms, that such occupations are vulgar and beneath his dignity. How much vulgarity of feeling and want of true independence of mind may lie at the bottom of such fine notions, it is superfluous to inquire here. The remedy is, I think, as obvious as the cause;—a large accession to Oxford of the representatives of the professions alluded to, would make such class-prejudices disappear at once, without the accompaniment of an evil so much dreaded by many advocates of the state of things as they are, namely, a diminished attendance of men of rank and fortune.'

Moved by such considerations, the Oxford Commissioners of 1852, rejecting all half measures, such as founding halls affiliated to colleges, or independent halls, recommended that the requirement of residence within college walls should be abolished, and (1.) that students should be allowed to live in lodgings connected with colleges; and (2.) that students should be allowed to live in lodgings unconnected with any college—as students of the University alone. Neither of these plans was carried out. What was attempted was the institution of private halls, by a Statute passed in 1855, which has proved, as might have been foreseen from the first, a miserable failure. Awaking at last to a sense of their obligations, sundry graduates of Oxford met at Oriel College in November 1865, in order 'to consider the question of the extension of the University, with a view especially to the education of persons needing assistance, and desirous of admission into the Christian ministry.' A committee was formed, and six sub-committees were appointed to consider various schemes for this end, and to report. Their reports have been made, and four of them at least raise academical questions of very great interest.

Readers may be curious to learn what has led to this sudden movement. Zealous Reformers have long been urging this question, as we have already shown; for at least twenty years they have been crying in the wilderness, and crying in vain. Whence this sudden stirring of the sluggish academic waters—this quick awakening of the torpid academic conscience? The cause is not

hard to find. One thing is near to the hearts of those who at present form the governing power at Oxford—the fortunes of the English Church, and the connexion between that Church and Oxford University. That connexion is at present in serious peril. A disinclination to take orders is growing among Oxford men. The first sub-committee give figures showing that the number of graduates who take orders has been for the last eight years steadily decreasing; while the number of literates, that is, of men who have never been at the University at all, is steadily increasing. We think we could suggest other causes for this than the cost of an University education; but that cause has been recognised as sufficient by two at least of the sub-committees, and they have devised their remedies by this light. It is unfortunate in many ways that the inquiry has taken this direction; but we must be thankful for what we can get, and had not the growing scarcity of well-educated clergymen given it this direction, it would never have taken place at all.

The first sub-committee claims especially to represent the sentiments of those who first began this present movement, that is, the view we have above expressed. It rests the right of the Church of England to govern the Universities of England on the fact that 'they are, or ought to be, the great seminaries of her clergy;' and therefore very naturally sets forth the duty of providing for the education of the clergy as 'the most obvious and pressing' ground of University extension. The second sub-committee, though less explicit in its language, treats the subject not less manifestly from the same point of view.

One is not surprised to find that in committees animated by these opinions, and working with such objects, the clerical element prevails largely. All the members of the first sub-committee are clergymen, with the exception of the two Chichele Professors, who are as good,—and as bad; and all the members of the second sub-committee are clergymen, without any exception. As might be expected, they have not addressed themselves to the consideration of University extension in any comprehensive sense—they have considered solely what Mr. Mansel would call clerical ptichogony; and the scheme of the first sub-committee is the institution of a poor-hall, of the second the foundation of poor-exhibitions. Both schemes are open to serious objections.

In the first place, we distrust the calculations on which they are based. We should suspect greatly the *permanent* quality of tuition at £4 a term; nor do we see how

board, lights, firing, and above all attendance (keeping in view that the servants in a college must be men of character, and therefore well paid), could be supplied at £10 a term. Oxford calculations on money seem often inspired by considerable ignorance. Thus the present Master of Balliol gave evidence in 1852 to the effect that

'it is a mistake to speak of the expenses incident to connexion with a College or Hall. There are expenses (sufficiently extravagant in many cases), incident to the residence of a young man in Oxford; but *ceteris paribus* the expenses are less within College walls than beyond them. *This is too plain to need proof.*'

The extreme silliness of this might have escaped notice had it been the opinion of one individual; but here we have the second sub-committee, as we understand them, adopting this view, and stating as a certain fact that 'nowhere is board much cheaper than in the University.' And yet some of the members of that committee—as Professor Wall—are reputed to be men of sense. Men who can write thus show themselves utterly ignorant of what living in lodgings may be,—of what, among large classes of the community, it actually is. They must be little competent to originate a scheme of University extension who know so little of the habits of those whom any good and sufficient scheme would endeavour to embrace. And their ignorance must be wilful. The Commissioners of 1852 gave quotations from the Reports of previous Scotch Commissions, whereby it appeared that the average cost of living among the students at Aberdeen, including everything, was from £20 to £25, for more than five months! And, indeed, is not the thing plain, without any such instances?

Setting aside the direct expenses of a college, tuition, caution-money, and the like; it is clear that the indirect expenses must increase the cost of living. The articles supplied are, at most colleges, charged at a profit for the support of the staff of servants. Moreover, the style of living, without being at all extravagant, is necessarily such that many persons of frugal habits might wish to adopt a somewhat lower scale. This, by the lodging-out system, they would be enabled to do without giving occasion for remark—without even the suspicion that remarks were made arising in their own minds. Men living in a poor-hall, or supported by poor-exhibitions—especially the latter—cannot free themselves of the consciousness of a certain stigma; men living privately escape observation, and do not suffer from the fear of it.

Further, erroneous as we believe the calculations to be, even with their aid these Sub-Committees have not sufficiently brought down the scale of expenditure. As applied to all, or even to many, the scale is low enough, indeed too low; but if the University is to strike its roots deep and wide, there must be a *possibility* of getting a degree for less than £51 a year, not including fees. In short, their plan is not sufficiently *elastic*, and in this particular,—that is, in a student being enabled to practise moderate economy, or the most rigid economy, without control or remark, the whole merit of a system of University extension consists. We have already referred to Scotch students. Their average expenditure, as already given, is not great, yet many of them live for much less. Nothing is more common in Scotland than that young men earn in summer by their own labour the means of attending college during the winter. It is within our personal knowledge that a Scotch Professor, engaged in the slaughter of grouse, has found in his 'gillie' a youth who was thus hardly making up a purse in order to attend his lectures at college during the next session. Such 'brave struggles' would not be often witnessed in the English Universities; but to make them *possible* must be the aim of any real extension.

In the second place, both of these schemes involve setting apart the poor students as a caste by themselves, than which nothing could be more pernicious. The former will certainly end in the establishment of a poor-hall for clergymen. It has been unfortunately, and not quite honestly, identified with a 'Keble Testimonial'; but even had this not been done, its destiny was from the first assured. The principal must be a clergyman of the Church of England; the tutors the same; the rooms are to be arranged along corridors; all meals are to be taken in common; everything is to be kept under the closest and most minute supervision. Of course this can only end in being a hall for the education of poor men who propose to take orders. They will be looked down upon by the University, by no means because they are poor, but because they are a separate class; and they will pass through the University without knowing anything of its social life (one of the advantages strongly insisted on by the first sub-committee), save what can be met with within the precincts of their own semimonastic hall. The special advantage which belongs to the English clergy beyond any other clergy—that of having freely associated, in youth and early manhood, with men destined for other professions—will be de-

nied to the unfortunate inmates of these favoured halls.

The plan of the second sub-committee is, in this respect, even more unhappy. A poor exhibitioner, that is, an exhibitioner who is so *because* he is poor, is in any college a wretched man. This ingenious committee, whose sentiments are really a joke, suggest, in the first instance, that the fortunate recipient of their bounty should enjoy it in secret; 'possibly even the fact of his holding the exhibition might be known only to himself and to the authorities.' Surely recollections of the undergraduate world, far though it may have been left behind, might have suggested to the committee the utter impracticability, surely knowledge of the world of gentlemen might have suggested the extreme undesirableness, of such secrecy. Some such ideas seem to have been dimly present to their minds; for they hold that secrecy is not 'to be insisted on, inasmuch as poverty is no disgrace in Oxford.' Most true. To the great credit of Oxford, poverty is there no disgrace; but, not we think to the discredit of Oxford, *endowed* poverty is. A man who lives in unaided poverty is not despised; a man who helps his poverty by gaining a scholarship is respected; but a man who gets an endowment simply because he is poor, and is therefore held deserving of it, is certainly looked down upon. No one who, as an undergraduate, can recall the times prior to 1852 when there were such things as 'close' scholarships or exhibitions, can fail to acknowledge this fact.

And this leads in the third place, to another objection to both these schemes, *i.e.*, that they encourage men to come to the University simply because they are poor. Nothing, perhaps, can be more pernicious than a system which has this effect. This Journal has already discussed this vexed question, in commenting on the views expressed by the Scotch Commissioners of 1858, and the observations then made will, *mutatis mutandis*, apply equally to Oxford:—

'It is hardly possible to conceive of a position more erroneous or more injurious. In the first place, how can the Commissioners be certain that even the qualities they disiderate will be secured? Long experience has convinced all who have paid attention to such matters of the fact that preferences to poverty, to general desert, or to anything which cannot be directly and equally tested, simply lead to the success of some candidate whose circumstances chance or interest has brought prominently under the notice of the electors. And, even if there were no difficulty here, is the aim of the Commissioners desirable in itself? We need not dwell on the evil done to the teaching of the Univer-

sities—to the education of the whole country—by thus bribing men to enter upon a course of life for which nature or circumstance has not fitted them. But we would ask, is it not even a greater evil to the student himself? If he be really able, he will easily force his way when all endowments are open to the best men; if he be not, he is a far happier man, and a far more useful man, resting contented in the position to which he was born, than struggling pitifully through a University career, leading to the sickness of hope deferred and the bitterness of eventual disappointment. And as to the public, what good do they derive from a system which ravishes stupid sturdy boys from their congenial plough, seeks vainly to educate them through a few years of struggle, and then licenses them to be instruments of torture to the lieges for two hours every Sunday?'—(No. LXXVIII. pp. 475-6).

It cannot be too often repeated that poverty by itself constitutes no claim upon a University; poverty, combined with intellectual power, does constitute such a claim; and poverty, combined with great force of character, does so likewise, though in a less degree. Neither of these is secured by founding exhibitions to be given to poor men only, or by establishing a hall where men shall be drilled into compulsory economy; both can be easily secured if the proper means be adopted. Open scholarships will secure the former; if it be made possible for a man to gain a University education at a small cost, by his own voluntary self-denial and frugality, a way will be opened to the latter. But, to be of any avail, the frugality must be as self-imposed as the work which leads to the scholarship. Any hot-house system for fostering economical habits will be of no use.

When we come to the report of the third sub-committee we seem to breathe a different air. Our attention is no longer concentrated on securing a perennial supply of third-rate curates; the committee come to their work having before them as their object 'to furnish academical status and instruction to poor men seeking to be ordained as clergymen, to become practitioners in law or medicine, or to enter into business.' Their plan is a very simple one, *i.e.*, to relax the Laudian statute which requires residence to be within the college gates, and to allow students to live in lodgings either with or without connexion with colleges. This scheme has many advantages. There can, as we have already shown, be no doubt of its cheapness. The committee calculate that in lodgings 'a student may live at little more than one-half of what are now his expenses in college,' and this, though they put lodgings, including firing, at 15s. a week, which is quite un-

necessarily high. Further, it is the only one of all the schemes which is adequate to the want. If this liberty be conceded, a man will have his expenses in his own hands, and may live for what he likes. Even taking the figures of the first sub-committee, why should a man be *forced* to spend £51 in twenty-six weeks? He certainly can live for less; and why should he not do so if he chooses to exercise the requisite self-denial? The value of economy thus practised is, that it is voluntary, that men are not driven into it, and coaxed to keep it up. And hence it is that this system has the merit of securing to the University men who have the great gift of strength of character.

Now what are the objections to this scheme? Only two will bear stating: one, the loss of social advantages; the other, the impairing of discipline. As to the former of these, it is quite sufficient to say that a very poor man, whether in college or out of it, cannot mix much in society; and secondly, that the mere fact of being out of college will in no way exclude men from college society. No stigma will attach to out-residents, just because they will not form a caste; and those of them who may gain scholarships will be able to introduce their friends to such society as they may desire. Certainly they will have access to a much more varied society than will ever be commanded by the members of a poor-hall. In fact, this objection is hardly urged seriously; the opponents of this scheme rest their case on the danger to what they call 'the moral and religious discipline of Oxford.'

Now, in the first place, the safeguards in the way of discipline afforded by in-college life are much more apparent than real. Professor Wall, in his evidence before the Commissioners, of 1852, scouts the whole thing as 'a romance;' doubting whether the discipline of Oxford could be much worse than it now is. 'As to the personal superintendence of college tutors,' he says, 'if any parent thinks that when he enters his son at a college he necessarily puts him where his moral and intellectual training will be carefully watched over by a tutor, I can only assure him that he is under a pleasing delusion.' The intellectual influence of a tutor is in no way dependent on residence in college. On the contrary, under the present system, men, as a rule, see most of the tutors when they are in lodgings, just before going into the schools. What of religious discipline is connected with compulsory attendance at chapel may be imposed on men without the college walls as well as within. And as for moral discipline, no one who knows Oxford well but will assent to the observations

of Mr. Wall. Some tutors there are who attempt to maintain control over the undergraduates by 'privileged communications,' that is, by underhand information from informers whose names are kept secret; by espionage through the servants; by listening at doors and windows, and sudden entries into men's rooms; but happily men of a disposition who can stoop to these things are not very numerous, and we leave our readers to guess how efficacious their noble endeavours are likely to prove.

Nor must it be forgotten that the very fact of so many young men living in college together leads to much mischief. Certainly facilities for gambling, drinking, and above all idling, are thus greatly increased. And as for the information of the tutors, we have known a college, one of the tutors of which was celebrated for his accomplishments as a spy, in which gambling at one time rose to a height that startled the young men themselves, and was by themselves put a stop to, without the authorities knowing anything about the matter.

Perhaps the most curious thing connected with this question is, that it has been always argued upon two remarkable assumptions,—one, that all students in lodgings are likely to be immoral; the other, that no discipline whatever is proposed to be exercised over them. Against the former of these assumptions, we can refer to the case of the Scottish Universities, and to the yet more apposite case of Cambridge. In Cambridge about seven hundred undergraduates, we believe, lodge out; in Scotland they all lodge out; and we have yet to learn that the morality of Oxford men shines 'like a good deed in a naughty world,' beside the morality of Scotland or of Cambridge. Against the latter of these assumptions we would refer to the report of this third sub-committee, which sets out very clearly a mode of regulating lodging-houses and the conduct of those who lodge in them. In fact, if the truth must be told, the system there suggested would be a great improvement on the present practice. As things are now, senior undergraduates and bachelors of arts lodge out in large numbers, while no superintendence, or next to none, is exercised over lodging-houses. The result is that these men lodge where they like, and do what they like, and that their younger in-college friends find in their rooms ample facilities for doing what they like too. It is not pleasant to state this; *but it is true*; and the more distinctly it is stated the better. When we are dealing with really important interests delicacy must not be allowed to obscure a picture of things as they really are.

Finally, along with the report of the third sub-committee must be taken that of the fourth, which recommends that students should be allowed to lodge out after eight terms' residence in college. In this recommendation, sensible so far as it goes, the whole question of morality is conceded. Two years, about the age of twenty, hardly bridge over the gulf between easy immorality and ascetic virtue; and surely the discipline which will suffice for men in their last year would be found equally effectual for men in their first and second.

The report of the sixth sub-committee is the most novel of all, and in some respects the most interesting. Of the whole, it is the only one which deals with the difficulty of the length of time which, under the present system, is required to be spent at the University. The scheme recommended by it is that men should be allowed to remain at 'affiliated' schools until they pass the examination for moderations, and thenceforward only, that is, for about one year, be required to reside at the University. This scheme in principle assimilates to the third and fourth schemes, and we can see no objection to its being tried.

And this leads us to the practical conclusion of the whole matter, namely, let all the schemes, so far as may be possible, be put to the test of experience. On this point Mr. Pattison, now Rector of Lincoln, expressed himself with much force to the Commissioners of 1852:—

'Instead of guessing in the dark at the probable effect of these plans, let us make the experiment. . . . What is urged is not the creation of any new machinery . . . but that an oppressive restriction should be removed, and the field thrown open to private enterprise and energy. When free, this will speedily run into the best channels. Let us leave Halls and Colleges, old and new, all with unlimited liberty of admission to work together, and trust to the power of self-adjustment in things, which will bring to the surface the capabilities of the several methods. . . . It is incumbent indeed on a University to be cautious and deliberate in all its proceedings. But experiments are not necessarily rash—there are wise ones—there are even wise experiments in legislation which do not answer, and then to desist from them involves no disgrace. . . . We in Oxford, are weary of scheming, suggesting, and pamphleteering. Give us leave to be doing something. Untie our hands and open our gates, and let us at least try if we can attract here, and can usefully deal with that larger circle of youth whom we are told we ought to have here. The ideal of a national University is that it should be co-extensive with the nation—it should be the common source of the whole of the higher (or second-

ary) instruction for the country; but the proposed measure would, after all, only go part of the way towards making it co-extensive with that part of the nation which supports the Established Church. If we can only draft in 500, say 300 students (additional), from a class whose education has hitherto terminated with the national school or the commercial academy, the good that would be effected by acting even on this moderate scale cannot be represented by figures. It would be the beginning of a system by which the University would strike its roots freely into the subsoil of society, and draw from it new elements of life, and sustenance of mental and moral power.

Truer words than these were never written. Only by experience can the safest path of duty be discovered. If some rest with confidence in the prospect of a poor-hall, and can raise the requisite funds, by all means let that be tried. If others believe in poor exhibitioners, let that be tried also. The old injunction continues true: 'Try all things; hold fast that which is good.' Easiest of all is to try the plan of the third sub-committee. There is no doubt that experience can be most easily gained by adopting, as an experiment, the plan of allowing students to lodge out, or some modification of it. Therefore we should expect that any proposal involving such an experiment would have been gratefully welcomed by the governing body in Oxford. How stands the fact?

Balliol College, always first in any forward movement, as far back as last November proposed to the Hebdomadal Council to educate a certain number of students absolutely free, if the Council would bring forward a Statute enabling them to lodge out. These students were to be members of the college, and subject to all its rules as to chapel and lectures. Their attendance at lecture would not entail on the tutors any great amount of additional labour; and it was believed that such men, there from the love of learning and a desire of advancement, would be diligent and orderly, and not require the individual attention which the ordinary undergraduates are supposed to require, and by which they are presumed to benefit so much. No experiment could be simpler or cheaper, none less calculated to disturb the present academical system.

The Council has treated this scheme most unworthily. They first appointed a committee to examine it, which, with some insignificant restrictions, reported in its favour. When the adoption of this report was moved, Dr. Pusey, we believe, moved, as an amendment, that another committee should be appointed to consider all the reports on which we have been commenting.

How entirely this was a mere measure of obstruction, was shown by Dr. Pusey declining to nominate his committee, after the amendment had been carried. Eventually, we believe, a committee was nominated by some one else; but the practical result of these manœuvres has been to shelve the Balliol scheme, and throw back the whole movement for extension.

From this reception of so moderate a proposal, we may infer that the Council will do little in the way of real reform; and, even if they were inclined to more, the well-disciplined country clergy who rule in Convocation would certainly restrain them. This determination not to stir, except in paths pleasant to the passions and prejudices of a narrow and intolerant party, must, sooner or later, and the sooner the better, bring upon the University a second exercise of the power of the legislature; and if Parliament does interfere, it will not limit its interference to sanctioning certain schemes of University extension. Much that was left undone in 1854 will be effectually done now. Especially, the constitution of the University must be reformed. The government of the University must no longer be given over to non-academicians. At this present time, when the power of Oxford to influence the education of the whole country, or its inability to do more than furnish inferior curates to the Church, is the question at issue, what is the spectacle which she presents? It is the spectacle of 'a great political and theological party, acting for non-academical objects, recruited to a great extent from non-academical sources, and labouring, under perfect discipline, and with fell unity of purpose, to hold the University in subjection, and fill her government with its nominees. It is as exterminating as Islam. No academical merit, no learning, no capacity, no experience in academical affairs, no devotion to the service of the University, can escape proscription at its hands.' The most important step towards ending this sorry sight would be to change the character of Congregation. That body was unquestionably intended to be a strictly academical assembly. By the admission of 'residents' (which was intended to include private tutors), chaplains, and the parish clergy, men who have nothing to do with education have been intrusted with power. They discharge this trust by seldom appearing at any discussion, by assiduously attending every vote, and by steadily voting as the theological party to which they belong ordains. All this must end. Only men really engaged in the work of the place have any claim to share in its government;

and if, at the same time, Convocation were abolished altogether, no true friend of the University would feel a moment's regret. Other constitutional changes might also be made, but the above is incomparably the most important.

In the second place, Parliament should be asked to repeal the Statutes which prevent the colleges from allowing undergraduates to live in lodgings.

And in the third place, the colleges should be freed from the control of the Visitors—always despotic, often capricious and obstructive; and should be empowered to alter their Statutes, as occasion may require, with the consent of the Privy Council. This is the position in which our Scotch Universities are now placed, and that with the general approval of the community. There are, of course, other matters well deserving Parliamentary attention; but if these were satisfactory disposed of, a great good would have been accomplished.

Of course, if the aid of Parliament is invoked, the cry of University independence will be raised with all the old vehemence. But it will be raised in vain. Parliament having interfered once, will not be debarred by mere outcry from interfering again, and in the present position of parties, any measure of University reform is sure of a favourable reception.

'If you apply now to Parliament for this or any other University Reform, you will find the House of Commons in a propitious mood. There is a majority of at least sixty on the side of University Reform. Some Conservatives are University Reformers. The Liberals who hang back on the question of the Suffrage are anxious to testify their fidelity to an enlightened policy on all other questions; and even the Conservative Government, as it looks for the support of moderate Liberals on the one great subject, is very unwilling to present itself in such an aspect that these men may not be able decently to give it their support. Moreover the constituencies are really interested in the question of University extension, and they may easily be made to see that the progress of that movement depends on the character of the government which may be installed here.*'

Moreover, when an appeal is made to facts, Oxford has no ground to stand on. It ill becomes her to vaunt her independence. Prior to 1852, Oxford had been less subject to control than any University in Europe; and we all remember what evils were then revealed by inquiry, and what

* Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Letter to the Rev. C. W. Sandford*, p. 15.

reforms were forced on. Since that day the ruling party has devoted itself, with strange persistency and with a great measure of success, to prevent those reforms from having their natural effect; to maintain in their own hands the government of the University; in short, to restore the old time so far as may be. The case, if fairly stated, would, we fear, stand thus: Oxford wishes to be independent, in order that she may continue to be corrupt.

For ourselves, we heartily hope that the Council will persevere in its obstructiveness, so that the necessity for the interference of Parliament may be made clear. Short of this, we cannot anticipate any real good. For with the utmost exercise of all our charity, we confess we cannot recognise any other than unworthy motives as dictating this bitter opposition to restoring to the University the class of students of which she could boast in her earlier and her greatest days.

After the Report of 1852, it is really idle to say that the Statute requiring residence within college is maintained in the interest of discipline. It is maintained partly in the interest of bad colleges, in order to keep them full. But it is maintained still more in the interest of those relations between Oxford and the Church, which so large, and in the University so powerful, a party is bent on preserving at all hazards. That party never has been able to grasp the conception that the University owes a duty to the nation more imperative than its duty to the Church. On the contrary, it regards the Church as the final cause of the University. And, thus thinking, it fears lest the University, gathering strength from all classes of the community, may break the withes of ecclesiasticism by which it is now bound; lest, in a word, in becoming equal to the nation, she may become more comprehensive than the Church. This is the real secret of the opposition; and it is because of the vast importance of the principle involved that we look forward with so much interest to the issue of the contest.

And because, too, of the practical results of the contest. How great these results might prove to be it is hard to say without using language which may be thought exaggerated. People are prone to lament, somewhat idly, the commercial spirit of the age. Yet there is truth in the reproach; there is among us an inordinate love of money-getting. Nothing can be more silly than to depreciate the value and the dignity of money; but perhaps it is possible to over-estimate it. We pursue wealth with a fevered anxiety; we form our estimates by a rude and somewhat vulgar money-standard. If this evil does exist, it can be best counteracted by

the opportunity of a thorough education being afforded to all professions—giving them higher tastes, purer pleasures, and greater independence of mind.

We are far, too, from regarding lightly the wants of the Church. We think, however, that those will be best supplied if they are not exclusively considered. Nothing would lead more surely to feebleness and inefficiency, nothing would more certainly loosen the already relaxing hold which the Church has upon the educated laity, than that young men intending to take orders should be set apart by themselves to be nurtured in a cloistered virtue. On the other hand, nothing would more strengthen the Church than the power of recruiting her numbers from all ranks of society; nothing would give the clergy greater influence than the experience of having known varieties of men in the early days of life.

The University should be the place where men of every shade of opinion, and of all grades in the social scale, meet on the common ground of education. It should be in reality, what it is often loosely said to be, an avenue into life—a path whereby talent may get forward in the world to do it service. At present there is no way upwards save by money-getting. In these respects the University might be to the nineteenth century what the Priesthood was to the middle ages.

To strengthen the capacities of the Church for good, to raise the tone of other professions, and thus to leaven the whole of society, these are no ignoble aims for even Oxford to set before herself. And this is not all. The University might render a vast political service by bringing out the talent of the nation more than is now possible. In no country, perhaps, is the area from which men rise into public life so small as in our own. Compare France, for example, with England in this particular. Among us, without wealth, no man has any hope of public life. The dislike of 'adventurers,' as they are called, so general in Parliament, if probed to its real foundation, will be found to rest on a mere vulgar admiration of money, with perhaps a prejudice against Irishmen superadded. In no other country does such a dislike prevail; and the consequence is, that in no country are politics so seldom studied as a profession as in ours. We are apt to think this an advantage; it is on the contrary a great evil. It simply restricts the supply. Out of a hundred men of the upper classes you will certainly have a larger percentage of competent statesmen than out of a hundred of any other class, just as you will have a larger percentage of competent

lawyers or competent doctors—in short, of able men. But if we could extend the field of our choice over 100,000 of the middle and lower classes, should we find no available ability there wasted? And from the fact that we cannot so extend our choice, is nothing lost to the country? Worst of all is, that the area is narrowing every day. The times of patronage and small boroughs have passed away, and with them has gone many a chance to poor ability of an entrance into public life. Politics are now as literature was in the days of Dr. Johnson,—patrons are gone by, and publishers are not yet. The Universities might be the publishers of political life.

These may seem fond fancies. And yet it is hard that we should be denied what chance there may be of realizing them. That chance, we feel assured, will only be given us by Parliament. That Parliament will give it we fully believe; for on academical reform the House of Commons is prepared to act with liberality and vigour. The one decided Liberal victory of last session was won on this field. And we cannot but think with pleasure that in such a contest there will be no disunion among ourselves—that the single light of the Cave will forsake its darkness, and resume his fitting place among the foremost friends of liberty and progress. On academical questions at least, Mr. Lowe has never shown any signs of wavering. Two things, at all events, seem clear: one, that Parliament should be applied to; the other, that the application, by whomsoever urged, is almost certain to be successful.

ART. VIII.—1. *Three Unpublished Tours through the Famine-Stricken Districts in 1866.*

2. *An Epitome of the Famine in Cuttack.* By GOPAL CHUNDER HALDAR. 8vo. Cuttack, 1866.

3. *Market Rates and Official Papers published by the Board of Revenue, Lower Provinces.* 1865, 1866.

4. *The Englishman.* A Calcutta Daily Paper. 1865, 1866.

5. *The Friend of India.* A Weekly Paper. 1865, 1866.

6. *The Som-Prakash.* A Bengali Paper. 1865, 1866.

7. *Selection of Papers from the Records in the East India House.* Folio. 1820.

LOWER BENGAL has three harvests—a rice crop which is cut in September, another rice

crop which ripens in December, and a pulse crop which is ready in spring. The first of these grows only in damp localities; the third is a mere by-product of the year, yielding small returns; on the second the population chiefly depends for food. The rains of 1865, instead of continuing till October, ceased abruptly in August; and three-fourths of the December harvest withered in the blade. Small farmers sent out their cattle to graze down, in a morning, the crops which were to have maintained their families during the ensuing twelve months; the village money-lenders put in motion the machinery of the law in fruitless efforts to recover their advances; landowners found it necessary to remit half their rents, and all felt that 1866 would be an anxious year for Lower Bengal. But while every one foresaw high prices, none anticipated general starvation; and the press hoped that, by timely measures, the evil might be kept below the point at which scarcity passes into famine. The swampy river-districts had reaped a plentiful crop in September, and the improved means of communication with which British rule has intersected Bengal, promised to relieve the necessities of the west by the superfluities of the east. There was food enough in the country, many thought, if it could only be fairly distributed. The laws of supply and demand would hold true in India, as in England. Grain would find its way from places where it was plentiful and cheap to places where it was scarce and dear, and the action of Government, so urged the public organs, ought to be confined to publishing weekly returns of the market rates in the various districts. Government accepted this advice. Every grain-merchant, by running his eye down the price-lists, learned where to buy rice at a low rate, and where to sell it at a high one. Instead of the corn-dealers taking fright and shutting up their shops, as at the commencement of previous famines, they carried on their operations more briskly than usual. The speculation proved a safe one. The returns were paid. Capitalists of all degrees—land-holders, money-lenders, produce-merchants, and village traders—embarked in the traffic, and a tide of importation set in from the east to the west, such as had never before been known in Bengal.

The chief seat of the trade was at Kooshtea, the terminus of the Eastern Bengal Railway, and the spot where it taps the network of rivers formed by the mouths of the Ganges and Brahmaputra. Four or five large steamers laden with grain came in every week. Each morning a fleet of rice-ships hove round the point, cumbrous high-sterned galleys lined the river bank five deep, till

at length the railway company had to have recourse to the Courts to stop native craft discharging on its lines and sidings.

While food thus poured in from the east, a counter current of population had steadily set from the opposite direction. No sooner did a steamer deposit its rice-bags on the wharf than it took on board a cargo of labourers who had come from the parched and overcrowded west to seek their fortunes in the sparsely peopled tea-districts on the north-eastern frontier. During the summer months these migrations had gone on at an unprecedented rate. Tea-planters offered high wages to all comers, and 3820 adults had passed through Kooshtea eastwards in a single month. At the same time, emigration to the Mauritius and the West Indian Islands proceeded briskly from Calcutta, and there seemed good reason to hope that, what with food coming into, and people going away from, the districts which had suffered most, the new year would be one of local scarcities rather than of famine. Measures, complete and effectual beyond precedent, had been adopted to meet the coming trial. Public notice of it had been given; Government had stimulated without interfering with the laws of supply and demand; rivers, roads and canals, not one of which had been projected in previous seasons of distress, were now at work day and night distributing the national stock of food, and nothing remained but to wait, with mingled hopes and misgivings, till the slow months should show whether the September harvest of the eastern districts would suffice for the whole of Lower Bengal.

The solution which this problem has received is such as no one who witnessed it can ever forget. Humane men will shrink from remembering the scenes of 1866, as they would from dwelling upon the opening pages of Boccaccio. It is right, that the measures by means of which the famine has been dealt with should be recorded, not only as precedents in cases of a similar calamity, but also as a part of that solemn account which England has to render of her stewardship in India to the civilized world.

The retail price of rice in Lower Bengal seldom exceeds, in ordinary years, a halfpenny a pound. In a few thickly-peopled localities it is sometimes higher, but in secluded agricultural districts it is generally lower, and this sum may be fixed upon as a fair average for the whole. An unskilled adult labourer earns threepence a day if he finds work on the railways or under an English employer, and about twopence-halfpenny if under a native master. Hired labourers, however, form only a small proportion of the

population. The classes who in this country would work for daily wages are in Bengal cottier farmers, holding from three to five acres, and enjoying an income very little better, but still a little better, than the hired labourers. Those who have minutely studied the rural economy of India, estimate their crops as equivalent to a sum of ten shillings a month, or fourpence a day. Taking the hired workman and the cottier farmers together, the average wage of the labouring population of Bengal amounts to about threepence-farthing a day. This sum, although contemptible in the eyes of a Northumberland or even of a Wiltshire peasant, represents in ordinary times a fair amount of animal comfort in Lower Bengal. Twopence-halfpenny procures five pounds of solid rice, a quantity which amply suffices for the wants of the temperate Bengali and his family. Besides rice, hardly anything requires to be bought. Beef he never touches, and mutton or kid only once or twice a year, at family sacrifices. As a member of a village, he has generally some ancient, although disputed, right of fishing in the communal pond from which he irrigates his fields. His children pick the vegetables of common use in every damp hollow. His thatched roof furnishes an unfailing supply of pumpkins, and beyond these what does he want? A little oil to polish his skin, a little salt and pepper to season his rice, and a single coarse cotton cloth to wrap round his waist. His dwelling, if he be a cottier farmer, goes along with his land; if he be a hired labourer the rent seldom exceeds a shilling a year, and that sum he is seldom able to pay. Household furniture costs him nothing. As the national mode of sitting is to squat on the heels, he is ignorant of the use of a chair, and to many wealthy and well-born Bengalis, a table is still a dangerous innovation, which means more than appears on the surface. He sleeps on the ground, or on a reed mat. The cloth that serves him by day serves him also by night, the only change being that it is unrolled from the waist and spread out so as to cover the whole body. A single vase and platter, made of a cheap alloy, with a few unglazed earthen cooking-pots, two of which go to a farthing, are sufficient furnishings for a numerous household. A large-leaved tree supplies him with plates. If his wife keeps a cow, which pastures free with the village herd in the jungle, he is a well-to-do man; but such luxuries are for the few. At hamlet festivals, the only form of religion he is acquainted with, his richer neighbours expect nothing from him but his bodily strength, and this he gives with pleasure. He may be seen helping to put up the

swinging-pole, and violently deprecating the recent enactment which forbids the hook to be thrust into the flesh of the devotee, or tugging at the ropes of the sacred car, shouting with the loudest, and enjoying the procession as much as the corn-dealer who has supplied the new paint, the tinsel and the drums.

Such is the poor Bengali in seasons of plenty;—ever at home with nature, able to rear children on wages upon which the inhabitants of a less generous climate would starve, ignorant, contented, indifferent to the future, and with a keen relish for the little festivities which the year brings round. Seldom comparing himself with his betters, he seldom envies them. To be a craftsman, or to train his son to a craft, does not enter his mind, for his sole ambition is to live; and both he and his children will be beyond reach of starvation by the unskilled work of their hands so long as rice does not much exceed a halfpenny a pound.

But before the first four months of 1866 had passed, rice had risen much higher than a halfpenny a pound. In some districts it was threepence, in many twopence, and throughout the famine it stood at more rather than less than three-half-pence. A penny-three-farthings a pound, or seven pounds for a shilling, represents, as nearly as the English denominations of money permit, the average price. A family of five persons can live, and the parents have strength to work, on four pounds of rice a day. On three pounds the family survives, but the parents soon become weak, and unable for manual labour. With less than three pounds among them, one or other of the members must die. Before the end of April three-pence-farthing could barely procure two pounds. The average earnings of the unskilled labourers and the cottier farmers, therefore, had become unable to keep an ordinary family of five persons alive.

The cottier found himself worse off in one respect than the day-labourer. He depended on his crops to repay the seed advanced by the money-lender, and to support himself and his family during the coming year. His harvest had been in great part or altogether lost. Even if a fourth part had escaped, he did not receive four times the ordinary price for the remnant, importation from the east having lowered the local rates. The hired labourer could not make the day's wages provide a day's food; but the cottier, in addition to the present difficulty, was weighed down by previous debts. No one understands better than the modern Bengali landlord the evils of an excessive subdivision of his land. The arrears of rent in the spring

of 1866 furnished him with a good pretext for doing what he had long been wishing to accomplish, and the first conspicuous effect of the famine was the ejection of a multitude of cottiers, who wandered hither and thither in search of work, and finally became fixtures in the relief depots.

The classes of which we have been speaking correspond to the unskilled day-labourers in England. The next rank above them consists of artisans, small shopkeepers and substantial peasants holding six acres or upwards. The inferior craftsman in Bengal seldom earns less than sixpence, and an artisan of the better class never more than a shilling a day. The incomes of small shopkeepers and of the substantial peasants fluctuate between these sums, and the daily average earnings of the class, collectively, may be estimated at eightpence or ninepence. During the famine the price of rice stood pretty steadily at a penny-three-farthings a pound, and four pounds maintain an average family in good health. Even the lower order of artisans, therefore, were able, by working a little harder than usual, to procure at least their daily necessities, and the class, as a whole, was able to do something more.

These calculations have been made with a view to ascertaining the number of persons whose earnings were insufficient to keep them alive during the famine. To such estimates serious objections may be taken. It may be urged that it is useless to speak of the ordinary income of the substantial peasants, for that income depends on their crops, and this year their crops had been destroyed. Many will remember that the class which practically suffered most and which elicited the deepest sympathy, were not the hired labourers, but a very respectable order of artisans, the silk-weavers. It is clear, too, that the profits of small shopkeepers must have been seriously affected by the circumstance that a large portion of their customers had ceased to be able to buy their daily food. Districts may be cited, and conspicuously the province of Orissa, where rice remained during several months at threepence a pound. To the generality of such objections, the only answer is that a calculation of this nature refers not to individuals, but to classes, not to exceptional localities, but to the whole of the famine-stricken districts, and that our averages have been carefully struck from returns drawn up during the progress of the famine. One objection, indeed, deserves especial notice. The ordinary subsistence of the substantial peasants had wholly or in great part disappeared, but a source of income speedily developed, which enabled them to live through the scarcity,—

a source of income unknown in previous famines, and one which will form a subject of examination in the following pages.

Our averages apply to about three-quarters of Lower Bengal, and throughout that vast tract the whole of the unskilled labourers were unable to live by their earnings. The population of the famine-stricken districts has been variously stated; but the estimate which probably approximates most closely to the truth gives a total of twenty-seven millions. Of these the hired labourers and cottiers form not less than a third. At the end of April, therefore, there were nine million human beings, who, if things took their ordinary course, were liable to die off before the September harvest. During the famine of 1769-1770, the only calamity in Lower Bengal which bears comparison with the scarcity of 1866, six millions actually perished.

Fortunately, however, things were not allowed to take their ordinary course. At a very early period it was perceived that the intensity of the famine would depend not solely upon the price of grain, but also on the demand for labour. The first circumstance lay beyond man's control; and when the national stock of food had been fairly distributed, and prices equalized, all had been done that could be done. But the second circumstance was more plastic. If employment could only be found for the people, it might be hoped that, by working harder, they would increase their earnings so as to mitigate the effect of, if not altogether to meet, the enhanced prices. The husband had supported his household during seasons of plenty; if the wife now added her labour, the family might hold together till the September harvest. This project, although sound enough in theory, was beset with serious difficulties in the execution. For, in the first place, a national wage-fund just suffices to perform its natural office, that is, to employ the ordinary number of labourers in the country. Nor is the demand for labour in general susceptible of any sudden increase. In 1866, in order that the day-labourers and the cottier class, which had now sunk into day-labourers, should be enabled to procure their ordinary food, the national wage-fund would require to be multiplied three-fold, for food had risen to three times its ordinary price; in order that the labouring population should survive at all, the effective demand for labour would require to be doubled. Even if capital could be diverted so suddenly, and to such an enormous extent, from its natural channels into a wage-fund, the question remained how to find reproductive employment for the multitude of new labour-

ers. Besides, the same causes which had produced the famine had also destroyed a large portion of the national capital, and rendered moneyed men of all classes less able to employ labour. In previous scarcities, it had been found, as a matter of fact, that the demand for labour had received a sudden check instead of a sudden increase; indeed, during the great famine of the last century, all who had money, hoarded it, and industry of every kind ceased.

The years between that time and this, however, have brought great changes. Three different classes of capitalists, who had no existence in 1769, came forward in unexpected force to mitigate the famine of 1866. First among them were the landed proprietors. In 1769 an opulent gentry could nowhere be discovered in Lower Bengal. The English found two distinct sets of men in possession of the soil,—needy courtiers, who having started as tax-collectors of the land revenue, had acquired loosely defined proprietary rights; and the ancient, but impoverished lords of the soil. In the eye of the law the first class continued to be only tax-gatherers. Any appearance of wealth among them gave rise to suspicions that they were collecting more than they accounted for, and led to an increased demand. One and all of them pleaded poverty; indeed, a large portion of early Indian records consists of complaints that the percentage allowed for collection did not yield a living. The thrifty few who really saved money secreted it. Many of them were supposed to have immense hoards, but capital, in the proper sense of the term, none of them had. The state of the ancient princes of the country was much worse. Native historians relate how, a few centuries earlier, gold and silver utensils glittered at every great man's feast; but long before the British conquest this barbaric wealth had disappeared. During the troubled fifty years preceding the battle of Plassy, while the central power was slowly breaking up, many of the old families in Lower Bengal had fortified their mansions, levied black-mail on the surrounding towns, and even attacked the Royal revenue on its way to Moorshedabad. One of the most serious difficulties bequeathed to us by Muslim misrule was a marauding gentry, and as late as 1800, an experienced judge recorded that the landowners were at the bottom of half the gang-robberies in the province. A few of the noble houses, however, retained the shadow of their ancient state. Of these, the three most illustrious in the western districts, were the princes of Burdwan, of Bishenpore, and of Beerbhoom. The present Maharajah of Burdwan enjoys an income

reputed to exceed the private revenues of the Queen of England, and administers his estates by means of a council that closely mimics the imperial assemblage which sits in the capital, with the Viceroy at its head. The earliest records in the Burdwan treasury date not many years after the famine of 1769-70. They disclose the Maharajah of that period in pecuniary difficulties, unable to pay his taxes, and about to be made a prisoner in his own palace. The house of Bishenpore stood first among the Hindu nobility of Lower Bengal. Signs and portents, not less divine than the interposition which saved the infant Romulus, protected the boyhood of its founder. Its family-book narrates the adventures of fifty-seven lineal princes; the popular era of a large part of the country dates from its rise; and during eleven hundred years it had formed an impenetrable barrier between the hill-savages of the west and the rich valley of the Ganges. Even the Mussulman conquerors stood in awe of the great border house and contented themselves with a nominal tribute. The local official records open with the year 1788. They display the ancient palace in ruins, the furniture put up at public auction, and the prince, a venerable white-haired man, in the debtors' prison.

In 1600, two Afghan brothers seized on the Hindu principality of Beerbhoom; before the end of the century they had become, partly by force, partly by fraud, the most formidable Mussulman house between the newly proposed metropolis at Moorshedabad and the western highlands. Sometimes their troops swelled the army of the Viceroy, sometimes they declared themselves independent of him. The most vigorous prince who ever sat on the State-cushion of Lower Bengal, when ordaining that all the feudatories should present themselves in person once a year at his court, found it expedient to make two exceptions. Of these the one was the Hindu house of Bishenpore, the other the Mussulman house of Beerbhoom. In later times, the Beerbhoom Rajah furnished a contingent to the prince who shut up Holwell and his companions in the Black Hole; and the most 'luxurious suburb in Calcutta, amid which the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor now stands, took its name from a cadet of the house. But during the thirty years preceding the famine of 1769, the fortunes of the Beerbhoom family had waned. An unsuccessful rebellion grievously increased their tribute; an hereditary disease unfitted two successive princes for war; the highlanders overran their territory, and the earliest English records detail how the late prince had been let out of the debtors'

prison only to die, and how his successor became a prisoner within a few months of his coming of age.

Of these three houses the first has revived, and now enjoys a magnificence which it never obtained under native rule; the other two have perished, but on their ruins a new and better growth has sprung up. The modern gentry consist, to a large extent, of men who owe their fortunes to trade or banking. The thrifty habits which enabled them to accumulate wealth incline them to a temperate use of it; many of them have large savings invested in the public funds and most of them are known as improving landlords. In former times, when the land-tax fluctuated from year to year, agricultural improvements were out of the question. The State claimed any increase in productiveness, without inquiring whether the increase had or had not resulted from the outlay of the proprietor's capital. Government, by solemnly binding itself never to enhance the land-revenue, made agricultural improvements possible, and they now form a favourite method of investing money. At the commencement of the famine, the Press called upon rural capitalists, particularly landholders, to find as much employment as possible for the labouring poor. Government, as a leading proprietor, and as the guardian of all wealthy minors whose estate consists of land, set the example, an example which each landholder, when he came to pay his respects to the English head of the district, was counselled to follow. Many a work that had been long talked of, but which would never have been undertaken, was begun, and a still greater number of works which had been languidly progressing, or altogether left off, were vigorously taken up again and finished. Marshes were drained, reservoirs and artificial lakes for irrigation were dug, watercourses were deepened or cleaned out, jungle was cut down, embankments were thrown up, thousands of acres were reclaimed, and during the spring months the words contractor and estimate, pronounced *contrakdār* and *ishtimèt*, were never out of the villagers' mouths.

Another class of capitalists, whose existence would not have entered into the calculations of the most sanguine statesman of 1769, played a conspicuous part in the famine of 1866. During the first forty-eight years of British rule, Englishmen and private English capital were rigorously debarred an entrance into Bengal. During the twelve years preceding 1866, private Englishmen contributed, it is stated, sixty millions sterling towards a single Indian enterprise; and if to the cost of constructing the railways, the current ex-

pensé of working and repairing them, be added, the total outlay cannot have been less than seven millions per annum. To the European world the Indian railways stand as a monument of successful British enterprise, under untried and unparalleled difficulties; but to many who have had a nearer view of the matter, the mission of the Indian railway seems not to be the aggrandizement of the imperial race that planned them, but the amelioration of the humble millions who found employment in their construction. . Wherever the iron road goes, wages permanently rise, and it is no exaggeration to say that the railway, by readjusting the balance between unskilled labour and capital, has done as much for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in Bengal as the Cornwallis Code of 1793 did for the agriculturists.

But the railways are not the only great enterprise in Bengal conducted with English capital. A century ago the Hooghly flowed through jungle so pestilent that at night the traveller moored his boat as far as possible from the bank to avoid fever. The founder of Calcutta was compelled by malaria to abandon a more commodious site which he had originally intended to be the chief seat of British enterprise in Lower Bengal. The stranger who now sails up the Hooghly views with surprise, at intervals on either bank, specimens of almost every sort of manufacturing industry: cotton mills, sugar-mills, paper-works, dock-yards, foundries, and workshops of various kinds. The inhabitants of a single modern street in Calcutta represent a larger amount of imported capital than could be found in the whole city in 1769. In the business part of the town the eye everywhere lights upon sign-boards indicating the agencies of coal-companies, tea-companies, lime-companies, companies whose object is to collect vast armies of labourers in districts where population is redundant and to carry them to districts where population is sparse, steam-navigation companies, inland transit companies of sorts, and miscellaneous associations without number. The other great cities reproduce the same spectacle on a somewhat smaller scale. In spite of a succession of disastrous years, indigo-factories, worked with English capital, stud every district in Lower Bengal; silk-factories, similarly worked, and a single one of which gives employment to eight thousand people—send forth their incessant hum; tea-cultivation has, within fifteen years, turned a province of jungle into a province of gardens; in the swampy districts reclamation-companies wall out the sea; in the arid districts irrigation-companies, with an aggre-

gate capital of several millions sterling, bring water from a hundred miles off to every peasant's field.

Another great capitalist that had no existence in 1769 remains to be mentioned. During the Mussulman period the Government was the only employer of labour on a large scale; it now forms the chief of many. The famine of 1769 happened at a most unfortunate time. Four years previously the old dynasty had been stripped of its civil administration, and its public works suspended, nor had any successor as yet stepped into its place. At first, indeed, the conquerors ruled as if the government of a great province were a mercantile speculation, from which as much as possible was to be got, and on which as little as possible was to be spent. By slow and unwilling steps the Company rose to its responsibilities. It found that one of the chief duties of an Oriental Government was to conduct industrial enterprises, which its subjects were too poor and too devoid of the spirit of association to undertake; and by degrees a system of public works developed, which forms the most conspicuous feature of the Indian budget. One way or another, from imperial and from local resources, the Indian Government distributes six millions sterling a year among the working-classes; and during the earlier months of the recent famine it so stimulated its operations as to offer wages to all who were willing to labour. Districts that had escaped the calamity received a more sparing allowance than usual for public works, and the saving thus effected was poured into the suffering localities. Old roads were repaired, new roads were constructed, rivers were embanked, and extensive Government buildings begun; in short, reproductive labour was found for a starving population.

Until the beginning of May the scheme for increasing the wage-fund worked well. The demand for labour continued to rise so as to meet the increased demand for work. Wages consequently remained firm at the old rates. But towards the end of April it became apparent that something had gone wrong. There was no lack of employment; the price of grain had not risen, or risen only in a trifling degree, above the previous rates; yet the people grew daily less able to buy food. Famishing crowds began to stream into the great towns, women dropped from exhaustion on the roads, and the English community heard with horror of a village, in the sea-board of Orissa, where the inhabitants had patiently starved to death and uttered no complaint. One traveller afterwards related that in some of the

secluded hamlets each house contained a dead family. The truth is, that in the scheme of tiding over the famine by means of an increased wage-fund, two important considerations had escaped notice. No allowance had been made for the little rural communities who, cut off from the towns by rivers, swamps, and jungles, live their own isolated lives, and take no heed of the outward world. Such hamlets abound in all the more backward districts on the west. Not many of them are familiar with any system of money-wages; if a man works for his neighbour he receives his pay in kind; nor did it enter into their imagination that in the open country and large towns a system of regular employment existed, by which they could have been enabled to live through the famine. They only knew that their fields had yielded no food, and the natural corollary was that they must die of hunger, as their fathers had died in time past.

But another and a more serious difficulty remained. It had been hoped that the labouring population, by doing nearly double its ordinary work, would earn three-quarters of its ordinary food. The arithmetic, indeed, was correct enough; and the employers had done their share of the transaction. It now became apparent that the labourers could not permanently perform theirs. The quantity of work exacted from the unskilled workman varies in different countries, but everywhere the standard naturally tends towards the maximum which the climate and the bodily strength of the race permit. On the other hand, the ordinary food of the unskilled labourer tends towards the minimum which will support an average family in health. To expect, therefore, that a labouring population will do twice its usual work, is to look for what can only for a short time, if even for a short time, be realized. To expect that, while thus doubling their exertions, they will be able to support themselves on three-quarters of their ordinary food, is to expect an impossibility. In justice to the poor Bengali, it must be recorded that he struggled hard to perform his part of the plan. While he had strength, he manfully put it forth for his children and his hearth, but too much work and too little food soon rendered his exertions vain. The women gave way first. In Bengal a labourer is paid according to the quantity of work he can do. Women generally earn about twopence a day. Before the end of May many of their emaciated frames could hardly perform the labour necessary to earn a penny. Numbers of men could with difficulty do a woman's ordinary work, and were thankful

for a woman's ordinary pay. One extensive employer stated that in general his men could earn higher wages by piece-work than by the day; but this year they begged him to give them wages according to a fixed rate, and not by the measurement of the work actually done.

By the end of the first week in May, the necessity for a system of public charity had become generally recognised. Indeed, for several weeks past a party had existed in the capital who believed that the time for such operations had already arrived. There can now be little doubt that many of their proposals were premature, but there can be no doubt whatever that this sensitiveness of the English community did good by rendering the government more keenly alive to the coming necessity. Both the party and its advocates in the public journals overlooked an important agency which is always at work in Bengal for the relief of the poor, and which at that time was being strained to the utmost. Poor-laws are unknown in India, but there is no country in the world in which the people live so much on one another. Their ancient lawgiver ordained, not only that brethren should dwell together in unity, but also that they should abstain from any division of the inheritance. In this respect, the modern Hindus have diverged less widely from the precepts of Manu than in most others. The British Legislature early found it necessary to recognise what is termed the Undivided State; and a suit for partition forms one of the most complicated processes known to our courts. Relatives, therefore, cling together more firmly than in other countries; and for the most distant kinsman to be seen begging, is the disgrace which the respectable Hindu most dreads. In every population, however, there must be a certain proportion of solitary and indigent beings dependent on public charity. For such persons the ceremonial code of the Hindus makes ample provision. In their religious system almsgiving has all the importance of a sacrament. As a man obtains an earthly birth from his parents, and a mystical birth by investiture with the sacred cord; so by charity he is made meet for that heavenly birth and reunion with the divine elements which his body obtains on the funeral pyre. Practically, the Hindu attends to no portion of his religious duties more than to almsgiving. Nor is this altogether unselfish. Public opinion is not strict to mark many things which in this country would sink a man in infamy. Men who have committed certain kinds of dishonesty, which here would make them outcasts, may still hope to enjoy the

respect of their neighbours; the usurer may be ever so hard without fear of general censure; a native jury can seldom be got to return a verdict of guilty in cases of forgery; and acts that would be condemned as the sharpest practice in other countries escape notice in Bengal, or are noticed with praise. But one offence public opinion never condones. A shopkeeper who habitually sends the beggar empty away may be strict in all his dealings, but he never prospers. A proprietor may be a good landlord, but if he shuts his gate against the poor he is always an unpopular one. At every family ceremony, at a birth, at a marriage, when the child is inducted into his father's caste, when the air is still tainted with the smoke from the funeral pile, when the kinsmen gather together each year to commemorate their ancestor's obsequies, a distribution of food forms part of the solemnity. In general, each village looks after its own poor, and almost every landholder dispenses daily rations to the necessitous persons on his estate. About sunrise, crowds of diseased objects, lepers and cripples, begin to gather in the rich man's court, and, loudly grumble if the steward diminishes by a single grain the customary dole. The last remnant of greatness to which a fallen family clings is this daily practice of almsgiving. Of the ancient magnificence of the Beerbhoom Rajahs only two half-starved elephants remain; their palaces, mosques, and baths are now unsightly heaps of brick; their canals and trim water-courses have filled up; the great flower-garden in which the bones of seven generations of princes repose, has relapsed into jungle; but every forenoon a train of aged and impotent folk may be seen issuing, each with his little portion of rice, from the ruins.

During the earlier months of the famine, the ordinary system of private charity expanded in proportion as the exigencies of the people increased. There was a point however beyond which it could not be stretched, but at what precise period this point would be reached could not be calculated. The writer had an opportunity of making inquiries in seven of the most cruelly stricken districts during May and June. Uncertainty and contrary opinions prevailed everywhere, but the general voice both of officials and landholders was, that up to the end of April the existing machinery for relief had proved efficient. One extensive planter could not be convinced until the middle of June that a general system of State charity had become necessary. The terrible heats of April, however, aggravated by increased work and insufficient food, had rendered many thousands of previously able-

bodied men incapable of labour; throughout the spring the landholders had found it impossible to collect the usual instalments of rent; their resources, therefore, barely sufficed for their ordinary charities, and were quite unable to deal with the rapidly increasing distress.

It is questionable whether the system of private charity works as effectively in the cities of Bengal as in the rural parts. A certain number of known and privileged mendicants collect a living from shop to shop, but to strangers, charity, although seldom absolutely denied, is given with so sparing a hand as to be but little effectual. In such cases even the smallest copper coin rarely changes hands. A few grains of rice, or a dozen cowries, of which 2400 go to a shilling, suffice to avert what the superstitious Hindu so much dreads,—the beggar's curse. The destitute crowds, therefore, that flocked from the country, received but slender relief in the bazaars of Calcutta, and the affluent inhabitants of the European quarters were daily shocked by the appearance of thousands of squalid objects in the last extremity of hunger. Our countrymen, individually, gave largely, but to the native merchants belongs the honour of initiating an organized system of relief. Every Hindu trader, when he opens his day-book in the morning, writes at the top of the page the name of the deity on whose favour he chiefly relies. Many pious men note down after the divine name a sum of money, according to their means, and at the end of the year these sums are added up and devoted to a festival in honour of the god. The tutelary divinity of a number of the Calcutta merchants is Kali, and her grateful devotees annually spend several hundred thousand pounds upon the great autumn festival, at the close of which a long train of sacred effigies, arrayed in jewelled robes, are solemnly committed to the Hooghly. After the famishing crowds had for some time been encumbering the streets of Calcutta, it struck a rich merchant that the goddess would be better pleased if he added up her money and devoted it to the starving multitudes, than if he hoarded it for her festival. The idea spread. A fund instantly sprung into existence for charitable purposes, and many who cared nothing for Kali joined in the good work which her devotees had begun. In some cases opulent merchants acted singly, in others a number of the less wealthy citizens joined together to open a relief-depot; and it was subsequently ascertained that the native gentlemen of Calcutta, without noise or ostentation of any sort, had systematically fed 18,700 people.

Many considerations rendered it expedient that the ordinary system of private charity should be left alone as long as it continued equal to the necessities of the times. In the first place, it was what the people had always been accustomed to. It was susceptible of a gradual increase in proportion as the distress became more intense, and its increase caused no disturbance or displacement of the rural population. It penetrated more deeply than any system of State charity could; for the utmost that Government could hope to effect would be the establishment of relief-depots at certain central spots, while under the existing system, every rich man's house throughout the country formed such a depot. Besides, no one knew how long the famine would continue. If the September and December harvests should fail, the present scarcity would be as nothing to the distress in 1867. At the same time, the benevolence of the landholders would be exhausted, and the public revenues would be greatly diminished. It was expedient, therefore, that the State should husband its direct charities as long as the people could do without them.

A still weightier argument was also urged. Had it been possible gradually to supplement the private efforts of native gentlemen, by grants from the public purse, much suffering might have been averted. But nothing is more sensitive of official interference than Hindu charity. The orthodox Bengali distrusts English benevolence in general, but he particularly distrusts the benevolence of the English Government. The two nations look at the subject from widely different points of view. Hindu charity seldom discriminates, and when it discriminates it does so in favour of those who need it least. Their popular creed directs its professors to give to all who ask, but especially to Brahmans, Yogis, and Hermits, whether they ask or not. With the Hindu almsgiving is not a social, but a religious duty. Charity of this sort nowhere asks questions. The English monasteries developed so many able-bodied mendicants that during the reign of Elizabeth special provision had to be made for dealing with the evil. To this day sturdy beggars beset the approaches to the richer religious houses in Spain and Italy, and a pious Bengali would as little think of inquiring whether an applicant for alms really needs relief, as a communicant of the Anglican Church would of refusing his offering at the solemnization of the Lord's Supper, until satisfied as to how the money will be applied. The offertory, however, is almost the only occasion on which English charity is not inquis-

itive. From early youth up an Englishman hears indiscriminate charity constantly condemned, and a large majority of the nation looks upon a system of State relief which fails to make distinctions as worse than the absence of State relief altogether. The explanation is, that in England and many other civilized countries the Poor-laws have removed almsgiving from the list of private virtues, and placed it in the array of public duties. The payment of the parish-rates seldom calls forth any violent emotion of benevolence. The evasion of them lays a man open, not to the charge of uncharitableness, but to the penalties of being a bad citizen. We discharge the claims of poor guardians for the same reason as we pay the income tax, and we expect the same economy to be exercised in the expenditure of both. In neither case have those who disburse the proceeds any right to indulge private feelings. Indeed, the evils which spring from indiscriminate State relief have reacted on our private charities, and many thinking men have come to look upon benevolence as a private taste they must not indulge, without first having ascertained that it will not prove hurtful to their neighbours.

The Hindu knows no such responsibility. He makes no distinction between the able-bodied professional beggar and those whom age or infirmities have compelled to ask alms. Nor can he understand why others should do so. A public officer who, in distributing a Government grant, did not discriminate between the really necessitous and impostors, would in the eyes of his English superiors be guilty of gross neglect of duty; in the estimation of the Hindu community a public officer who did thus discriminate would be guilty of inhumanity. No scheme of State relief could be devised which would be at once just and popular. If funds were intrusted to the native landholders, the people would indeed be more effectively relieved, but a permanent pauper population would be created. If the public charities were administered by officials they would be productive of widespread discontent: few expected that the two systems of charity could run side by side without interfering with each other, and the event proved the general opinion to be correct. No sooner had a system of public relief been organized than private benevolence in a large measure ceased. Landholders deemed it no longer necessary to straiten themselves by discharging out of their diminished incomes a duty which Government consented to take off their hands. The more intelligent of them also perceived that eventually they would have to contribute the sums that Govern-

ment might expend out of the public purse, and that any class which continued its private distributions would take on itself a double burden. A few wealthy and ancient families still dispensed the immemorial dole for the honour of their houses, but the above considerations prevailed with the generality. In every respect, therefore, it was inexpedient for Government to interfere until interference became absolutely necessary.

This time arrived in May. In some districts relief operations had been begun at a much earlier date, in others they were not found necessary till several months later, but the evidence goes to show that throughout the greater part of the suffering provinces the existing machinery for the relief of the poor broke down during the first half of May. The party who, in ignorance of this machinery, had for some time been anxious for organized measures, now became clamorous, and accused the authorities of inhumanity and neglect. These charges at the time seemed well founded. It was patent that a system of State charity had become necessary; it by no means appeared that the Government had taken steps to introduce such a system. Subsequently, indeed, it was proven that the authorities had not merely deliberated on the subject, but that at the very period when public dissatisfaction reached its climax, a scheme had been brought to maturity for meeting the exigency without drawing on the revenues. The traditional reticence of the Indian Government proved in this instance unwise. The authorities, however, were in a position to appreciate more thoroughly than the public could the evils that the most judicious system of State charity would not fail to produce, and which premature State charity would aggravate in a pernicious degree. These evils they determined to postpone till the last moment, and whether that moment had arrived or not could only be ascertained from the one-sided and conflicting reports of an army of local officials, who found themselves for the first time in their lives in the midst of a great famine. No precedents existed in Lower Bengal to guide them. Of the famine of 1769-70 only sufficient record remains to prove that people died by millions without any effort on the part of the Government, to save them. The analogies that the recent scarcity in the North-west Provinces afforded, were found in some material circumstances not to hold good. The result was difference of opinion, partial measures, and delay. Looking back with the wisdom of after events, there can be little doubt that three precious weeks were

permitted to pass without organized measures, after the necessity for such measures had arisen. Looking back to the uncertainty which then prevailed, and making allowance for the difficulty of introducing, for the first time in a country, a system of State charity, the period of three weeks will be deemed marvellously short.

In the meanwhile many little English communities had set up relief-depots at their own expense. The civil capital of a Lower Bengal district seldom contains more than seven or eight English families, but the strength of a society of rulers is by no means to be estimated by its numbers. During the summer of 1857, many of these isolated aristocracies had, without the aid of a single regular soldier, overawed populous districts ripe for insurrection, and the story of how one of them defended itself in the station billiard-room against the rebel troops, has been read with pent breath by half the schoolboys in the kingdom. During the summer of 1866 they developed a system of relief which rescued hundreds of thousands from starvation. The sums subscribed sound large, even to ears accustomed to the munificent charities of the English metropolis. County court judges, whose nett income does not much exceed £2500 a year, and who out of that sum have generally two establishments, one in India, and one in England, to support, gave at the rate of £360 per annum; magistrates on £2000 gave at the rate of £250, and as a rule few gave less than a tithe of their income. The native officials imitated their superiors, and many landholders, while disapproving of the English system of charity, thought it inconsistent with their dignity that their names should be absent from lists so respectably headed. The little civilian oligarchy contributed at the rate of £900 per annum; half as much more might be expected from native subscribers, and the sums thus obtained sufficed to keep 800 persons above starvation. Each relief committee, while making provision for those who could not labour, aimed rather at supplementing wages than at doing away with the necessity of earning them. The planters and English landholders did for their own neighbourhoods what the officials did for the provincial capitals. Every indigo-factory became a relief-depot, and the only fault that the most prejudiced enemy of British enterprise in Bengal could find with private Englishmen during the famine, was that they gave with too free a hand.

On the bases which these operations afforded, Government determined to erect a system of State relief. When a committee

found itself unable, out of its own funds, to meet the increasing distress, it was instructed to apply for a grant from the Revenue Board, and in this way considerable sums were obtained before the public were aware that anything had been done. During May the authorities resolved that, instead of making the Government grants supplementary to private efforts, the time had come to deal with private efforts as auxiliary to Government grants. A large balance remained over from the fund which England subscribed five years ago for the famine in the North-west Provinces. This was first applied. The previous relief committees continued for the most part unchanged, but several of the members sat in their official capacities. At the end of the month the Lieutenant-Governor and his chief secretary came down to Calcutta from the summer seat of the Government among the hills, to watch the new system through its first difficulties. Instead of rice being dispensed only in the provincial capitals, arrangements were made for organizing relief-depots at convenient spots throughout the whole country. Instead of each local committee proceeding according to its own lights, general rules were laid down. Previously some of the committees gave more liberally than others, and a tide of paupers set in to the favoured spots. Able-bodied men who, by constant work, could earn at home a quantity of food that barely sufficed for their families, had heard that in some relief-depot not far off plenty of food might be had without any labour whatever. Thousands had given up the struggle for independence. In their own villages they had been industrious workmen, in the relief-depot they soon became professional mendicants. But before the middle of June uniformity was introduced so far as uniformity was safe. The Central Government left a wide discretion to the commissioners of divisions, for no two divisions felt the pressure equally, and the commissioners, whilst making allowances for the different circumstances of their several districts, took care that no committee departed from the average scale of rations without sufficient cause.

The population which required relief was found to consist of three classes: those who could earn wages, but whose wages did not enable them to live; those who could not earn regular wages, but who were able to do light work; those who were incapable of labour of any sort. For the last class vast enclosures were erected, where they received daily rations. The second also obtained food at the public expense, but they had to give a small quantity of labour in return;

the first class proved more difficult to deal with. Some committees found work for them, and paid them not in money but in food; but in most localities their numbers, swollen with ejected cottiers and emigrants from the out-lying hill-districts, became too great to be disposed of in this manner. Besides, a considerable wage-fund existed in the hands of private employers, and it had been the object of Government throughout to graft its charity on the natural operation of supply and demand, rather than to supplant it. Previous scarcities had proved, that any interference with the market-rates produced panic and flight among those on whom the majority of the people depended for their food. At the beginning of the present famine, the Lieutenant-Governor made a progress through the seaboard districts, and re-assured the corn-dealers, some of whom had already shut up their shops, by promising that Government would not intermeddle with the laws of supply and demand. At the end of May, however, many thinking men had come to consider that these laws could no longer be applied to a section of the community who would die the most cruel of deaths under their operation. The problem was how to interfere with market rates in favour of a third of the population, and at the same time to leave these rates free as regards the other two-thirds.

This question did not receive a uniform answer till several months after State relief began. The dilemma reproduced itself under a somewhat different form in different districts, and the local officers required the bitter experience of partial measures before they apprehended the precise nature of the operation which was required. A few easy-going committees, indeed, contented themselves with feeding all comers in the meanwhile, without considering the habits of permanent pauperism which would result. But the majority reflected more deeply. Their object was not so much to save the people, as to help the people to save themselves, and several of them without previous communication struck out the same plan. They opened markets at which food might be procured at a price low enough to enable the labourer to live by his wages, but took care that the process of buying should be just sufficiently disagreeable as to deter those who could afford to buy at the regular dealers from frequenting the Government sales. The scheme worked better than even its projectors had anticipated. The gates of their rice-marts stood open to all; no harshness was needed; the managers had only to arrange that there should be a crowd of unclean and low-caste labourers, in order effect

tually to exclude the well-to-do section of the community. This they easily effected. Each buyer was permitted to purchase a quantity of rice that would feed him for one day and no more; in order therefore that a family should benefit by the reduced rates, the whole of its members had to attend. Immense numbers of the lowest orders, stained from their daily toil, thronged the approaches, and by opening the market only for a short time in the twenty-four hours, the crowd was never allowed to subside. The scrupulously clean Hindu in easy circumstances, shrank from the contamination of the unwashed rabble, and if he were really to profit by the cheapened prices, the female members of his household would have to appear personally with their copper pieces in their hands. A fashion of secluding the Hindu women, which owed its origin to the licentiousness of the Mussulman conquerors, has come down to our own times, and although generally exaggerated by English travellers, has still sufficient force to deter any respectable man from exposing his wife and daughters to be pushed and hustled by a filthy mob. Besides, public opinion declared strongly against any citizen who, without sufficient reason, bought rice at the relief-depot, and public opinion is an all-powerful influence in a little Bengali town.

During the first week of June the people began anxiously to look out for the rains. Before the second week expired the suspense had become insupportable, for the next ten days would decide whether the stricken districts were to reap a harvest in September, or whether they would have to suffer on till the end of the year. Morning after morning the sun blazed forth from the unclouded east; the earth became as one great brick-field; the blood of goats streamed in vain from the altars, and rumours of more terrible sacrifices spread in undertones from ear to ear. The western highlanders still maintain, that if the gods take any delight in sacrifice, the oblation of a man's life is the one most likely to procure their favour. A tribe, consisting of industrious and inoffensive subjects of the Crown, when questioned as to its practice, would only answer, 'How can we poor creatures afford such offerings? Where is a man to be bought cheap in these days?' It was now whispered that dark deeds had been done in the forest, and that the Great Mountain, the national god of the highlanders, would in due time send rain. Nor had the altars of the highly civilized Hindus escaped the taint of human blood. During the progress of the famine suspicions attached to more than one shrine, and the Press narrated how, in an important provincial

capital within a short journey of the metropolis, the police had burst into a temple, only in time to find a ghastly head and a pool of blood in front of the idol.* Many devout Hindus, indeed, believed that all such sacrifices would prove ineffectual. The signs of the times answered to those which their prophetic books foretold would precede the destruction of the world, and the appointed order of things was not to be so stayed. A venerable gentleman, who, after a life of faithful service to our Government, had attained the position of senior native magistrate in the district of Beerbhoom, laboured to convince the writer of the soundness of these views. He was a Brahman of the highest class, and came to the task armed with the learning of his order. Texts from the canonical books were brought forward to prove that the epidemic which had raged during several years in Lower Bengal, that the cyclone and tidal wave, which, in the autumn of 1864, had swept over the sea-board villages, and that the present famine formed a series of divine warnings that the end of the Kalpa was at hand. Nor did the events of the natural world speak alone. Society had reached the stage which had been foretold as the final one in the existing order of things. He cited the Book of the Future (*Purana Bhavishyata*), to show that at the end of the world hereditary distinctions would cease, and that there would be but one caste and one nation. He pointed to the rapidity with which the institutions of caste had during the past few years been breaking up; to the Brahmosamaj, a new Hindu sect, which from a small beginning in Calcutta has radiated into the most distant parts of India, and now possesses a congregation in every country town,—a sect whose fundamental tenets are, that there is no god but the One God, and that all men are equal. The sacred writings had clearly foretold the signs; the signs were now accomplished; and it only remained submissively to await the yet more terrible convulsions amid which the day and night of Brahma, which form our era, would expire.

The anxiety of the English officials took a more practical form. In some years the rains approach so regularly, that their line of march can be pretty accurately guessed. Irrigation companies have to prepare for their coming, and generally arrange to telegraph their appearance at various points on their route. In one district last summer a weir was in process of construction; the engineer received constant intelligence as to where

* No instance of cannibalism, however, or of any approach to cannibalism, was brought to light.

the rains had last been heard of, and the spirits of the little English community rose or fell according to the character of the morning's telegram. At last the decisive message came. First one district, then another, had had a thunderstorm; not the brief passionate hurricanes of the hot weather, but a storm of the deliberate sort, which slowly gathers during several hours, and, after the first flood, gradually subsides into a day's steady rain. Before the end of the third week every village knew that the rains had set in; tears of joy, instead of offerings of blood, poured before the gods, and even students of the Hindu apocalypse admitted that Bengal would in all probability reap a harvest within three months, and that the end of the Kalpa might be postponed for another year.

The demand for agricultural labour instantly trebled. Thousands of small cultivators, who had migrated to the towns in search of employment, now hastened back to their villages. In a fortnight the green blade came up; in a few days more it gathered strength, and the work of transplanting began. Of the toil of this process no one who has not witnessed it, can form a just idea. Saving a few patches of sugar-cane, which is a still more laborious crop, Lower Bengal is one vast rice-field from July to September, and every blade of rice, except the long-stemmed sort that grows in deep swamps, has to be transplanted. The labourers stand up to their knees in tepid puddle, and the intense rays of the sun render long hours of work impossible. In the Scottish Lothians, five *permanent* hinds and a steward, can manage a farm of three hundred acres; in the lower valley of the Ganges, one man cannot cultivate more than six acres, and the average is five. The rice-crop and *petite culture* of Bengal therefore require ten times more ploughmen than cultivation on a large scale in this country. Even a small extension of agriculture gives work to a multitude of new labourers, and in 1866 the area of cultivation in Lower Bengal made unprecedented strides.

The division between labour and capital has taken place not less thoroughly in India than in England, although in a more cryptic form. An entire village often does not contain a single hired workman, but the whole of the villagers are nevertheless the servants of a single capitalist in as strict a sense as the inhabitants of the little colony which grows up around a cotton-factory in Lancashire are the servants of the mill-owner. The village money-lender forms the basis of the rural industry of Bengal. The day-labourer agrees to do a piece of work for a

certain sum. His wages do not come in till he completes his contract, and meanwhile the money-lender, who usually combines corn-dealing with banking, furnishes him with supplies. The artisan works on his own account, but as he has no capital either to buy his raw materials with, or to maintain himself during the process of manufacture, the money-lender's assistance must be obtained. The substantial peasant farms his ancestral acres, but the money-lender advances the seed for the ground, and a daily subsistence for the husbandman, to be repaid at harvest. In a word, the money-lender supplies the capital, and the villagers supply the labour requisite for industrial enterprise. The petty rural bankers are a shrewd class of men. They foresaw that the scanty harvest of 1865 would render cultivation very profitable in 1866, and made their advances on an unusually liberal scale. Land that had lain so long fallow, that the little ridges between the fields were obliterated, was ploughed up, and four millions of eager husbandmen pushed cultivation up dry elevations, and deep into jungles, which had in more prosperous years lain waste. For this year even a meagre crop would be a profitable one. A low class of land, therefore, that in ordinary seasons did not pay the cost and risks of tillage, might be highly remunerative. Never had the September crop been so widely sown, and the least observant traveller could not help being struck with the boundless expanse of green that everywhere spread before him.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes, he carries with him his respect for precedent. Throughout the scarcity it was deemed of the highest importance to know what measures had been adopted in previous dearths, and the Indian journals from time to time displayed considerable research in their comparisons between the present dearth and the famine of 1769. It did not appear that prices materially differed during the two calamities. Throughout the sea-board districts grain sold, during several months in 1866, at threepence a pound, and this seems to have been the maximum price reached in 1769-70. In several isolated places during both famines food was not to be procured at any prices. In both cases the rural population had flocked towards the great towns, and in 1866, as in 1769, many aged and diseased persons had sunk from exhaustion on the roads.

Here, however, the analogy ceased. Some of the measures for meeting the famine of 1866 had proved inefficient, but in 1769 no measures whatever had been taken. In 1769 the torrent of migration towards the

cities had gone on unchecked. Hundreds of thousands had died upon the streets, and thousands had torn one another to pieces in the scramble for food at rich men's doors. In 1866 a series of relief-depôts had been organized to act as breakwaters along the routes leading to the capital. Within a hundred miles of Calcutta, on the great north road, three immense hospices had been set up; one at Kaneegunge, one at Burdwan, and one at Hooghly. In order the more effectually to counteract the displacement of the population, a system was also organized for sending back paupers from Calcutta to their homes, charging their subsistence in the meanwhile partly to the relief committee of their district, partly to the central committee in the capital. But the most conspicuous difference was to be found in the state of agriculture. The famine of 1769 left one-third of the province waste. The uncultivated land speedily relapsed into jungle, the jungle soon teemed with tigers, and the human population, gradually driven in from the outlying parts, gathered together towards the centres of the districts. Every volume of the ancient manuscript records bears witness to the battle that raged between men and the wild beasts. In districts where not even a tiger can now be found, a still more formidable enemy, the wild elephant, roamed in herds from village to village, throwing down the houses, lifting off the roofs of granaries, trampling the crops, and crushing everything that opposed him. Even the charcoal-burners, who for generations had faced the tiger, fled before the rush of the wild elephant, and their forest hamlets appear in the revenue returns subsequent to 1770 as deserted. One magistrate on an official tour casually noticed that forty parishes (*purgunnahs*) had been depopulated by these animals; and a collector plainly told Sir John Shore that, unless their depredations were promptly checked, it would be impossible to collect the land-tax. The lieutenants in charge of the north road drew a certain allowance per mile for keeping it free from tigers, and throughout the districts in the vicinity of the metropolis, the sums disbursed to huntsmen for bringing in the heads of wild beasts formed an important item in the accounts of the local treasuries.

In 1866, on the other hand, the first effect of the famine was greatly to extend cultivation. Square miles of arid country, which up to the spring of that year had borne nothing but sal-serub, were waving with rice-crops in August, and the prosperity of the husbandmen in the midst of the general distress afforded a plausible argument to the advocate of *petite culture*; for in order that

the land might be cultivated, the cultivators had to be fed. The blessed difference between the present and former famines is, that a class of rural capitalists existed to feed them. In 1769 the husbandmen had died of starvation, and his land had gone out of tillage for want of seed; in 1866 money-lenders were anxious to advance food, landlords were willing to remit rents, on consideration of obtaining a share of the crop at harvest time.

Both calamities altered for a time the relation of agricultural labour to capital. The cultivator became a subject of competition. The famine of 1769 left more land than the remnant of the population could till. Landholders began to entice away tenants from their neighbours' estates. The husbandman could get land at a lower rent from the adjoining proprietors than from the proprietor on whose estate he lived. A numerous class of non-resident tenants developed, each collector espoused the cause of the landholders within his own jurisdiction, and the mutual jealousies which resulted interrupted the execution of writs even during the firm administration of Lord Cornwallis. In the famine of 1866, the village capitalists thought it their interest to extend the area of tillage; the number of husbandmen did not increase with the increased demand for them, and agricultural labour found itself in a position to make its bargain with capital on improved terms.

In truth, the money-lenders had no choice but to support the husbandmen. The failure of the crops of 1865 had rendered it impossible for the cultivator to repay the advances of that year; the few sheaves that he reaped were hypothecated to the landholder for the rent; and the capitalist had the alternative of deserting the husbandman and writing off the advances of 1865 as bad debts, or of continuing to support him for another year, and taking the chance of having the whole repaid, with interest, out of the harvest of 1866.

After July prices gradually declined, but the distress rapidly increased. The September harvest had become a matter of certainty; speculators knew it was useless to hold back on the contingency of higher prices in 1867, and poured their stores into the market. Yet the pauper population grew at a rate that baffled the calculations of the relief committees. Each of these bodies had submitted an estimate of the sum it would require from the public purse. The amount had been placed at its disposal, but many committees now found it necessary to apply for additional grants; and in one case the discrepancy between the estimated and

the actual requirements proved so great, that a commissioner was specially deputed to inquire into the causes of the miscalculation. These causes are now clear. The rains had put a stop to most kinds of rural industry. Tank-digging became impossible, when the tanks were filled with ten feet of water. It was useless to work on embankments when the rains washed the earth down faster than it could be heaped up; and out of the question to attempt to clear lands on which a new crop of jungle would grow rank in a week. The impetus that the rains at first gave to husbandry had for a time more than compensated for the cessation of the other undertakings. But before the end of July the ploughing and transplanting had been finished, and the multitude of additional labourers to whom these processes had given employment were again adrift.

Postilence also began to tell heavily upon the underfed population. The fevers which make their appearance annually at the end of the rains this year assumed a particularly virulent type. The labourer frequently ekes out his wages by boiling up a wild herb with his rice; but during the famine, while wandering about in search of work, he had eaten the herb raw, along with the parched grain which forms the viaticum of the poor Bengali. In July dysentery broke out and prepared the way for a yet more terrible disease. Cholera always lurks in the densely crowded lanes of a native town. At an early period in the course of the famine, the attention of the authorities was called to the necessity of strict sanitary precautions, precautions which, a few years ago, would have required the sanction of a special law, but for which the municipal institutions that Sir Cecil Beadon has sown broad-cast over Bengal now afford ample machinery. The measures adopted proved successful. The large cities where the disease had been most dreaded, suffered least; many of them, indeed, escaped altogether, while some of the rural towns in the neighbourhood were decimated. Hundreds of families who might have supported themselves at home, fled from their villages and encamped under trees outside the relief-depots. Throughout the country, schools shut up, and the panic-stricken masters fled; but not a single instance appears of a school within a municipality closing on account of the disease. In one large town that had not the advantage of municipal institutions, all business, public and private, ceased, the doors of the courts remained shut, and the surrounding villages were filled with refugees from the plague-stricken city.

Before the beginning of August the whole

talent and energy of the governing body had gravitated towards the work of dealing with the famine. A magistrate of distinguished reputation was deputed, with several assistants, to the perilous operation of importing grain, during the south-west monsoon, into the seaboard districts, and many a robust young English constitution gave way amid the swamps of Lower Bengal and the solitary jungles of Orissa. The Revenue Board directed the whole relief operations from Calcutta, and found its authority taxed to the utmost in controlling the private inclinations of its local officers. Where no poor-laws exist charity is always a matter of sentiment. No one can help feeling strongly during a famine; but those who feel most strongly will consider the utmost efforts of the Government niggardly, for no human efforts can altogether avert the inevitable suffering, while men of more moderate humanity will dwell upon the dangers of overdoing State relief. No local committee precisely coincided with the views of another, and indeed each committee consisted of two parties,—one tending to err on the side of benevolence, the other on the side of economy. Whether Government should or should not import rice, continued a matter of dispute till the end of the famine. Many argued that the State could not bring in grain without striking at the root of private trade, and incurring the risk of a panic among the corn-dealers. To reduce the market rates, by cheap sales, in favour of those who would die if left to those rates, was a duty; but to do so at the cost of the regular trader would be an injustice. In the end it would be better for Government to buy its rice at whatever rate happened to prevail in the local market, and to leave the internal transit of grain to the laws of supply and demand. The other side replied, that the very fact of a relief-depot having been opened had destroyed the natural operation of these laws, and that the only way by which Government could restore the equilibrium was by importing its own grain. State charity brought crowds of paupers from the surrounding country, and if the new-comers were fed out of the local stock of grain, prices would rise to an alarming height. Besides, the circumstance that a much wider difference existed between the local rates and the prices in the cities than the cost of transit explained, showed that the capital or the enterprise of the small country towns were unequal to the task of importing food. Government, by entering the local market as a large purchaser for its relief-depots, would increase this inequality, and produce an artificial scarcity. On the

whole, the arguments for importation prevailed, and the committees bought their supplies in the cheapest markets.

At first the relieving-officers strictly discriminated between necessitous persons and impostors; but before the end of July it became unsafe to refuse food to any applicant. Cholera made small distinction between the able-bodied and the infirm pauper, so long as his stomach was empty. Most of the committees distributed boiled rice, but in a few localities it appeared better to give the uncooked grain. Each plan lay open to serious objections. The first failed to reach the most respectable classes who required charity; the second proved ineffectual to relieve the multitude. The Sanscrit canon ordains observances with regard to meats and drinks, more numerous and more minute than all the precepts to be found in the last Four Books of Moses. If a Hindu eats rice which has been cooked by a man belonging to a caste inferior to his own, or which, after cooking, has passed through such a man's hands, he becomes unclean and can regain his position only by costly offerings. Some Brahmans, indeed, claim descent from ancestors of such quality that no breach of the ceremonial code can touch their inherent purity, and Anglo-Indians were recently amused by the vagaries of a young Bengali nobleman, who ate forbidden meats every evening and purified himself by the mere fiat of his will next morning. But to a respectable Hindu of the middle class, loss of caste has all the terrors that the Interdict had to the Parisian of the reign of Philip Augustus. Even in the jails of Bengal the authorities find it necessary to respect this prejudice, and each caste of felons has a cook for itself. Fortunately, the famine penetrated only a small way upwards among the respectable classes; but those that it did reach suffered much more intensely than the low-born labourer. The well-to-do artisan patiently bore the extremity of hunger rather than permit the boiled rice from the depot to pass his lips. His younger children, who had not been inducted into the caste, might frequent the enclosures, but his wife and grown-up sons were forced rigidly to abstain. Many of the adults got over the difficulty by flying to the cities and merging their individuality among the multitude of paupers; indeed it was no secret that even the Brahmans under such circumstances threw off all restraint; but to the very last, village opinion and ancient prejudice proved too strong for those who remained at home. The writer urged a family in the last stage of voluntary starvation to take advantage of the State charity. 'What!' replied one of them who

could not stand erect, from weakness, 'shall I eat the impure food in the presence of my wife and of my father?'

On the other hand, if unboiled rice had been distributed, a large proportion of the recipients would have devoured it raw. Most of them were too poor to buy fuel, and some had passed the boundary which divides extreme hunger from mania. Uncooked rice, particularly in stomachs irritated by long-continued fasting, brings on a fatal disease, and it seemed better that the respectable few should endure their voluntary sufferings than that the multitude should die. A middle course existed, indeed, but it does not appear to have been anywhere adopted. The paupers had been classified with respect to their ability to work, they might also have been classified on a basis of caste. The majority consisted of day-labourers, who thankfully accepted food without asking through whose hands it had passed; for the minority, belonging to a more scrupulous rank of life, Brahman cooks might have been provided from the jails.

We have described the measures by which the classes whose earnings proved insufficient to procure their daily food were enabled to live through the famine; it remains to mention a few of the most conspicuous effects of the scarcity on the people at large. The population became visibly weaker. An extensive indigo-planter complained that although he gave his vat-men rations in addition to their daily wages, they were unable to beat the stalks with the necessary force, and left much of the dye unextracted. The trade in all manner of luxuries ceased, and the artisans whose business it is to produce them found themselves worse off than the unskilled labourer. Silk-weaving communities are numerous throughout the famine-stricken districts, and their beautiful fabrics were altogether unsaleable. A few of them obtained employment through the relief committees, from benevolent firms in Calcutta, but many fled to the towns, and the money-lenders refused advances upon the implements of manufacture to those who remained; for if a weaver should eventually migrate, there was no one to take his place, and his loom became valueless. The most painful feature of the famine was the patient despair of these poor artisans.

Crime greatly increased. Throughout the famine every jail was filled to overflowing; huts had been erected first inside, then outside the walls, but these soon became unable to hold the multitude of prisoners, and a sort of convict camp had to be resorted to. Notwithstanding the increased number of

guards, serious outbreaks took place, and the apprehension of a rush against the gates grew so general that in several jails posts were driven into the ground in front of the outer doors. These precautions would have proved less successful than they did but for the Whipping Act. Certain offences may be punished either with imprisonment or flogging, and magistrates took advantage of the alternative to lessen as far as possible the pressure on the jails. Indeed, some courts appear to have strained the meaning of the law. Rice-stealing formed the most numerous class of offences, and theft is one of the crimes for which whipping may be awarded. But the Indian Penal Code makes a distinction if several persons join together in order to steal, and robbery by a gang of five or more individuals is the most serious offence against property known to the law. Persons found guilty of this crime ordinarily receive a sentence of transportation; last year many of them escaped with a flogging. In several districts the criminal business became so heavy that additional judges had to be appointed, and the Sessions Courts held jail-deliveries for the first time during the great autumn festival of the Hindus.

Before the end of July the famine had developed a slave-trade. Parents had ceased to be able to support their children, and they preferred selling them to seeing them starve. Such transactions have always been common in India during seasons of distress; indeed, John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, wrote to his wife, in a year when prices did not reach one-half the rates of 1866, that he was purchasing black babies every morning for a few shillings apiece. The buyers generally adopt the children, and with these transactions the law does not interfere; but there is always a proportion of them reserved for a worse fate. One of the many blessings which the transfer to the crown has wrought for India is the abolition of slavery. The last enactment of the Company on the subject distinctly recognises the existence of slaves, and only forbids the courts to give effect to contracts for their barter; the code that formed the first great legislative work of the Queen's Government in Bengal pronounced slavery of whatever form illegal. Notwithstanding the severe penalties attached to slave-dealing, however, the nefarious trade revived during the scarcity of 1866. Infamous women went about buying up beautiful girls; in the capital and its suburbs, under the very eye of Government, eleven persons were said to be in prison at one time, awaiting trial for the offence, and suspicions of conniving at, if not of actually patronizing

the traffic, were mixed up with the name of a noble Mussulman family.

The number of unfortunates who died from hunger will never be accurately known. India wholly lacks the statistical machinery which has been so fruitful of salutary reforms in our own country. Even the official census is the result of an elaborate system of guessing, and many of its returns are ludicrously incorrect. No register is kept of births or deaths; and of the estimates promulgated with regard to the loss of life during the recent famine, one half are the mere conjectures of officials, the other half are the mere conjectures of journalists. The highest computation we have seen returns the deaths at one million, but it makes no attempt to discriminate between those who died from the effects of the famine and those whose death was the natural result of disease. If it include both, we are inclined, from personal observation, to consider it too low. The ordinary mortality of the twenty-seven million inhabitants of the famine-stricken districts, amounts, at the death-rate prevalent in Lower Bengal, to seven hundred and fifty thousand, and the additional deaths brought about, directly and indirectly, by a year of famine, certainly exceed the remaining two hundred and fifty thousand. If the estimate means that one million persons perished from the effects of the famine alone, it is too high. The town in Western Bengal where the mortality reached its climax was Raneeunge. It is situated close to the north road, and received the whole drift of the northern and western parts of Bengal proper and the adjacent hill-country. A depot had been established forty miles to the west, to stem the rush of the highland population, but cholera visited it so severely that the starving crowds endeavoured rather to push on for Raneeunge. Raneeunge, too, was unfortunate in being the receptacle for all who broke down upon their pilgrimage from the upper provinces to Jagganath, or on the road from the west-country to Calcutta. Many of the travellers perished by the way-side, and a still larger number reached Raneeunge in a stage of exhaustion at which relief comes too late. Some of them could not swallow, and died with the rice in their mouths; others could not retain food; and of many the digestive functions had ceased to act, and a hearty meal only hastened death. The magistrate in charge, a gentleman to whose untiring humanity the poor wayfarers from the north-western districts owe much, stated that during a short time eighteen paupers perished every night in and around Raneeunge, and during

several months the average was probably not less than ten. The writer twice visited the town, and had an opportunity of classifying the victims. Sixty per cent. were lepers, and persons who had been suffering under scrofulous or chronic diseases not superinduced by hunger; of the remainder, the immediate cause of death was in general fever or an acute bowel-complaint. Very few seemed to have suffered the last pangs of starvation; and it is not too much to say, that of the unhappy sufferers, even in Raneegunge, one half would have died had there been no famine. Indeed, the general effect of the scarcity was rather to accelerate the death of diseased, and, in a political point of view, useless members of the community, than to increase the rate of mortality among the able-bodied labouring classes. Judging from personal observations made during three tours, at the beginning, about the middle, and towards the end of the famine, and from the uncertain official returns now before us, we would estimate that to the ordinary death-rate must be added five hundred thousand deaths caused or accelerated by the famine. Of these, three hundred thousand may be considered to have been accelerated, and two hundred thousand wholly caused, by want of food. Assuming the population of Lower Bengal to be thirty-five millions, and the death-rate to be two and a half per cent., the loss of life caused directly or indirectly by the famine amounts to one-seventieth of the whole inhabitants, and the effect upon the death-rate for the year has been to raise it from eight hundred and seventy-five thousand to thirteen hundred and seventy-five thousand, or rather more than one half. The lowest computation of the deaths in 1769-70 shows a loss, not of one-seventieth, as in 1866, but of one fifth or one sixth part of the population.

That the famine did not reach above a low stratum of society, the progress of education in 1866 abundantly proves. One of the districts which suffered severely was Burdwan. The Maharajah, a lineal descendant of the prince of whom we have spoken in a former page, fed in the chief town alone from eight to nine thousand people every day, and a large proportion of the paupers were so emaciated, that he found it necessary to provide hospitals, doctors, and medical comforts in order to keep them alive. The number of pupils in the four principal schools had increased from 878 in September 1865 to 994 in September 1866, showing an increase of 13 per cent. during the famine months. The quality of the education sought had increased in a still higher ratio. Boys had left the

Maharajah's vernacular or lower class school to the number of 27, and gone to his Highness's upper class or English school, which exhibits 811 on the rolls in September 1866, against 683 in September 1865. The increase in higher-class education, therefore, had amounted to nearly 19 per cent. during the scarcity. In the smaller towns, public instruction prospered in an equal degree. Mymaree, a village sixteen miles to the south-east of Burdwan, had suffered so severely that many of its inhabitants deserted their homes, and the district relief committee found it necessary to organize a rice-depot on the spot. Yet the pupils in the Mymaree English school had increased from 81 in September 1865 to 102 in September 1866, or more than 25 per cent., and the lower class vernacular school had increased by more than 12 per cent.

If the famine anywhere affected education, it would certainly have done so in Raneegunge and Bishenpore. The condition of the first town has already been described. In the midst of the general misery, the attendance on the Government school rose from 114 to 129, or nearly 14 per cent., and the manager thought the time had come to raise the class of the education afforded. The case of Bishenpore was still more striking. This town, once the capital of Western Bengal and the seat of a flourishing manufacture, had been converted into a pauper city. Its many-coloured silks lay mildewed in the weavers' houses, the artisans had fled to Calcutta, and instead of the ceaseless rattle of the shuttle, stillness reigned in the streets. Those who remained were prevented by their caste from accepting relief at the depot, and shoals of diseased and dying creatures daily poured in from the adjacent hills and jungles. 'Cholera has broken out here,' wrote the relieving-officer in August, 'and bids fair to exterminate the whole of Bishenpore.' As the traveller entered the town, he passed through a belt of ground whitened with skulls. Macaulay relates that after the carnage of Aghrim, the dogs acquired such a taste for human flesh that they fell upon living men. The same thing took place in Bishenpore during the famine, and the houseless paupers slept close to one another in groups for the purpose of mutual protection. Until 1866, Bishenpore possessed only one school. So backward was education, that even to this single institution Government had not ventured to apply the grant-in-aid system, but defrayed the whole charge itself. In 1866 two new schools were set up in and near Bishenpore by private individuals, the one an English, the other a vernacular insti-

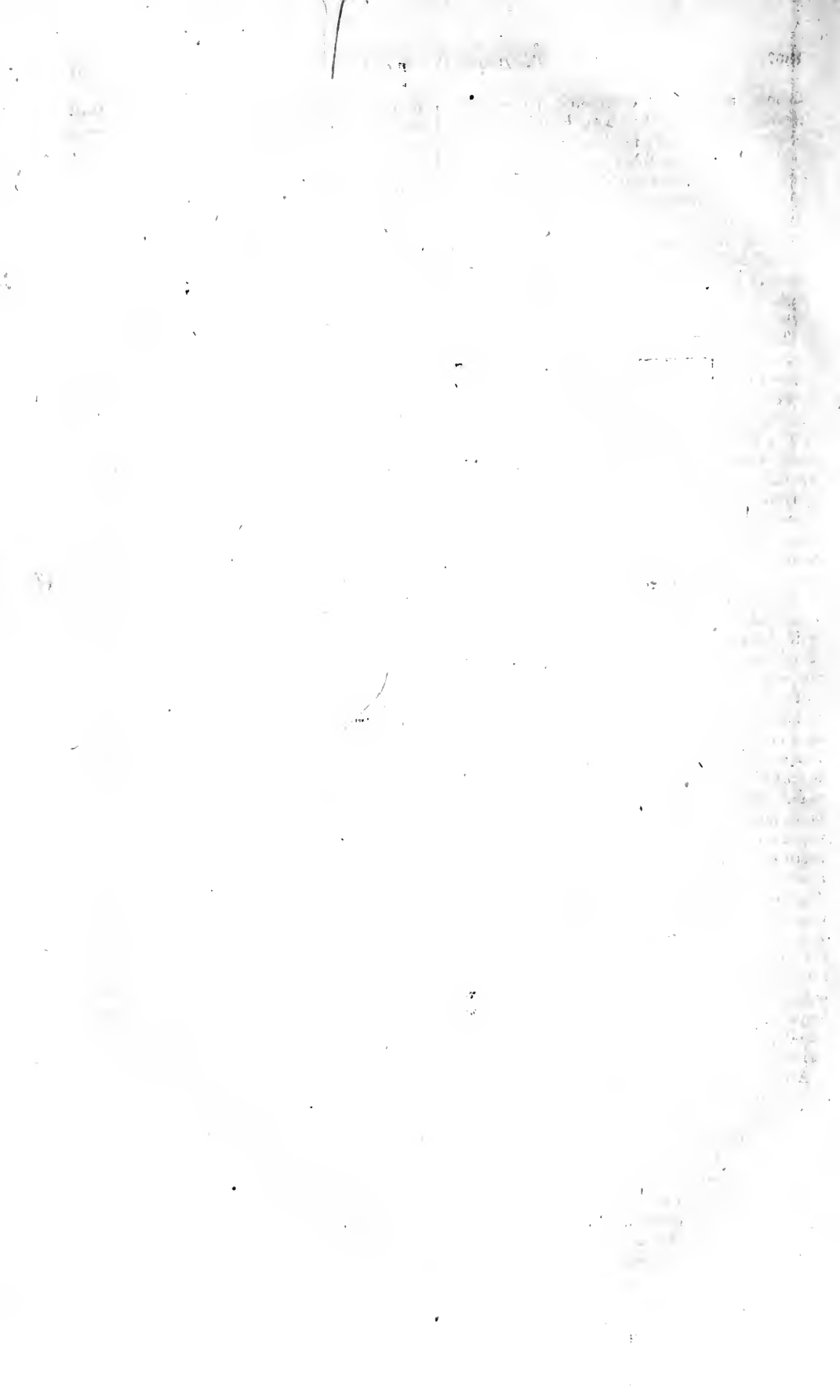
tution, and were conducted successfully through the dearth. The English school-house had formerly been a temple, but now the idols were tumbled out into the yard, and the chambers filled with students of Euclid and Smith's History of Rome. Notwithstanding the numbers who flocked to the new institutions, the old Government school held its own. Forty-six boys were present in September 1866, against twenty-eight on the last open day of the previous September.

The truth is, that the few cases in which a respectable man was compelled to withdraw his children from school, were more than compensated by additions from families who had not hitherto sought education. For a famine, like a war, is prolific of new men, and the first thing that a successful speculator in Bengal does is to send his children to school. The writer paid repeated visits to the relief depots in seven districts, and endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the previous circumstances of the paupers. It was impossible to speak to every one in the throng, but as nearly as he could estimate, he came personally into contact with 5000 persons. Each of them had his tale of reverses, a tale which never suffered for want of a little colouring, but we did not meet with a single man who professed to have been in the position of a well-to-do shopkeeper, or a substantial peasant, holding five acres, nor with a single woman who represented herself as the widow of such a man. Many of them said they had had land, but in very few instances had the quantity exceeded two acres, and nine-tenths of them were professional beggars, leprous and maimed persons, cripples, day-labourers who eked out their wages by means of public charity, the wives and children of artisans who had deserted their homes, aliens from the starved hill-districts, pilgrims who had fallen sick on the high-road, and strays and waifs of various races who, through indolence or misfortune, had drifted into the rice-depots. It was essentially a proletarian famine.

An abundant harvest in September put an end to all apprehensions of another year of distress, and the work of sending back the labouring classes to their former homes and wonted avocations began. This, in order to be done safely, had to be done slowly, and even at the present day the pauper population presents grave difficulties.

The lesson of the scarcity of 1866 is, that a famine, like a pestilence, in order to

be dealt with successfully, must be dealt with before its actual presence becomes felt. No specific has been discovered for cholera, but cholera has ceased to make the terrible ravages which it did on its first two raids through the country. We owe our comparative exemption from the epidemic less to medical skill during its visits than to the sanitary precautions which have been taken before it makes its appearance. Nor has any specific yet been discovered for a famine. State charity cannot, even in this country, reach a certain class of the poor, and not a year passes without some sad tale of death from starvation. But State charity in Bengal has to endure two enemies unknown in England. Time and space are continually frustrating the efforts of the Government, and during the past year, while rice was offered to every one who would take it, half a million of people perished because they could not reach the depots in time. Food could be distributed from the Scilly Islands to the Orkneys in less time than it could be distributed through a single one of the five-and-thirty districts of Lower Bengal. The only remedy for a famine is the progress of civilisation. As capital increases, as roads and railways penetrate the country, as irrigation works extend, famines will become more and more a thing of the past in India. The classes who suffered in 1866 were those whose earnings just sufficed in ordinary seasons to feed them on the cheapest kind of food. As wages rise, the style of living will rise with them, and the day-labourers of India, like the corresponding rank in England, will have some margin to fall back upon in times of scarcity. Orissa, the part of the province on which the famine bore heaviest, is the part which is most isolated, and the only one in which the absence of a permanent arrangement for the land-revenue has kept the proprietors poor, and rendered agricultural improvements impossible. Orissa, however, will shortly be placed on the same footing in this respect as the other districts; and the undertakings which render man independent of nature are making daily strides throughout Bengal. Before the next general failure of the crops, importation from Burmah and improved means of internal distribution will have made famine, in the terrible sense of the word, an impossibility, and a future generation will cite the five hundred thousand victims of 1866 as a proof of the low state of civilisation which must then have prevailed.



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ART. I.—THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

THE theory proposed by Mr. Darwin as sufficient to account for the origin of species has been received as probable, and even as certainly true, by many who from their knowledge of physiology, natural history, and geology, are competent to form an intelligent opinion. The facts, they think, are consistent with the theory. Small differences are observed between animals and their offspring. Greater differences are observed between varieties known to be sprung from a common stock. The differences between what have been termed species are sometimes hardly greater in appearance than those between varieties owning a common origin. Even when species differ more widely, the difference, they say, is one of degree only, not of kind. They can see no clear, definite distinction by which to decide in all cases, whether two animals have sprung from a common ancestor or not. They feel warranted in concluding, that for aught the structure of animals shows to the contrary, they may be descended from a few ancestors only,—nay, even from a single pair.

The most marked differences between varieties known to have sprung from one source have been obtained by artificial breeding. Men have selected, during many generations, those individuals possessing the desired attributes in the highest degree. They have thus been able to add, as it were, small successive differences, till they have at last produced marked varieties. Darwin shows that by a process, which he calls natural selection, animals more favourably constituted than their fellows will survive in the struggle for life, will produce descendants resembling themselves, of which the strong

will live, the weak die; and so, generation after generation, nature, by a metaphor, may be said to choose certain animals, even as man does when he desires to raise a special breed. The device of nature is based on the attributes most useful to the animal; the device of man on the attributes useful to man, or admired by him. All must agree that the process termed natural selection is in universal operation. The followers of Darwin believe that by that process differences might be added, even as they are added by man's selection, though more slowly, and that this addition might in time be carried to so great an extent as to produce every known species of animal from one or two pairs, perhaps from organisms of the lowest known type.

A very long time would be required to produce in this way the great differences observed between existing beings. Geologists say their science shows no ground for doubting that the habitable world has existed for countless ages. Drift and inundation, proceeding at the rate we now observe, would require cycles of ages to distribute the materials of the surface of the globe in their present form and order; and they add, for aught we know, countless ages of rest may at many places have intervened between the ages of action.

But if all beings are thus descended from a common ancestry, a complete historical record would show an unbroken chain of creatures, reaching from each one now known back to the first type, with each link differing from its neighbour by no more than the several offspring of a single pair of animals now differ. We have no such record; but geology can produce vestiges which may be looked upon as a few out of the innumer-

able links of the whole conceivable chain, and what, say the followers of Darwin, is more certain than that the record of geology must necessarily be imperfect? The records we have show a certain family likeness between the beings living at each epoch, and this is at least consistent with our views.

There are minor arguments in favour of the Darwinian hypothesis, but the main course of the argument has, we hope, been fairly stated. It bases large conclusions as to what has happened upon the observation of comparatively small facts now to be seen. The cardinal facts are the production of varieties by man, and the similarity of all existing animals. About the truth and extent of those facts none but men possessing a special knowledge of physiology and natural history have any right to an opinion; but the superstructure based on those facts enters the region of pure reason, and may be discussed apart from all doubt as to the fundamental facts.

Can natural selection choose special qualities, and so breed special varieties as man does? Does it appear that man has the power indefinitely to magnify the peculiarities which distinguish his breeds from the original stock? Is there no other evidence than that of geology as to the age of the habitable earth? and what is the value of the geological evidence? How far, in the absence of other knowledge, does the mere difficulty in classifying organized beings justify us in expecting that they have had a common ancestor? And finally, what value is to be attached to certain minor facts supposed to corroborate the new theory? These are the main questions to be debated in the present essay, written with a belief that some of them have been unduly overlooked. The opponents of Darwin have been chiefly men having special knowledge similar to his own, and they have therefore naturally directed their attention to the cardinal facts of his theory. They have asserted that animals are not so similar but that specific differences can be detected, and that man can produce no varieties differing from the parent stock, as one species differs from another. They naturally neglect the deductions drawn from facts which they deny. If your facts were true, they say, perhaps nature would select varieties, and in endless time, all you claim might happen; but we deny the facts. You produce no direct evidence that your selection took place, claiming only that your hypothesis is not inconsistent with the teaching of geology. Perhaps not, but you only claim a 'may be,' and we attack the direct evidence you think you possess.

To an impartial looker-on the Darwinians seem rather to have had the best of the argument on this ground, and it is at any rate worth while to consider the question from the other point of view; admit the facts, and examine the reasoning. This we now propose to do, and for clearness will divide the subject into heads corresponding to the questions asked above, as to the extent of variability, the efficiency of natural selection, the lapse of time, the difficulty of classification, and the value of minor facts adduced in support of Darwin.

Some persons seem to have thought his theory dangerous to religion, morality, and what not. Others have tried to laugh it out of court. We can share neither the fears of the former nor the merriment of the latter; and, on the contrary, own to feeling the greatest admiration both for the ingenuity of the doctrine and for the temper in which it was broached, although, from a consideration of the following arguments, our opinion is adverse to its truth.

Variability.—Darwin's theory requires that there shall be no limit to the possible difference between descendants and their progenitors, or, at least, that if there be limits, they shall be at so great a distance as to comprehend the utmost differences between any known forms of life. The variability required, if not infinite, is indefinite. Experience with domestic animals and cultivated plants shows that great variability exists. Darwin calls special attention to the differences between the various fancy pigeons, which, he says, are descended from one stock; between various breeds of cattle and horses, and some other domestic animals. He states that these differences are greater than those which induce some naturalists to class many specimens as distinct species. These differences are infinitely small as compared with the range required by his theory, but he assumes that by accumulation of successive differences any degree of variation may be produced; he says little in proof of the possibility of such an accumulation, seeming rather to take for granted that if Sir John Sebright could with pigeons produce in six years a certain head and beak of say half the bulk possessed by the original stock, then in twelve years this bulk could be reduced to a quarter, in twenty-four to an eighth, and so farther. Darwin probably never believed or intended to teach so extravagant a proposition, yet by substituting a few myriads of years for that poor period of six years, we obtain a proposition fundamental in his theory. That theory rests on the assumption that natural selection can do

slowly what man's selection does quickly; it is by showing how much man can do, that Darwin hopes to prove how much can be done without him. But if man's selection cannot double, treble, quadruple, centuple, any special divergence from a parent stock, why should we imagine that natural selection should have that power? When we have granted that the 'struggle for life' might produce the pouter or the fantail, or any divergence man can produce, we need not feel one whit the more disposed to grant that it can produce divergences beyond man's power. The difference between six years and six myriads, blinding by a confused sense of immensity, leads men to say hastily that if six or sixty years can make a pouter out of a common pigeon, six myriads may change a pigeon to something like a thrush; but this seems no more accurate than to conclude that because we observe that a cannon-ball has traversed a mile in a minute, therefore in an hour it will be sixty miles off, and in the course of ages that it will reach the fixed stars. This really might be the conclusion drawn by a savage seeing a cannon-ball shot off by a power the nature of which was wholly unknown to him, and traversing a vast distance with a velocity confusing his brain, and removing the case from the category of stones and arrows, which he well knows will not go far, though they start fast. Even so do the myriads of years confuse our speculations, and seem to remove natural selection from man's selection; yet, Darwin would be the first to allow, that the same laws probably or possibly govern the variation, whether the selection be slow or rapid. If the intelligent savage were told, that though the cannon-ball started very fast, it went slower and slower every instant, he would probably conclude that it would not reach the stars, but presently come to rest like his stone and arrow. Let us examine whether there be not a true analogy between this case and the variation of domestic animals.

We all believe that a breeder, starting business with a considerable stock of average horses, could, by selection, in a very few generations, obtain horses able to run much faster than any of their sires or dams; in time perhaps he would obtain descendants running twice as fast as their ancestors, and possibly equal to our race-horses. But would not the difference in speed between each successive generation be less and less? Hundreds of skilful men are yearly breeding thousands of racers. Wealth and honour await the man who can breed one horse to run one part in five thousand faster than his fellows. As a matter of experience, have

our racers improved in speed by one part in a thousand during the last twenty generations? Could we not double the speed of a cart-horse in twenty generations? Here is the analogy with our cannon-ball; the rate of variation in a given direction is not constant, is not erratic; it is a constantly diminishing rate, tending therefore to a limit.

It may be urged that the limit in the above case is not fixed by the laws of variation but by the laws of matter; that bone and sinew cannot make a beast of the racer size and build go faster. This would be an objection rather to the form than to the essence of the argument. The existence of a limit, as proved by the gradual cessation of improvement, is the point which we aim at establishing. Possibly in every case the limit depends on some physical difficulty, sometimes apparent, more often concealed; moreover, no one can *a priori* calculate what bone and sinew may be capable of doing, or how far they can be improved; but it is unnecessary further to combat this objection, for whatever be the peculiarity aimed at by fancy-breeders, the same fact recurs. Small terriers are valuable, and the limit below which a terrier of good shape would be worth its weight in silver, perhaps in gold, is nearly as well fixed as the possible speed of a race-horse. The points of all prize cattle, of all prize flowers, indicate limits. A rose called 'Senateur Vaisse' weighs 300 grains, a wild rose weighs 30 grains. A gardener, with a good stock of wild roses, would soon raise seedlings with flowers of double, treble, the weight of his first briar flowers. He or his grandson would very slowly approach the 'Cloth of Gold' or 'Senateur Vaisse,' and if the gradual rate of increase in weight were systematically noted, it would point with mathematical accuracy to the weight which could not be surpassed.

We are thus led to believe that whatever new point in the variable beast, bird or flower, be chosen as desirable by a fancier, this point can be rapidly approached at first, but that the rate of approach quickly diminishes, tending to a limit never to be attained. Darwin says that our oldest cultivated plants still yield new varieties. Granted; but the new variations are not successive variations in one direction. Horses could be produced with very long or with very short ears, very long or short hair, with large or small hooves, with peculiar colour, eyes, teeth, perhaps. In short, whatever variation we perceive of ordinary occurrence might by selection be carried to an extravagant excess. If a large annual prize were offered for any

of these novel peculiarities, probably the variation in the first few years would be remarkable, but in twenty years' time the judges would be much puzzled to which breeder the prize should fall, and the maximum excellence would be known and expressed in figures, so that an eighth of an inch more or less would determine success or failure.

A given animal or plant appears to be contained, as it were, within a sphere of variation; one individual lies near one portion of the surface, another individual, of the same species, near another part of the surface; the average animal at the centre. Any individual may produce descendants varying in any direction, but is more likely to produce descendants varying towards the centre of the sphere, and the variations in that direction will be greater in amount than the variations towards the surface. Thus, a set of racers of equal merit indiscriminately breeding will produce more colts and foals of inferior than of superior speed, and the falling off of the degenerate will be greater than the improvement of the select. A set of Clydesdale prize horses would produce more colts and foals of inferior than superior strength. More seedlings of 'Sena-teur Vaisse' will be inferior to him in size and colour than superior. The tendency to revert, admitted by Darwin, is generalized in the simile of the sphere here suggested. On the other hand, Darwin insists very sufficiently on the rapidity with which new peculiarities are produced; and this rapidity is quite as essential to the argument now urged as subsequent slowness.

We hope this argument is now plain. However slow the rate of variation might be, even though it were only one part in a thousand per twenty or two thousand generations, yet if it were constant or erratic we might believe that, in untold time, it would lead to untold distance; but if in every case we find that deviation from an average individual can be rapidly effected at first, and that the rate of deviation steadily diminishes till it reaches an almost imperceptible amount, then we are as much entitled to assume a limit to the possible deviation as we are to the progress of a cannon-ball from a knowledge of the law of diminution in its speed. This limit to the variation of species seems to be established for all cases of man's selection. What argument does Darwin offer showing that the law of variation will be different when the variation occurs slowly, not rapidly? The law may be different, but is there any experimental ground for believing that it is different? Darwin says (p. 153), 'The struggle between

natural selection, on the one hand, and the tendency to reversion and variability on the other hand, will in the course of time cease, and that the most abnormally developed organs may be made constant, I can see no reason to doubt.' But what reason have we to believe this? Darwin says the variability will disappear by the continued rejection of the individuals tending to revert to a former condition; but is there any experimental ground for believing that the variability *will* disappear; and, secondly, if the variety can become fixed, that it will in time become ready to vary still more in the original direction, passing that limit which we think has just been shown to exist in the case of man's selection? It is peculiarly difficult to see how natural selection could reject individuals having a tendency to produce offspring reverting to an original stock. The tendency to offspring more like their superior parents than their inferior grandfathers can surely be of no advantage to any individual in the struggle for life. On the contrary, most individuals would be benefited by producing imperfect offspring, competing with them at a disadvantage; thus it would appear that natural selection, of it select anything, must select the most perfect individuals, having a tendency to produce the fewest and least perfect competitors; but it may be urged that though the tendency to produce good offspring is injurious to the parents, the improved offspring would live and receive by inheritance the fatal tendency of producing in their turn parricidal descendants. Yet this is contending that in the struggle for life natural selection can gradually endow a race with a quality injurious to every individual which possesses it. It really seems certain that natural selection cannot tend to obliterate the tendency to revert; but the theory advanced appears rather to be that, if owing to some other qualities a race is maintained for a very long time different from the average or original race (near the surface of our sphere), then it will in time spontaneously lose the tendency to relapse, and acquire a tendency to vary outside the sphere. What is to produce this change? Time simply, apparently. The race is to be kept constant, to all appearance, for a very long while, but some subtle change due to time is to take place; so that, of two individuals just alike in every feature, but one born a few thousand years after the other, the first shall tend to produce relapsing offspring, the second shall not. This seems rather like the idea that keeping a bar of iron hot or cold for a very long time would leave it permanently hot or cold at the end of the period when the heat-

ing or cooling agent was withdrawn. This strikes us as absurd now, but Bacon believed it possibly true. So many things may happen in a very long time, that time comes to be looked on as an agent capable of doing great and unknown things. Natural selection, as we contend, could hardly select an individual because it bred true. Man does. He chooses for sires those horses which he sees not only run fast themselves, but produce fine foals. He never gets rid of the tendency to revert. Darwin says species of pigeons have bred true for centuries. Does he believe that it would not be easier by selection to diminish the peculiarities of the pouter pigeon than to increase them? and what does this mean, but that the tendency to revert exists? It is possible that by man's selection this tendency may be diminished as any other quality may be somewhat increased or diminished, but, like all other qualities, this seems rapidly to approach a limit which there is no obvious reason to suppose 'time' will alter.

But not only do we require for Darwin's theory that time shall first permanently fix the variety near the outside of the assumed sphere of variation, we require that it shall give the power of varying beyond that sphere. It may be urged that man's rapid selection does away with this power; that if each little improvement were allowed to take root during a few hundred generations, there would be no symptom of a decrease of the rate of variation, no symptom that a limit was approached. If this be so, breeders of race-horses and prize flowers had better change their tactics; instead of selecting the fastest colts and finest flowers to start with, they ought to begin with very ordinary beasts and species. They should select the descendants which might be rather better in the first generation, and then should carefully abstain from all attempts at improvement for twenty, thirty, or one hundred generations. Then they might take a little step forward, and in this way, in time, they or their children's children would obtain breeds far surpassing those produced by their overhasty competitors, who would be brought to a stand by limits which would never be felt or perceived by the followers of the maxim, *Festina lente*. If we are told that the time during which a breeder or his descendants could afford to wait bears no proportion to the time used by natural selection, we may answer that we do not expect the enormous variability supposed to be given by natural selection, but that we do expect to observe some step in that direction, to find that by carefully approaching our limit by slow degrees, that limit would be removed a little further off.

Does any one think this would be the case?

There is indeed one view upon which it would seem natural to believe that the tendency to revert may diminish. If the peculiarities of an animal's structure are simply determined by inheritance, and not by any law of growth, and if the child is more likely to resemble its father than its grandfather, its grandfather than its great-grandfather, etc., then the chances that an animal will revert to the likeness of an ancestor a thousand generations back will be slender. This is perhaps Darwin's view. It depends on the assumption that there is no typical or average animal, no sphere of variation, with centre and limits, and cannot be made use of to prove that assumption. The opposing view is that of a race maintained by a continual force in an abnormal condition, and returning to that condition so soon as the force is removed; returning not suddenly, but by similar steps with those by which it first left the average state, restrained by the tendency to resemble its immediate progenitors. *A priori*, perhaps, one view is as probable as the other; or in other words, as we are ignorant of the reasons why atoms fashion themselves into bears and squirrels, one fancy is as likely to meet with approval as another. Experiments conducted in a limited time, point as already said to a limit, with a tendency to revert. And while admitting that the tendency to revert may be diminished though not extinguished, we are unaware of any reason for supposing that potters, after a thousand generations of true breeding, have acquired a fresh power of doubling their crops, or that the oldest breed of Arabs are likely to produce 'sports' vastly surpassing their ancestors in speed. Experiments conducted during the longest time at our disposal show no probability of surpassing the limits of the sphere of variation, and why should we concede that a simple extension of time will reverse the rule?

The argument may be thus resumed.

Although many domestic animals and plants are highly variable, there appears to be a limit to their variation in any one direction. This limit is shown by the fact that new points are at first rapidly gained, but afterwards more slowly, while finally no further perceptible change can be effected. Great, therefore, as the variability is, we are not free to assume that successive variations of the same kind can be accumulated. There is no experimental reason for believing that the limit would be removed to a greater distance, or passed, simply because it was approached by very slow degrees, instead of by more rapid steps. There is no reason to believe that a fresh variability is acquired by

long selection of one form; on the contrary, we know that with the oldest breeds it is easier to bring about a diminution than an increase in the points of excellence. The sphere of variation is a simile embodying this view;—each point of the sphere corresponding to a different individual of the same race, the centre to the average animal, the surface to the limit in various directions. The individual near the centre may have offspring varying in all directions with nearly equal rapidity. A variety near the surface may be made to approach it still nearer, but has a greater tendency to vary in every other direction. The sphere may be conceived as large for some species and small for others.

Efficiency of Natural Selection.—Those individuals of any species which are most adapted to the life they lead, live on an average longer than those which are less adapted to the circumstances in which the species is placed. The individuals which live the longest will have the most numerous offspring, and as the offspring on the whole resemble their parents, the descendants from any given generation will on the whole resemble the more favoured rather than the less favoured individuals of the species. So much of the theory of natural selection will hardly be denied; but it will be worth while to consider how far this process can tend to cause a variation in some one direction. It is clear that it will frequently, and indeed generally, tend to prevent any deviation from the common type. The mere existence of a species is a proof that it is tolerably well adapted to the life it must lead; many of the variations which may occur will be variations for the worse, and natural selection will assuredly stamp these out. A white grouse in the heather, or a white hare on a fallow, would be sooner detected by its enemies than one of the usual plumage or colour. Even so, any favourable deviation must, according to the very terms of the statement, give its fortunate possessor a better chance of life; but this conclusion differs widely from the supposed consequence that a whole species may or will gradually acquire some one new quality, or wholly change in one direction, and in the same manner. In arguing this point, two distinct kinds of possible variation must be separately considered: *first*, that kind of common variation which must be conceived as not only possible, but inevitable, in each individual of the species, such as longer and shorter legs, better or worse hearing, etc.; and, *secondly*, that kind of variation which only occurs rarely, and may be called a sport of nature, or more briefly a 'sport,' as when a child is born with

six fingers on each hand. The common variation is not limited to one part of any animal, but occurs in all; and when we say that on the whole the stronger live longer than the weaker, we mean that in some cases long life will have been due to good lungs, in others to good ears, in others to good legs. There are few cases in which one faculty is pre-eminently useful to an animal beyond all other faculties, and where that is not so, the effect of natural selection will simply be to kill the weakly, and insure a sound, healthy, well-developed breed. If we could admit the principle of a gradual accumulation of improvements, natural selection would gradually improve the breed of everything, making the hare of the present generation run faster, hear better, digest better, than his ancestors; his enemies, the weasels, greyhounds, etc., would have improved likewise, so that perhaps the hare would not be really better off; but at any rate the direction of the change would be from a war of pigmies to a war of Titans. Opinions may differ as to the evidence of this gradual perfectibility of all things, but it is beside the question to argue this point, as the origin of species requires not the gradual improvement of animals retaining the same habits and structure, but such modification of those habits and structure as will actually lead to the appearance of new organs. We freely admit, that if an accumulation of slight improvements be possible, natural selection might improve hares as hares, and weasels as weasels, that is to say, it might produce animals having every useful faculty and every useful organ of their ancestors developed to a higher degree; more than this, it may obliterate some once useful organs when circumstances have so changed that they are no longer useful, for since that organ will weigh for nothing in the struggle of life, the average animal must be calculated as though it did not exist.

We will even go further: if, owing to a change of circumstances some organ becomes pre-eminently useful, natural selection will undoubtedly produce a gradual improvement in that organ, precisely as man's selection can improve a special organ. In all cases the animals above the average live longer, those below the average die sooner, but in estimating the chance of life of a particular animal, one special organ may count much higher or lower according to circumstances, and will accordingly be improved or degraded. Thus, it must apparently be conceded that natural selection is a true cause or agency whereby in some cases variations of special organs may be perpetuated and accumulated, but the importance of this ad-

mission is much limited by a consideration of the cases to which it applies: first of all we have required that it should apply to variations which must occur in every individual, so that enormous numbers of individuals will exist, all having a little improvement in the same direction; as, for instance, each generation of hares will include an enormous number which have longer legs than the average of their parents, although there may be an equally enormous number who have shorter legs; secondly, we require that the variation shall occur in an organ already useful owing to the habits of the animal. Such a process of improvement as is described could certainly never give organs of sight, smell, or hearing to organisms which had never possessed them. It could not add a few legs to a hare, or produce a new organ, or even cultivate any rudimentary organ which was not immediately useful to an enormous majority of hares. No doubt half the hares which are born have longer tails than the average of their ancestors; but as no large number of hares hang by their tails, it is inconceivable that any change of circumstances should breed hares with prehensile tails; or, to take an instance less shocking in its absurdity, half the hares which are born may be presumed to be more like their cousins the rabbits in their burrowing organs than the average hare ancestor was; but this peculiarity cannot be improved by natural selection as described above, until a considerable number of hares begin to burrow, which we have as yet seen no likelihood of their doing. Admitting, therefore, that natural selection may improve organs already useful to great numbers of a species, does not imply an admission that it can create or develop new organs, and so originate species.

But it may be urged, although many hares do not burrow, one may, or at least may hide in a hole, and a little scratching may just turn the balance in his favour in the struggle for life. So it may, and this brings us straight to the consideration of 'sports,' the second kind of variation above alluded to. A hare which saved its life by burrowing would come under this head; let us here consider whether a few hares in a century saving themselves by this process could, in some indefinite time, make a burrowing species of hare. It is very difficult to see how this can be accomplished, even when the sport is very eminently favourable indeed; and still more difficult when the advantage gained is very slight, as must generally be the case. The advantage, whatever it may be, is utterly out-balanced by numerical inferiority. A million creatures are born; ten thousand survive to produce offspring. One of the million has

twice as good a chance as any other of surviving; but the chances are fifty to one against the gifted individuals being one of the hundred survivors. No doubt, the chances are twice as great against any one other individual, but this does not prevent their being enormously in favour of some average individual. However slight the advantage may be, if it is shared by half the individuals produced, it will probably be present in at least fifty-one of the survivors, and in a larger proportion of their offspring; but the chances are against the preservation of any one 'sport' in a numerous tribe. The vague use of an imperfectly understood doctrine of chance has led Darwinian supporters, first, to confuse the two cases above distinguished; and, secondly, to imagine that a very slight balance in favour of some individual sport must lead to its perpetuation. All that can be said, is that in the above example the favoured sport would be preserved once in fifty times. Let us consider what will be its influence on the main stock when preserved. It will breed and have a progeny of say 100; now this progeny will, on the whole, be intermediate between the average individual and the sport. The odds in favour of one of this generation of the new breed will be, say $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, as compared with the average individual; the odds in their favour will therefore be less than that of their parent; but owing to their greater number, the chances are that about $1\frac{1}{2}$ of them would survive. Unless these breed together, a most improbable event, their progeny would again approach the average individual; there would be 150 of them, and their superiority would be say in the ratio of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; the probability would now be that nearly two of them would survive, and have 200 children, with an eighth superiority. Rather more than two of these would survive; but the superiority would again dwindle, until after a few generations it would no longer be observed, and would count for no more in the struggle for life, than any of the hundred trifling advantages which occur in the ordinary organs. An illustration will bring this conception home. Suppose a white man to have been wrecked on an island inhabited by negroes, and to have established himself in friendly relations with a powerful tribe, whose customs he has learnt. Suppose him to possess the physical strength, energy, and ability of a dominant white race, and let the food and climate of the island suit his constitution; grant him every advantage which we can conceive a white to possess over the native; concede that in the struggle for existence his chance of a long life will be much superior to that of the native chiefs; yet from all

these admissions, there does not follow the conclusion that, after a limited or unlimited number of generations, the inhabitants of the island will be white. Our shipwrecked hero would probably become king; he would kill a great many blacks in the struggle for existence; he would have a great many wives and children, while many of his subjects would live and die as bachelors; an insurance company would accept his life at perhaps one-tenth of the premium which they would exact from the most favoured of the negroes. Our white's qualities would certainly tend very much to preserve him to a good old age, and yet he would not suffice in any number of generations to turn his subjects' descendants white. It may be said that the white colour is not the cause of the superiority. True, but it may be used simply to bring before the senses the way in which qualities belonging to one individual in a large number must be gradually obliterated. In the first generation there will be some dozens of intelligent young mulattoes, much superior in average intelligence to the negroes. We might expect the throne for some generations to be occupied by a more or less yellow king; but can any one believe that the whole island will gradually acquire a white, or even a yellow population, or that the islanders would acquire the energy, courage, ingenuity, patience, self-control, endurance, in virtue of which qualities our hero killed so many of their ancestors, and begot so many children; those qualities, in fact, which the struggle for existence would select, if it could select anything?

Here is a case in which a variety was introduced, with far greater advantages than any sport ever heard of, advantages tending to its preservation, and yet powerless to perpetuate the new variety.

Darwin says that in the struggle for life a grain may turn the balance in favour of a given structure, which will then be preserved. But one of the weights in the scale of nature is due to the number of a given tribe. Let there be 7000 A's and 7000 B's, representing two varieties of a given animal, and let all the B's, in virtue of a slight difference of structure, have the better chance of life by $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part. We must allow that there is a slight probability that the descendants of B will supplant the descendants of A; but let there be only 7001 A's against 7000 B's at first, and the chances are once more equal, while if their be 7002 A's to start, the odds would be laid on the A's. True, they stand a greater chance of being killed; but then they can better afford to be killed. The grain will only turn the scales when these are very nicely balanced, and an advantage

in numbers counts for weight, even as an advantage in structure. As the numbers of the favoured variety diminish, so must its relative advantage increase, if the chance of its existence is to surpass the chance of its extinction, until hardly any conceivable advantage would enable the descendants of a single pair to exterminate the descendants of many thousands if they and their descendants are supposed to breed freely with the inferior variety, and so gradually lose their ascendancy. If it is impossible that any sport or accidental variation in a single individual, however favourable to life, should be preserved and transmitted by natural selection, still less can slight and imperceptible variations, occurring in single individuals, be garnered up and transmitted to continually increasing numbers; for if a very highly-favoured white cannot blanch a nation of negroes, it will hardly be contended that a comparatively very dull mulatto has a good chance of producing a tawny tribe; the idea, which seems almost absurd when presented in connexion with a practical case, rests on a fallacy of exceedingly common occurrence in mechanics and physics generally. When a man shows that a tendency to produce a given effect exists he often thinks he has proved that the effect must follow. He does not take into account the opposing tendencies, much less does he measure the various forces, with a view to calculate the result. For instance, there is a tendency on the part of a submarine cable to assume a catenary curve, and very high authorities once said it would; but, in fact, forces neglected by them utterly alter the curve from the catenary. There is a tendency on the part of the same cables, as usually made, to untwist entirely; luckily there are opposing forces, and they untwist very little. These cases will hardly seem obvious; but what should we say to a man who asserted that the centrifugal tendency of the earth must send it off in a tangent? One tendency is balanced or outbalanced by others; the advantage of structure possessed by an isolated specimen is enormously outbalanced by the advantage of numbers possessed by the others.

A Darwinian may grant all that has been said, but contend that the offspring of 'sports' is not intermediate between the new sport and the old species; he may say that a great number of the offspring will retain in full vigour the peculiarity constituting the favourable sport. Darwin seems with hesitation to make some such claim as this, and though it seems contrary to ordinary experience, it will be only fair to consider this hypothesis. Let an animal

be born with some useful peculiarity, and let all his descendants retain his peculiarity in an eminent degree, however little of the first ancestor's blood be in them, then it follows, from mere mathematics, that the descendants of our gifted beast will probably exterminate the descendants of his inferior brethren. If the animals breed rapidly the work of substitution would proceed with wonderful rapidity, although it is a stiff mathematical problem to calculate the number of generations required in any given case. To put this case clearly beside the former, we may say that if in a tribe of a given number of individuals there appears one super-eminently gifted, and if the advantage accruing to the descendants bears some kind of proportion to the amount of the ancestor's blood in their veins, the chances are considerable that for the first few generations he will have many descendants; but by degrees this advantage wanes, and after many generations the chances are so far from being favourable to his breed covering the ground exclusively, that they are actually much against his having any descendants at all alive, for though he has a rather better chance of this than any of his neighbours, yet the chances are greatly against any one of them. It is infinitely improbable that the descendants of any one should wholly supplant the others. If, on the contrary, the advantage given by the sport is retained by all descendants, independently of what in common speech might be called the proportion of blood in their veins directly derived from the first sport, then these descendants will shortly supplant the old species entirely, after the manner required by Darwin.

But this theory of the origin of species is surely not the Darwinian theory; it simply amounts to the hypothesis that, from time to time, an animal is born differing appreciably from its progenitors, and possessing the power of transmitting the difference to its descendants. What is this but stating that, from time to time, a new species is created? It does not, indeed, imply that the new specimen suddenly appears in full vigour, made out of nothing; but it offers no explanation of the cause of the divergence from the progenitors, and still less of the mysterious faculty by which the divergence is transmitted unimpaired to countless descendants. It is clear that every divergence is not thus transmitted, for otherwise one and the same animal might have to be big to suit its father and little to suit its mother, might require a long nose in virtue of its grandfather and a short one in virtue of its grandmother. In a word, would have to resume in itself the countless

contradictory peculiarities of its ancestors, all in full bloom, and unmodified one by the other, which seems as impossible as at one time to be and not to be. The appearance of a new specimen, capable of perpetuating its peculiarity is precisely what might be termed a creation, the word being used to express our ignorance of how the thing happened. The substitution of the new specimens, descendants from the old species, would then be simply an example of a strong race supplanting a weak one, by a process known long before the term 'natural selection' was invented. Perhaps this is the way in which new species are introduced, but it does not express the Darwinian theory of the gradual accumulation of infinitely minute differences of every-day occurrence, and apparently fortuitous in their character.

Another argument against the efficiency of natural selection is, that animals possess many peculiarities the special advantage of which it is almost impossible to conceive; such, as for instance, as the colour of plumage never displayed; and the argument may be extended by pointing how impossible it is to conceive that the wonderful minutiae of, say a peacock's tail, with every little frond of every feather differently barred, could have been elaborated by the minute and careful inspection of rival gallants or admiring wives; but although arguments of this kind are probably correct, they admit of less absolute demonstration than the points already put. A true believer can always reply, 'You do not know how closely Mrs. Peacock inspects her husband's toilet, or you cannot be absolutely certain that under some unknown circumstances that insignificant feather was really unimportant;' or finally, he may take refuge in the word correlation, and say, other parts were useful, which by the law of correlation could not exist without these parts; and although he may have not one single reason to allege in favour of any of these statements, he may safely defy us to prove the negative, that they are not true. The very same difficulty arises when a disbeliever tries to point out the difficulty of believing that some odd habit or complicated organ can have been useful before fully developed. The believer who is at liberty to invent any imaginary circumstances, will very generally be able to conceive some series of transmutations answering his wants.

He can invent trains of ancestors of whose existence there is no evidence; he can marshal hosts of equally imaginary foes; he can call up continents, floods, and peculiar atmospheres; he can dry up oceans, split islands, and parcel out eternity at will; surely with

these advantages he must be a dull fellow if he cannot scheme some series of animals and circumstances explaining our assumed difficulty quite naturally. Feeling the difficulty of dealing with adversaries who command so huge a domain of fancy, we will abandon these arguments, and trust to those which at least cannot be assailed by mere efforts of imagination. Our arguments as to the efficiency of natural selection may be summed up as follows:—

We must distinguish several kinds of conceivable variation in individuals.

First, We have the ordinary variations peculiar to each individual. The effect of the struggle for life will be to keep the stock in full vigor by selecting the animals which in the main are strongest. When circumstances alter, one special organ may become eminently advantageous, and then natural selection will improve that organ. But this efficiency is limited to the cases in which the same variation occurs in enormous numbers of individuals, and in which the organ improved is already used by the mass of the species. This case does not apply to the appearance of new organs or habits.

Secondly, We have abnormal variations called sports, which may be supposed to introduce new organs or habits in rare individuals. This case must be again subdivided: we may suppose the offspring of the sports to be intermediate between their ancestor and the original tribe. In this case the sport will be swamped by numbers, and after a few generations its peculiarity will be obliterated. Or, we may suppose the offspring of the sport faithfully to reproduce the advantageous peculiarity undiminished. In this case the new variety will supplant the old species; but this theory implies a succession of phenomena so different from the ordinary variations which we see daily, that it might be termed a theory of successive creations; it does not express the Darwinian theory, and is no more dependent on the theory of natural selection than the universally admitted fact that a new strong race, not intermarrying with an old weak race, will surely supplant it. So much may be conceded.

Lapse of Time.—Darwin says with candour that he 'who does not admit how incomprehensibly vast have been the past periods of time,' may at once close his volume, admitting thereby, that an indefinite, if not infinite time is required by his theory. Few will on this point be inclined to differ from the ingenious author. We are fairly certain that a thousand years has made no very

great change in plants or animals living in a state of nature. The mind cannot conceive a multiplier vast enough to convert this trifling change by accumulation into differences commensurate with those between a butterfly and an elephant, or even between a horse and a hippopotamus. A believer in Darwin can only say to himself, Some little change does take place every thousand years; these changes accumulate, and if there be no limit to the continuance of the process, I must admit that in course of time any conceivable differences may be produced. He cannot think that a thousand-fold the difference produced in a thousand years would suffice, according to our present observation, to breed even a dog from a cat. He may perhaps think that by careful selection, continued for this million years, man might do quite as much as this; but he will readily admit that natural selection does take a much longer time, and that a million years must by the true believer be looked upon as a minute. Geology lends her aid to convince him that countless ages have elapsed, each bearing countless generations of beings, and each differing in its physical conditions very little from the age we are personally acquainted with. This view of past time is, we believe, wholly erroneous. So far as this world is concerned, past ages are far from countless; the ages to come are numbered; no one age has resembled its predecessor, nor will any future time repeat the past. The estimates of geologists must yield before the more accurate methods of computation, and these show that our world cannot have been habitable for more than an infinitely insufficient period for the execution of the Darwinian transmutation.

Before the grounds of these assertions are explained, let us shortly consider the geological evidence. It is clear that denudation and deposition of vast masses of matter have occurred while the globe was habitable. The present rate of deposit and denudation is very imperfectly known, but it is nevertheless sufficiently considerable to account for all the effects we know of provided sufficient time be granted. Any estimate of the time occupied in depositing or denuding a thousand feet of any given formation, even on this hypothesis of constancy of action, must be very vague. Darwin makes the denudation of the Weald occupy 300,000,000 years, by supposing that a cliff 500 feet high was taken away one inch per century. Many people will admit that a strong current washing the base of such a cliff as this, might get on at least a hundredfold faster, perhaps a thousandfold;

and on the other hand, we may admit, that for all geology can show, the denudation of the Weald may have occupied a few million times more years than the number Darwin arrives at. The whole calculation savours a good deal of that known among engineers as 'guess at the half and multiply by two.'

But again, what are the reasons for assuming uniformity of action, for believing that currents were no stronger, storms no more violent, alternations of temperature no more severe in past ages than at present? These reasons, stated shortly, are that the simple continuance of actions we are acquainted with would produce all the known results, that we are not justified in assuming any alteration in the rate or violence of those actions without direct evidence, that the presence of fossils and the fineness of the ancient deposits show directly that things of old went on much as now. This last reason, apparently the strongest, is really the weakest; the deposits would assuredly take place in still waters, and we may fairly believe that still waters then resembled still waters now. The sufficiency of present actions is an excellent argument in the absence of all proof of change, but falls to utter worthlessness in presence of the direct evidence of change. We will try to explain the nature of the evidence, which does prove not only that the violence of all natural changes has decreased, but also that it is decreasing, and must continue to decrease.

Perpetual motion is popularly recognised as a delusion; yet perpetual *motion* is no mechanical absurdity, but in given conditions it is a mechanical necessity. Set a mass in motion and it must continue to move for ever, unless stopped by something else. This something else takes up the motion in some other form, and continues it till the whole or part is again transmitted to other matter; in this sense perpetual motion is inevitable. But this is not the popular meaning of 'perpetual motion,' which represents a vague idea that a watch will not go unless it is wound up. Put into more accurate form, it means that no finite construction of physical materials can continue to *do work* for an infinite time; or in other words, one part of the construction cannot continue to part with its energy and another part to receive it for ever, nor can the action be perpetually reversed. All motion we can produce in this world is accompanied by the performance of a certain amount of work in the form of overcoming friction, and this involves a redistribution of energy. No continual motion can there-

fore be produced by any finite chemical, mechanical, or other physical construction. In this case, what is true on a small scale, is equally true on a large scale. Looking on the sun and planets as a certain complex physical combination, differing in degree but not in kind from those we can produce in the workshop by using similar materials subject to the same laws, we at once admit that if there be no resistance, the planets may continue to revolve around the sun for ever, and may have done so from infinite time. Under these circumstances, neither the sun nor planets gain or lose a particle of energy in the process. Perpetual motion is, therefore, in this case quite conceivable. But when we find the sun raising huge masses of water daily from the sea to the skies, lifting yearly endless vegetation from the earth, setting breeze and hurricane in motion, dragging the huge tidal wave round and round our earth; performing, in fine, the great bulk of the endless labour of this world and of other worlds, so that the energy of the sun is continually being given away; then we may say this continual work cannot go on for ever. This would be precisely the perpetual motion we are for ever ridiculing as an exploded delusion, and yet how many persons will read these lines, to whom it has occurred that the physical work done in the world requires a motive power, that no physical motive power is infinite or indefinite, that the heat of the sun, and the sum of all chemical and other physical affinities in the world, is just as surely limited in its power of doing work as a given number of tons of coal in the boiler of a steam-engine. Most readers will allow that the power man can extract from a ton of coals is limited, but perhaps not one reader in a thousand will at first admit that the power of the sun and that of the chemical affinities of bodies on the earth is equally limited.

There is a loose idea that our perpetual motions are impossible because we cannot avoid friction, and that friction entails somehow a loss of power, but that nature either works without friction, or that in the general system, friction entails no loss, and so her perpetual motions are possible; but nature no more works without friction than we can, and friction entails a loss of available power in all cases. When the rain falls, it feels the friction as much as drops from Hero's fountain; when the tide rolls round the world it rubs upon the sea-floor, even as a ball of mercury rubs on the artificial inclined planes used by ingenious inventors of impossibilities; when the breeze plays among the leaves, friction occurs according

to the same laws as when artificial fans are driven through the air. Every chemical action in nature is as finite as the combustion of oxygen and carbon. The stone which, loosened by the rain, falls down a mountain-side, will no more raise itself to its first height, than the most ingeniously devised counterpoise of mechanism will raise an equal weight an equal distance. How comes it then that the finite nature of natural actions has not been as generally recognised as the finite nature of the so-called artificial combinations? Simply because, till very lately, it was impossible to follow the complete cycle of natural operations in the same manner as the complete cycle of any mechanical operations could be followed. All the pressures and resistances of the machine were calculable; we knew not so much as if there were analogous pressures and resistances in nature's mechanism. The establishment of the doctrine of conservation of energy, showing a numerical equivalence between the various forms of physical energy exhibited by *vis viva*, heat, chemical affinity, electricity, light, elasticity, and gravitation, has enabled us to examine the complete series of any given actions in nature, even as the successive actions of a train of wheels in a mill can be studied. There is no missing link; there is no unseen gearing, by which, in our ignorance, we might assume that the last wheel of the set somehow managed to drive the first. We have experimentally proved one law,—that the total quantity of energy in the universe is constant, meaning by energy something perfectly intelligible and measurable, equivalent in all cases to the product of a mass into the square of a velocity, sometimes latent, that is to say, producing or undergoing no change; at other times in action, that is to say in the act of producing or undergoing change, not a change in amount, but a change of distribution. First, the hand about to throw a ball, next, the ball in motion, lastly, the heated wall struck by the ball, contain the greater part of the energy of the construction; but from first to last, the sum of the energies contained by the hand, the ball, and the wall, is constant. At first sight, this constancy, in virtue of which no energy is ever lost, but simply transferred from mass to mass, might seem to favour the notion of a possible eternity of change, in which the earlier and later states of the universe would differ in no essential feature. It is to Professor Sir W. Thomson of Glasgow that we owe the demonstration of the fallacy of this conception, and the establishment of the contrary doctrine of a continual dissipation of energy, by which the available power to

produce change in any finite quantity of matter diminishes at every change of the distribution of energy. A simple illustration of the meaning of this doctrine is afforded by an unequally heated bar of iron. Let one end be hot and the other cold. The total quantity of heat (representing one form of energy) contained by the bar is measurable and finite, and the bar contains within itself the elements of change,—the heated end may become cooler, and the cold end warmer. So long as any two parts differ in temperature, change may occur; but so soon as all parts of the bar are at one temperature, the bar *quoad* heat can produce no change in itself, and yet if we conceive radiation or conduction from the surface to have been prevented, the bar will contain the same total energy as before. In the first condition, it had the power of doing work, and if it had not been a simple bar, but a more complex arrangement of materials of which the two parts had been at different temperatures, this difference might have been used to set wheels going, or to produce a thermo-electric current; but gradually the wheels would have been stopped by friction producing heat once more, the thermo-electric current would have died out, producing heat in its turn, and the final quantity of heat in the system would have been the same as before. Its distribution only, as in the simple case, would have been different. At first, great differences in the distribution existed; at last the distribution was absolutely uniform; and in that condition, the system could suffer no alteration until affected by some other body in a different condition, outside itself. Every change in the distribution of energy depends on a difference between bodies, and every change tends, on the whole, to diminish this difference, and so render the total future possible change less in amount. Heat is the great agent in this gradual decay. No sooner does energy take this form than it is rapidly dissipated, *i. e.* distributed among a large number of bodies, which assume a nearly equal temperature; once energy has undergone this transformation, it is practically lost. The equivalent of the energy is there; but it can produce no change until some fresh body, at a very different temperature, is presented to it. Thus it is that friction is looked upon as the grand enemy of so-called perpetual motion; it is the commonest mode by which *vis viva* is converted into heat; and we all practically know, that once the energy of our coal, boiling water, steam, piston, fly-wheel, rolling mills, gets into this form, it is simply conducted away, and is lost to us for ever; just so, when the chemical or other

energies of nature, contained, say, in our planetary system, once assume the form of heat, they are in a fair way to be lost for all available purposes. They will produce a greater or less amount of change according to circumstances. The greater the difference of the temperature produced between the surrounding objects, the greater the physical changes they will effect, but the degradation is in all cases inevitable. Finally, the sun's rays take the form of heat, whether they raise water or vegetation, or do any other work, and in this form the energy quits the earth radiated into distant space. Nor would this gradual degradation be altered if space were bounded and the planets enclosed in a perfect non-conducting sphere. Everything inside that sphere would gradually become equally hot, and when this consummation was reached no further change would be possible. We might say (only we should not be alive) that the total energy of the system was the same as before, but practically the universe would contain mere changeless death, and to this condition the material universe tends, for the conclusion is not altered even by an unlimited extension of space. Moreover, the rate at which the planetary system is thus dying is perfectly measurable, if not yet perfectly measured. An estimate of the total loss of heat from the sun is an estimate of the rate at which he is approaching the condition of surrounding space, after reaching which he will radiate no more. We intercept a few of his rays, and can measure the rate of his radiation very accurately; we know that his mass contains many of the materials our earth is formed of, and we know the capacity for heat and other forms of energy which those materials are capable of, and so can estimate the total possible energy contained in the sun's mass. Knowing thus approximately, how much he has, and how fast he is losing it, we can, or Professor Thomson can, calculate how long it will be before he will cool down to any given temperature. Nor is it possible to assume that, *per contra*, he is receiving energy to an unlimited extent in other ways. He may be supplied with heat and fuel by absorbing certain planetary bodies, but the supply is limited, and the limit is known and taken into account in the calculation, and we are assured that the sun will be too cold for our or Darwin's purposes before many millions of years—a long time, but far enough from countless ages; quite similarly past countless ages are inconceivable, inasmuch as the heat required by the sun to have allowed him to cool from time immemorial, would be such as to turn him into mere vapour, which would extend over

the whole planetary system, and evaporate us entirely. It has been thought necessary to give the foregoing sketch of the necessary gradual running down of the heavenly mechanism, to show that this reasoning concerning the sun's heat does not depend on any one special fact, or sets of facts, about heat, but is the mere accidental form of decay, which in some shape is inevitable, and the very essential condition of action. There is a kind of vague idea, when the sun is said to be limited in its heating powers, that somehow chemistry or electricity, etc., may reverse all that; but it has been explained that every one of these agencies is subject to the same law; they can never twice produce the same change in its entirety. Every change is a decay, meaning by change a change in the distribution of energy.

Another method by which the rate of decay of our planetary system can be measured, is afforded by the distribution of heat in the earth. If a man were to find a hot ball of iron suspended in the air, and were carefully to ascertain the distribution in the ball, he would be able to determine whether the ball was being heated or cooled at the time. If he found the outside hotter than the inside, he would conclude that in some way the ball was receiving heat from outside; if he found the inside hotter than the outside, he would conclude that the ball was cooling, and had therefore been hotter before he found it than when he found it. So far mere common sense would guide him, but with the aid of mathematics and some physical knowledge of the properties of iron and air, he would go much further, and be able to calculate how hot the ball must have been at any given moment, if it had not been interfered with. Thus he would be able to say, the ball must have been hung up less than say five hours ago, for at that time the heat of the ball would have been such, if left in its present position, that the metal would be fused, and so could not hang where he saw it. Precisely analogous reasoning holds with respect to the earth; it is such a ball; it is hotter inside than outside. The distribution of the heat near its surface is approximately known. The properties of the matter of which it is composed are approximately known, and hence an approximate calculation can be made of the period of time within which it must have been hot enough to fuse the materials of which it is composed, provided it has occupied its present position, or a similar position, in space. The data for this calculation are still very imperfect, but the result of analogous calculation applied to the sun, as worked out by Professor Sir W. Thomson, is five hundred million years, and

the results derived from the observed temperatures of the earth are of the same order of magnitude. This calculation is a mere approximation. A better knowledge of the distribution of heat in the interior of the globe may modify materially our estimates. A better knowledge of the conducting powers of rocks, etc., for heat, and their distribution in the earth, may modify it to a less degree, but unless our information be wholly erroneous as to the gradual increase of temperature as we descend towards the centre of the earth, the main result of the calculation, that the centre is gradually cooling, and if uninterfered with must, within a limited time, have been in a state of complete fusion, cannot be overthrown. Not only is the time limited, but it is limited to periods utterly inadequate for the production of species according to Darwin's views. We have seen a lecture-room full of people titter when told that the world would not, without supernatural interference, remain habitable for more than one hundred million years. This period was to those people ridiculously beyond anything in which they could take an interest. Yet a thousand years is an historical period well within our grasp,—as a Darwinian or geological unit it is almost uselessly small. Darwin would probably admit that more than a thousand times this period, or a million years, would be no long time to ask for the production of a species differing only slightly from the parent stock. We doubt whether a thousand times more change than we have any reason to believe has taken place in wild animals in historic times, would produce a cat from a dog, or either from a common ancestor. If this be so, how preposterously inadequate are a few hundred times this unit for the action of the Darwinian theory!

But it may be said they are equally inadequate for the geological formations which we know of, and therefore your calculations are wrong. Let us see what conclusions the application of the general theory of the gradual dissipation of energy would lead to, as regards these geological formations. We may perhaps find the solution of the difficulty in reconciling the results of the calculation of the rate of secular cooling, with the results deduced from the denudation or deposition of strata in the following consideration. If there have been a gradual and continual dissipation of energy, there will on the whole have been a gradual decrease in the violence or rapidity of all physical changes. When the gunpowder in a gun is just lighted, the energy applied in a small mass produces rapid and violent changes; as the ball rushes through the air

it gradually loses speed; when it strikes rapid changes again occur, but not so rapid as at starting. Part of the energy is slowly being diffused through the air; part is being slowly conducted as heat from the interior to the exterior of the gun, only a residue shatters the rampart, and that residue, soon changing into heat, is finally diffused at a gradually decreasing rate into surrounding matter. Follow any self-contained change, and a similar gradual diminution on the whole will be observed. There are periods of greater and less activity, but the activity on the whole diminishes. Even so must it have been, and so will it be, with our earth. Extremes tend to diminish; high places become lower, low places higher, by denudation. Conduction is continually endeavouring to reduce extremes of heat and cold; as the sun's heat diminishes so will the violence of storms; as inequalities of surface diminish, so will the variations of climate. As the external crust consolidates, so will the effect of internal fire diminish. As internal stores of fuel are consumed, or other stores of chemical energy used up, the convulsions or gradual changes they can produce must diminish; on every side, and from whatever cause changes are due, we see the tendency to their gradual diminution of intensity or rapidity. To say that things must or can always have gone on at the present rate is a sheer absurdity, exactly equivalent to saying that a boiler fire once lighted will keep a steam-engine going forever at a constant rate; to say all changes that have occurred, or will occur, since creation, have been due to the same causes as those now in action; and further, that those causes have not varied in intensity according to any other laws than they are now varying, is, we believe, a correct scientific statement, but then we contend that those causes must and do hourly diminish in intensity, and have since the beginning diminished in intensity, and will diminish, till further sensible change ceases, and a dead monotony is the final physical result of the mechanical laws which matter obeys.

Once this is granted, the calculations as to the length of geological periods, from the present rates of denudation and deposit, are blown to the winds. They are rough, very rough, at best. The present assumed rates are little better than guesses; but even were these really known, they could by no means be simply made use of in a rule-of-three sum as has generally been done. The rates of denudation and deposition have been gradually, on the whole, slower and slower, as the time of fusion has become more and more remote. There has been no age of cat-

aclysm, in one sense, no time, when the physical laws were other than they now are, but the results were as different as the rates of a steam-engine driven with a boiler first heated to 1500 degrees Fahrenheit, and gradually cooling to 200.

A counter argument is used, to the effect that our argument cannot be correct, since plants grew quietly, and fine deposits were formed in the earliest geological times. But, in truth, this fact in no way invalidates our argument. Plants grow just as quietly on the slope of Vesuvius, with a few feet between them and molten lava, as they do in a Kentish lane; but they occasionally experience the difference of the situation. The law according to which a melted mass cools would allow vegetation to exist, and animals to walk unharmed over an incredibly thin crust. There would be occasional disturbances; but we see that a few feet of soil are a sufficient barrier between molten lava and the roots of the vine; each tendril grows not the less slowly and delicately because it is liable in a year or two to be swallowed up by the stream of lava. Yet no one will advance the proposition that changes on the surface of a volcano are going on at the same rate as elsewhere. Even so in the primeval world, barely crusted over, with great extremes of climate, violent storms, earthquakes, and a general rapid tendency to change, tender plants may have grown, and deep oceans may have covered depths of perfect stillness, interrupted occasionally by huge disturbances. Violent currents or storms in some regions do not preclude temperate climates in others, and after all the evidence of tranquillity is very slight. There are coarse deposits as well as fine ones; now a varying current sifts a deposit better than a thousand sieves, the large stones fall first in a rapid torrent, then the gravel in a rapid stream, then the coarse sand, and finally, the fine silt cannot get deposited till it meets with still water. And still water might assuredly exist at the bottom of oceans, the surface of which was traversed by storms and waves of an intensity unknown to us. The soundings in deep seas invariably produce samples of almost intangible ooze. All coarser materials are deposited before they reach regions of such deathlike stillness, and this would always be so. As to the plants, they may have grown within a yard of red-hot gneiss.

Another class of objections to the line of argument pursued consists in the suggestion that it is impossible to prove that since the creation things always have been as they are. Thus, one man says,—‘Ah, but the world and planetary system may have passed

through a warm region of space, and then your deductions from the radiation of heat into space go for nothing; or, a fresh supply of heat and fuel may have been supplied by regular arrivals of comets or other fourgons; or the sun and the centre of the earth may be composed of materials utterly dissimilar to any we are acquainted with, capable of evolving heat from a limited space at a rate which we have no example of, leaving coal or gunpowder at an infinite distance behind them. Or it may please the Creator to continue creating energy in the form of heat at the centre of the sun and earth; or the mathematical laws of cooling and radiation, and conservation of energy and dissipation of energy may be actually erroneous, since man is, after all, fallible.’ Well, we suppose all these things *may* be true, but we decline to allow them the slightest weight in the argument, until some reason can be shown for believing that any one of them is true.

To resume the arguments in this chapter:—Darwin’s theory requires countless ages, during which the earth shall have been habitable, and he claims geological evidence as showing an inconceivably great lapse of time, and as not being in contradiction with inconceivably greater periods than are even geologically indicated—periods of rest between formations, and periods anterior to our so-called first formations, during which the rudimentary organs of the early fossils became degraded from their primeval uses. In answer, it is shown that a general physical law obtains, irreconcilable with the persistence of active change at a constant rate; in any portion of the universe, however large, only a certain capacity for change exists, so that every change which occurs renders the possibility of future change less, and, on the whole, the rapidity or violence of changes tends to diminish. Not only would this law gradually entail in the future the death of all beings and cessation of all change in the planetary system, and in the past point to a state of previous violence equally inconsistent with life, if no energy were lost by the system, but this gradual decay from a previous state of violence is rendered far more rapid by the continual loss of energy going on by means of radiation. From this general conception pointing either to a beginning, or to the equally inconceivable idea of infinite energy in finite materials, we pass to the practical application of the law to the sun and earth, showing that their present state proves that they cannot remain for ever adapted to living beings, and that living beings can have existed on the earth only for a definite time, since in distant periods the

earth must have been in fusion, and the sun must have been mere hot gas, or a group of distant meteors, so as to have been incapable of fulfilling its present functions as the comparatively small centre of the system. From the earth we have no very safe calculation of past time, but the sun gives five hundred million years as the time separating us from a condition inconsistent with life. We next argue that the time occupied in the arrangement of the geological formations need not have been longer than is fully consistent with this view, since the gradual dissipation of energy must have resulted in a gradual diminution of violence of all kinds, so that calculations of the time occupied by denudations or deposits based on the simple division of the total mass of a deposit, or denudation by the annual action now observed, are fallacious, and that even as the early geologists erred in attempting to compress all action into six thousand years, so later geologists have outstepped all bounds in their figures, by assuming that the world has always gone on much as it now does, and that the planetary system contains an inexhaustible motive power, by which the vast labour of the system has been, and can be maintained for ever. We have endeavoured to meet the main objections to these views, and conclude, that countless ages cannot be granted to the expounder of any theory of living beings, but that the age of the inhabited world is proved to have been limited to a period wholly inconsistent with Darwin's views.

Difficulty of Classification.—It appears that it is difficult to classify animals or plants, arranging them in groups as genera, species, and varieties; that the line of demarcation is by no means clear between species and sub-species, between sub-species and well-marked varieties, or between lesser varieties and individual differences; that these lines of demarcation, as drawn by different naturalists, vary much, being sometimes made to depend on this, sometimes on that organ, rather arbitrarily. This difficulty chiefly seems to have led men to devise theories of transmutation of species, and is the very starting-point of Darwin's theory, which depicts the differences between various individuals of any one species as identical in nature with the differences between individuals of various species, and supposes all these differences, varying in degree only, to have been produced by the same causes; so that the subdivision into groups is, in this view, to a great extent arbitrary, but may be considered rational if the words variations, varieties, sub-species, species, and genera, be used to signify or be considered to express that

the individuals included in these smaller or greater groups, have had a common ancestor very lately, some time since, within the later geological ages, or before the primary rocks. The common terms, explained by Darwin's principles, signify, in fact, the more or less close blood-relationship of the individuals. This, if it could be established, would undoubtedly afford a less arbitrary principle of classification than pitching on some one organ and dragging into a given class all creatures that had this organ in any degree similar. The application of the new doctrine might offer some difficulty, as it does not clearly appear what would be regarded as the sign of more or less immediate descent from a common ancestor, and perhaps each classifier would have pet marks by which to decide the question, in which case the new principle would not be of much practical use; yet if the theory were really true, in time the marks of common ancestry would probably come to be known with some accuracy, and meanwhile the theory would give an aim and meaning to classification, which otherwise might be looked upon as simply a convenient form of catalogue.

If the arguments already urged are true, these descents from common ancestors are wholly imaginary. 'How, then,' say the supporters of transmutation, 'do you account for our difficulty in distinguishing, *a priori*, varieties from species? The first, we know by experience, have descended from a common ancestor; the second you declare have not, and yet neither outward inspection nor dissection will enable us to distinguish a variety from what you call a species. Is not this strange, if there be an essential difference?'

No, it is not strange. There is nothing either wonderful or peculiar to organized beings, in the difficulty experienced in classification, and we have no reason to expect that the differences between beings which have had no common ancestor should be obviously greater than those occurring in the descendants of a given stock. Whatever origin species may have had, whether due to separate creation or some yet undiscovered process, we ought to expect a close approximation between these species, and difficulty in arranging them as groups. We find this difficulty in all classification, and the difficulty increases as the number of objects to be classified increase. Thus the chemist began by separating metals from metalloids, and found no difficulty in placing copper and iron in one category, and sulphur and phosphorus in the other. Now-a-days, there is or has been a doubt, whether hydrogen gas be a metal or no. It probably ought to be

so classed. Some physical properties of tellurium would lead to its classification as a metal; its chemical properties are those of a metalloid. Acids and bases were once very intelligible headings to large groups of substances. Now-a-days there are just as finely drawn distinctions as to what is an acid, and what a base, as eager discussions which substance in a compound plays the part of acid or base, as there can possibly be about the line of demarcation between animal or vegetable life, and any of the characteristics used to determine the group that shall claim a given shell or plant. Nay, some chemists are just as eager to abandon the old terms altogether, as Darwin to abolish species. His most advanced disciple will hardly contend that metals and metalloids are the descendants of organic beings, which, in the struggle for life, have gradually lost all their organs; yet is it less strange that inorganic substances should be hard to class, than that organic beings, with their infinitely greater complexity, should be difficult to arrange in neat, well-defined groups? In the early days of chemistry, a theory might well have been started, perhaps was started, that all metals were alloys of a couple of unknown substances. Each newly discovered metal would have appeared to occupy an intermediate place between old metals. Alloys similarly occupied an intermediate place between the metals composing them; why might not all metals be simply sets of alloys, of which the elements were not yet discovered? An alloy can no more be distinguished by its outward appearance than a hybrid can. Alloys differ as much from one another, and from metals, as metals do one from another, and a whole set of Darwinian arguments might be used to prove all metals alloys. It is only of late, by a knowledge of complicated electrical and other properties, that we could feel a certainty that metals were not alloys.

Other examples may be given, and will hereafter be given, of analogous difficulties of classification; but let us at once examine what expectations we might naturally form, *a priori*, as to the probable ease or difficulty in classifying plants and animals, however these may have originated. Are not animals and plants combinations, more or less complex, of a limited number of elementary parts? The number of possible combinations of a given number of elements is limited, however numerous these elements may be. The limits to the possible number of combinations become more and more restricted, as we burden these combinations with laws more and more complicated,—insisting, for instance, that the elements shall only be

combined in groups of threes or fives, or in triple groups of five each, or in n groups, consisting respectively of $a, b, c, d, \dots n$ elements arranged each in a given order. But what conceivable complexity of algebraic arrangement can approach the complexity of the laws which regulate the construction of an organic being out of inorganic elements? Let the chemist tell us the laws of combination of each substance found in an organized being. Let us next attempt to conceive the complexity of the conditions required to arrange these combinations in a given order, so as to constitute an eating, breathing, moving, feeling, self-reproducing thing. When our mind has recoiled baffled, let us consider whether it is not probable, nay certain, that there should be a limit to the possible number of combinations, called animals or vegetables, produced out of a few simple elements, and grouped under the above inconceivably complex laws. Next, we may ask whether, as in the mathematical permutations, combinations, and arrangements, the complete set of possible organized beings will not necessarily form a continuous series of combinations, each resembling its neighbour, even as the letters of the alphabet grouped say in all possible sets of five each, might be arranged so as to form a continuous series of groups, or sets of series, according as one kind of resemblance or another be chosen to guide us in the arrangement. It is clear that the number of combinations or animals will be immeasurably greater when these combinations are allowed to resemble each other very closely, than when a condition is introduced, that given marked differences shall exist between them. Thus, there are upwards of 7,890,000 words or combinations of five letters in the English alphabet. These are reduced to 26 when we insert a condition that no two combinations shall begin with the same letter, and to 5 when we stipulate that no two shall contain a single letter alike. Thus we may expect, if the analogy be admitted, to find varieties of a given species, apparently, though not really, infinite in number, since the difference between these varieties is very small, whereas we may expect that the number of well-marked possible species will be limited, and only subject to increase by the insertion of fresh terms or combinations, intermediate between those already existing. Viewed in this light, a species is the expression of one class of combinations; the individuals express the varieties of which that class is capable.

It may be objected that the number of elements in an organized being is so great, as practically to render the number of possi-

ble combinations infinite; but unless infinite divisibility of matter be assumed, this objection will not hold, inasmuch as the number of elements or parts in the germ or seed of a given animal or plant appears far from infinite. Yet it is certain that differences between one species and another, one variety and another, one individual and another, exist in these minute bodies, containing very simple and uniform substances if analysed chemically. Probably, even fettered by these conditions, the number of possible animals or plants is inconceivably greater than the number which exist or have existed; but the greater the number, the more they must necessarily resemble one another.

It may perhaps be thought irreverent to hold an opinion that the Creator could not create animals of any shape and fashion whatever; undoubtedly we may conceive all rules and all laws as entirely self-imposed by him, as possibly quite different or non-existent elsewhere; but what we mean is this, that just as with the existing chemical laws of the world, the number of possible chemical combinations of a particular kind is limited, and not even the Creator could make more without altering the laws he has himself imposed, even so, if we imagine animals created or existing under some definite law, the number of species, and of possible varieties of one species, will be limited; and these varieties and species being definite arrangements of organic compounds, will as certainly be capable of arrangement in series as inorganic chemical compounds are. These views no more imply a limit to the power of God than the statement that the three angles of a triangle are necessarily equal to two right angles.

It is assumed that all existing substances or beings of which we have any scientific knowledge exist under definite laws. Under any laws there will be a limit to the possible number of combinations of a limited number of elements. The limit will apply to size, strength, length of life, and every other quality. Between any extremes the number of combinations called animals or species can only be increased by filling in gaps which exist between previously existing animals, or between these and the possible limits, and therefore whatever the general laws of organization may be, they must produce results similar to those we observe, and which lead to difficulty in classification, and to the similarity between one species or variety and another. Turning the argument, we might say that the observed facts simply prove that organisms exist and were created under definite laws, and surely no one will be disposed to deny this. Darwin assumes one

law, namely, that every being is descended from a common ancestor (which, by the way, implies that every being shall be capable of producing a descendant like any other being), and he seems to think this the only law which would account for the close similarity of species, whereas any law may be expected to produce the same results. We observe that animals eat, breathe, move, have senses, are born, and die, and yet we are expected to feel surprise that combinations, which are all contrived to perform the same functions, resemble one another. It is the apparent variety that is astounding, not the similarity. Some will perhaps think it absurd to say that the number of combinations are limited. They will state that no two men ever were or will be exactly alike, no two leaves in any past or future forest; it is not clear how they could find this out, or how they could prove it. But as already explained, we quite admit that by allowing closer and closer similarity, the number of combinations of a fixed number of elements may be enormously increased. We may fairly doubt the identity of any two of the higher animals, remembering the large number of elements of which they consist, but perhaps two identical foraminiferae have existed. As an idle speculation suggested by the above views, we might consider whether it would be possible that two parts of any two animals should be identical, without their being wholly identical, looking on each animal as one possible combination, in which no part could vary without altering all the others. It would be difficult to ascertain this by experiment.

It is very curious to see how man's contrivances, intended to fulfil some common purpose, fall into series, presenting the difficulty complained of by naturalists in classifying birds and beasts, or chemists in arranging compounds. It is this difficulty which produces litigation under the Patent Laws. Is or is not this machine comprised among those forming the subject of the patent? At first sight nothing can be more different than the drawing in the patent and the machine produced in court, and yet counsel and witnesses shall prove to the satisfaction of judge, jury, and one party to the suit, that the essential part, the important organ, is the same in both cases. The case will often hinge on the question, What is the important organ? Just the question which Darwin asks; and quite as difficult to answer about a patented machine as about an organic being.

This difficulty results from the action of man's mind contriving machines to produce a common result according to definite laws, the laws of mechanics. An instance of this

is afforded by the various forms of bridge. Nothing would appear more distinct than the three forms of suspension-bridge, girder and arch; the types of which are furnished, by a suspended rope, a balk of wood, and a stone arch; yet if we substitute an iron-plate girder of approved form for the wooden balk, and then a framed or lattice girder for the plate-iron girder, we shall see that the girder occupies an intermediate place between the two extremes, combining both the characteristics of the suspension and arched rib,—the upper plates and a set of diagonal struts being compressed like the stones of an arch, the lower plates and a set of diagonal ties being extended like a suspended rope. Curve the top plates, as is often done, and the resemblance to an arch increases, yet every member of the girder remains. Weaken the bracing, leaving top and bottom plates as before, the bridge is now an arched bridge with the abutments tied together. Weaken the ties gradually, and you gradually approach nearer and nearer to the common arch with the usual abutments. Quite similarly the girder can be transformed into a suspension-bridge by gradual steps, so that none can say when the girder ends and the suspension-bridge begins. Nay, take the common framed or lattice girder, do not alter its shape in any way, but support it, first, on flat stones like a girder, then wedge it between sloping abutments like an arch, and lastly, hang it up between short sloping links like those of a suspension-bridge, attached to the upper corners at the end,—you will so alter the strains in the three cases that in order to bear the same load, the relative parts of the framework must be altered in their proportions in three distinct ways, resembling in the arrangement of the strongest parts, first a girder, next an arch, and finally a suspension-bridge. Yet the outline might remain the same, and not a single member be removed.

Thus we see, that though in three distinct and extreme cases it is easy to give distinctive names with clear characteristics, it is very difficult as the varieties multiply to draw distinct lines between them. Shall the distribution of strains be the important point? Then one and the same piece of framework will have to be included under each of the three heads, according to the manner in which it is suspended or supported. Shall form be the important point? We may construct a ribbed arch of string, of a form exactly similar to many compressed arches, we may support this from below, and yet the whole arch shall be in tension, and bear a considerable load. Shall the mode of support be the important point? It would be an odd conclusion to arrive at, that any stiff beam hung

up in a particular way was a suspension bridge. Nor is this difficulty simply a sophistical one invented for the occasion; the illustration was suggested by a practical difficulty met with in drawing up a patent; and in ordinary engineering practice, one man will call a certain bridge a stiffened arch, while another calls it a girder of a peculiar form; a third man calls a bridge a strengthened girder, which a fourth says differs in no practical way from a suspension bridge. Here, as in the case of animals or vegetables, when the varieties are few, classification is comparatively easy; as they are multiplied it becomes difficult; and when all the conceivable combinations are inserted it becomes impossible. Nor must it be supposed that this is due to the suggestion of one form by another in a way somewhat analogous to descent by animal reproduction. The facts would be the same however the bridges were designed. There are only certain ways in which a stream can be bridged; the extreme cases are easily perceived, and ingenuity can then only fill in an indefinite number of intermediate varieties. The possible varieties are not created by man, they are found out, laid bare. Which are laid bare will frequently depend on suggestion or association of ideas, so that groups of closely analogous forms are discovered about the same time; but we may *a priori* assert that whatever is discovered will lie between the known extremes, and will render the task of classification, if attempted, more and more difficult.

Legal difficulties furnish another illustration. Does a particular case fall within a particular statute? is it ruled by this or that precedent? The number of statutes or groups is limited; the number of possible combinations of events almost unlimited. Hence, as before, the uncertainty which group a special combination shall be classed within. Yet new combinations, being doubtful cases, are so, precisely because they are intermediate between others already known.

It might almost be urged that all the difficulties of reasoning, and all differences of opinion, might be reduced to difficulties of classification, that is to say, of determining whether a given minor is really included in a certain major proposition; and of discovering the major proposition or genus we are in want of. As trivial instances, take the docketing of letters or making catalogues of books. How difficult it is to devise headings, and how difficult afterwards to know under what head to place your book. The most arbitrary rule is the only one which has a chance of being carried out with absolute certainty. Yet while these difficulties meet

us wherever we turn, in chemistry, in mechanics, law, or mere catalogues of heterogeneous objects, we are asked to feel surprise that we cannot docket off creation into neat rectangular pigeon-holes, and we are offered a special theory of transmutation, limited to organic beings, to account for a fact of almost universal occurrence.

To resume this argument:—Attention has been drawn to the fact, that when a complete set of combinations of certain elements is formed according to a given law, they will necessarily be limited in number, and form a certain sequence, passing from one extreme to the other by successive steps.

Organized beings may be regarded as combinations, either of the elementary substances used to compose them, or of the parts recurring in many beings; for instance, of breathing organs, apparatus for causing blood to circulate, organs of sense, reproduction, etc., in animals. The conclusion is drawn that we can feel no reasonable surprise at finding that species should form a graduated series which it is difficult to group as genera, or that varieties should be hard to group into various distinct species.

Nor is it surprising that newly discovered species and varieties should almost invariably occupy an intermediate position between some already known, since the number of varieties of one species, or the number of possible species, can only be indefinitely increased by admitting varieties or species possessing indefinitely small differences one from another.

We observe that these peculiarities require no theory of transmutation, but only that the combination of the parts, however effected, should have been made in accordance with some law, as we have every reason to expect they would be.

In illustration of this conclusion, cases of difficult classification are pointed out containing nothing analogous to reproduction, and where no struggle for life occurs.

Observed Facts supposed to support Darwin's Views.—The chief arguments used to establish the theory rest on conjecture. Beasts may have varied; variations may have accumulated; they may have become permanent: continents may have arisen or sunk, and seas and winds been so arranged as to dispose of animals just as we find them, now spreading a race widely, now confining it to one Galapagos island. There may be records of infinitely more animals than we know of in geological formations yet unexplored. Myriads of species differing little from those we know to have been preserved, may actually not have been preserved at all.

There may have been an inhabited world for ages before the earliest known geological strata. The world may indeed have been inhabited for an indefinite time; even the geological observations may perhaps give a most insufficient idea of the enormous times which separated one formation from another; the peculiarities of hybrids may result from accidental differences between the parents, not from what have been called specific differences.

We are asked to believe all these maybe's happening on an enormous scale, in order that we may believe the final Darwinian 'maybe' as to the origin of species. The general form of his argument is as follows: All these things may have been, therefore my theory is possible, and since my theory is a possible one, all those hypotheses which it requires are rendered probable. There is little direct evidence that any of these maybe's actually have been.

In this essay an attempt has been made to show that many of these assumed possibilities are actually impossibilities, or at the best have not occurred in this world, although it is proverbially somewhat difficult to prove a negative.

Let us now consider what direct evidence Darwin brings forward to prove that animals really are descended from a common ancestor. As direct evidence we may admit the possession of webbed feet by unplumed birds; the stripes observed on some kinds of horses and hybrids of horses, resembling not their parents, but other species of the genus; the generative variability of abnormal organs; the greater tendency to vary of widely diffused and widely ranging species; certain peculiarities of distribution. All these facts are consistent with Darwin's theory, and if it could be shown that they could not possibly have occurred except in consequence of natural selection, they would prove the truth of this theory. It would, however, clearly be impossible to prove that in no other way could these phenomena have been produced, and Darwin makes no attempt to prove this. He only says he cannot imagine why unplumed birds should have webbed feet, unless in consequence of their direct descent from web-footed ancestors who lived in the water; that he thinks it would in some way be derogatory to the Creator to let hybrids have stripes on their legs, unless some ancestor of theirs had stripes on his leg. He cannot imagine why abnormal organs and widely diffused genera should vary more than others, unless his views be true; and he says he cannot account for the peculiarities of distribution in any way but one. It is perhaps hardly necessary to combat these arguments,

and to show that our inability to account for certain phenomena, in any way but one, is no proof of the truth of the explanation given, but simply is a confession of our ignorance. When a man says a glowworm must be on fire, and in answer to our doubts challenges us to say how it can give out light unless it be on fire, we do not admit his challenge as any proof of his assertion, and indeed we allow it no weight whatever as against positive proof we have that the glowworm is not on fire. We conceive Darwin's theory to be in exactly the same case; its untruth can, as we think, be proved, and his or our own inability to explain a few isolated facts consistent with his views would simply prove his and our ignorance of the true explanation. But although unable to give any certainly true explanation of the above phenomena, it is possible to suggest explanations perhaps as plausible as the Darwinian theory, and though the fresh suggestions may very probably not be correct, they may serve to show that at least more than one conceivable explanation may be given.

It is a familiar fact that certain complexions go with certain temperaments, that roughly something of a man's character may be told from the shape of his head, his nose, or perhaps from most parts of his body. We find certain colors almost always accompanying certain forms and tempers of horses. There is a connexion between the shape of the hand and the foot, and so forth. No horse has the head of a cart-horse and the hind-quarters of a racer; so that, in general, if we know the shape of most parts of a man or horse, we can make a good guess at the probable shape of the remainder. All this shows that there is a certain correlation of parts, leading us to expect that when the heads of two birds are very much alike, their feet will not be very different. From the assumption of a limited number of possible combinations or animals, it would naturally follow that the combination of elements producing a bird having a head very similar to that of a goose, could not fail to produce a foot also somewhat similar. According to this view, we might expect most animals to have a good many superfluities of a minor kind, resulting necessarily from the combinations required to produce the essential or important organs. Surely, then, it is not very strange that an animal intermediate by birth between a horse and ass should resemble a quagga, which results from a combination intermediate between the horse and ass combination. The quagga is in general appearance intermediate between the horse and ass, therefore, *a priori*, we may expect that in general appearance a hybrid between

the horse and the ass will resemble the quagga, and if in general appearance it does resemble a quagga, we may expect that owing to the correlation of parts it will resemble the quagga in some special particulars. It is difficult to suppose that every stripe on a zebra or quagga, or cross down a donkey's back, is useful to it. It seems possible, even probable, that these things are the unavoidable consequences of the elementary combination which will produce the quagga, or a beast like it. Darwin himself appears to admit that correlation will or may produce results which are not themselves useful to the animal; thus how can we suppose that the beauty of feathers which are either never uncovered, or very rarely so, can be of any advantage to a bird? Nevertheless those concealed parts are often very beautiful, and the beauty of the markings on these parts must be supposed due to correlation. The exposed end of a peacock's feather could not be so gloriously coloured without beautiful colours even in the unexposed parts. According to the view already explained, the combination producing the one was impossible unless it included the other. The same idea may perhaps furnish the clue to the variability of abnormal organs and widely diffused species, the abnormal organ may with some plausibility be looked upon as the rare combination difficult to effect, and only possible under very special circumstances. There is little difficulty in believing that it would more probably vary with varying circumstances than a simple and ordinary combination. It is easy to produce two common wine-glasses which differ in no apparent manner; two Venice goblets could hardly be blown alike. It is not meant here to predicate ease or difficulty of the action of omnipotence; but just as mechanical laws allow one form to be reproduced with certainty, so the occult laws of reproduction may allow certain simpler combinations to be produced with much greater certainty than the more complex combinations. The variability of widely diffused species might be explained in a similar way. These may be looked on as the simple combinations of which many may exist similar one to the other, whereas the complex combinations may only be possible within comparatively narrow limits, inside which one organ may indeed be variable, though the main combination is the only possible one of its kind.

We by no means wish to assert that we know the above suggestions to be the true explanations of the facts. We merely wish to show that other explanations than those given by Darwin are conceivable, although this is indeed not required by our argument,

since, if his main assumptions can be proved false, his theory will derive no benefit from the few facts which may be allowed to be consistent with its truth.

The peculiarities of geographical distribution seem to be very difficult of explanation on any theory. Darwin calls in alternately winds, tides, birds, beasts, all animated nature, as the diffusers of the species, and then a good many of the same agencies as impenetrable barriers. There are some impenetrable barriers between the Galapagos Islands, but not between New Zealand and South America. Continents are created to join Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, while a sea as broad as the British Channel is elsewhere a valid line of demarcation. With these facilities of hypothesis there seems to be no particular reason why many theories may not be true. However an animal may have been produced, it must have been produced somewhere, and it must either have spread very widely, or not have spread, and Darwin can give good reasons for both results. If produced according to any law at all, it would seem probable that groups of similar animals would be produced in given places. Or we might suppose that all animals having been created anywhere or everywhere, those have been extinguished which were not suited to such climate; nor would it be an answer to say that the climate, for instance, of Australia, is less suitable now to marsupials than to other animals introduced from Europe, because we may suppose that this was not so when the race began; but in truth it is hard to believe any of the suppositions, nor can we just now invent any better; and this peculiarity of distribution, namely, that all the products of a given continent have a kind of family resemblance, is the sole argument brought forward by Darwin which seems to us to lend any countenance to the theory of a common origin and the transmutation of species.

Our main arguments are now completed. Something might be said as to the alleged imperfection of the geological records. It is certain that, when compared with the total number of animals which have lived, they must be very imperfect; but still we observe that of many species of beings thousands and even millions of specimens have been preserved. If Darwin's theory be true, the number of varieties differing one from another a very little must have been indefinitely great, so great indeed as probably far to exceed the number of individuals which have existed of any one variety. If this be true, it would be more probable that no two specimens preserved as fossils should be of one variety than that we should find a

great many specimens collected from a very few varieties, provided, of course, the chances of preservation are equal for all individuals. But this assumption may be denied, and some may think it probable that the conditions favourable to preservation only recur rarely, at remote periods, and never last long enough to show a gradual unbroken change. It would rather seem probable that fragments, at least, of perfect series would be preserved of those beings which lead similar lives favourable to their preservation as fossils. Have any fragments of these Darwinian series been found where the individuals merge from one variety insensibly to another?

It is really strange that vast numbers of perfectly similar specimens should be found, the chances against their perpetuation as fossils are so great; but it is also very strange that the specimens should be so exactly alike as they are, if, in fact, they came and vanished by a gradual change. It is, however, not worth while to insist much on this argument, which by suitable hypotheses might be answered, as by saying, that the changes were often quick, taking only a few myriad ages, and that then a species was permanent for a vastly longer time, and that if we have not anywhere a gradual change clearly recorded, the steps from variety to variety are gradually being diminished as more specimens are discovered. These answers do not seem to us sufficient, but the point is hardly worth contesting, when other arguments directly disproving the possibility of the assumed change have been advanced.

These arguments are cumulative. If it be true that no species can vary beyond defined limits, it matters little whether natural selection would be efficient in producing definite variations. If natural selection, though it does select the stronger average animals, and under peculiar circumstances may develop special organs already useful, can never select new imperfect organs such as are produced in sports, then, even though eternity were granted, and no limit assigned to the possible changes of animals, Darwin's cannot be the true explanation of the manner in which change has been brought about. Lastly, even if no limit be drawn to the possible difference between offspring and their progenitors, and if natural selection were admitted to be an efficient cause capable of building up even new senses, even then, unless time, vast time, be granted, the changes which might have been produced by the gradual selection of peculiar offspring have not really been so produced. Any one of the main pleas of our argument, if established, is fatal to Darwin's theory. What

then shall we say if we believe that experiment has shown a sharp limit to the variation of every species, that natural selection is powerless to perpetuate new organs even should they appear, that countless ages of a habitable globe are rigidly proven impossible by the physical laws which forbid the assumption of infinite power in a finite mass? What can we believe but that Darwin's theory is an ingenious and plausible speculation, to which future physiologists will look back with the kind of admiration we bestow on the atoms of Lucretius, or the crystal spheres of Eudoxus, containing like these some faint half-truths, marking at once the ignorance of the age and the ability of the philosopher. Surely the time is past when a theory unsupported by evidence is received as probable, because in our ignorance we know not why it should be false, though we cannot show it to be true. Yet we have heard grave men gravely urge, that because Darwin's theory was the most plausible known, it should be believed. Others seriously allege that it is more consonant with a lofty idea of the Creator's action to suppose that he produced beings by natural selection, rather than by the finikin process of making each separate little race by the exercise of Almighty power. The argument, such as it is, means simply that the user of it thinks that this is how he personally would act if possessed of almighty power and knowledge, but his speculations as to his probable feelings and actions, after such a great change of circumstances, are not worth much. If we are told that our experience shows that God works by laws, then we answer, 'Why the special Darwinian law?' A plausible theory should not be accepted while unproven; and if the arguments of this essay be admitted, Darwin's theory of the origin of species is not only without sufficient support from evidence, but is proved false by a cumulative proof.

ART. II.—A DUTCH POLITICAL NOVEL.

Officer. My Lord, this is the man who killed little Barbara.

Judge. To the gallows with him! How did he do it?

Officer. He cut her to pieces and pickled the body.

Judge. Infamous! To the gallows with him!
Lothario. My Lord, I did not murder little Barbara. I fed, and clothed, and provided for her. I can bring witnesses to prove me a good man, and no murderer.

Judge. You are to be hanged. You aggravate your crime by your arrogance. It is not becoming in a man, accused of any crime, to consider himself a virtuous being.

Lothario. But, my Lord, there are witnesses to confirm it, and as I am now accused of murder—

Judge. You will be hanged. You cut little Barbara to pieces, and pickled the body, and hold no small opinion of yourself; three capital crimes. Who are you, woman?

Woman. I am little Barbara.

Lothario. Heaven be praised! You see, my Lord, I am not her murderer.

Judge. Hem! yes, hem! But,—as to the pickling?

Barbara. No, my Lord, he did not pickle me; on the contrary, he has done me a great deal of good; he is the kindest of human beings.

Lothario. My Lord, you hear how she declares me to be a good man.

Judge. Hem; but the third crime allows of no exculpation. Officer, away with that fellow and hang him! He is guilty of self-conceit. And, clerk, be sure to quote in his sentence the jurisprudence of Lessing's *Patriarch*.—*From an Unpublished Tragedy.*

THE above was the rather startling motto prefixed to a novel published exactly seven years ago at Amsterdam by an author styling himself 'Multatuli,' and who gave his book the singular title of *Max Havelaar; or, The Coffee Sales of the Dutch East India Company*.

There was certainly nothing very attractive in this title, but it had the charm of novelty, and suggested, too, the possibility of its containing some allusion to the great question of the day in the Netherlands,—the government of the Dutch colonies,—which has for so many years agitated the country, and been the lever used by all parties in political warfare,—either as a means of raising themselves, or of upsetting their adversaries.

In order fairly to judge the question as it now stands, it is decidedly necessary to have some insight into the general state of the Dutch colonies, and it will soon become evident that a more intricate problem is scarcely to be conceived than the one still puzzling the brains of our Dutch neighbours. A bird's-eye view of their chief colonies in India will enable us to appreciate in some measure the difficulties to be overcome in legislating for these islands from the other side of the globe, and, with all due respect for the Dutch Chambers, by a set of legislators, but few of whom are well versed, either by study or personal experience, in colonial affairs.

Java, the principal island of the great Soenda group, is itself four times as large

as the kingdom of the Netherlands;* and whilst the mother country counts about 3½ million inhabitants, above thirteen millions are spread over the surface of Java.

Of these, in round numbers, some twelve millions are Javanese, cultivators of the soil,—an agrarian population, quiet, inoffensive, much attached to their home, and to native customs and traditions; Mohammedans, intellectual to a certain degree, the higher classes refined even, to some extent, but addicted to all the vices of the Asiatic temperament; fond of gaining, uxorious, vain and dissipated, greatly inclined to imitate the European in superficial acquirements, but without the tenacity of purpose or the energy only found in northern climes. The inferior classes are simple-minded peasants, easily contented, if only well fed, and in the darkest ignorance of everything beyond their immediate neighbourhood, living as serfs to their lords and masters, whose word is a law, and possessing so little individuality that distinctive family names are almost unknown among them.

Next to the natives in importance are the Chinese settlers, some 150,000 in number, all busily occupied in commercial affairs, victimizing the natives, cheating the Europeans, and thriving by their intelligence—and want of principle. Their influence on the Javanese is so much dreaded by the Dutch Government, that they are not allowed to settle in the interior of the island, but are strictly confined to the townships along the coasts. There 'the Chinese Camp,' as it is styled, stands in its own quarter of the place, under its own jurisdiction, the Chinese 'Captain' or 'Major' being the responsible personage to the Dutch authorities for the acts of all his fellow-countrymen in those parts.

A mixed race of Arabs and Malays crowd the numerous ports; Madurese, Alfoers, or Harafoers, from the Moluccas, serve as sailors, or, when occasion offers, turn pirates, enlist as soldiers in the Dutch regiments, perform the work of coolies, and mingling with numerous other tribes from the surrounding islands, are looked down on as rude barbarians by the Javanese themselves, but highly esteemed by the Europeans for the execution of the rougher work, for which the more effeminate native is less fitted, and never inclined.

Politically viewed, the island offers a varied aspect. Western Java, the Soenda districts, is scarcely more like the eastern extremity of the island in aspect or in insti-

tutions than France is to Switzerland. By far the greater part of the Europeans residing on the island are crowded together in Batavia, Buitenzorg, Soerabaya, and the other larger towns along the northern coast. Few and far between are scattered the dwellings of some settlers in the interior, or along the southern bays. Two small states retain here, nominally, a semi-independence; the Sultans of Djocjakarta and Soerakarta govern in their own names, and adjudicate by their own laws, though under supervision of the Dutch Resident, who in all other districts reigns supreme, and dictates despotically to the native prince. The latter bears the title of Regent, is a man of high caste and ancient descent, and the instrument by whose means the native is directly ruled and held under the strictest subservience to his foreign conquerors, of whom, in many parts, he has very little or no personal knowledge.

The Regent himself, but indifferently salaried by the Dutch Government, sets the inhabitants of whole districts to work, according to the orders given him by the Resident; and the peasant, besides what he has to pay, either in cash, in work, or in substance, to the Regent for the foreign Government, has likewise to provide for all that is requisite to keep up the magnificence of his own prince's court, whose beggarly pittance would otherwise barely suffice to keep him from starvation. 'Forced labour' is one of the most efficient means of supplying the sums required by both parties. For instance, the Dutch desire the cultivation of coffee in the one or other district, either for the Government or for European landholders, with or without Government contracts; the Resident mentions his wish to the Regent, who gives his orders in consequence, and *coffee-gardens*, as they are termed, soon cover the whole surface of the country.

Of course but little prosperity can fall to the share of the peasant where such a system prevails, and but a minimum of wages is paid to the labourer. Whatever riches the soil or his own work produces pass into others' hands, and a bare subsistence is all he reaps from the rich harvest, sown and garnered by himself for the benefit of others.

A general feeling of discontent, of passive resignation, reigns in all these districts. It may well be supposed that the Regent throws the blame on the strangers; that the native serf, whilst obeying, and even often loving, his own lord, hates the foreign conqueror; that sooner or later an end must come to this preposterous and monstrous state of affairs; and that meanwhile the liberals in colonial politics call out loudly for radical reform.

* We follow the Dutch orthography in all the names.

Their cry is: Give the peasant his own plot of ground, recognise his individuality and his rights; let there be free labour and no tyrannical oppressions;—and though our returns may be less for some years, eventually all the profit will be ours.

It is but fair to state the arguments of their opponents. If we give the Javanese, they say, his own farm and plot of ground, what will be the case? He has no family name by which he can be designated in the registers; he has no idea of property, or its sacred rights, beyond the privilege of dwelling on the homestead of his fathers—the open grounds belonging to the race in general. He will neither understand nor attach any value to the legal possession of what he already regards as sufficiently his own. Within a few months he will thus be ruined,—the victim of the first speculator, Chinese or European, who settles in the neighbourhood, and chooses to become proprietor of a whole district for a very trifling sum.

As for free labour,—it is only by forcing him to work that the Javanese can be brought to renounce his sloth. Leave him free, and he will just cultivate rice enough for himself and family, and pass the rest of his time in gambling or in idleness.

The only 'free labourers,' too, to be had in most parts of Java, are, for the greater part, vagabonds; men without a home, and criminals,* who, having been obliged to leave their own villages, lead a nomadic life,—earn a bare subsistence by their manual labour, sleep at nights where they best can find a resting-place, and gamble away every farthing they lay hand on as soon as possible,—if they do not spend it on opium. The great dearth of labourers has led many owners of sugar-mills and coffee-plantations to pander to the lusts of these wretches, rather than miss their co-operation.

The reformers, or liberal party, would remedy these evils, by raising the salaries of the Regents, and enabling them to live according to their high rank on the income granted them by Government; by augmenting the rate of wages paid to the labourer, and thus encouraging his efforts; and by severely punishing every attempt of the Regent to extort anything to which he has no positive claim from the peasant. This latter measure is subject to the greatest difficulty in its execution: a buffalo, even a wife, is often required by the prince, and the submissive peasant bows his head and gives up his dearest possessions with a sigh, but without resistance, to his lord and master. The great argument against the proposed reforms

is, that whatsoever price be offered, free labour is not attainable; that, by raising the pay of the Regents and the wages of the labourer, the Indian Archipelago, instead of remunerating the home Government as it now does, say to an extent of some twenty millions of florins per annum, will cost the mother country annually large sums; and that, in the end, no advantage will be obtained, as all the profits will still flow into the hands of the native princes and foreign traders, Chinese, Malays, and Arabs, who live on the spoils of the natives.

For many years thus all complaints on the above subjects were carefully suppressed by the Indian and the home Governments. The Residents reported favourably (in their official and published documents) on the state of their provinces; the Governor-General sent home flaming accounts,—and, better still, bags full of gold; and any man who had the courage, or the imprudence, to complain of the existing system, was carefully 'put down;' or, if a Government officer, quietly shelved.

But, as always will be the case, *magna est veritas*, and by degrees the truth oozed out. A sort of uneasiness began to spread about the state of the colonies, or rather about the state of affairs in Java; the other islands are too remote, too thinly colonized to be of such preponderating importance; whispers and reports circulated to an alarming extent; 'understood relations revealed the secretest' extortions; some men, such as the Baron von Hoevell, were not to be put down; and loud and long murmurs were heard in all quarters, though but few efficacious steps were taken to examine into or reform the grievances complained of.

This was the general aspect of the question when Multatuli's book appeared. The sensation it made was unequalled by anything of the sort ever printed in the Netherlands; and though some years have passed since the publication of the work, the state of the question remains, in its principal features, unaltered and undecided, owing to the frequent changes of Ministry, and the other difficulties to which we have slightly alluded, and which will be further elucidated in the course of this paper.

Before analysing the book itself, we have a few words to say about its author. It was soon discovered that the pseudonym 'Multatuli' had been selected by M. Douwes Dekker, ex-Assistant-Resident of Lebak, in Java, a highly-gifted but eccentric personage,—the friend of the native *par excellence*,—but rather a sentimental, fantastic, and irritable character than a practical statesman. M. Douwes Dekker had quarrelled

* *Vide* Hasselman, *Mijne evaring*, enz, p. 27, seq.

with the Indian authorities; he had, in short, advocated the interests of the natives much too powerfully to please his superiors. He had objected very strongly to the system of cooked reports, always representing everything to be in the most flourishing state, *dans ce meilleur des mondes*; he had become violent and disrespectful in tone and language; and the result was, that he was obliged to throw up his situation in disgust, and return home in disgrace. On the part of the Indian Government, there had been the desire to get rid of a troublesome official, who would neither hold his tongue, nor yield an inch of the ground on which he had chosen to establish himself; there was no doubt, too, of his capacity for exciting awkward discussions and much trouble to the Government; and unless he could be reduced to silence before his influence made itself felt in the colonies, there would be no possibility of prolonging the old and vicious system, which time and custom had hallowed. Instead, then, of looking into the complaints, serious as they were, so loudly uttered by Multatuli, he was, as we have hinted, sent home in disgrace.

In so far the Indian Government was decidedly to be blamed. It is not improbable, that some partial reforms, some very necessary improvements, in the spirit required by M. Dekker, would have satisfied both him and his friends, and been of infinite service to all parties. On the other hand, M. Dekker lost his temper, and instead of maintaining a dignified silence until he had tried what the home-authorities thought of his ideas, he clamoured loud and long, with so much personal virulence that the really good cause advocated by him was greatly damaged by his petulant pleading.

So M. Dekker seized his pen and published his book, a beautifully written—novel. From what we have said, it will be inferred that its subject is, of course, the ill-treatment to which the natives of Java are subjected by the European authorities. He himself is the idealized hero of his own tale, in which the Indians are depicted in the same glowing, but certainly exaggerated colours as their tyrants. At the same time, his personal adversaries are cut up in such a merciless manner, so ridiculed and held up to public contempt and aversion, that whilst some chapters of the book rise to the height of really sublime poetry, others can scarcely be otherwise qualified than as clever but virulent satirical attacks on his personal adversaries.

The form in which the book was presented to the reader was equally original and striking, and its contents can scarcely be better

illustrated than by inviting our readers to follow us in a rapid survey of the subjects treated in the several chapters, together with such extracts as are peculiarly suited to our purpose.

For instance, the very first page of the book:—

‘I am a broker,—in coffee, and I dwell on the *Laurier’s Gracht* (one of the canals in Amsterdam), No. 37. It is not in my way to write novels or the like stuff, and it cost me some time to make up my mind to order an extra ream of paper, and to begin the book, which you ought to read, whether you be a broker—or anything else. Not only did I never write a novel, but, as a man of business, I do not like reading such sorts of books. For years I have been busy with the query as to the utility of such things, and am surprised at the impudence of poets and novelists, who are always bothering people with long stories about things that have never really happened, and mostly never could have happened. . . . I have to observe, too, that the greater part of those occupied with such work generally go to the dogs. I am now in my forty-fourth year, have been twenty years on ‘Change, and have acquired the experience which gives a man a right to hold an opinion. Many a firm has been ruined in my time, and, for the greater part, the cause of their fall, in my opinion, must be attributed to the perverse tendency given to people in their youth. I, myself, stand to *truth* and sound *good sense*,—that is what I swear by. . . .’

Mr. Droogstoppel (whose name we shall translate ‘Stubbles’) goes on for some pages in the same style. Poetry is humbug, history little better, and as for the tender passion:

‘A girl is an angel. The man who discovered that was never blessed with sisters! Love is supreme bliss—one flies to the ends of the earth with the adored object. Now the earth is round, and has no ends, and such love is all nonsense. Nobody can accuse me of not living in a proper manner with my wife (she is a daughter to Last & Co.,—in coffee). I am a member of our Zoological Gardens, and she wears a shawl that cost ninety-two florins, and there has never passed one word between us about such nonsensical love as the poets rant of. When we were married, we made a trip to the Hague, where she bought some flannel—I wear the waistcoats still,—and love never drove us further. . . .’

‘As for poetry, I do not object to verses if people choose to stick up their syllables in a certain order; but confine themselves strictly to *truth*. “*The clock strikes eight, the milkman’s late*,” is not objectionable, if really and truly it be not a quarter after seven. . . .’

‘And then the moral of all such plays and novels: virtue rewarded! For instance, there is Lucas, our man-of-all-work in the storehouse; he was at any rate a virtuous man. Not a single bean was ever lost; he was a steady church-

goer, and never drank a drop too much. When my father-in-law was in the country, he had the keys of the house and the office and everything. Once the bank paid him seventeen florins more than they ought to have done, and he brought them the money back. Now he is old and gouty, and must give up work. He has not saved a farthing, for our expenses are heavy, and we have much to do, and want younger and stronger men. Now, say I, this Lucas is a virtuous man:—and pray, what is his reward? I have never seen a prince appear to give him a handful of diamonds, nor a fairy to cut his bread and butter. He is poor and remains poor, and that is just as it should be. . . . Where would be his real virtue if he had been sure of reward, and could have led an easy life in his old age? In that case all the men we employ would be virtuous, and everybody else besides, which was clearly never intended, or what would be the use of rewards in another and a better world?

This Mr. Stubbles forms the contrast to the hero of the work, Multatuli himself. The two have been school-fellows, and the broker meets his old friend in the streets, in a shabby dress and in dejected spirits, and the worldly wise man gets rid of the worldly silly one very soon. He feels his 'respectability' endangered by the seedy looks of his former school friend, and shakes him off, rather roughly. A few days after, however, he receives a note, together with a bulky parcel of papers, from the poor man, who, having no other connexions left, invokes his influential friend's assistance in finding a publisher for what he has written at diverse periods.

The puzzled broker finds a great deal about 'coffee' in the papers, mixed up with a quantity of what he calls 'trash,' and 'sentimental rubbish,' and at length makes up his mind, with the help of one of his clerks, to publish a book, in which compensation will be found for his poor friend's rubbish in his own profound speculations.

Multatuli's tale is thus a romantic-historical version of his own doings in Java, interspersed with the most curious episodic reflections of Mr. Stubbles, and of course the question of Colonial Government forms the pith of the work.

Let us now see what Multatuli says of the position of the Javanese in respect to the mother-country, whilst we beg to remind the reader that his opinions are those of the ultra-liberal party, highly coloured by his very lively fancy:—

'The Javanese is a Dutch subject. The King of the Netherlands is *his* king. The descendants of his former princes and lords are *Dutch* officials; they are appointed, removed, promoted, or disgraced by the Governor-General,

who reigns in the King's name. The criminal is tried and sentenced by laws promulgated at the Hague. The taxes paid by the Javanese flow into the *Dutch* treasury.'

Now, these assertions must be taken *cum grano salis*, of course, as the reader will understand on referring to what is stated in the beginning of this paper about the personal knowledge possessed by the native of his European conquerors:

'The Governor-General is assisted by a Council, which, however, has no *decisive* influence on his resolutions. At Batavia the different branches of the administration are confided to the directors of departments, forming the link between the Governor-General and the Residents in the provinces. But in all *political* matters the Residents correspond directly with the Governor-General himself.

'The title of Resident dates from the time when the Netherlands were only the liege lords and *indirect* masters of the country, and their government was represented by these agents at the Courts of the several reigning princes. These princes are now no longer in existence; the Residents are provincial governors, prefects. Their sphere of action has altered; only their title has remained unchanged. The Resident is the real representative of the Dutch Government in the eyes of the native. The people know nothing of the Governor-General, nor of his councillors, nor of the directors at Batavia; they only know the Resident and his inferior officers. The residencies, some of them contain nearly a million inhabitants, are divided into three or four parts, or regencies, governed by an Assistant-Resident. Under his tutelage we find Comptrollers, Inspectors, and a number of other officials, for the collection of the taxes, etc.

'A native of high rank, the Regent is the next in authority to the Assistant-Resident. It was good policy to employ their feudal authority in the support of the foreign government, and by turning them into paid officers of the crown, a sort of hierarchy was established, at the head of which stands the Dutch Government itself.'

Multatuli goes on to compare this state of things, not inaptly, to the feudal system of the middle ages in Europe, as even the hereditary right to the office of Regent is tacitly acknowledged by the Dutch Government.

The position of the Assistant-Resident with regard to the Regent is one of great delicacy. The European is the responsible party; he has his 'instructions,' and must act up to them. Nevertheless the Regent is, in the eyes of the Colonial Government, a much more important personage. The Assistant-Resident can be 'shelved,' or otherwise disposed of, on the slightest emergency. The Regent cannot be got rid of so readily. Any slight put on him, any punish-

ment or degradation inflicted on this eminent personage, is very likely to rouse the indignation of the whole population, and to incite them to open rebellion.

The Assistant-Resident must therefore unite great firmness of purpose with no less suavity of form, and is officially ordered—we give the letter of his instructions—‘to treat the native officer placed at his side like a younger brother.’

For the above-stated reasons, it is evident that the elder brother is very often exposed to be kicked out, if the younger one should complain of him. And besides this virtual superiority in influence, the native has the advantage over the European officer in respect to wealth.

The European is barely paid enough to maintain his rank; his object is to save as much as possibly can be scraped together in order to get home again, or, at any rate, to obtain some higher and more profitable appointment; whilst the native prince generally spends his income, and all he can lay hands on, in the most extravagant manner. It is by no means a rare case to find one of these potentates, in the enjoyment of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year, in very great pecuniary difficulties, caused by inordinate love of display, excessive negligence in all matters of business, and by the reckless way in which he allows himself to be plundered by European adventurers of every description.

The incomes of the native princes are chiefly derived from four sources:—Their Government monthly pay; a fixed sum granted by the Dutch as an indemnity for some of the rights and claims ceded to the European Government; a certain extra remuneration dependent on the quantity of sugar, coffee, etc., cultivated in their province; and lastly, their arbitrary disposal over the *labour* and *property* of their subjects.

We have mentioned the way in which the Regent forces the population to work for the European's profit; we have still to elucidate the manner in which he considers himself the proprietor of everything possessed by the peasant. According to the almost universal idea in Eastern Asia, the subject, and all he holds, is the lawful property of his *sovereign*; and the Javanese of the inferior classes never ventures to doubt or dispute these rights of his feudal lord. It would, too, in his own eyes, be wanting in respect on his part, if he ever entered the prince's palace without some present or tribute to the great man. It is likewise customary for the prince's neighbours to keep in order the grounds near his dwelling, and this is voluntarily done, and only considered a fitting

mark of their good-will. But, at the same time, the population of whole villages is often *ordered* out by the Regent to cultivate lands of his own, lying at some distance from the peasant's home; and whilst the poor wretches are working for their prince, their own rice-fields are left uncared for.

It is the duty of the Assistant-Resident to remedy such abuses; he is even enjoined to do so by his instructions; but, besides the difficulties already alluded to, there are others almost insurmountable. If, for instance, the Government be from time to time inclined, in some very flagrant cases, to support the Resident and to punish the Regent, the European will generally find himself without the means of bringing witnesses to support his accusations. The native neither will nor dares side openly with the foreigner against his native prince. He will whisper his complaints boldly enough in the Resident's ear, but in public deny with equal boldness ever having been ill-treated by the Regent.

Max Havelaar, the hero of the book, in whom Multatuli has depicted his own character, has, at the beginning of the work, just been appointed Assistant-Resident of Lebak, and has to deal, besides all the difficulties we have mentioned, with others of no less importance which will be gradually developed.

‘Havelaar was thirty-five years of age. He was slender and active, . . . sharp as a file and tender as a girl, always himself the first to feel the wound inflicted by his bitter words, and a greater sufferer than the person attacked. He was quick of apprehension,—seized the highest or most complicated questions at first sight; amused himself with the solution of the most intricate problems, and was very often incapable of comprehending the simplest matters, which a child could have explained to him. Love of truth and justice caused him often to neglect his more immediate duties, in order to remedy some more remote evil, to which he was probably attracted by the greater effort requisite for accomplishing his purpose. . . . A second Don Quixote, he often wasted his courage on a windmill. His ambition was not to be satisfied, and he considered all social distinctions little better than trifles, whilst he loved a quiet and peaceful home. He was a poet, whose lively fancy created and peopled worlds. He could dream away hours, and return to the most prosy details of business with equal facility. . . . He was modest and kind to those who acknowledged his intellectual superiority, but intolerant of opposition to it. . . . Though timid and awkward towards those who did not seem to understand him, he grew eloquent as soon as he met with encouragement. He was honest even to magnanimity, but would leave hundreds unpaid in order to give away thousands.’

These, in a more concise form than that adopted by the writer, are some of the more salient traits of his hero's character, to whom (in contradistinction) is opposed his superior officer, the Resident, the formalist, the man who places a full-stop after every word he uses; so slow in his utterance and his thoughts, that both seem always followed by a herd of stragglers, long after the subject in discussion has been exhausted. 'People who knew him called him "slimy,"' says Multatuli, 'and that was his chief characteristic;' and such is the name given in the book to Havelaar's well-known superior officer.

Max Havelaar himself, accompanied by his wife and child,—beautifully drawn pictures,—astonishes the Comptroller and all his inferiors by his perfect acquaintance with the state of the country he is called on to govern and by his eccentric ideas of improving the position of the native; and is soon looked upon half as a madman, half as a fool, by the officials who have for a long series of years been accustomed to 'red-tape' in all its varieties, and are terrified by the revolutionary system their new chief seems inclined to introduce. At the same time he is accused of irreligion, because he opposes the missionaries, and asserts that civilisation must precede conversion, as the mere Christian in name among the natives is not a whit better than the infidel. His manner of reasoning on all sorts of subjects, too, discomfits friend and foe, whilst his official reports, in which no veil is thrown over existing grievances and evils, only annoy his superiors. And no wonder, if the following account of the manner in which these documents are prepared and 'got up' be not greatly exaggerated:—

'It is in general disagreeable to be the bearer of evil tidings, and their communicator seems always responsible for some part of the unfavourable impression produced. . . . The Indian Government likes writing home to the effect that everything is prospering. The Residents like to write in the same strain to the Government. The Assistant-Residents, who scarcely ever receive any but favourable reports from the Comptrollers, dislike sending, on their own account, bad news to the Residents. Hence, in all official correspondence, we find an artificial optimism, not only violating truth, but directly in contradiction with the convictions of these optimists themselves when expressed by word of mouth, and even with the statistics and figures accompanying their reports. Examples of this sort might be adduced, which, were the case not so very serious, would raise a laugh at the expense of the writers. . . . I shall confine myself to one instance. . . . The annual report of a certain residency is now in my hands. The Resident is greatly pleased

with the commercial prosperity of the country, and asserts everything to be progressing favourably. A little further on, speaking of the insufficient means at his disposal to restrain the smuggling propensities of the natives, but at the same time wishing to prevent the Government being unfavourably impressed by the idea of the losses inflicted on the treasury by the smugglers, he says:—"These are but very trifling indeed; scarcely any smuggling goes on in this residency, where there is very little trade, as none of the people risk their capital in commercial undertakings. . . ."

'Another of these reports began literally:—"Last year the *tranquillity* in this residency remained *tranquil*. . . ."

'When the population has not increased, this is ascribed to faults in the last census; when the taxes are not more productive, this circumstance must be attributed to the necessity of low taxation in order to encourage field-labour, which will eventually—that is to say, after the Resident's retiring from office,—be sure to produce millions. . . . Disaffection and revolt, when they cannot be passed over in silence, are only the work of a few malcontents,—rendered harmless in future,—as universal satisfaction with the Government is everywhere observable; and when the population has been thinned by famine, this sad misfortune is, of course, the result of crops failing, of drought, or too heavy rains,—of everything but ill-management.

'In one word, the official reports of the Government officers, and those based upon them sent home, are for the greater and more important part *falsehoods*.'

This very serious accusation was one of the subjects which naturally gave rise to violent discussions both in Holland and India. The picture, though highly coloured, was found, in its outline, to contain no violation of the truth.

Max Havelaar goes on:—

'Every Resident sends in a monthly report of the rice imported or exported in his districts. The tables state how much of this rice is grown *in Java itself*, or comes from other parts. On comparing the quantity of rice, according to these accounts, transported *from* residencies in Java *to* residencies on the same island, it will be found that it greatly exceeds (by some thousand *pikols*) the quantity of rice, according to these same tables, ever received in the residencies on Java from residencies on that island."

'Without speaking of the blindness of a Government receiving and publishing such reports, we will proceed to show what is their tendency.

'European and native officials are paid a certain percentage on products raised for the European marts; and the cultivation of rice was consequently so much neglected, that in many parts a famine ensued, which could not be officially concealed. . . . Orders were given to prevent the like disasters in future, and the above-mentioned reports were intended to keep the Government *au fait* by a comparison be-

tween the exports and imports of the different residencies. *Exportation* naturally represented plenty; *importation*, want. We repeat—the tables we allude to only refer to rice grown on the island, and their figures state, *that all the residencies together export more rice than all the residencies together import; . . . in other words, there is more home-raised rice in Java than is grown on the island.*

This is one of the many examples aduced of the gift possessed by the Indian Government, of looking on the bright side of things and ignoring the dark one.

Now M. Douwes Dekker, or Max Havelaar, or Multatuli, set vigorously to work to oppose this system. No one can doubt for one moment, either his really good intentions, or his very imprudent way of acting, from the very beginning. Multatuli, after sowing his wild oats at the University of Leyden, set out for India. He married a lady of rank, but, like himself, without fortune; ran into debt, was continually 'in hot water,' first with an old general, represented as a tyrant and a bully of the worst description, on the west coast of Sumatra, got into fresh difficulties about irregularities in his accounts at Natal (Sumatra), wrote squibs on his superiors, fought duels without end, and soon made a reputation as a dangerous, clever, dare-devil sort of personage, who, under proper guidance, might have turned out a first-rate man; but exposed as he was to temptations of all sorts, and consorting chiefly with his inferiors in mind and talent, was rather feared as a dangerous character than respected for the genius he certainly had shown. He found his Assistant-Residency in a sad state. His predecessor had *spoken* but not *written*, officially to the Resident (for the reasons above stated) about many grievances against the Regent; they had been ignored, as usual—or 'smoothed over.'

An oral complaint of some act of oppression was at best followed by a lengthy conversation with the native prince, who always denied everything, and asked for 'proofs.' The plaintiffs were summoned, and, kneeling at the prince's feet, implored his mercy. 'No, their buffalo had not been stolen; they felt quite sure the prince intended to pay at least double the price.' 'No, they had not been forced away from their own fields, in order to work for nothing at all on the Regent's lands; he intended to pay them high wages; of that they were firmly convinced.' 'They had been certainly out of their wits, when they had stated to the contrary; and begged now to be forgiven their heinous offence.' And the Resident, who knew but too well the real state of the case, was saved

the trouble of complaining of the Regent to the higher authorities. Next day, perhaps, the same complaints were renewed,—and with the same result. Grievous punishment, however, awaited in many instances the 'rebels.' Many fled to other districts; others were found strangely murdered. But redress for the victims of this abominable system there was none.

Max Havelaar went seriously to work to reform these grievances. In his *novel* he inserts an official letter of his own to the Comptroller, serving under his orders, in which he desires him to conceal nothing in his correspondence, to give utterance to the truth and nothing but the truth, and to give up boldly and at once the system of prevarication and subterfuge which had been the cause of so many calamities.

In so far, Max Havelaar acted as a brave and honourable man; but at the same time he committed grievous errors. He could neither give up his custom of laughing at his superior, nor of, in our opinion, confounding persons with systems. Aged and respectable men, who had grown grey in the service, and distinguished themselves in many ways, were represented, not as what they in fact were, the instruments of a Government working by a vicious system, but as vicious in themselves, fools and idiots, to be scoffed at and ridiculed by all who were blessed with a little common sense. His book is full of portraits, or caricatures of well-known personages in the Dutch East Indian islands; and the piquancy of his details, naturally deprived of some part of their interest for those unacquainted with the characters introduced,—enhanced their value for the Dutch reader.

Another grave fault of the author's is, that whilst drawing the European in the blackest colours, he idealizes the native to an extent that would literally be incredible, were it not that Max Havelaar, amongst his other talents, possesses the poet's gift of a lively fancy in no common degree.

The fact, however, is that the Javanese, like most Asiatics, is in no respect the equal of the European, and it may be fairly doubted if he ever will become so. But this does not seem to be acknowledged by Max Havelaar. His pictures of the native peasant are drawn with inimitable talent, regarded as works of fiction, as poetical sketches, in the style of Chateaubriand's *Atala*, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom*; but in point of fact, they will not stand the test of serious inquiry, and carry their own condemnation with them very plainly for the serious reasoner. Himself democratically inclined, Max Havelaar represents the

native of the humbler ranks as the most innocent and virtuous of human beings, a fit subject for an idyll, the victim of his oppressors—Europeans and Indian princes,—and only waiting to be emancipated from his thralls in order to rise to the rank of the sublimest of human beings.

The seventeenth chapter of his book offers one of the most striking proofs of his way of writing; it is perhaps the most popular part of the whole work, and, as a work of art, a prose poem unequalled by anything of the description ever written in Holland. It contains the story of Saidjah, and we give it without hesitation, as an excellent specimen of the author's style and manner, with some few abridgments, in order not to occupy more space than we can here lay claim to:—

'Saidjah's father had a buffalo, with which he ploughed his fields. When the buffalo was taken from him by the chief of the district of P—k—ng, he grew sick at heart, and not a word passed his lips for many days. For ploughing-time was drawing near, and it was to be feared if the *Sawah* were not soon ploughed, sowing-time would pass away, and there would be no rice to be garnered up in his house.

'Saidjah's father grew sadder and sadder. His wife would have no rice, nor Saidjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And complaints would be made of him to the Assistant-Resident for not paying his taxes, and he would be liable to punishment. But Saidjah's father took a *kris* (a sword) that he had inherited from his fathers, and there were silver bands round the sheath and at its extremity, and he sold it to a Chinese for two-and-twenty florins, and bought himself another buffalo.

'Saidjah, then about seven years of age, had soon made friends with the new buffalo. I say expressly "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how greatly attached the buffalo grows to the child that takes care of him. The big and heavy brute bends his strong neck, to the right or the left, up and down, at the slightest finger-touch of the child he knows and understands, and that grows up with him. . .

'Adjoining to Saidjah's field were the lands of Adinda's father (the little girl who was destined to become Saidjah's wife), and when Adinda's little brothers met Saidjah on the limits of their grounds, the children chatted with each other, and boasted of the good qualities of their buffaloes. But, I believe, Saidjah's was the best, because he was most kindly treated; the buffalo is very sensible to kind treatment.

'Saidjah was nine, and Adinda six, when the second buffalo was carried off by the chief of the district of P—k—ng. Saidjah's father, who was very poor, sold to a Chinese two silver *Klamboe-hooks*, inherited from his wife's parents, and bought another buffalo for eighteen florins.

'Little Saidjah was very sad, for he had heard from Adinda's brothers that his buffalo

had been driven to the chief town of the district, and he was afraid it had been slaughtered, like all the other cattle taken away from the peasants.

'And Saidjah wept long and in silence, and refused his meals, and grieved for his buffalo, for Saidjah was but a child.

'But soon the new buffalo, though not so beautiful as the one that had been killed, gained the boy's love; . . . and one day saved his life, by boldly attacking and ripping up a tiger's belly that lay in wait for Saidjah.

'And when this buffalo was driven off and butchered—my tale is monotonous, gentle reader,—Saidjah was twelve, and Adinda wove her own *sarongs* in dark colors, for she had seen Saidjah grieve, . . . but his mother had grieved more sorely than he, for the buffalo had saved her child's life, and had surely understood by her tears, when he was led away to be slaughtered, that she was guiltless of his death.

'Then Saidjah's father fled the country, for he could neither pay his taxes, nor find anything to sell for which to purchase a new buffalo. . . . Saidjah's mother died of distress, and Saidjah's father was laid hold of by the police for leaving his home without a passport, and he was severely beaten and shut up in prison, and treated as a madman, probably not without reason. But he soon got free again—by dying.

'What became of Saidjah's brothers and sisters I never learnt. The house they had inhabited remained for some time empty, and then tumbled to pieces, for it was only built of cane, and thatched with long grass. A little heap of dust and rubbish served to mark the spot of so much suffering. There are a great many of the like landmarks in Lebak.'

Saidjah, the author goes on to relate, was fifteen at the time of his father's death, and set forth to seek his fortune. He takes leave of his promised bride, and promises to return at the expiration of three times twelve months exactly. The lovers are to meet under a large tree on the borders of the forest. He bears a flower in his hand as a pledge of her love and constancy, and leaves her a strip of the blue kerchief bound round his own head. On his way to Batavia, Saidjah's thoughts are duly registered by the author, who, breaking into verse, gives a beautiful poem, but of a romantic, sentimental character we hardly can imagine to be really descriptive of the feelings of a Javanese peasant.

The last lines refer to the wanderer's return, unknown and dying:—

'If I die at Badoer, they will bury me outside the village,' says he, 'to the east, where the hill rises and the long grass grows, and Adinda will sometimes pass there, and the skirt of her *sarong* will rustle gently among the leaves, and I shall hear her.'

Such is the tone of the whole poem, which we should characterize rather as German than Javanese.

Saïdjah reaches the capital of Dutch India, serves three years, faithfully, a kind master, saves his wages, and, true to his word, starts on his return home in due time. On reaching the place of meeting at the appointed hour, Saïdjah breaks out again into song, this time anticipating the bliss awaiting him in his mistress's love and constancy,—another very beautiful poem, but liable to the same objection as the former one.

He is doomed to a cruel disappointment. After waiting in vain for the girl's appearance, he hastens to the village to seek her. Her father's house is in ruins. It is the old story, the monotonous tale of the buffalo retold, and the whole family have fled. The despairing lover succeeds in learning Adinda has remained faithful to him, and traces the family to the south coast of Sumatra, where they have joined the rebels against the Dutch Government. We give the conclusion of the sad tale in the author's own words:—

'One day the rebels had suffered a new defeat, and Saïdjah remained wandering about amongst the ruins of a village just mastered by the Dutch troops, and set fire to by them. He knew that the band, then and there destroyed, had consisted chiefly of people from his own home. He stalked like a ghost from one burning house to another, and found the body of Adinda's father, with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him lay Adinda's three murdered brothers, youths, children, and a little to one side he discovered Adinda's body—uncovered and horribly mutilated. There was a strip of blue cotton pressed into the gaping wound on her bosom, which had ended her sufferings.

'And Saïdjah rushed on some soldiers who were driving the last remaining rebels at the point of the bayonet into the flames; he seized the threatening blades in his arms, cast himself on their points, and held back the soldiers with a last effort, till the hilts of their weapons struck against his breast.

'A short time after there were great rejoicings in Batavia at the new victory, which had added so many laurels to those already reaped by the Dutch-Indian army. The Governor-General wrote home that tranquillity was restored in the Lampongs, and the King of the Netherlands, advised by his Ministers, rewarded as usual the heroism of his soldiers by the distribution of a number of crosses. And most likely thanks were rendered to Heaven by the pious, in churches and meeting-houses, that the "Lord of Hosts" had sided again with the banners of the Netherlands.'

Now this style of writing, though perhaps admissible in fiction, is gravely reprehensible in all serious controversy. The poetical fiction, by which the victim of oppression is always virtuous and innocent, is equally false as the theory that the instruments by which

a vicious system is worked must necessarily be wicked and cruel.

The contrary is often the case, and it is a well-known fact that the Dutch soldier, exposed to innumerable hardships in the tropic clime, is patient, well-behaved, and by no means unworthy the well-earned rewards not too liberally conferred by the home Government.

That facts of the description on which Max Havelaar's fiction is founded may have occurred, no one would venture to deny. By generalizing isolated cases, and by exaggeration in a really sound and worthy cause, Max Havelaar in some measure defeated his own purpose. Instead of a calmly written, business-like book on the subject he has taken to heart, M. Douwes Dekker, doubtless 'shelved' in a very off-hand and even unmerited manner by the Indian authorities, produced a sensational romance, in which he treated the subject of Indian reform in the manner sketched by us in this paper, and whilst acquiring numerous admirers of his novel, and rousing public attention to the matter, of course excited a storm of indignation in the bosom of the Conservative party, and of those whose friends and relations were so cruelly derided by the gifted author. The end of the work is the greatest mistake he made:—

'This book,' cries he, 'is but an introductory chapter. . . . I shall augment my strength, and sharpen my weapons with the growing need. Please God that this may be spared me! . . . No, it will *not* be needful! For to you do I dedicate my book, to you, William III., King, Grand-Duke, Prince, . . . more than Prince, Grand-Duke, and King, . . . EMPEROR of the fair empire of Insulinda, that is wound about the equator like an emerald girdle! . . . Of you I demand, trustfully, if it be your imperial will,

that Havelaar's words be trampled under foot by *Slijmerings and Droogstopples*?*

and that yonder more than thirty millions of your subjects be maltreated and beggared in your name?'

It is but natural that such an appeal to the *Crown* in a constitutional State, and in the form selected by M. Douwes Dekker, should meet with no response.

But a sensation was made the like of which had never been witnessed before, and high and low talked for some time of scarcely anything but Max Havelaar. The Colonial

* The reader will remember that *Slijmering* is the nickname, the 'Slimy one,' of Havelaar's chief, the Resident, and that *Droogstoppel* is the *Mr. Stubbles* referred to in our paper.

question came *en evidence* again; the Conservative party got frightened, and odd stories were circulated as to attempts made to bribe the writer to keep silence in future. His public and private life were freely discussed, and he himself grew more and more indignant, and obstinately refused to accept the reputation as a gifted novelist, which he only claimed as an Indian reformer.

Within a few weeks the first edition of his work was exhausted, and a second one, though loudly called for, never appeared. The story of its suppression is a sad one, told in very few words. Mr. Dekker had, it seems, disposed of the copyright of his book to a gentleman of high reputation in the country, himself a gifted author, who found a publisher for the then unknown writer. But the offence given by the personal attacks contained in it, and the sensation it had made, caused the *owner* of the manuscript to refuse allowing a second edition, and a court of law ruled in his favour.

Meanwhile M. Douwes Dekker continued his eccentric but talented writings. *Multatuli's Ideas* and a crowd of short but pithy pamphlets followed, until, by degrees, the fertile vein seemed to be exhausted, and some time passed without any sign being made by the man whose genius had seemed to promise so much. But a few weeks ago, he again issued a pamphlet in his old clever but eccentric style, though on a subject entirely irrelevant to our present purpose.

Has the Indian question progressed in all these years? We fear but very, very little. A short-lived Conservative Ministry was succeeded by a Liberal Cabinet. M. Thorbecke, the Minister of whom Lord Palmerston is said to have affirmed 'he is too great a man for so small a country,' was virtually Premier—the title itself is unknown in Holland—and at his side M. Fransen van der Putte was the Liberal Minister for Colonial affairs, of whom great things were expected, and perhaps not without cause, as long as he was supported by the Premier. But the Conservative party, weak in numbers and weaker in their cause, were strengthened by dissensions spreading among the Liberals.

Thorbecke was called a tyrant, and unable to bear with an equal; the fact was, his equals in rank, but his inferiors in capacity and statesmanship, could not endure a master-spirit at their side, and forcing M. Thorbecke to resign, M. van der Putte became Premier of the new Cabinet. As all had foreseen, it was but a short-lived one. The Colonial Budget met with so much opposition that the new Minister, with his colleagues, retired from office, and the Liberals, weakened and divided among themselves, were

turned out by the Conservative party now holding the reins of government. The Colonial portfolio passed into the hands of M. P. Myer, an ultra-Conservative; the partial reforms already proposed or introduced were threatened with annihilation, and for the moment the state of affairs in India seemed so hopeless to the Liberals, that, though they were at variance on all other points, they were ready to unite against their common adversaries in colonial policy. A report, too, was widely spread that M. Myer had only accepted the portfolio temporarily in order to get a provisional budget passed by the Chamber, and that as soon as he had succeeded in doing so he was to be rewarded by the Governor-Generalship of the Colonies. This was most positively denied by himself and his friends, not only in private circles, but even in the Chambers, and as the Liberal party was, at the moment, utterly disorganized, and the new Minister's tone was conciliatory, hinting at concessions, and even giving promises to that effect, his first measures met with little or no opposition. Not a week after carrying them he was gazetted as Governor-General, and sailed as soon as he possibly could for India, leaving his portfolio in the hands of the present Minister, M. Trahraney. The indignation of the Chamber, and of the public in general, needs no description. One of the *Conservative* members, M. Keuchenius, an eloquent speaker, boldly attacked the whole Cabinet, and a vote of non-confidence in the Ministry was passed.

The Conservatives, but a few weeks in power, seemed on the point of being thrown out again. But they were not inclined to give up the fight so easily. Acting on the principle of *aux grands maux les grands remèdes*, they actually dissolved the Second Chamber, declaring the vote of blame thrown on M. Myer's appointment to be a breach of the Royal prerogative, which gives the Crown the right of appointing all officials. The King himself was thus rendered responsible for the act and deed of the Cabinet, and for the countersign of his own Colonial Minister. We refrain from all comment on these circumstances, only sketched by us in so far as they serve to elucidate the subject of this paper. The next measure taken by the Minister was still more extraordinary in a Constitutional State. Elections in Holland are not in the least like what they are in Britain. Generally at least one-third of the total number of electors of the lower class of people remain quietly at home. They know very little about politics, and take no share in them.

Among the higher classes so much disgust was felt at what had been done by the Min-

isters, that it was necessary for them to take extraordinary measures in order to assure the return of a Conservative majority at the approaching elections for the new Chamber. No better plan could be devised than the issuing of a Royal proclamation, summoning the electors to appear at the poll, and to return members who would insure the existence of a Cabinet, and not endanger the public welfare by constant changes of Ministry. This was interpreted to the ignorant voters as an expression of the King's personal wish to retain his present advisers; the theme was duly wrought out by the Conservative papers, the leading men of the Liberal party were branded as rebels and traitors, as the most dangerous enemies to their King and country, and the result was that a great many of them were not re-elected, whilst a small majority was obtained for the present Ministers—still holding their ground rather owing to the continued dissensions among the Liberals than to the strength of their own party. Proofs of this fact are not wanting. A revision of the educational law on primary instruction is impatiently desired by the ultra-Conservative and orthodox party. It was only by positively refusing to grant it that the whole Cabinet, supported on this question by the Liberals, was enabled to hold its ground in the Chamber. In like manner the Colonial Minister has been obliged to make so many concessions to the Liberals, that, but a few weeks ago, his budget passed through the Chamber by their support, whilst the leading men of the party who brought him into power voted against it. At the present moment there is thus a split in the Cabinet, of which the result must be either the retirement of M. Trahraney in favour of a rigorously Conservative Minister, or the fall of the whole Ministry, brought about by the Liberals. Either way it seems likely that the Colonial questions will come to an issue, and that at least the temporary triumph of one or other of the two Colonial systems, of which we have now to recapitulate and elucidate the chief points as briefly as possible, will be insured.

The Conservatives advocate 'forced labour' and the maintenance of the rights of the native princes to claim certain services for their own advantage from the peasants. They insist, too, on upholding the old system of 'Government cultures,'—the yearly cultivation of certain products of the soil, in certain quantities, at such places as the Government shall please to determine.

The Liberals demand 'free labour,' a fixed rate of taxation, the undisputed possession of the soil for the free native, who is to be exempted from the personal services claimed

by his prince, and grants of the large tracts of land still lying uncultivated to private individuals, with a guarantee that no Government interference shall impede the settlers' efforts for the encouragement of free labour. This was the system favoured so many years ago by Sir Stamford Raffles, and imperfectly understood and partially followed by some of the more liberally inclined Dutch Ministers in later times. The property of the soil was granted to the *Dessas*, or townships, as they may be termed, instead of being given to the individual, and the consequence was that the peasant remained as dependent as ever on the great man of the place, instead of being raised to the dignity of a freeholder, as had been intended.

On the other hand, the system of Government cultures, as we have said, is still in vigour, so that, in point of fact, two theories, entirely adverse in their tendencies, have for a long course of years been militating against each other in Java, till a state of affairs has been brought about for which it will not be easy to find a remedy. Other difficulties, too, of a more serious character, occur in the government of the Dutch colonies. Not more than, in round numbers, 25,000 Europeans, a great many of whom are not Dutch subjects, reside on the island of Java, and have, with perhaps scarcely 20,000 troops, overawe or coerce a native population of of more than thirteen millions of souls. This comparative scarcity of European settlers is attributable to several reasons. Formerly, the Dutch Government was excessively and unreasonably jealous and suspicious even its own subjects,—perhaps more so than of foreigners,—and great difficulties were laid in the way of those who wished to establish themselves at Java. The most arbitrary powers were granted to the Residents, and very few capitalists ventured to settle in a district whence they themselves might be banished, or their business completely ruined, by even any inferior Government official who chose to take offence at anything said or done against his pleasure. In those days the island was considered a real gold mine for the friends of the Government. Needy adventurers blessed with 'good connexions,' officials fit for little or nothing at home, but men of good birth, the prodigal son, the widow's offspring, were all sent out to India by their kind friends, who provided them with well-salaried situations, and ample opportunities of making a fortune,—and at that time, the lapse of a few years sufficed for that purpose, and the wealthy man came home, and saw his place in India refilled by one as needy as he himself had been, and equally desirous of filling his purse and

getting back to Europe as soon as possible.

But little encouragement was thus given to commercial or other undertakings, only in the hands of the Government. The favoured few got the good things to be had, and kept them very carefully in their own hands; and though this evil policy has been entirely given up, its results are still felt in the present generation. Mayhap the reader will say: '*Tout comme chez nous.*'

Now-a-days, any Dutchman (or, in fact, any European) who goes out to Java with a good constitution, clear brain, and due amount of energy, is sure to prosper in course of time. He is not likely to make a fortune in two, but pretty safe to secure a competency in ten, years; and to grow a millionaire if he will only remain where he is, and take what is offered him. But, somehow or other, few people remain in Java longer than they absolutely must, in order to secure the means of living at home in comfort. The climate is in most parts of the country enervating; there is a dearth of intellectual food, and an excess of dainty dishes; children must be sent to Europe for education; liver-complaints and longing for home increase day by day; and thus, though every facility be now granted to the Dutch emigrant, the number of residents on the island is but increasing at a slow ratio. Latterly, measures have been framed to improve the schools, to offer many inducements, formerly wanting, to every one who will remain a resident,—but with little result, as was to be expected from half-measures in which the settler finds but few guarantees for his permanent advantage and security.

The Indian army, which has nothing at all in common with the home service, is composed of elements but little adapted to promote the moral supremacy of the European, though its ranks contain a brave and hardy set of soldiers, who rendered invaluable services to the Government. The officers may be divided into two classes: those brought up with the cadets for the home service at the military college of Breda, entirely at the Government expense, in every respect well-educated young men; and those promoted from the ranks, selected from among the men who are sent out to India as privates, or exchange, as commissioned, or even non-commissioned officers, from the home into the colonial army. The greater part of the rank and file of the European soldiers who enlist in Holland for India belong to the very worst set imaginable of the natives, to whom are added in great numbers the outcasts of all nations, who can find no other means of escaping disgrace or starvation.

The Dutch student, ruined by profligacy, the German fraudulent bankrupt, the French gambler, the discharged soldiers of the foreign legions of other nations, who fought in the Crimea, who were Zouaves in Africa, in Italy, or in Mexico, stand beside each other in the ranks, and share together the hardships of the campaign. Most of these men are of a dare-devil character, excellently adapted for the field, but entirely unfit for a peaceful home, or for exercising any wholesome influence on the native Indian population. The Liberals desire a union of the home and colonial branches of the service, in order to improve both armies. At the same time, they demand that greater care shall be taken than hitherto of the northern coast defences, and that some safe ports be armed for the protection of the Dutch merchant vessels in case of war. The southern coasts offer but few convenient spots for a hostile landing. Another reform, of entirely different description, loudly cried for, not only by the Liberals, but even by the more moderate Conservatives themselves, regards the criminal laws. Whilst the mother country adopted, many years ago, the French code, the ancient criminal code, a compilation of all that is practically deficient and theoretically false in our days, is still in vigour in the colonies, and though a new one was promised long ago, so little progress has been made, that people are growing impatient on that score.

We have now terminated our sketch of the state of Colonial affairs in the Netherlands at the present date. It will be seen they centre in the policy to be followed with regard to Java; and as to the lengthy debates which must ensue ere the question is finally decided,—ending as we began with a quotation from the work that gave us occasion to write this paper,—we venture to predict that matters are now so far advanced, that his assertion will no longer hold ground, that, 'generally, an important question is tested not so much by its own intrinsic merits, as by the importance attached to the opinion of the member speaking on the subjects; and as this person mostly passes for a "*spécialité*,"—"a man who has held a high position in the colonies,"—the result of a division in the Chamber is usually influenced by the errors seemingly inherent to the "high position" of the orator.'

The systems and partisans of both the adverse parties are too clearly defined, too widely separated, for such a result; and at the present moment it seems probable that a decisive struggle for the mastery will take place within a comparatively very short period.

- ART. III.—1. *The Nature of the Atonement, and its Relation to Remission of Sins and Eternal Life.* By JOHN McLEOD CAMPBELL. Macmillan, 1856.
2. *The Vicarious Sacrifice grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation.* By HORACE BUSHNELL, D. D. A. Strahan, 1866.
3. *The Life and Light of Men: An Essay.* By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D. A. Strahan, 1866.
4. *Cur Deus Homo; or, Why God was made Man.* By ST. ANSELM. Translated by a CLERGYMAN. J. H. & J. Parker, 1865.

It is a sign of a healthy activity of mind in relation to theology, when writers of more than common ability and thoughtfulness devote themselves to the expansion or elucidation of single subjects in separate and elaborate treatises. Great and varied as are the requirements for a good commentator on Holy Scripture, the development of a particular doctrine demands a stronger concentration of thought, and more profound and continued meditation. So many and various are the relations of all great Christian truths, that it needs time and patient dwelling on them, one by one, to gain even that conception of their significance which the human mind may be reasonably expected to attain. Such persevering attention cannot perhaps be afforded by those whose duties require of them the constant composition of sermons. For although a good sermon always contains true and solid thought, still the thought has to be presented with an immediate view to its practical effect, and this is not favourable to profound inquiry, continued meditation, or close reasoning. Rather it is the province of the theologian to apply these instruments, uninterrupted by practical digressions, to his sacred subject. In proportion as his meditation is profound and true, it will be fruitful indeed in practical edification; for nothing is so immediately edifying as Divine truth. But he will leave it to work there by its own suggestive power, knowing that as his readers follow him into its depths, trace its manifold relations, and become bathed (as it were) in its living waters, so it will unfold its great proportions, and issue, of necessity, in practical effects.

Of all qualities which the theologian must possess, it need hardly be said that a devotional spirit is the chief. For the soul is larger than the mind, and the religious emotions lay hold on the truths to which they are related on many sides at once. They embrace the facts of revelation, as the ivy clings to the elm, by many tendrils and del-

icate instruments of apprehension. A powerful understanding, on the other hand, seizes strongly on single points, and however enlarged in its own intellectual sphere, is of itself never safe from narrowness of view. For its very office is to analyse and to elucidate, which implies that the thought is fixed down to particular relations of the subject. It is obvious that no mental conception, still more no expression in words, can give the full significance of any fact, least of all of a Divine fact. Hence it is that mere reasoning is found such an ineffectual weapon against simple piety, and devotion is such a safeguard against intellectual error. The less powerful but more devout mind feels that an objection may be difficult to answer, yet that its faith is not shaken, since it is conscious of touching the truth assailed at many other points besides the one attacked. Hence also the disinclination felt by the same class of persons to narrow, especially to negative dogmatic statements. They know by experience that the intellect is apt to deceive itself in expecting to exhaust the truth which it contemplates, or to condense its import into short statements. They know that the more powerful the mind, and the more eager, the greater is the danger of its binding itself in its own chain, perhaps of worshipping its own thought as the truth itself.

But if the devotional spirit is the first qualification of the theologian, there are intellectual talents which are scarcely secondary. He must possess the clearness of apprehension which can separate the essence of a truth from what is accidental to it, and must be able to contemplate with fixed attention particular parts of an idea, without forgetting that they are only parts of it. In relation to Holy Scripture, he must have the habit of dwelling on its statements by contemplation, letting them possess his mind, and become, as it were, a part of it; and at the same time, he must have the critical faculty to see how far its modes and figures of representation are intended as vehicles of inner truth, or are of the very essence of the truth itself. He must be familiar with theological language, and able to trace the history of its terms, otherwise he will be apt to confound human thought with Divine faith. He must be acquainted with the controversies which have moved the mind of Christendom, else he will not know the grounds on which the doctrines of the Church are based. He must guard, above all things, against precipitate conclusions, being ever conscious of the vastness of his subject and its infinite relations. And he must have that intellectual courage, which

is but another form of moral courage, in a thinker, the courage not to take for granted received opinions, but to sift them; and that faith in truth and in the human mind, duly prepared and sanctified, as its organ, which will make him welcome every contribution of thought and science as part of the Divine gift, the full import of which will only be known hereafter.

If these qualities are needed for the theologian generally, they are especially called into action when he deals with a central doctrine of the Christian faith, such as is the doctrine of the Atonement. The witness of Holy Scripture to this great subject may be treated under two divisions,—as it bears on the Divine relations of the Atonement, and on its human side. Under the former head it reveals to us, in a real but limited measure, the working of the mind and will of God in the redemption of man, informing us on such points as the following,—how God contemplates the sacrifice of His Son, and with what mind He regards those who believe in Him. The testimony of Holy Scripture on such points, all-important as it is, is comprised in a few great truths, which as they are derived directly from inspiration, and touch upon the Divine aspect of the mystery, so they must be received as revealed facts, to be understood only so far as the Word of God, properly interpreted, admits us to their true significance. Yet even in its witness to this Divine and most mysterious side of the doctrine, the interpretation of Holy Scripture varies, to some extent, with the conception of the nature of God formed in the mind of the interpreter. Differences in this conception are probably at the bottom of whatever variety of opinion exists on this aspect of the subject; differences which themselves probably are grounded in the various degrees of religious culture (if the word may be used in its true sense), and of depth of feeling, characterizing individual men or individual ages.

But if the varieties of human thought and feeling affect the interpretation of Holy Scripture in those passages which reveal truths concerning the Divine Being, there is still more room for this influence on that side of the doctrine of the Atonement where it is related to mankind, and touches upon human life. The Atonement, indeed, is but another name for the Gospel: it is the working of God in Christ to bring back to Him those who believe. Now, this working is almost infinitely varied, according to the mind and character of those upon whom the truth lays hold. The history of the Atonement, could it be known in full, would be the history of the salvation of every human soul

which has been brought to God in Christ. The words of the inspired apostles tell us, with a depth and power that no other words contain, how the Atonement worked on them, and supply, perhaps, types of its efficacy on mankind to the end of time. But the spiritual experience of the Church, and of individual souls, from time to time, enlarges and deepens our knowledge of the doctrine on this its human side. Particular points are brought out with a vividness or force unknown before, in the records left of their religious life by the saints of God,—Augustine, à Kempis, Luther, Brainerd. The witness of Scripture stands out in new light, when interpreted by the spiritual experience of successive ages; and the collective Church gathers the result of all, and grows from age to age in knowledge of Him with whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom.

We are not therefore of those who look with suspicion on all attempts to elucidate afresh, in some degree, the great doctrines of the Christian faith, especially that of the Atonement. Nor do we regard such attempts as hopeless, on the ground that the faith once revealed to the saints admits of no change, by increase or diminution. In one sense this is true, in another it is a mistake. The objective facts on which it reposes are the same for ever and ever; but even they, as we have intimated, are regarded from different points of view, while their subjective relations to the mind of man admit of indefinite variety. We do not complain of Augustine or Anselm for having enlarged the horizon of theological speculation, nor do we believe that its limits have been fixed by past inquirers. The movement of devotional thought surely is not chained and fettered to these conclusions; the Holy Spirit still guides the minds of Christians in the inquiries: He still takes the things of Christ and shows them to His disciples, showing them in fresh aspects and relations; and it is the part of the theologian to welcome every ray of light which is thrown upon the Divine objects which he contemplates, the full significance of which no speculation however profound, and no piety however intense, will ever be able to exhaust.

The writers whom we have named at the head of this article have devoted much care and profound thought to their great subject. In endeavouring to estimate with what success they have attempted its elucidation, it will be convenient first to give a brief account of each work, so far, at least, as to point out its characteristic features. We shall then be prepared to examine their statements by the touchstone of the Word

of God, inquiring whether they give the latter its full significance, or add anything to our previous conception of its meaning.

We begin with Mr. Campbell's work, which, in some respects, possesses the highest claims to the reader's attention, on account of the profound piety by which it is pervaded, and the depth of meditative thought which is its characteristic. It is evidently the fruit of a long contemplation of its sacred subject, and of an interest in it deeper than any merely intellectual activity could produce. Mr. Campbell has long been known in Scotland, our readers may be aware, as a friend and contemporary of Irving, though not partaking in his later peculiarities of belief. We have, in his treatise, no crude speculations, but the results of a matured, perhaps almost a lifelong, study of the doctrine which he treats with unusual intellectual grasp, as well with the light derived from a deep spiritual experience. There is, indeed, a certain cumbrousness and complexity in the style of his book, which makes it often difficult to read, but does not diminish the impression made upon the attentive reader, for it seems to proceed, not from carelessness or want of power of expression, but from the habit of following out trains of close thought, and wrapping the process in single sentences in order to preserve its connexion, rather than breaking these up into short clauses. The mind of the writer seems to labour with its thought; but it is with real thought, not the pretence of it. Every original thinker has indeed his peculiar style, nor would we readily consent to exchange Mr. Campbell's involved periods for one less expressive of his mind. There is also an appearance of repetition in his book; we say an appearance of it,—for this often arises in thoughtful writers from their habit of presenting ideas in various aspects, and viewing them, so to speak, from different sides; as, for instance, is the case with Bishop Butler. But neither this peculiarity, nor the complexity of its style, prevents Mr. Campbell's work from being, in our opinion, one of the most interesting and important treatises on theology which have been published in this generation in England.

The author naturally begins by referring to conceptions of the Atonement put forth by former writers since the Reformation, particularly by Luther and the Calvinistic school. Although he agrees with neither of these forms of doctrine as completely true or adequate expressions of what Scripture and conscience jointly reveal (for in that case his own work would be unnecessary), he acknowledges the elements of truth which they contain, and the depth of personal religion

which, in the discussion of the subject, has been evinced by some in every class of writers.

'Two rays of Divine light,' especially, 'have been shed on the spirits of all who have believed in the Atonement, in whichever of the forms of thought which we have been considering, or in whatever kindred form of thought it has been present to their minds,—viz., 1st, the exceeding evil and terrible nature of sin; 2d, the pure and free nature, as well as the infinite greatness of the love of God. I mean that the human spirit that saw the Atonement in relation to itself, has, of necessity, been filled with an awful sense of the evil of sin, and with an overwhelming sense of the love of God.'

He also fully admits that an admixture of error in men's intellectual conceptions of Divine truth is often counteracted, both by the light of God in the conscience and by a reverent reception of Holy Scripture, which is so varied in its mode of teaching, that a misconception or perversion of this teaching on some points is frequently neutralized by a due acceptance of it upon others; as we see antinomian systems combined with tenderness of conscience, and the belief that Christ died only for the elect practically contradicted by the love to all men. Yet he does not on this account set a light value on a complete intellectual apprehension of the Atonement, but rather believes that if it has such power over men's spirits when partially understood, still greater blessings may be expected when the great work of God in Christ is apprehended, not in any artificial relation to justification, adoption and sanctification, but in the fulness and the simplicity of revelation.

Mr. Campbell's sympathies are evidently drawn out more towards Luther's conception of the Atonement than towards that of the Calvinistic school, whether represented by Owen and President Edwards in the earlier form, or modified by Dr. Pye Smith, Chalmers, and other contemporary writers. But even in the teaching of Luther, it is the depth and strength of his spiritual convictions by which Mr. Campbell is attracted more than by his exact verbal statements, which are sometimes exaggerated. The 'root-conception,' in the great reformer's mind, from which his teaching on the Atonement grows both in its retrospective and its prospective aspects (that is, as regards the deliverance from past evil and the positive blessings which it confers), is the complete indentification of Christ with man. To express this he selects the strongest words: 'refusing to understand "*was made sin for us*," in 2 Cor. v. 21, as meaning a sac-

rifice for sin (while he admits that the word used will bear that meaning), choosing rather to insist that He was made sin for us in some more absolute way of identifying Himself with us and our sin.' Mr. Campbell quotes, among others, the following words of Luther: 'Because in the self-same person, *which is the highest, the greatest, and the only sinner*, there is also an everlasting and invincible righteousness; therefore these two do encounter together,—*the highest, the greatest, and the only sin, and the highest, the greatest, and the only righteousness*. . . . So in Christ all sin is vanquished, killed, and buried, and righteousness remaineth a conqueror, and reigneth for ever.' Again: 'When a sinner cometh to the knowledge of himself, indeed, he feeleth not only that he is miserable, but misery itself; not only that he is a sinner and accursed, but even sin and malediction itself. For it is a terrible thing to bear sin, the wrath of God, malediction, and death. *Wherefore, that man which hath a true feeling of these things as Christ did truly and effectually feel them for all mankind, is made even sin, death, malediction.*'

In virtue also of this identification of Christ with man, we are to look upon as our own that freedom, righteousness, and life which were in Him, to conceive of ourselves as endowed with them, and to live in and by them. We do this by faith, by which we are lifted into Christ, and made one with Him, both in our own conscience and in God's Judgment of us; that is, sanctified and justified. But the faith being in us but a germ, a feeble dawn of perfect righteousness, God 'imputes to us' that of which it is the germ: 'God covereth and pardoneth the remnant of sin' in us; 'that is to say, *because of that faith wherewith I began to lay hold upon Christ, He accepteth my imperfect righteousness even for perfect righteousness, and counteth my sin for no sin, which, notwithstanding, is sin indeed.*'

Another feature in Luther's doctrine (and one with which Mr. Campbell has complete sympathy) is the personal appropriation by which each Christian is taught to lay hold of this righteousness as *his own*. In this consists the power and difficulty of faith, that when we read the words 'who gave Himself for our sins,' we especially mark this pronoun *our*. 'Learn this definition diligently, and especially to exercise this pronoun *our*, that this one syllable being believed may swallow up all thy sins.'

When we add to this, that in the work of Christ, Luther sees God appearing as He is in Himself, and that here only do we really know God in His true nature and character, we have mentioned the main points in the

reformer's doctrine which Mr. Campbell's purpose leads him to remark: 'In the matter of justification,' Luther teaches in the strongest language, 'know thou that there is no other God besides this man Christ Jesus.' 'When any of us wrestle with sin and death, and all other evils, we must look on no other God but this God incarnate, and clothed with men's nature. . . . Thus doing, thou shalt perceive the love, goodness, and sweetness of God; thou shalt see His wisdom, power, and majesty, tempered to thy capacity.' 'Men ought to abstain from the curious searching of God's majesty, . . . for true Christian divinity setteth not God forth unto us in His majesty, as these and other doctors do. It commandeth us not to search out the nature of God; but to know His will set out to us in Christ. . . . The world is ignorant of this, and therefore it searcheth out the will of God, setting aside the promise of Christ, to its great destruction:—*"For no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him."*

That many of these elements of Luther's doctrine enter into that of our author will be manifest immediately, when we state the substance of the latter. Meantime, it need only be observed, that even Luther does not seem to him to offer much help towards a clear intellectual apprehension of his particular subject, the nature of the Atonement. Nay, whatever spiritual truth they had in his own mind, 'interpreted according to their plain grammatical meaning, the words by which he expresses Christ's relation to our sins *cannot be true*,' and 'the use of them is not to be defended.' Christ bore our sins on His spirit in some other way, not as being really the object of God's malediction and wrath.

The language of the Calvinistic writers is at first sight still more opposed to what Mr. Campbell holds to be true on this point. The older Calvinists held that Christ underwent the same punishment which the elect were bound to undergo, the same (that is) 'essentially in weight and pressure, though not in all accidents of duration and the like.' Therefore it would be unjust that the elect should suffer punishment again, and unjust that they should not inherit the eternal blessedness which Christ merited for them. But it is not a little remarkable that when these same writers endeavour to describe more particularly in what the sufferings of Christ consisted, they explain away the essence of their peculiar doctrine. President Edwards is careful to state that Christ throughout His sufferings 'knew that God was not angry with Him, knew that God did not hate Him, but infinitely loved Him,'

while yet he speaks of 'revenging justice spending all its force upon Him.' His sufferings arose 'from a clear view of the hatefulness of sin, and the evil of punishment, brought close to His soul by His love, which fixed the idea of the elect in His mind, as if He *had really been they*; and *fixed their calamity in His mind, as though it really were His*.' Now this refers the suffering of Christ, and His identification with man (or, according to the Calvinistic school, with the elect), to the power of His intense and infinite sympathy, and, as Mr. Campbell remarks, it is indeed a great relief to find this great and good man so explaining his words. A similar view is expressed by Dr. Pye Smith, who teaches that Christ's sufferings arose 'from holiness and love realizing the evil of sin, and intensely interested in those who were its victims.' In short, on weighing fully all that either school of Calvinists has taught on this subject, it appears when they explain themselves particularly they do not assume anything either in the consciousness of Christ in suffering, or as to the mind of the Father towards Him, which at all accords with the idea of guilt imputed to Him, or wrath going forth upon Him, or even with the newer idea of His being treated as if He were guilty. The sacrificial atoning suffering which He underwent, Mr. Campbell does not admit, when thus closely explained, to have had in it a *penal character*.

But we hasten to give an account of the author's own explanation of what it was in which the Atonement of Christ consisted. He prepares his way for this explanation by referring to two passages of Scripture, both of which lead our thoughts to dwell on the moral and spiritual element in the Atonement as of chief importance. The first contains the expressions used of Phineas (in Numbers xxv. 10-13), who turned away the wrath of God 'from the children of Israel' by his zeal. 'Wherefore say, Behold, I give unto him my covenant of peace: and he shall have it, and his seed after him, even the covenant of an everlasting priesthood; because he was zealous for his God, and made an atonement for the children of Israel.' Hence the essence of the atonement which Phineas made was his condemnation of sin, and zeal for the glory of God. The other passage, on which Mr. Campbell lays greater stress, and which is more closely related to his subject, is the words of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (ch. x. 4-10) where, after saying 'For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins,' he adds, 'Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in

burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure: then said I, *Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God.*' These last words Mr. Campbell takes as the great keynote to the subject of the Atonement. This was the essence of the work of Christ. The fulfilment of this purpose, the relation in which Christ was thus placed to God and men, to men's sins and their punishment,—how, in fulfilling it, He was an atoning and accepted sacrifice, and obtained for us everlasting redemption,—he then proceeds to consider. In this inquiry he treats the Atonement under the two heads above mentioned, in its retrospective aspect, as delivering men from sin and its evil, and its prospective aspect, as conferring on them eternal life. Its nature cannot be understood until both these aspects of it have been dwelt on, but in discussing the first, the retrospective one, he deals with that part of the subject which presents, to many minds, the chief difficulty, namely, in what sense Christ bore our sins upon Him. We shall endeavour to condense the author's profound reasoning, and to present his system in our own words, at the risk of losing some points of view on which he places it, so long as we can state its main and salient features.

Coming into the world to do the Father's will, Christ presented the Father to mankind by His own life of filial love. For this perfect life of Sonship gave glory to the Father, called men to trust Him as Christ trusted Him, to be dear sons as He was a dear Son. Doubtless a joy and peace deeper than sorrow were part of His human experience in thus witnessing for His Father, and these were occasionally manifested, and were promised as His legacy to His disciples. But it also caused Him to be above all others a man of sorrows, not only from the constant pressure of our sin and misery on His spirit, but also from the treatment which, in consequence of His thus witnessing for the Father, He met with from men, who threw back His love upon Him, repaid Him with hatred and dishonour. These sufferings were truly a sacrifice, and the painful path by which Christ was led, developing as it did the fullness of His self-sacrificing love to men and love to the Father, was permitted and ordered by the Father; but there was nothing *penal* in these sufferings, since they were endured in sympathy with God.

Coming still more closely to the point on which the difficulty is felt, consider next how Christ dealt with God on man's behalf. Here, if anywhere, is the place for the outcoming of wrath upon the Mediator, and for penal infliction. But the latter notion is

neither necessary nor consistent with Christ's nature and work. Being one in mind with the Father, and feeling towards Him as a perfect son, He could not but feel a holy sorrow for the sins of men towards His Father, a sorrow proportioned in its intensity to His own Divine purity and His knowledge of the Father's love for men, and proportioned also to the exceeding greatness of men's sins. Approaching the Father in the perfection of humanity, and in oneness of mind with Him, Christ could not but make a perfect confession of our sins, as the first step in His intercession for us. *'This confession was a perfect Amen in humanity to the judgment of God on the sin of man.'* Responding thus, and assenting to the Divine wrath against sin, Christ received the full apprehension and realization of that wrath, as well as of the sin against which it comes forth, into His soul and spirit, *and in that perfect response He absorbed it.* He presented to God a contrition and repentance in humanity, not, indeed, for any personal sin of His own, but for that of mankind, a repentance adequate to the greatness of human sin. This adequate repentance was a moral and spiritual expiation for human sin.

At this point Mr. Campell refers again to President Edwards as bearing out the truth of his explanation; for this writer had said that there were only two ways in which atonement could be made for sins, either by the Mediator enduring an equivalent punishment, or offering an equivalent repentance for them. Not seeing how the latter could be the case (while yet he would have admitted that it would have been sufficient if it could have been rendered), he adopted the former alternative, that Christ suffered a punishment equivalent to that due to men's sin. Mr. Campbell's view teaches us to look on Christ's sufferings not as penal, nor as the effect of sin imputed to Him, but as showing the grief of God on account of man's sin. And thus they awaken in the mind a higher spiritual feeling, since to believe that God grieves infinitely for sin is not so soon received into the heart, yet has more power to work holiness in us, than to believe that He punishes sin. Nor is any violence put upon the language of Scripture when it speaks of Christ 'making His soul an offering for sin,' 'putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself,' 'by Himself purging our sins,' by this explanation, while it represents His sufferings as in a true sense vicarious, expiatory, an atonement—'an atonement for sin, as distinguished from the punishment of sin.' The great advantage of it is that it implies no 'fiction,' no imputation to the sufferer of the guilt of the sin for which he suf-

fers, but only the oneness of the Saviour with His brethren, and the oneness of His mind with the Father.

We remarked that for the full understanding of Christ's atonement, as thus explained, we must bear in mind not only its retrospective purpose as delivering us from the evil of our sins, but also its prospective object, 'that we might receive the adoption of sons,' and be made partakers of eternal life. Christ offered, indeed, to God an adequate confession, and, in this, an expiation for the sins of men, and God accepted it on our behalf. But in order that this may avail for us individually, we must in our measure enter into the mind of Christ, in making the confession, 'enter into the Amen of faith to the voice that is in the blood of Christ.' More than this, we must enter, in our measure, into the faith and hope (for ourselves) which Christ had for mankind, and which sustained Him in His sufferings, the faith (namely) and hope that we have in Him eternal life, not in the future but now, that we are restored to sonship with the Father of spirits, and are called to partake in the filial righteousness which was in Him, yielding our will to be guided by the law of the spirit of life that was in Christ, the life of sonship. The test whether we have part in the Atonement, as saving to ourselves, is not whether we think of it as setting us free from punishment, but whether it brings us into communion with the Father through the Son, although the first dawning of holiness, truth, and righteousness in us must be as confessions of sin. As God accepted in our behalf the expiatory confession of sin which Christ made for us, so He accepts in our behalf the righteousness of Christ, as that mind in humanity with which alone he is pleased, and in which we must partake. Thus Christ's righteousness becomes ours, and His intercession is effectual in its twofold aspect.

Nor must it be supposed that in thus dwelling upon the Fatherhood of God more than upon His character as Lawgiver, there is danger of losing sight of His holiness, or introducing into our ideas of Him any notion of 'casiness' in respect of what He must require. Rightly thought of, the love of the Father of spirits is seen to be more exacting than the will of an Infinite Ruler. For the latter may be conceived to bend and make allowances, but the former cannot be satisfied, from its very nature, and in proportion to its greatness, without lifting His children into communion with Him; nor is it possible that He can receive us unless we come to Him in the fellowship of that expiation which Christ made, that is, of His

confession. We extract here a passage from Mr. Campbell's work expressing this last thought :—

"No man cometh unto the Father, but by me"—these words raise us up to a region in which there is, there can be, nothing arbitrary. A sovereign lord and moral governor, appointing laws and enforcing them by the administration of a system of rewards and punishments, may be contemplated as severe and uncompromising in the exercise of his righteous rule,—but he also may be thought of as merciful and considerate of individual cases; and the outward and arbitrary nature of the rewards and punishments which he is believed to dispense makes his awarding the former on easier terms, and withholding or mitigating the latter according to circumstances,—and, it may be, under the influence of mercy,—what can be supposed, and what, in thinking of God as such a Governor and Lord, and of ourselves as the subjects of His rule, we can turn to the thought of with a vague hope. And such a Governor and Lord God is in the ordinary thoughts of men, and such a vague hope towards God is the ordinary hope of men. And on such a conception of their relation to God have men ignorantly engrafted the gospel—conceiving of it as giving a special and definite form to the indefinite combination of judgment and mercy, which has sustained that vague hope of salvation which they had cherished. But the gospel, truly apprehended, raises us into another and a higher region—a region, indeed, in which Divine mercy, or clemency, as previously conceived of, is felt to have been but as the dimmest twilight of kindness and goodwill towards men, in comparison of the noonday light of the love of the Father of spirits to His offspring,—a region also in which no arbitrary dealing with us can find a place. In the light that shines in that region it is clear to us that the relation between the blessedness that is seen there, and the rightness that is recognised there, is fixed and immutable. So that the liberty, which, in the lower region, we ascribed to mercy, is here found not to belong to love; nor the discretion which we ventured to attribute to the righteous Governor, found to pertain to the loving Father; but, on the contrary, the law of the Father—the principle on which happiness is dispensed by Him to His offspring, as His offspring—is found to be fixed and altogether unbending, incapable of accommodation in a way of pity, or indulgence, or consideration of circumstances. "No man cometh unto the Father but by the Son." All modification of the law is impossible; for Sonship and Fatherhood are mutually related in an eternal relation. The Father, as the Father, can only receive his offspring to himself as coming to Him in the spirit of sonship; neither otherwise than as coming in the spirit of Sonship can they in spirit and in truth draw near to Him."

In what has been hitherto said we believe that the main elements of Mr. Campbell's

doctrine are contained; in the latter half, of his work these are drawn out in important particulars and illustrated by new and weighty thoughts, but it will not be necessary for our immediate purpose to enlarge upon these so fully as we have done upon the root-ideas of his teaching. It must be remarked, however, that any condensation of his treatise, even though presented as nearly as possible in the author's own words, can only give a very imperfect conception of its peculiar character. Not but that the style is susceptible of improvement, at least, certainly, of increased clearness; but it gives, even in its occasional obscurity, an impression of piety, devout meditation, and profound spiritual experience more strongly than any modern theological treatise which we remember. In order to appreciate this, the reader must be referred to the work itself, as well as for an adequate apprehension of the high standard of Christian life (perhaps we should rather say the high idea of the Divine gift bestowed in Christ) which it everywhere expresses, and the spiritual affections which it both appeals to and awakens. If any words of ours could persuade the reader to give his attention to this writer himself, we should feel satisfied to have done more than we can hope to do by any remarks or criticism of our own.

The high idea of redemption to which we have alluded, and the elevated point at which the author would fix the religious emotions and aspirations, are manifested nowhere more than in a chapter in which he treats, at large, of the nature and character of salvation, and of justification. That redemption consists not in being put at ease as regards the punishment of past sins, but in being brought, in the mind of sons, into communion with the Father; that this is the meaning of those passages of Scripture which speak of reconciliation with God, of Christ being our propitiation, our peace, in whose blood we are cleansed; that the moral and spiritual effect of the Atonement, as a means of imparting the life of sonship, includes all that we really need for peace of conscience, and in our apprehension of it ought to take precedence (both in time and in value) of its legal effect, as obtaining pardon; that, indeed, whatever the import of Christ's work, it must necessarily have left undissolved the connexion between sin and suffering, since the righteousness of that connexion remains unchanged;—these are some of the positions which are maintained in this chapter. We shall refer hereafter to the witness of Scripture upon this subject, but we must be satisfied now with remarking that Mr. Campbell does not seem to

give that prominence to the blessing of forgiveness, as part of redemption, which it has both in God's Word and in the needs of conscience. This is not, however, from not knowing, or from forgetting, what these needs are, since the author is fully aware of the states of feeling, and the mental conceptions of redemption answering to them, which yet he considers inadequate to the truth. It seems to him that there is something artificial in the theory that the awakened sinner cannot come straight to God, drawn by the revelation of the Father's heart which the Son has made, without thinking of himself as clothed by imputation in a perfect righteousness. And there is certainly force in his argument, as regards justification, that righteousness is demanded in us by God in no other sense than holiness, and therefore no 'question need be introduced to give a character of perfection to our individual righteousness before God, which has no place in relation to our part in the other elements of the perfection that is in Christ.' With respect indeed to all these, 'the demand for legal perfection is altogether foreign to that with which we are occupied.' What God looks for, and cannot but accept, is the faith in Him as revealed by His Son, which includes at once contrition for sin, and confidence in His Fatherliness. Nor, even though we may not agree with the author in the prominence due to the various elements which meet in our apprehension of redemption, do we see that any objection can be rightly made to such statements of atonement and justification as the following:—

'Justifying faith, in trusting God, does so in response to that mind of God in relation to man, which is revealed to us in our being (by the grace of God) *embraced in Christ's expiatory confession of our sins*, when by the grace of God He tasted death for every man, and embraced in that perfect righteousness of sonship in humanity which Christ presented to the Father *in behalf of all humanity* as the true righteousness of man, and which, in raising Him from the dead, the Father has sealed to us the true righteousness. This gracious mind of God, in relation to us, it is that our faith accepts and responds to; for our faith is, in truth, the Amen of our individual spirits to that deep, multifarious, all-embracing harmonious Amen of humanity, in the person of the Son of God, to the mind and heart of the Father in relation to man—the Divine wrath and the Divine mercy which is in the Atonement. . . . And this *justification is not only pronounced in the mind of God, who accepts the confidence towards Himself, which the faith of His grace in Christ has quickened in us, imputing it to us as righteousness*, but is also testified to by the Spirit of truth in the

conscience of him in whom this Amen is a living voice.'

We draw attention to the words which we have italicized, that the reader may remark that Mr. Campbell's view of justification through Christ admits, after all, of being presented in what we suppose to be a not uncommon form, if we leave out of consideration, for the present, his teaching as to the *penal* elements in the Atonement. For, prepared as we are to find in so devout and gifted a writer some modification of the views which Christians have generally held on this great subject; prepared to learn from him, especially, deeper and more quickening apprehensions of the Fatherliness of God, and the Divine life to which we are called; prepared also to vary, as intimated before, the prominence given in our minds to the different elements in the Atonement, if Scripture and the truth of the case so require; it would still be startling to find that we were called upon to suppose that the Churches had been essentially in error on so cardinal a point as the ground of our acceptance with God in Christ. Therefore we have pleasure in quoting the following passage also, with which the author concludes a chapter on the Atonement considered as prayer, which however (though it contains much that is profound both on prayer generally, and in this relation) does not add anything, that we need notice, to the general argument:—

'We may indeed go further back; we may contemplate the mere capacity of redemption that was in humanity as a cry, a mute cry, but which still entered into the ear and heart of God; we may contemplate the gift of Christ as the Divine answer to this cry; but it is not the less true that when Christ, under our burden and working out our own redemption, confesses before the Father the sin of men, and presents to the Father His own righteousness as the Divine righteousness for men, and the Father in response grants to men remission of sins and eternal life, *that confession which humanity could not have originated, but which the Son of God has made in it and for it, and that righteousness which humanity could not itself present, but which the Son of God has presented in it and for it, are the grounds on which God really puts His own acting in the history of redemption.*'

Nor is this gratifying conviction, that in its essential features Mr. Campbell's doctrine is not opposed to the common belief of Christians, weakened, but rather it is much strengthened, when he proceeds to examine, more clearly and particularly, the import of the sufferings and death of Christ in relation to the Atonement. Although he consistently declines to say that Christ endured them as

the penalty of sin, or as Himself our substitute,—not as a substitute, otherwise He alone would have died; nor as a punishment, since the favour of God rested on Him throughout,—his account does not, to our view, deprive them of any portion of their significance, or put them into the background in our thoughts, but rather enhances and brings out their meaning. But, as regards the sufferings which He bore during His life, he remarks that there are three periods in the latter, mentioned in the Gospels; the first, of which we have nothing recorded,—the term before His ministry, when He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man; the second, the larger part of His ministry, during which, although exposed to the machinations of His enemies, He was still so high in favour with the people generally, that the hatred felt against Him could find no opportunity to wreak itself; the third, and much the briefest portion of His life on earth, 'its darkest portion, to be measured by days, or rather by hours,' when this enmity, being fully developed, found vent in His last sufferings and death. Through all these periods, the Divine life that was in Christ continued to be developed, and with this the elements of the Atonement. For although the Sonship in Him was always perfect Sonship, yet it was manifested in His own consciousness, as well as in the Father's sight and in real fact, through the successive steps of the path by which He was led by the Father, making the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering. This revelation of the Father which He made during His life, and this brotherly love which was but another aspect of the same life, He completed in His last suffering and death. These are not to be separated from His life as a different kind, but as a more perfect development and manifestation of that faith which was the expression of His Sonship.

Enough perhaps has been said to give the reader some idea of Mr. Campbell's teaching. Indeed, when we find him admitting that the death of Christ, though not a punishment on Himself personally, was yet accepted consciously by Him as the righteous sentence of God against human sin, as thus perfecting the expiatory confession of our sin which He made, the shade of thought which separates this doctrine from that of penal atonement seems to resolve itself into difference as to the *mind of the Father* in contemplating Christ's sufferings. And yet no school of theology, as we have seen, not even the most typical Calvinistic writers, as Edwards, will assert that God was angry with Christ personally, but rather that 'He knew that God did not hate Him, but infinitely loved

Him.' We are grateful to Mr. Campbell for clearing up this point, and for showing that the elements of the Atonement are seen to be present, in a spiritual way indeed, but not less truly, and with a deeper moral significance, without that conception of 'substitution' and 'transferred punishment' to which he objects.

No one can doubt that the removal of anything artificial or unreal from our conceptions of Divine truth, especially of those parts of it which relate to God's dealings with our souls, and our own consequent attitude towards Him in the most vital interests of our spiritual life, must be of great benefit. It is not only that objections felt against artificial statements of doctrine, and so against Christianity generally, are thus obviated, but it is of immense importance that no unnecessary veil shall be drawn between the soul and its heavenly Father, but that its access to Him shall be as direct and untrammelled by intellectual embarrassment as revelation has made it. And surely, when we remember how little capable of intellectual activity the vast majority of men are, and always have been, for whom yet the salvation of the gospel has been provided, we cannot but feel a strong conviction that any subtlety or complexity of idea which is a hindrance even to the educated, must and can have no place at all in those great truths, the reception of which into the heart and mind may almost be said to constitute salvation. Nor, whatever is the danger of self-deceit in mistaking intellectual conviction for a quickening of spiritual life, will any thoughtful Christian undervalue that increase of light, and with light of strength, which is from time to time poured into the soul through the understanding, when a truth of God, often perhaps heard before, and partially apprehended, is presented in a clearer, fuller, deeper way, and lays hold upon the mind with a grasp which seems to lift it toward heaven, so much of supporting power and of help there is in this augmented light. That is the high office of great teachers of theology, who by study, or by spiritual experience, or by high gifts of intellect, or by all combined, have been led more deeply than others into the mysteries of Faith. As the poets quicken our apprehension of the beauty and the truth of Nature through the communion which they hold with her in virtue of their inward gift so it is given to theologians to shed the light which they have received on the expression of Revealed Truth, which henceforth shines to the eyes of common men with increased clearness, and more than its former glory; for the highest work of the theologian must be, after

all, to help us in attaining a *more adequate* apprehension of truth revealed in Scripture and in conscience, and to clear away the illusions with which human prejudice or false science have surrounded it.

The superiority which Mr. Campbell feels that his doctrine on the Atonement has over that of 'penal suffering' and 'substitution,' lies in several points, some of which may have been suggested to the reader even in the foregoing abstract. It exhibits the central truth of Christianity not as darkness, but as light; it enables us to conceive of the elements present in our Lord's sufferings as not in their nature transcending all possible experience in humanity, but within the reach of that experience; it gives a unity and simplicity to the whole range of sacred facts which it contemplates, such as naturally belong to a life led in conformity to the purpose, 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God,'—a purpose in the development of which suffering and sorrow take their place as necessary elements in the Son's glorifying the Father while bearing the burden of our sins; whereas the doctrine, that at a certain point He passed out of the Father's favour into His wrath, or was always the object of His wrath, even while His favour rested on Him, seems to destroy this natural harmony. But especially (and this brings us close to the central idea of his treatise) it throws a strong light, in the author's view, on the union of Christians with the Redeemer, by which the elements of the Atonement are reproduced in them; for they being the branches of Him the Vine, and the life which was in Him being derived to them, they become, in their measure, in actual consciousness 'crucified with Him,' while they enter into the confession of sin which He made for them, and lay hold on that Fatherliness in God on which He laid hold. As we understand Mr. Campbell, it is not that the righteousness of Christ, as something external to us, is imputed to us, our sins imputed to Him, but that we have the real elements of that righteousness which in Him so pleased the Father (namely of Sonship) actually implanted in us by faith, and *thus* through Him have access to the Father. 'As it is no depreciation of the life seen in the plant, while yet a single stem, to say that that same life is the contemplated life of its future branches, so neither is it a depreciation of the Atonement to say, that that eternal life which glorified God, and wrought redemption for many in the personal work of Christ on earth, is the same that is to be seen bearing fruit to the glory of God in us in our participation in redemption. Such conceptions neither depreciate the Atonement nor affect the

absoluteness of our dependence on Christ; on the contrary, the relation of the branch to the vine alone represents that dependence adequately.' Yet, 'failing this dependence in its true sense, we easily receive the statement, that pardon of past sin, and prospective blessings, are all *given to us for Christ's sake*, and because of the perfect atonement which Christ has made, and God's delight in Him; and this, *if we are in the light of God in the matter, we cannot do too readily or too confidently.*'

Lastly, it is a commendation of the author's view that it brings us straight into the Father's presence, not representing the Atonement as something that moved Him to have mercy on us, but teaching us to have faith in that Fatherliness which moved Him to give us the Atonement. Mr. Campbell is not afraid to say that as men have perverted creation, and instead of using it as a glass through which to see God, have turned it into a veil to hide God, so the greater work of the Atonement has been the subject of a similar perversion, which has hid God's Fatherhood from the eyes of men and taught that we must first have a legal standing as justified persons, through the imputation to us of Christ's merits, before we can appeal to that Fatherliness in God which speaks to us in the words, 'My son was dead, and is alive again.' 'For, indeed, our right confidence in the Father is direct, and is confidence in His Fatherly heart towards us, as also our confidence in the Son is direct—viz., a confidence in Him as *our proper life.*'

It is, according to the author, in the truth revealed in the last three words that the mystery of the Atonement (that is, its hidden nature as transcending human reason and experience) consists; not in the elements present to the mind of Christ, as man, in His atoning work. These elements he teaches not to be beyond human experience or inconceivable to it, but as actually reproduced, in a lower measure, in the mind of Christ's true followers. But 'the nature of the relation of the Son of Man to humanity, whether we contemplate His own personal work in making His soul an offering for sin, making an end of sin, and bringing in everlasting righteousness, or His work in men as putting forth the power in them which is implied in His being their life; this belongs to the acting of God as God, and to the divinity of the Son of God, in an aspect of the subject which all experience of our thinking of our relation to God prepares us not to be able to understand.' Now, in transferring the point in which the mystery of the subject lies, supposing that

he is right in so doing, the author is conferring no trifling service on those who accept his teaching. For as it is presumptuous, he truly remarks, to attempt by reason to overleap the bounds of reason, so to introduce perplexity where there need be none, or assume that to be incomprehensible which God has put before us to understand, is also wrong. We may add, that one of the most difficult duties for the theologian, and that which requires perhaps most patience of thought, is to determine the point at which reason must consent to submit: so inveterate is the tendency under which we all unavoidably lie, to mistake our own ignorance or perplexity for darkness inherent in the subject of our thought. The theologian who corrects this tendency in the instance of any single doctrine, is a benefactor both to simple believers and to the learned. We do not at present express any opinion whether Mr. Campbell is right in thus transferring the 'mystery' of the Atonement from itself, to the divinity of Christ and His relation to mankind, or whether the former may not (in spite of his explanation) still retain some incomprehensible features derived from the latter; but we feel sure that he has adduced a number of profound thoughts, stirring and elevating to a degree only to be appreciated by a study of his work, and throwing, if not a complete light on its subject, or one that embraces the whole witness of Scripture, yet enough to make his book most suggestive, both to the theologian and to every Christian.

Before endeavouring, however, to estimate more exactly the value of his conclusions, we proceed to remark upon some other treatises upon the Atonement which have come under our notice. Foremost among these in importance, from its systematic treatment of the subject, and the amount and depth of thought which it contains, is the work of Dr. Bushnell, entitled *The Vicarious Sacrifice grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation*. The author published a shorter essay upon the same topic sixteen years ago, so that the present work contains his matured thoughts upon it. In the extent of its scope and in clearness of style it surpasses Mr. Campbell's treatise, and though it would be difficult to equal the latter in its peculiar solemnity and depth of feeling, Dr. Bushnell's volume abounds in passages of great beauty and of fervid and condensed eloquence. In his introduction he follows Neander in refusing to class Anselm with those who have taught the doctrine of expiation by transfer of punishment.* The main position in Anselm's theory is, in the words of Dr. Bushnell,

'that the immense value of Christ's death, or the satisfaction made to God's honour, consists in the lustre of His righteousness, showing all created minds what homage even the uncreated Son bears to the sovereign law-principle violated by transgression.' Anselm does not, however, consistently keep to this idea, although 'his theory shocks no moral sentiment, and violates no principle of natural reason,' whatever we may think of it as a true and sufficient account of the matter. The *Cur Deus Homo*, which was 'the first deliberately attempted exposition of the work of Christ, was incomparably better than almost any of the revisions or enlarged expositions of it since given.'

A few words on this interesting treatise of Anselm, well known as it is, may not be out of place here, although we are in the main satisfied with Dr. Bushnell's interpretation of his meaning. Anselm is emphatic in making the death of Christ, in which His atonement consisted, not a direct result or instance of obedience (since the latter is *due* to God from all creatures, and was due from the Son as man), but as indirectly following upon it. 'God did not compel Christ, in whom was no sin, to die; but He himself of his own will underwent death, not from obedience requiring Him to forsake life, but because obedience required Him to keep righteousness, in which He so constantly persevered that by it He incurred death.' The significance of His death lay in that death is the most complete way in which man can give himself to God for his honour, and the divinity of the person of Christ made this gift of infinite value; and in recompense for this voluntary gift, the Father grants to the Son for mankind the forgiveness of their sins and the grace of eternal life. The death of Christ is represented, not as a punishment, nor as the transfer of a punishment, but as in itself a gift 'for the honour of God;' but Anselm has not with sufficient fullness explained how it was for God's honour, although in the following passage he gives a clue to the answer:—

'Do you not see that when He bore with calm patience the injuries and insults, and the death of the cross with the thieves, brought on Him, *on account of His righteousness*, which He obediently kept, He gave an example to men that they should swerve from the righteousness which they owe to God for no inconveniences that they may experience; and this He would by no means have given, if (as He could have done) He had refused death brought on Him for such a cause?'

* This is no doubt true, yet Anselm's theory of satisfaction may have led, as Mr. Garden thinks (*Tracts for Priests and People*), to the notion of transfer.

It seems to us that the distinction above mentioned, between death as an instance of direct obedience, and as following indirectly upon 'keeping righteousness,' is unnecessary. A soldier is not commanded to die, but he dies in obeying his general's command; in that case surely his death is a direct sign, and instance, of obedience. In order to avoid assuming that God directly enjoined the death of Christ, or in order to enhance the value of the latter as 'not being required as part of obedience, Anselm introduces a distinction which mars the simplicity of his doctrine, and Dr. Bushnell ascribes to the latter more than its due clearness, when he speaks of it as 'teaching that it was the obedience proved by Christ's death which gave the required honour to God's name. Acute, and often profound, as are the remarks of the pious Archbishop, there is also something mechanical in his mode of treating his subject; a defect which became exaggerated in later writers adopting his theory and phraseology. It was a merit, indeed, in him to explode the strange ideas current, though not universal, in the Church-teachers since the time of Irenæus and Origen, that the 'debt' due from man was to be paid to the devil, whose right would have been infringed if man had been saved from his grasp without compensation. And it was another merit that Anselm, as said above, kept clear of the doctrine of 'transferred punishment,' a doctrine the germs of which appear in Athanasius.*

Returning, however, to Dr. Bushnell, we find him in agreement with Mr. Campbell in denying the last-mentioned theory, and also in representing the main issue and object of the Atonement as the restoration of men to the life of righteousness. Although he calls his work a treatise on the vicarious sacrifice, he expressly states that he does not employ these terms in the sense which has become usual, namely, as implying 'penal suffering transferred;' but in a somewhat more general signification, namely, that Christ 'engages, at the expense of great suffering, and even of death itself, to bring us out of our sins themselves, and so out of their penalties; being Himself profoundly identified with us in our fallen state, and burdened in feeling with our evils. Vicar-

ious sacrifice, thus interpreted, is no inapplicable or isolated act, but the natural and usual effect of love, which identifies itself with the miserable, 'so as to suffer their adversities and pains, and take on itself the burden of their evils.' In the case of God himself, vicarious sacrifice was no exceptional act when Christ became incarnate; but His divine Son had from the beginning entered into the miseries of man, as the language of the Old Testament shows, which speaks of Him as 'afflicted with their affliction,' 'grieved for them,' protesting that 'He is filled with repentings,' apostrophizing them, as it were, in a feeling quite broken: 'Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would keep my commandments!' 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel?' 'It is as if there were a cross unseen, standing on its undiscovered hill, far back in the ages, out of which were sounding always just the same deep voice of suffering love and patience, that was heard by mortal ears, from the sacred hill of Calvary.' Much stress is laid also by Dr. Bushnell on this idea,—that love, as a vicarious principle, belongs as much to the Father and the Holy Spirit as to the Son. He regards the incarnate life and sufferings of Christ as the expression in time of the eternal love of God, His eternal patience, long-suffering, and sacrifice, not shrinking from the thought that the very perfection of God involves pain felt by sympathy for His creatures. Thus also we lose much, according to his doctrine, by not conceiving of the Holy Spirit as carrying on the vicarious sacrifice of Christ.

'The Holy Spirit works in a ministry of love precisely as Jesus did, and the love is just the same kind of love, burdened for men, burdened for enemies, heaving in silent agonies of passion to recover and save; fulfilling in every particular the Christly terms of sacrifice. . . . It requires, every one may easily perceive, quite as much suffering, patience and affliction of feeling, or even of what is called passion, to carry on the work of the Spirit, as it did to fulfil the ministry and bear the cross of Jesus. In the first place, the work of the Spirit covers the whole ground of human life, broad as the world is, and continues through all the untold generations of time. And in this wide-world operation He is enduring, not Pilate and the soldiers and a few Jewish priests, but the contradiction of all sinners that live. He is betrayed by more than Judas, denied by more than Peter; struggling on, from age to age, with all the falsities, and treasons, and corruptions, all the unspeakable disgusts of all bosom perversity; acting and suffering, not before them indeed as Christ did, but as it were in perpetual contact with them.'

This idea gives, as he remarks, a more vivid

* St. Athanasius teaches that Christ died for (*ἀντὶ*) all, in order to make all men free from liability (*ἀνυπευθύνους*) for transgression. 'For there was need of death, and it was right (*ἐθελε*) that death should take place for all, in order that the debt of all might be paid.—*De Incarn.* It is, however, remarkable, that Athanasius gives much greater prominence to the ideas of 'restoration,' 're-creation,' and the like, in Christ's work, than to 'satisfaction.'

sense to those passages of Scripture which speak of the Spirit as 'grieved,' 'vexed,' 'resisted;' especially to the remarkable words of Rom. viii. 26, 27: 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities' (taketh them, for us, on Himself—the word being an emphatic compound of that used in Matt. viii. 17, for Christ's taking on Him sicknesses): for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.' 'All which He is said to do with groanings which cannot be uttered—better with groanings unuttered; that is, with stirrings of concern or burdened feelings, that are the silent Gethsemane of His ministry. The groanings of Christ are audible, and so might the groanings of the Spirit be, if He had the vocal organs of a body connected with His feeling.'

But not only the Persons of the blessed Trinity, but the holy angels and redeemed Christians, are represented by Dr. Bushnell as partaking in vicarious sacrifice. He does not allow that there is anything different in kind between the sacrifice of Christ and that of His followers, but only in measure. To make such a distinction 'corrupts the idea of sacrifice itself.'

'We quote the Master's words requiring us to follow Him, and bear the cross with Him and after Him. There must be sacrifice, we say; every Christian comes into a life of sacrifice—only not into vicarious sacrifice; that belongs to Christ alone, suffering no participations of mortals,—a qualification, or salvo, that very nearly unchristianizes Christianity itself. What is the sacrifice that must not be vicarious sacrifice, but a virtue that has ever lost connexion with Christian ideas? It is mere self-abnegation, a loss made for the simple sake of losing, and no such practical loss as love encounters in gaining or serving an enemy. It has the same relation to vicarious sacrifice that penance has to repentance. It is itself a kind of penance, or torment, submitted to by the will. It does not appear to be even suspected that such kind of sacrifice is a mode of asceticism, substituted for the sacrifice of the gospel, and yet it can be nothing else, for the simple reason that it is required not to be vicarious. Sacrifice out of love, or because a full heart naturally and freely takes on itself the burdens and woes of others, has a positive character, and is itself the most intensely positive exercise that can be conceived. The other kind of sacrifice, that which must not work vicariously, is naked self-suppression, a merely dry and negative operation, in which the soul wilfully chokes itself and gets no return, but a sense of being punished for its pains. And how much of what is so persistently taught concerning self-denial, sacrifice, taking up the cross, is, in just this manner, a departure from

all Christian ideas; a wearisome, unblest, and forced virtue, that belongs to the false gospel of asceticism. Happily the evil is mitigated by the fact that when we go into sacrifice and suffering for others, we break away from such asceticism without knowing it, and come into the genuine, positive kind of sacrifice with Christ himself.'

Accordingly, the author regards the numerous texts of Scripture which speak of following Christ, having the mind of Christ, as exhorting us to aim at nothing short of a complete likeness to Him in the *elements* of His sacrifice, however far short all men must fall of it in the degree of inward spiritual suffering which He endured through the perfection of His nature and of His love. Especially, he considers that any other explanation does violence to the language in which St. Paul speaks in so many well-known passages, of his own 'bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus,' 'filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ,' and the like.

'Without this vicarious property, love is not love. Pity there may be, philanthropic benevolence, esteem, approbation, admiration; but the vital distinction of love is wanting. It is very true that we are not to set ourselves up as redeemers of the world. Our petty measures of quantity and character forbid such a thought; just as any feeble and low man would only be absurd in attempting what is given to some most qualified and strongest man of his own species. Still, any such feeble and low man is to be, and may truly be, in the same kind of love with one who is most qualified and strongest. . . . And just so it is in Christ. . . . Vicarious love in Him, answered by vicarious love in us, tiny and weak though it be, as an insect life fluttering responsively to the sun, this is the only footing of grace in which Christ is received, and according to his glorious power.'

And the little power which the gospel has over men's characters, even after they seem to have believed, he thus accounts for, because they exclude themselves, by some mistaken distinction, from sharing in the same *kind* of vicarious sacrifice which Christ offered.

Having laid this foundation, Dr. Bushnell proceeds to inquire what was the purpose for which Christ entered into human nature and human suffering. This was, in brief, to regenerate human nature, restoring it from its sin to a life of holiness. Our blessed Lord's ministry of healing, both of men's bodies and souls, had this in view; but the immediate power by which He acted upon mankind was the moral power of His perfect character. This moral power He gained as only other men gain (in degree) the same, simply by his life of goodness. Dr. Bush-

nell traces the main features of this life as it is described in the Gospels, and as it ended in His suffering and death. In the last scenes of His passion, he lays stress not on the physical suffering, but on the 'moral suffering' of which these were a sign. 'They are the symbols of God's moral suffering.' Christ expresses to us God's sympathy for man, His infinite tenderness and infinite purity, which attracts sinners while it condemns and suffers for sin. God is henceforth known, not as an 'attribute-God,' but in actual human life and character is brought down to men, suffering with and for them. To believe in Him thus is to become the subject of His regenerating moral power, and to be born again.

It is but the most meagre outline of this author's teaching which can be presented in such an imperfect abstract. He himself remarks of the gospel, that to attempt to present it in a 'scheme' or short formula, is to lose the savour and virtue of it, which consist in the impression made by the details. Certainly the observation is true even of abbreviated accounts of the writings of thoughtful men; however honestly we may endeavour to select and express their main-features, the life and fulness of the original must be lost. For this reason, we have, at the risk of wearying the reader, not scrupled to be copious in our quotation of the original words of the treatises which we are commenting on, believing that a better representation is thus given of their spirit than by a mere condensed account of their contents. There is also another reason for pursuing this method—namely, that thus the reader is most likely to be interested in the works themselves from which our extracts are made. For as no subject can be more deeply interesting, and more fruitful in practical results, than that of the Atonement, so we shall be well content to have called attention to writings which treat of it with so much beauty, thoughtfulness, and earnestness, being convinced that no student of these works can fail to derive from their perusal some useful result, for meditation or for practice, even if he is not inclined to give complete adhesion to the views which they maintain.

But we must hurry, *sicco pede*, over that very remarkable portion of his treatise, in which Dr. Bushnell deals with the metaphysical assumptions as to God's righteousness, justice, mercy, punishment and the like, which lie at the base of much teaching on the subject of the Atonement, as well as on that of Justification of Faith; and this, although this part of his work is elaborated with great care as well as with acuteness of thought. The general object of it is to show

that the common doctrine that penal suffering was necessary as a compensation to God's justice for the release of transgression, is founded upon false ideas of God's nature. Dr. Bushnell begins by distinguishing between righteousness and justice as attributes of God: the former being His perfect goodness considered in itself, the latter the expression of His mind or will in law, using this term in its widest sense. It is involved in the very idea of righteousness, that when His creatures fell into the misery of sin, it would be God's wish to restore them, or, as Mr. Campbell puts it, a perfectly righteous being must love righteousness and endeavour that it should be restored, if lost, in His creatures. It is not involved in the idea of such a being that He must exact a fixed penalty for sin, without possessing a discretionary power of punishing according to what is *best*. Punishment will fall upon those who have sinned by the action of the retributive causes established in nature, and even when God interferes supernaturally by grace to restore the sinner, He does not suspend these retributive causes, but introduces a higher principle of action, which works in and with them, modifying their effects, but leaving them their proper action. So, by way of example, the human will can modify the action of gravitation without suspending it. The pains and troubles consequent on sin now become, by the action of grace, chastisements and means of purification. God's justice, expressed in law, and His mercy, are simultaneous co-factors in redemption, and both effects of God's primal Righteousness. His acts are ultimately to be referred to the latter; but as this does not demand suffering or penalty for sin, as an end in itself, still less can it be pleased with suffering transferred to others as a penalty. If our readers could follow Dr. Bushnell's own lucid and forcible statement of his reasoning on this point, they would find it, we believe, weighty and cogent, and not only conclusive against the abstract assumptions on which the theory of transferred penalty is built, but abounding in striking and suggestive thoughts of a positive character. Such is the idea that since perfect righteousness and love are but two names of the same thing, the very righteousness of God will engage Him to redeem fallen men by every possible means, even by sacrifice, so that we are brought to the conclusion 'that Christ came into the world, as the incarnate Lord and Saviour of sinners, just because the eternal necessary law made it obligatory on Him to be such a Saviour.' Other points, which the author presses with much force, are, that there is no danger of weakening the law or doing it dishonour by

an account of the Atonement which denies that it was a transfer of penalty, since the majesty of the law is vindicated, far more truly, by the obedience which Christ paid it, and by the very object for which He lived and died, namely, to restore sinners to righteousness, as well as by the two great revelations of the New Testament, the final judgment, and the eternal punishment of the impenitent. Disliking the notion that 'compensation' for punishment remitted was part of what He effected, and believing that this conception robs the gospel of its simplicity, the author yet maintains that his view represents the work and sufferings of Christ as doing such honour to God's law that if any persons were unable to part with the theory of required compensation, they would find in his doctrine sufficient to satisfy God's honour 'without any feature of abhorrence expressed, justice satisfied, official transfer made of guilt, official substitution suffered in the matter of punishment.' More than this, he affirms that his view gives to the expressions of Scripture, on which the substitutional theory has been founded, their most natural meaning, and that this theory, while pretending to keep close to the Word of God, does violence to it by a dark literalism.

'If it were necessary to reason on the attempts which are themselves shocking violations of reason, it should be enough to say, that Christ is really in the lot of all desert, or else He is not. If He is there, then He ought to suffer; and if He is not, then it is the greatest wrong and irreverence to pretend that He suffers justly. I have dared to say that He is not there, and suffers nothing as justly due to Himself. He only comes into the corporate evil of sin, as being incarnated into humanity, and working there to recover men away, both from sin and punishment, *He for so long a time encounters and suffers the curse they are justly under.* This He does, not to satisfy God's justice, but in a way of coming at their consciences and hearts; whereupon it results that they, being released or recovered by so great expense of suffering and sacrifice, give Him their testimony of thanks in the most natural way possible, by telling how He "was made a curse for them," "bore their sins in His own body," "gave Himself for them," "was made sin for them," "gave Himself to be their Saviour," "died for them," "suffered, the just for the unjust."'

Dr. Bushnell supposes, by way of illustration, that a prison had been contrived by some government, the Roman for example, for the punishment of public malefactors, on the plan of an ordeal by Providence, being placed in a pestilential region, in which each prisoner was to remain an appointed time. A monk, hearing that a former bitter enemy

was a prisoner and fallen ill of the pestilence, enters the prison, for Christ's sake becomes the nurse of his old enemy, who recovers and goes free, while the benefactor dies of the plague.

'And now the rescued man throws out his soul in words, trying vainly to express the inexpressible tenderness of his obligation. He writes, and talks, and sings nothing but gratitude all his life long; telling how the Christly man saved him, by what poor figures he can raise.' "Oh, he bore my punishment"—"became the criminal for me"—"gave his life for mine"—"died that I might live"—"stood in my lot of guilt"—"suffered all my suffering." It will not be strange if he shall even go beyond Scripture, and testify in the fervours of his homage to so great kindness, "he took my debt of justice"—"satisfied the claims of justice for me"—for he will mean by that nothing more than he has been saying before. Then after a time, when he and his benefactor are gone, some one, we will imagine, undertakes to write their story; and the dull, kind-hearted literalizer takes up all these fervours of expression, in the letters and reported words of the rescued felon, showing most conclusively from them that the good monk actually got the other's crime imputed to him, took the guilt of it, suffered punishment, died in his place, and satisfied the justice of the law that he might be released! Why, the malefactor himself would even have shuddered at the thought of a construction so revolting, hereafter to be put upon his words. The honours won for Christian theology by this kind of interpretation put upon the free words of Scripture, make a very sad figure, and are better to be lost than preserved. I do not, to speak frankly, know a passage of Scripture that can with any fairness be turned to signify a legal or judicial substitution of Christ in the place of transgressors—none that, taken with only a proper Christian intelligence, can be understood as affirming either the fact or the necessity of a compensation made to God's justice for the release of sin.'

In the great point of the divinity of Christ Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Campbell, and all indeed who hold any doctrine of atonement, agree. It is the characteristic of Dr. Bushnell's work, indeed, that it brings out the idea that the incarnation was but the issue, in time, of the love, and even self-sacrifice, which was from eternity in the nature and character of God; and that Christ expresses to us what God is and always has been. Mr. Campbell also lays stress on the fact that Christ revealed the Father to man, but especially in this way, by showing in His human life of perfect Sonship, how that Fatherly love may be trusted, and what return it claims: this human Sonship being the expression, in humanity, of His Divine Sonship. But there is another point of

view in which the divinity of Christ forms the basis of his doctrine of atonement, and in which, as before remarked, the mystery of the subject as transcending human experience and knowledge chiefly lies, namely, the actual relation of our spirits to Christ *as present in us*, in virtue of which we become partakers of His atonement; for, as he truly says, 'I cannot believe in one as my life, of whom I am not warranted to think as God;' and 'the universal relation of men to the one Son of God, as He in whom they all have the life of sonship, accords as perfectly with the divinity of the Son of God, as it contradicts every lower conception of His being.' Dr. Bushnell's argument leads him to enlarge more on the mode in which Christ became a regenerating power in humanity, by His bringing down God to human eyes, becoming a new factor in human history, and the like; but he also teaches that the continual work of renewing the souls of men, while it is referred to the Holy Spirit, is also the work of Christ, and that St. Paul's expression for his conversion, 'When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me,' is only one out of many texts which describe Him as a regenerator. The office of the spirit is to glorify Christ in the soul, to make it receptive of all that is contained in His life and sufferings, and then to make Him a Saviour to it.

Both writers agree, as before said, in denying the doctrine that the punishment due to men's sin was transferred from them to Christ, and in rejecting Luther's teaching that He was so identified with sinners as ever, in His own consciousness, or in the mind of the Father, to be looked upon as a sinner. Short of this, Mr. Campbell's doctrine contains the ideas expressed in the words 'propitiation,' 'satisfaction,' and even 'expiation,' which word he frequently uses in his explanation of it. The sacrifice of Christ is offered by Him and accepted by the Father in behalf of men, and we come to God 'through Him,' and 'in His name,' and are ourselves accepted 'for His sake,' but this implies that He is present in us, and that we are by faith partakers (in beginning) of His mind of Sonship. Dr. Bushnell rejects the word 'expiation' altogether, as not scriptural either in itself or in the idea it suggests; and he explains 'propitiation' and 'satisfaction' as figurative expressions really meaning an effect wrought in us, though the figure is of an effect on God.

Imputation of our sins to Christ he in no sense allows, nor does Mr. Campbell, except inasmuch as the confession of Christ of the sin of mankind was accepted by the Father. Imputation of Christ's righteousness to us

both writers allow, in the sense that faith is but a germ of that perfect righteousness which is formed gradually in believers, and which flows into them from Christ, and which, by anticipation, and on account of its origin, may be said to be ours while it is Christ's.

Forgiveness of sins, though not so prominent in Mr. Campbell's scheme as in that of ordinary writers, is yet always made by him part of the blessings of the Atonement, and joined with eternal life. In Dr. Bushnell's system it falls into the background, and holds a quite secondary place by the side of that moral renewal which he makes the central blessing.

Of the other writers whom we have named, Dr. Young substantially agrees with Dr. Bushnell, but he is even more emphatic in rejecting the doctrine of 'substitution.' The divinity of Christ, His revealing the Father to men, and thus calling them back to Him, is the essence of the Atonement, according to his view. Forgiveness of sins is, in the common sense of the word, not only not a part of what we receive in Christ, but is an impossible gift, since what is done cannot be undone, and sin is at once its own penalty, exacting its punishment infallibly. Remission of sins means a loosing its hold upon the heart and will; in this sense it accompanies the revelation of God's love made by Christ. For the rest Dr. Young's work contains much that is expressive of devout feeling, as well as of an original and profound mind, and is valuable for an historical inquiry into the doctrine of the Atonement as held by the early Fathers and by later writers. He also, like Dr. Bushnell, examines the meaning of the scriptural terms relating to the doctrine of justification,—a very interesting subject, but which, though it is connected closely with that of the Atonement, we cannot now discuss with the care which it deserves.

Had the space assigned to us permitted, we should have now proceeded to remark upon some of the terms used in Scripture relating to the Atonement. We must, however, confine our attention to one,—the 'forgiveness of sins,' which is so prominent a part of the promise of the gospel, that it would hardly be necessary to bring it under discussion, were it not that it is thrown too much in the background in the teaching of some modern writers. Dr. Young, for instance, brings out in forcible reasoning the true ideas that sin must always be the object of God's abhorrence, and that while it remains in the will there can be no forgiveness. When he goes on to say that 'sin *always* exacts its own punishment,' and that

'justice which ordains *always* secures its own satisfaction,' he is perhaps pronouncing too confidently on a mysterious subject. The following extract, however, will fitly introduce what we have to say on this point:

'It is imagined that the forgiveness of sin is a thing of transcendent difficulty, a difficulty so great that it almost baffled even God to surmount it. I venture to assert that there is not a solitary text which conveys, or even favours this idea. If there be a meaning in the New Testament, it is, of all things, clear and sure that God is infinitely willing to forgive the wickedest human being that lives. Wherever difficulty may be, at least it does not lie here. Thinking so much, as many do, of mere pardon and its difficulties, they forget that pardon is not salvation,—not at all. There is a far sterner obstruction in the way of the real deliverance of the human spirit, an obstruction which only God can remove in His holy law, but which must be removed if the soul is to be saved. Were mere pardon of sin secured, the whole of what constitutes inner salvation would still remain to be achieved. If all the past were blotted out from God's remembrance, the man would be as unredeemed as ever. It is his nature, and not the facts of his history, that require to be, or that can be changed. There is a deadly evil working within, and it is from this he must be saved, if he is to be saved at all. Mere selfish protection is not the chief want of a genuine soul. The very lowest, the weakest, and the least noble thing we can do, is to fly for escape from the proper desert of evil. . . . To an enlightened, awakened, and thoroughly earnest man, the great and stern reality is, that he has deeply wronged his God, and as deeply wronged his own being. . . . He is away from God in thought and in affection, and this wilful severance; he has come to know, is death to his higher self. He is all wrong, utterly wrong,—wrong in relation to God and wrong in relation to himself. What he most needs is not to be pardoned; that may be his first, but it ought to be his least concern, respecting which there is no reasonable fear or doubt; what he most needs is not to be pardoned merely, but to be changed in himself, to be set really right, his face and his heart turned towards God, converted to God.'

Every one will assent to this: but it does not cover all the facts of conscience and of revelation. Nor can we agree with Dr. Bushnell's remarks on the Greek word for 'remission' of sins (*ἀφεσις*), namely, that it conveys a 'superficial idea,' and that a mere 'letting go, or consenting no longer to blame, really accomplishes nothing as regards the practical release of sin. It is only a deed of formality, or verbal discharge, that carries practically no discharge at all. It says "Go," but leaves the prison doors shut.' If it were so superficial a blessing, it is hardly likely that it would be so continually spo-

ken of in the New Testament as the characteristic blessing of the Christian covenant. Our blessed Lord named it as the especial effect of His incarnation and death, when He said, 'This is the cup of the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' His commission to the apostles after His resurrection (John xx. 23) is 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' It may be worth while briefly to consider what is the nature of this blessing, so far as we gather it from Scripture. That the direct meaning of the terms is not the loosing of the hold of sin from the heart and will, but (as commonly understood) the loosing the sinner from the charge, guilt, penalty of his sin, is clear. It may be true that the latter is *accompanied*, as a matter of fact, by the former, and hence the word *ἀφεσις*, though properly meaning 'forgiveness,' may cover the idea of spiritual cleansing or freedom also; to adapt a phrase from logical writers, it may *connote* the latter, but it certainly *denotes* the former. The words of the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' must signify an objective forgiveness, and can have no other meaning in the second clause, from the nature of the case. When our Lord speaks (Matt. xii. 31) of all sin and blasphemy being forgiven to men, but of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost not being forgiven, it is clear that He does not speak of the relaxation of the power of sin in the heart, but of its guilt. It is in this sense that we must interpret the words in the many passages which mention 'remission of sins' either prospectively as a blessing about to be imparted, or as one actually conveyed; as when John is said (Mark i. 4) to preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; as our Lord said to the paralytic, 'Thy sins be (are, have been) forgiven thee,' where it may be worth while to remind the English reader that it is not a prayer but a declaration of a fact that is contained in the words, as *be* is the old word for *are*. We may refer to two other passages which put it beyond a doubt that the above is the meaning of remission of sins. Preaching at Antioch in Pisidia, St. Paul tells his audience that 'through Christ was preached unto them remission of sins, and in Him every one who believed was justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses,' where remission of sins is equivalent to justification. The other passage is in the Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 17, where the comment of the writer on the words of

Jeremiah, 'And their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more,' is, 'Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin,'—remission of sins being made equivalent to their not being remembered by God.*

This being clearly the meaning of the words 'remission' or 'forgiveness of sins,' and this blessing being spoken of everywhere as one of the chief blessings of the Christian covenant, it seems to us that no doctrinal system which treats it as 'only a secondary and subordinate matter,' gives an adequate or well-balanced account of the Gospel revelation. It is quite true that (as Dr. Young says), 'mere selfish protection is not the chief want of a genuine soul. The very lowest, the weakest, and the least noble thing that we can do, is to fly to escape from the proper desert of evil.' But there are two remarks to be made on this. In the first place, the pain of punishment, and the hope of deliverance from it, become sometimes, as a matter of fact, the means of turning men to God (or rather towards God) when nothing else will. The motive is not a high one, but it is an effective one. It is not a spiritual motive, but it may lead the soul in the direction where spiritual motives may afterwards act upon it. Nor is 'forgiveness of sins' unmeaning or impossible on the ground that the 'retributive consequences,' once set in motion by God's ordinance, cannot be put aside or checked, but must work their proper effects by unchanging laws of causation. Dr. Bushnell himself shows that the introduction of a higher agency may modify the operation of these laws without checking them, as the human will modifies the working of laws of matter. Although, therefore, the desire to be delivered from the penal consequences of our sins is not a high motive, it is not always an unlawful one. But our second remark is, that this desire is not what is expressed in the prayer for forgiveness, nor is the correlative blessing that which is chiefly promised in it. One who is really penitent, as having sinned against God, desires, first and chiefly, to be put right with Him. The consciousness of sin is not merely the consciousness of impending punishment, but the consciousness of being estranged from God, and out of His favour. The soul is restored to happiness when assured that God still loves it, regards it with favour, does not count its sins to it as hindering this fa-

your. Once again in His love, it can trust itself to Him for the future, trust His mercy to remit the painful consequences of its sin, or not, as He sees best, for if not remitted, these painful consequences are no longer *punishments* (in the sense of infliction of vengeance), but instruments of purification. Mr. Campbell rightly says, that the sacrifices of the Jewish law admitted the offerer to the standing and privileges of a worshipper, which, by his sin, he had forfeited,—admitted him, that is, again to communion or 'favour' with God. Viewed from the side of God, He was said to forgive, or, in the Hebrew, to *cover* the sin, that is, to put it out of sight, to forget, or consent not to see it, sometimes to remove or take it away. 'He was so merciful that He forgave (covered) their misdeeds, and destroyed them not' (Ps. lxxviii. 38); here the escape from evil desert or consequence is the effect of forgiveness.

We venture to think, then, that a doctrinal system which puts forgiveness of sins in the background, or undervalues it, is as inconsistent with the facts of conscience and human nature as it plainly is with the witness of Holy Scripture. If our Saviour's words when instituting the Lord's Supper stood alone, they would be sufficient to teach us that remission of sins is a chief blessing of the gospel, and that it is connected with His death. What is the nature of this connexion, and how far this is explained in the doctrinal teaching of the writers which we have been describing, is a further question.

For our Lord's words, though they teach us that His death was 'for remission of sins,' do not explain how this was to be the case. The words in themselves may imply a direct connexion between the two, remission of sins being the immediate effect of His death, or they may point to a more distant and indirect connexion with forgiveness,—being used, as in Mark i. 4, wherein it is said that St. John preached the baptism of repentance 'for remission of sins.' It would be consistent with our Saviour's words if the immediate effect of His death was to draw men back to God in repentance, which repentance would be followed by forgiveness. Remission of sins would then be an ulterior effect of His death. Whether this is their meaning or not cannot be decided from the words themselves; but in any case remission of sins, being mentioned by Him at that solemn moment as the object of His death, must be regarded as a chief blessing of the covenant which he was about to seal by His blood. And it may be as well to say here, that this being the case, it is,

* It is almost superfluous to say that the Greek word ἀφίημι has the same meaning in the Septuagint. A reference to Ps. xxxii. 5, Gen. xviii. 26, Ps. lxxxv. 2, puts this beyond a doubt.

after all, a secondary question how this remission is brought about. What the conscience needs, and what God's word graciously assures us of, is that forgiveness of sins is bestowed through the death of Christ. The questions which we are now discussing, how this is effected, are weighty, inasmuch as a true conception of what is revealed on this point can hardly fail to have an important bearing on our knowledge of God's dealing with us, and thus on our spiritual life. Whatever use there is in light and truth on spiritual subjects, must belong especially to light and truth upon the Atonement, false views of which may in various ways thwart and hinder the growth of the soul in the life of righteousness: while right apprehensions of it must be, by God's blessing, of direct and most powerful influence to promote this life. Still, the great facts of redemption, prominent among which is that remission of sins is granted through the death of Christ, may be blessed to all saving purposes, without any solution being attempted of the questions referred to, and with different conclusions as to their solution, though, in proportion as one account is more true than another, it may be expected to contain more elements of spiritual edification.*

* To comprise in this article an examination of all the passages of Scripture bearing on this subject would expand it to an inconvenient length. If we condense the result of this examination, it is the following:—Our Lord's own words (in Matt. xx. 28) do not imply more than that He gave His life for us, and that the effect is our deliverance. This is our conclusion, whether the word *λύτρον* represents the Hebrew 'copher,' 'pidyon,' or 'g'ulah,' one of which (or its Aramaic equivalent) we may suppose to have been used by Christ. In other passages He speaks of His atonement more generally, not with particular reference to remission of sins. The sermons of the apostles in the Acts are distinct as to this blessing being granted in the name and by the agency of Christ, but do not develop this truth further. In the Epistles we may divide the passages we are concerned with into two classes,—those in which the language is figurative, being derived from the Jewish ritual, and those in which there is no such imagery. The latter class (as Rom. iv. 25, v. 8, iii. 24, viii. 32; 1 Cor. xv. 3; 2 Cor. v. 15, 21; Gal. iii. 13) does not, in our opinion, explain how remission of sins is connected with the Saviour's death, the meaning of the last passage being that God allowed or appointed that Christ should be treated as guilty, in order to save men, not that He looked on Him as personally guilty, or accepted suffering from Him instead of laying it on us. The other Epistles do not go further. As to the figurative passages (such as Rom. iii. 24; 1 John i. 2, iv. 10; John i. 29), the effect is that Christ is the medium through whom God extends forgiveness to mankind; nor does the Epistle to the Hebrews give any essentially new view of the atonement or its effects, although it presents it under various aspects suggested by the Jewish ordinances.

And now, to gather up the threads of this discussion, and inquire whether the views of the Atonement which we began by describing are adequate representations of the teaching of Scripture, or whether they add anything to our previous knowledge of this highest of subjects, we must first briefly repeat the remark made in commenting on Dr. Bushnell's and Dr. Young's systems,—that they are obviously defective in not giving sufficient prominence to the doctrine of forgiveness. Written as this is in light upon the pages of the New Testament, no teaching which puts it in the background, on whatever pretence, can claim to be the gospel.

And as this is a prominent truth of Scripture, so it is of the first necessity for man. The declaration that God forgives, brought home to the soul, has power to work in it those feelings of hope and grateful love, which give new life and energy to all its moral powers, and enable it really to cast its sin out, as well as to cast it off. To some extent even the imperfect revelation of this forgiving love of God under the Old Testament dispensation, had no doubt this effect, but the effect under the clearer revelation of it in Christ is incalculable. The consciousness of the continual, forgiving love of God, has probably been the source of the largest part of Christian goodness. It not only operates to produce great instances of eminent holiness, but to keep up the flame of hope and piety in hearts very imperfectly dominated by holy motives. It saves from despair, not only in extreme instances, but in the countless instances of daily, hourly life, where discouragement on account of past sin would bind down the powers of the soul, if it were not for this knowledge of God's forgiving love. Such a revelation was itself almost an adequate object of the Saviour's advent. We know now that God's forgiveness is incompatible with deliberate harbouring of sin in the will, and that it cannot take effect on individuals where there is no germ of faith and repentance. But its tendency is, on being revealed, to draw out this faith and repentance; it is prior to them in itself, but takes effect in answer to them. The forgiving love of God lays long siege to the obdurate will, and though, it must be feared, often resisted to the end, does not leave off its efforts while this life lasts.

The above objection cannot, indeed, be brought against Mr. Campbell's doctrine, since he never omits to mention forgiveness of sin, together with eternal life, as part of the blessings given to mankind in Christ. But even he seems to us scarcely to bring out with adequate emphasis either the place which this promise has, or its effect in (what

we have lately been describing) awakening in the soul, hope, love, and repentance. We speak with hesitation of a book, every line of which is expressive of a deep spiritual experience and a maturity of meditative thought in its author beyond any work of this generation; and it is very possible that, as it is a question not of omission but of relative prominence given to a particular part of his subject, he may have considered that a full expression of the gospel of forgiveness is involved in that revelation of God in Christ which he (as well as Dr. Bushnell) so powerfully sets forth.

Both Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Campbell deserve our gratitude, indeed, for the stress which they lay on the love of God the Father as originating the salvation of man. Plain as this is in Scripture, there can be no doubt that the way of contemplating the Atonement common in modern times had a tendency to obscure it, and the mind of the simple Christian might have been perplexed by a doctrine that seemed almost to increase the distance between the human spirit and its heavenly Father, instead of bringing it closer to Him, and Him to it. We gladly believe that this erroneous tendency, which robbed the gospel of its chief power as a motive, has been, or is in a fair way of being eradicated.

In connection with this subject we accord our admiration to that part of Dr. Bushnell's work (before alluded to) which examines, from what may be called a metaphysical point of view, the ideas concerning God, His righteousness and justice, on which the true doctrine of the Atonement is sometimes supposed to rest, and we confidently refer the reader to his suggestive remarks on the true idea of God's perfections contained in the word 'righteous,' as contrasted with the less comprehensive term 'just.' Dr. Bushnell keeps, indeed, within limits of speculation narrower than those which the scholastic writers allowed themselves; he abstains (we cannot but think wisely) from entering on the question whether the incarnation was merely a remedy for sin, or in any case was part of God's eternal counsels for the perfection of mankind. The latter idea, that of the Scotists (Mr. Oxenham informs us) in the middle ages, as against the disciples of Thomas Aquinas, is said to gain ground in the Roman Catholic Church, as well as in the writings of Lutheran theologians.* Short

of this, however, it is a service even to the unlearned Christian to trace the Atonement to the perfection of God, and enable us to regard it as a manifestation of His righteousness, making righteous those who believe in Jesus Christ.

Nor can it be doubted that the strong light thrown by our authors upon the truth that the ultimate object of the Atonement must be the restoration of righteousness in the spirit and nature of man (not by any means *mere* forgiveness), deserves our best acknowledgment. In the ways indeed, in which they present this truth, there is much difference, Dr. Bushnell dwelling more on the 'moral power' exerted by Christ by His life and death, Mr. Campbell entering more deeply into the spiritual elements in the Atonement itself, the reproduction of which (in their degree) in the Christian is part of a right application of the sacrifice of Christ. But no one who has read either volume can be in any danger of ever losing sight of or of failing to appreciate, the fact that the object of that sacrifice was to restore mankind to the hope of sonship, which is eternal life.

There still remains the question, whether, in the teaching of either writer, that kind of importance is given to the death of Christ which it has in Holy Scriptures. Both, indeed, teach that forgiveness of sins is assured to us in the new covenant, though Dr. Bushnell, as we have said, treats it somewhat too lightly, as if, indeed, there were no such difficulty in the matter as is generally supposed. Greatly as we admire his treatise, we cannot but believe that he entirely fails to account for the close connexion between our Saviour's death and remission of sin which the language of the apostle and of Christ himself conveys. And let us be allowed again to say, that the assurance of this remission, as in *some way* connected with Christ's death, must be sufficient for right belief, even though it is left quite unexplained how the death was effectual for our forgiveness. No one should find fault with individual Christians for believing that the remission of sins here spoken of is not the direct, but the indirect consequence of the Saviour's death, which works immediately by bringing men to repentance and the mind of sonship, and *thus* into that true relation with God in which remission of sins is an essential privilege. Yet we cannot think that this indirect relation satisfies the words of Christ and His apostles in their simplest and most natural sense. Mr. Campbell's teaching *does* seem to us to satisfy them, if we may give somewhat greater prominence to ideas which form part of it. For he speaks

* See Bishop Martensen's *Christian Dogmatics* (sect. 75, Clark's series), where the author speaks of the Scotist doctrine as an 'essentially Christian belief,' and refers to the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians as sanctioning it.

frequently of the confession of sin as made by Him in humanity *for it*, of His presenting to the Father in it and for it, a righteousness which humanity could not itself present, of the death of Christ as perfecting His expiatory confession of our sin, and being thus a propitiation, as accepted as a Divine judgment upon the sins of men, whose brother He was. In such thoughts we seem to find a full appreciation of the passages of Scripture which we refer to, although the author so strongly disapproves of the doctrine of penal suffering transferred to Christ. On this negative side of his subject, also, we are disposed to think his arguments convincing. And if any of our readers should fear lest the omission of this element in their view of the Atonement should diminish its moral power as a motive, or its comfort, as an assurance, we venture to believe that, in the reflections upon the whole subject adduced by Mr. Campbell, they will find sufficient guarantee for both, as well as a rich store of thoughts, most fruitful in practical effects.

- ART. IV.—1. *Constable's Miscellany*. Vol. X. *Table-Talk*. Edin. 1827.
2. *The Jest-Book*. Selected and arranged by MARK LEMON. London, 1864.

THE connexion between Reason and Ridicule seems to be very close; though its nature certainly is not very clear. The only animal that reasons is also the only animal that laughs, and apparently, too, the only one that is laughed at, or that deserves to be so. Beasts, acting by instinct, are never absurd, humanity having reserved that privilege exclusively to itself. Listen to Swift:—

'Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barred gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And when his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.'

In connexion, perhaps, with the gift of reason and the privilege of absurdity thus bestowed, the faculty of laughter was superadded in our constitution to keep absurdity within bounds, to make reason humble, and to lead us to look at the unavoidable follies

of each other with good-humoured sympathy rather than with scornful disgust.

Hazlitt, in his *Comic Writers*, very justly connects laughter with its opposite, on principles not essentially at variance with those we have been suggesting:—

'Man,' he says, 'is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles.'

The aspects in which we have now considered Ridicule seem to harmonize well with Aristotle's view of it. He describes in his *Poetics* the 'laughable' or comic (*τὸ γελοῖον*) as being *ἀμάρτημα τι καὶ αἰσχρὸς ἀνόδιον καὶ οὐ φθαρτικόν*. This is frequently translated as if *ἀμάρτημα* meant any fault or deformity generally. But we cannot help thinking that by *ἀμάρτημα* here, Aristotle means that *species* of fault or deviation which consists in a *failure of aim* or missing of the mark; and in this sense the 'distorted face,' which he gives as an instance of the comic, may well enough be called an *ἀμάρτημα*, as being something that *attempts* to be a face, but does not *succeed*.

We do not affirm that all ridiculous things consist in this failure of aim; but we venture to say that that category embraces a large proportion of them.

There are two elements, however, in Aristotle's definition of the ludicrous, which are quite essential, but which are apt to be forgotten: 1st, the fault or failure, in order to be laughable, must be, if not ignominious, at least inglorious; and 2d, it must be unattended with pain or injury. The failure must be a discomfiture, involving a gross want of calculation or self-knowledge, and unredeemed by any circumstances that ennoble it. 'In great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail;' and the defeat at Thermopylæ was more illustrious than many a victory elsewhere. Again, an occurrence which involves pain or injury cannot be truly laughable, and it ought not to be necessary to add, that the pain or injury here contemplated is not what we ourselves feel, but what may affect the object of our supposed ridicule. -Unfortunately, however, the case of the Boys and the Frogs in the fable finds a frequent parallel in every-day life, and it is well that would-be wits and heedless jesters should be reminded, on the highest authority, that there can be no legitimate subject of laughter where the feelings or rightful interests of any one are wounded or assailed.

Examples of these laughable *failures* to

which we refer are to be readily found. Even literal failures of aim are laughable, such as a very bad cast at bowls, or a very wide shot in archery. Mr. Pickwick's attempt to drive a gig, and Mr. Winkle's exploits as a sportman, are first-rate pictures in their way. The Feast of the Ancients in *Peregrine Pickle* is about the most laughable thing that was ever written, and depends entirely for its effect on the elements we have been explaining. But the principle goes further and deeper. Every instance of unsuccessful affectation, every assumption of a false character that is at once detected, every preposterous attempt to shine where excellence is hopeless,—all these are fertile sources of entertainment, and legitimate objects of ridicule. The faded beauty and the battered beau, the learned lady who misuses her words, the ambitious singer who has neither ear nor voice, are standing butts at which laughter has been directed from the beginning of time; and similar exhibitions of character will continue to amuse future generations as they have done the past. *Don Quixote*, the great comic Epic of all literature, delights us by a series of failures, recommended by the kindly and benevolent spirit in which the adventures are undertaken, but rendered ludicrous by the meanness of the preparations made and the impracticability of the objects pursued; and of all the hero's failures, none is more conspicuously ludicrous than the attempt to convert his worldly and sensual attendant into a fitting squire for a chivalrous master. The *Vert-vert* of Gresset, one of the best of comic poems, and so well translated by Father Prout, amuses us by the elaborate attempts and confident hopes of the good nuns to make a saint of their parrot, and in the sad revolution in his character and vocabulary produced by an inland voyage through France to visit a distant nunnery, whose inmates he astonishes with the latest epithets and phrases in use among the barge-men, his associates in his transit. In *John Gilpin*, which is a matchless miniature epic, the jest consists in like manner in the worthy citizen's abortive attempt to dine with his wife and family in a suburban inn, and in the incidents by which he twice overshoots the mark, and ends dinnerless at night where he began in the morning. We may observe at the same time, as there exemplified, how universally people are amused with bad horsemanship. The Tailor's journey to Brentford, as exhibited in the ring, made us laugh as children; the cavalcade of Commodore Trunnion and his comrades on his marriage day convulsed us as we grew up; and we find in Italian jest-books the same source

of mirth in their frequent stories as to the disasters encountered by Venetians on horse-back. Edward II. was particularly fond of a jester, whose recommendation was his apparent inability to keep the saddle, and who on journeys rode before the king, and kept continually tumbling off, to his Majesty's infinite amusement.

If we laugh at such discomfitures when arising from inadequacy of means or want of skill in those who are engaged in them, the height of the ludicrous, and certainly the height of absurdity, seems to be exhibited when the means taken for success are directly productive of the unsuccessful result. This frequent source of the ludicrous is exemplified in various shapes. The Irish *bull*, though Ireland has no monopoly of the article, is an instance of what we mean, particularly when it assumes a practical form. The mob that collected and made a bonfire of an unpopular banker's notes in order to ruin him; the man who loudly gave the lie to the charge against him in a letter, that he was looking at it over the writer's shoulder; the little boy that, for a trick in school, answered 'Absum' when his name was called,—all contrived to raise the laugh against themselves by the suicidal nature of their proceedings. We have indicated that Ireland, though it may be a favourable soil for such a growth, is not the only country where *bulls* are produced. The story of the Irishman reading over the letter-writer's shoulder is of Oriental origin, as Miss Edgeworth, or her father, has shown in the Essay that bears her name. It is taken from *Les Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux*, by Galland, who thus tells it, with somewhat needless particularity:—

'Un savant écrivait à un ami, et un importun était à côté de lui, qui regardait par dessus l'épaule ce qu'il écrivait. Le savant, qui s'en aperçut, écrivit ceci à la place: Si un importun qui est à mon côté ne regardait pas ce que j'écris, je vous écrirais encore plusieurs choses qui ne doivent être sues que de vous et de moi. L'importun, qui lisait toujours, prit la parole et dit: "Je vous jure que je n'ai regardé ni là ce que vous écrivez." Le savant répartit: "Ignorant, que vous êtes, pourquoi me dites-vous donc ce que vous dites?"'

A story very like it is to be found in the so-called *Hierocles*, being the twenty-eighth of the collection. A Scholasticus, who had neglected a commission for books conveyed to him in a letter, exculpated himself, when he met his friend, by crying out, 'I never received the letter you sent me about those books.' Another example of a *bull* is to be found in No. 10 of that collection, where a

Scholasticus sits down before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, to see if he looked well in his sleep.

The Greek book that we have just noticed, and which bears the title of 'Ασσεια (*Facetiae, Urbanitates*), is rightly considered as not the work of the philosopher Hierocles, and is not a very mighty production. It contains twenty-nine stories, in all of which a Scholasticus, or school pedant, is the hero; and its object is to ridicule the ignorance and stupidity of mere students. It is well known as the source of a good many of our current Joe Millers. In No. 1, the Scholasticus, having been nearly drowned, resolves not to go into the water again till he has learned to swim. In Nos. 6 and 14 he is ashamed to meet his doctor, as it is so long a time since he was ill. In No. 8 he anticipates the attempt of the Highlander to accustom his horse to go without food, and laments that the animal had died just as he had taught him his lesson. In No. 9, when wanting to sell his house, he carries about with him one of the stones or bricks as a specimen. In No. 16 he finds that some of the liquor is wanting in a sealed hogshead, and on a suggestion that it had been drawn out from below, he rejects the idea, as the deficiency was not at the bottom but at the top of the cask. In No. 19, two of the tribe meeting on the street, one of them says he had heard the other was dead, on which his friend observes that it was not so, as he was here alive. 'Ah!' was the reply, 'but my informant is a more trustworthy person than you;' a story which foreshadows what is told of a certain Scotch family, who, on hearing from their son that he had not gone down in the 'Royal George,' expressed a wish that they had it on better authority, as 'he was aye a leein' laddie.' In No. 20, the Scholasticus buys a raven, to see if it would live two hundred years, as it was reported to do. In No. 21, when other passengers on ship-board in a storm are laying hold of some of the spars, he attaches himself to the anchor. In No. 22, hearing of the death of one of two brothers, twins, and meeting the survivor, he asks if it is he or his brother that is dead. In No. 24, having to cross a ferry, he mounts his horse that he may get over the quicker. In No. 29, travelling with a bald man and a barber, under an arrangement that they are to sleep and watch time about, the barber shaves his head while he is asleep, and then wakes him, upon which, feeling his bare scalp, he abuses the barber for calling the wrong man. It is easy to recognise in this list a great many of those jokes which are in daily circulation among many who have

no idea of the venerable antiquity of their origin.

The essence of a genuine *bull* seems to consist in an unconscious self-contradiction. We have given some examples of this element in practical bulls; and we would refer, as an instance of what we think a perfect verbal bull, to the dictum of the Irish doctor, 'that sterility is often hereditary:' a self-contradiction which has a certain plausibility at first sight, and which we have seen impose upon a very grave physician who was not Irish. But the number of bulls of this perfect type is comparatively small. The greater part of those sayings or doings which pass for *bulls* are merely what the French call *Bêtises*, Blunders or Stupidities, in which, from confusion of thought or expression, an absurd result is gravely reached, and in which the absurdity generally consists in overlooking the essential thing in the process.

Appended to Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls is a French *Recueil de Bêtises*, containing foreign specimens of the article. This *Recueil* we take to have been the work of the Abbé Morellet, with whom the Edgeworths had become intimate in their visit to Paris during the Peace of Amiens, shortly before the Essay on Bulls was published. A somewhat similar collection had been previously given in the *Eléments de Littérature* by Morellet's friend and relative, Marmontel, under the head *Plaisant*. Morellet, or whoever else was the author of the *Recueil*, says that he had previously written a dissertation on the subject of these *Bêtises*, but had lent it to a *femme d'esprit*, who lost it. He says:—

'Je me souviens seulement que j'y prouvais savamment que le rire excité par les bêtises est l'effet du contraste que nous saisissons entre l'effort que fait l'homme qui dit la bêtise, et le mauvais succès de son effort. J'assimilais la marche de l'esprit dans celui qui dit une bêtise, à ce qui arrive à un homme qui cherchant à marcher légèrement sur un pavé glissant, tombe lourdement, ou aux tours mal-adroit du paillasse de la foire. Si l'on veut examiner les bêtises rassemblées ici, on y trouvera toujours un effort manqué de ce genre.'

We subjoin a few specimens from this collection, which we suspect, if ever very well known, has fallen out of general remembrance. We select some of them not because they are new, but rather because they are old, and here found in an unexpected quarter:—

'On demandait à un Abbé de Laval Montmorency, quel âge avait son frère le maréchal dont il était l'aîné. "Dans deux ans," dit-il, "nous serons du même âge."'

‘Un homme voyait venir de loin un médecin de sa connaissance qui l’avait traité plusieurs années auparavant dans une maladie; il se détournait et cacha son visage pour n’être pas reconnu. On lui demanda, “Pourquoi?” — “C’est,” dit-il, “que je sens honteux devant lui de ce qu’il y a fort long temps que je n’ai été malade.”’

‘Le maire d’une petite ville, entendant une querelle dans la rue au milieu de la nuit, se lève du lit, et ouvrant à fenêtre crie aux passants, “Messieurs, me leverai-je?”’

‘On parlait avec admiration de la belle vieillesse d’un homme de quatre-vingt-dix ans, quelqu’un dit—“Cela vous étonne, messieurs! si mon père n’était pas mort, il aurait à présent cent ans accomplis.”’

‘Un homme étant sur le point de marier sa fille unique, se brouille avec le prétendant, et dans sa colère il dit, “Non, monsieur, vous ne serez jamais mon gendre, et quand j’aurais cent filles uniques, je ne vous en donnerais pas une.”’

‘On avait reçu à la grande poste une lettre avec cette adresse, à Monsieur mon fils, Rue, etc. On allait la mettre au rebut; un commis s’y oppose, et dit qu’on trouvera à qui la lettre s’adresse. Dix ou douze jours se passent. On voit arriver un grand benêt, qui dit, “Messieurs, je veux savoir si on n’aurait pas gardé ici une lettre de mon cher père?” “Oui, Monsieur,” lui dit le commis, “la voilà.” On prête ce trait à Bouret formier général.’

‘Un marchand, en finissant d’écrire une lettre à un de ses correspondans, mourut subitement. Son commis ajouta en PS.: “Depuis ma lettre écrite je suis mort ce matin. Mardi, au soir 7ème,” etc.”’

‘Un petit marchand prétendait avoir acheté trois sols ce qu’il vendait pour deux. On lui représente que ce commerce le ruinera—“Ah,” dit-il, “je me salue sur la quantité.”’

‘Le Chevalier de Lorenzi étant à Florence, était allé se promener avec trois de ses amis à quelques lieues de la ville, à pied. Ils revenaient fort las; la nuit s’approchait; il vent se reposer: on lui dit qu’il restait quatorze milles à faire:—“Oh,” dit-il, “nous sommes quates, ce n’est qu’un mille chacun.”’

Here is the conclusion of an Italian letter, containing several *Spropositi* or absurdities—

‘O ricevete o non ricevete questa, datemene aviso.’

It will be observed, that of the *Bêtises* which we have just quoted, one at least is from Hierocles, others are now in common use as Irish bulls, and others belong to that species of blunder, which, in the mouth of Lord Dundreary, has lately excited so much hearty merriment. His Lordship is the ‘knight of the shire’ of a large class of constituents, who in scattered examples, and under partial development, have been long familiar to us, but of whose peculiarities the full type and expression were never before so well represented, or so well recommended

to us by general goodness and thorough nobility of nature and manners. A good specimen of Dundrearyism is attributed to a Scotch Judge of the last century, who on visiting a dentist, and being placed in the patients’ chair, was requested by the operator to allow him to put his finger into his mouth, upon which the Judge, with a distrustful look, said, ‘Na! you’ll bite me.’ The confusion here in the speaker’s mind is obvious. He knew that if one man’s finger is put into another man’s mouth a bite may ensue; but he did not correctly see which of them might bite, and which of them be bitten. It was told afterwards of a descendant of this worthy person, as a proof of hereditary similarity of talent, that when canvassing for the representation of a Scotch county, he refused to take a glass of wine from a voter, on the ground that it would be *treat-ing*.

Some *bulls*, or some of the *bêtises* which come nearest to bulls, contain, as Southey has suggested, a confusion of what the schoolmen call Objectivity with Subjectivity. The fears of the Scotch Judge that he would be bitten by the dentist seem an illustration of that remark, and so also is the Irishman’s perplexity, whose sister had got a child, but who, from not knowing its sex, could not say whether he was an uncle or an aunt. An instance of this confusion of subjectivities, which we have naturalized, and made a standing jest, is found in the explanation, said by Marmontel to have been given by a simpleton of his simplicity:—‘Ce n’est pas ma tante si je n’ai point d’esprit; on m’a changé en nourrice.’

Marmontel’s definitions of this kind of stupidity are not without felicity of expression:—

‘La bêtise,’ he says, ‘est un défaut innocent et naïf, dont on s’amuse sans le haïr.’ ‘La bêtise est tout simplement une intelligence émue, une longue enfance de l’esprit, un dénuement presque absolu d’idées, on une extrême inhabileté à les combiner et à les mettre en œuvre; et soit habituelle ou soit accidentelle, comme elle nous donne sur elle un avantage qui flatte notre vanité, elle nous amuse, sans nous causer ce plaisir malin que nous goûtons à voir châtier la sottise.’

He thinks that the *pleasantry* of a *bêtise* consists in the manifest effort to think or reason accurately, and in its palpable want of success.

Some of the blunders or absurdities which excite our laughter arise rather from a confusion of words than of ideas. An example of this is afforded by the paragraph in the Irish newspapers announcing ‘with much pleasure’ that on such a day ‘Lady ——— had publicly renounced the errors of the

Church of Rome for *those* of the Church of England.' The penny-a-liner had merely forgotten that his antecedent to *those* was 'errors,' and not 'doctrines.'

A very ludicrous class of failures are those of which Mrs. Slipslop in *Joseph Andrews*, and Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, supply us with the richest or most finished examples. The attempts of ignorant persons to use fine or peculiar words, and their unconscious substitution of others having quite a different meaning or character, never fail to amuse. Take as specimens the old lady who in windy weather observed that the *antenuptial* gales seemed to be coming earlier than usual; the would-be connoisseur who spoke of a picture of the Venus *Anno Domini*; the military veteran who was always for taking time by the *firelock*; and the Nabob who told a ragged school the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, and exhorted them thence to perseverance, as the likeliest means of bringing them first to the *gaol*.

Akin to these are the cases of Anti-climax, where the speaker or writer commences with something rhetorical or poetical, and ends with something low or prosaic, *e.g.*, the designating the great Robert Boyle as 'the Father of Chemistry—and brother of the Earl of Cork;' the lines given by Scriblerus, 'And thou Dalhousy,' etc.; the entry in the index of a law-book, 'Chief-Justice Best—great mind;' and the discovery in the text that this refers to his lordship's having had 'a great mind' to transport a man for seven years. Those poets or orators who are said to spell *Pathos* with a B, afford us abundant specimens of this variety. A feeling allied to this is produced by the solemnity with which a converted German Jew addressed to an Exeter Hall audience the not inappropriate invitation: 'My brethren, let us bray.'

The affectation of science or of talent, resulting in the exhibition of ignorance or of dulness, are among the most legitimate objects of ridicule. The orator who did not know whether a certain idea was in Cicero or Tully; the traveller who, when asked if, in crossing the country, he had taken the hypotenuse, answered that he had taken the diligence; the Scotch laird who advised his neighbour, when going to see the Painters of Italy, to see also the Glaziers of Switzerland,—all fall under a part of this category. The various readings of Virgil by Scriblerus are examples of another branch of it; but of this kind, perhaps one of the best is the emendation attributed to one of the dullest of Shakespeare's commentators, of a passage in *As You Like It*, where, instead of the figurative and forced reading of 'tongues in

trees,' etc., it is proposed to correct it in an obvious and easy way:—

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

For which read:—

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds *leaves* in trees, *stones* in the running
brooks,
Sermons in *books*, and good in everything.'

Among the instances of ridiculous absurdity in what may be called *suicidal* statements, are those extravagances which are known as Gasconades. In these, the speaker, wishing to magnify his character or achievements, so vastly overstates his case as to defeat his purpose by becoming incredible—

'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.'

The Gascon priest who came so quickly to do a charitable action that his guardian angel could not keep pace with him; the Gascon officer who said his mattresses were all stuffed with the whiskers of the men he had killed in duels; and the other native of the same region who alleged that the only fire-wood used at his father's *château* consisted of the batons belonging to those of his family who had been Mareschals of France,—excite our laughter from the very fact that they so far overdraw their account with our credulity. It seems a favourite style of jest with Americans to push a wonderful fact or story to such a degree of exaggeration as to be literally a *reductio ad absurdum*. The examples of this figure among them are too numerous to require quotation. But we may observe that they are not in general Gasconades, but palpable caricatures of the national tendency to boasting, and meant to ridicule it by overdoing it. The comic effect on the stage of the sayings and doings of gasconading cowards is familiar to us by the frequent representation of such characters, as in Miles Gloriosus, Bobadil and Falstaff.

In Southey's *Omniana* we are told of a drunken squabble at Malta between some soldiers and sailors, in which a good specimen is given of the ludicrous, in what may be termed *suicidal* evidence. Each party alleged the other to be the aggressors, the soldiers swearing that the sailors assaulted them with an oath, and with this exclamation, 'Who stops the line of march there?' while the sailors swore that the soldiers in first attacking them burst in upon them, calling out, 'Heave-to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down!' From the reciprocal imputation to each other of

their own professional slang, it was plain that both were lying, and both to blame.

In the examples of the ludicrous which we have hitherto noticed, the absurdity attaches to the hero of the piece or the speaker of the saying. We shall now notice another and quite different class, where there are two parties to the drama, and where the failure or discomfiture consists in the defeat of one of them by the ready retort, the dexterous evasion, or the disappointing answer of the other. A rather vulgar, but really good specimen of this kind, is found in the well-known epigram of 'Jack eating rotten cheese,' etc., the jest of which consists in the second party acquiescing in the boast of the first as to killing his thousands like Samson, and then improving the parallel by suggesting the identity of the weapon used.

Mr. Burton, in his very pleasant book *The Scot Abroad*, gives us some examples of the wit and good breeding of Lord Stair, the ambassador. One of these, Mr. Burton tells us, 'rests on his remarkable resemblance to the Regent Orleans, who, desiring to turn a scandalous insinuation or jest on it, asked the Ambassador if his mother had ever been in Paris? The answer was, 'No; but my father was!' 'There is perhaps,' it is added, 'no other retort on record so effective and so beautifully simple. If the question meant anything, that meaning was avenged; if it meant nothing, there was nothing in the answer.'

Whether this anecdote happened with Lord Stair, we shall not attempt to determine; but it would be strange if he had all the merit of it, as the jest was already on record. Macrobius gives it as having been directed against the Emperor Augustus: 'Intraverat Romam simillimus Cæsari, et in se omnium ora converterat. Augustus adduci hominem ad se jussit, visumque hoc modo interrogavit: Dic mihi, adolescens, fuit aliquando mater tua Romæ? Negavit ille; nec contentus adjecit: "Sed pater meus sæpe."' Nor is the witticism left buried in the obscurity of Macrobius, for it appears as No. 52 of Lord Bacon's Apophthegms. But even Macrobius's story about Augustus is not the first edition of the joke; for Valerius Maximus tells it of a Roman proconsul, who found in his province a Sicilian very like him, and, on suggesting a similar question, received the same answer.

It really seems very difficult to say an original thing upon any subject whatever. Few sayings have been more admired than that which is ascribed to Louis XII., when urged to resent an offence which he had received before his accession, '*Ce n'est point au roi de France à venger les injures faites au*

Duc d'Orléans.' Now, what says Mr. De Quincey on this subject? In a 'Letter addressed by him to a Young man whose Education has been Neglected,' and which, we believe, appeared first in the *London Magazine* in 1823, he introduces a Frenchman taking credit to his nation for the sublimity of the French king's saying, and asking De Quincey what he thought of it. 'Think! said I, why I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before.' He then gives in a foot-note his authority for this answer, and which runs thus: 'Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum, adjecta civili voce—Minimè licere Principi Romano, ut quæ privatus agitasset odia—ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian in Had.—Vid. Histor. August.*'

This seems at first sight pretty much to the point, and we confess that, though with some misgivings as to the Latinity, we had such confidence in De Quincey's acquaintance with the Augustan History, that we long considered the French king's claim to be held the first and true inventor of the saying in question, as at an end. But lately, on turning over several editions of the Augustan collection, and looking particularly at Spartian's life of Hadrian, we were surprised to discover that *no such anecdote is there to be found*, nor is there a trace of any such words as De Quincey quotes. It is true that Spartian mentions the *fact* that Hadrian took no notice of his old enemies: 'Quos in privata vita inimicos habuit, imperator tantum neglexit; ita ut uni quem capitalem habuerat, factus Imperator, diceret *Evasisti.*' The question at issue, however, between the Frenchman and De Quincey, was not as to the originality of Louis's *conduct*, but as to the novelty of the peculiarly dignified form of words in which the sentiment was announced. Many princes have acted in the same magnanimous manner, and it is not likely that any man in modern times will find out a new virtue. Hadrian himself was not original in this kind of clemency, for Suetonius describes Vespasian as 'Offensarum inimiciarumque minime memor executorve;' and speaks of his portioning out in a munificent manner the daughter of Vitellius his old enemy. But neither Vespasian nor Hadrian is reported to have expressed the feeling which influenced them in any speech that can approach to the moral sublimity which is admitted to mark the French king's saying. It is remarkable, too, that Casaubon, in a note on the passage from Spartian which we have quoted, notices the

resemblance of Hadrian's conduct to that of Louis XII., and then gives in Latin the French king's saying as a '*vox aurea*:' 'Nam cum illum sui stimulant ut Ludovicum Trimoilium, qui sibi olim multum nocuisset, pro meritis acciperet, Ego vero, inquit, non faciam: neque enim Galliarum regem decet offensas inimicitiasque Aurelianensis Ducis meminisse aut exequi.'

It is possible that a Roman prototype of this saying may be found somewhere, but we have not yet succeeded in tracing it; and in that state of matters, looking to the failure of the only authority on which De Quincey proceeds, we think Louis entitled (at least *ad interim*) to the merit, not of having first practised this princely generosity, but of having first embodied in a beautiful form, 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.' Our theory of De Quincey's statement is, that he wrote the Letter in question at a distance from his books, or under an invincible repugnance to consulting them; that writing to an unlearned correspondent, and probably to a not very learned circle of readers, he thought he might trust his memory and take some liberties; that he remembered the parallel in conduct and character between Hadrian and Louis, with Casaubon's note on the subject, and that he either dreamed or imagined the rest, and wrote down in Latin as original what is in truth a mere reflex and paraphrase of the French saying. We are the more inclined to this view, from finding another inaccuracy in the same Letter, where he ascribes to Trajan, with misplaced magniloquence, the deathbed saying which Suetonius reports of Vespasian, '*Imperatorem stantem mori oportere*,' and which Vespasian seems to have uttered, as he did other things, with a strange mixture of jest and earnest.

De Quincey has a more amusing and more accurate passage on the subject of this kind of plagiarism in a little paper on War, which first appeared, we think, in an Edinburgh periodical. He there points out how bare the modern sayers of good things would be left, if stripped of all the borrowed plumes with which they are invested. 'Universally it may be received as a rule,' he says, 'that when an anecdote involves a stinging repartee, or collision of ideas, fancifully and brilliantly related to each other by resemblance or contrast, then you may challenge it as false.' He denounces the Greeks as the principal parties who have forestalled us by saying our good things before ourselves, and he instances Talleyrand 'as having been extensively robbed by the Greeks of the second and third centuries,' as may be easily ascertained by having the said Greeks searched,

when the stolen jewels will be found upon them. 'But one,' he adds, 'and the most famous in the whole jewel-case, sorry am I to confess, was nearly stolen from the bishop, not by any Greek, but by an English writer, viz., Goldsmith, who must have been dying about the time that the Right Reverend French knave had the goodness to be born. That famous *mot* about language as a gift made to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts is lurking in Goldsmith's *Essays*.' This is nearly correct. Not strictly in what are called his *Essays*, but in a paper of Goldsmith's in *The Bee*, there is a passage where he says that whatever may be thought by grammarians and rhetoricians, men of the world hold 'that the true use of speech is not so much to *express* our wants, as to *conceal* them.'

To return to the case of repartees involving a *quid pro quo*: it is told of Lord Braxfield, with probably the same truth as pervades other stories imputed to him, that on a thief pleading in extenuation that he could not help stealing when he had an opportunity, the Judge answered, 'That is just the way with us: for we can't help hanging a thief when we get hold of him.' But this rejoinder, too, is old, and is substantially the same as one told of Zeno the philosopher, with whom a pilfering slave had tried to excuse himself by the Stoic doctrine of fate. 'Zeno philosophus, quum servum in furto deprehensum cæderet, atque ille diceret, fatale sibi esse furari: Et cædi, inquit Zeno.' We add the Greek of Diogenes Laertius: Δούλον ἐπὶ κλοπῇ ἐμαστίγον· τοῦ δὲ εἰπόντος, Εἴμαρτό μοι κλέψαι. Καὶ δαρήναι, ἔφη.

A recent writer upon Lawyers has expressed a doubt whether Sir Nicholas Bacon really uttered, to a criminal who claimed kindred with him, the answer which he is said to have made, that Hog was not Bacon until it was hung; but as the story is among Lord Bacon's Apophthegms, we see no reason to question its authenticity.

A great many other well-known jests consist in this apparent acquiescence in the view suggested by the first speaker, and in then turning the argument against him on his own premises. Thus we have the story in the *Chevræana*, where Masson, having applied to a brother collegian for the loan of a book, is told that it cannot be lent out, but may be read in the owner's rooms, and has then an opportunity of making a similar reply to his friend when he asks him for the loan of his pair of bellows; Or, take the other instance, where the officer, on the eve of a battle, asked leave of absence of the Marshal de Toiras, that he might see his

father, who was ill, and immediately had his request granted, with the observation, 'Père et mère honoreras afin que tu vives longuement.' One of the best and most effective retorts of the kind is that of the Spanish ambassador to Henry iv. of France, which is more original, and not less pungent, than Lord Stair's reply. It is found in the *Menagiana*: 'Henri iv. pour rabatre l'orgueil d'un Ambassadeur Espagnol, lui dit que s'il lui prenoit envie de monter à cheval, il iroit ouir messe à Milan, déjeuner à Rome, et diner à Naples. Sire, lui répondit l'Ambassadeur, votre Majesté allant de ce pas pourrait le même jour aller ouir vâpres en Sicile,' alluding to the massacre of the French in Sicily in 1282. An old repartee of a similar kind is one of Cicero's, who, when asked by Pompey where his son-in-law was, answered, 'With your father-in-law;' and a good modern one is the French dialogue between the *Comte* who had no territory and the *Abbé* who had no convent, where the Count, inquiring for the locality of the other's Abbey, is answered, 'Don't you know? it is in your own County.' Something of the same character, but in a more genial spirit, is the reply of Marshal Turenne to the servant who excused his having slapped him, from mistaking him for a fellow-servant,—'Et quand e'eût été Georges, eût-il fallu frapper si fort?' 'Trait charmant,' says Marmontel, 'qu'on ne peut entendre sans rire et sans être attendri.' A common modern jest of this class, as to a lady's age, is one of Cicero's: 'Fabia Dolabellæ dicenti, triginta se annos habere: "Verum est," inquit Cicero, "nam hoc viginti annis audio."'

A happy example of *evasion* is given by the Edgeworths in the story of the old beggar woman who besieged General V—and his wife for charity: 'for, sure, didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco!' "But, my good woman," said the General, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so, please your honour?" rejoined the woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco!"'

Some of our readers may still remember the amusement afforded by the late Sir William Allan's story of the Minister and the Cuddie, which most of us, in the days when he told it, believed to be of Scotch extraction. It happens, however, to be a very old joke, not traceable perhaps to classical times, but a great favourite, and a standing jest against the clergy from the middle ages

downwards. The general idea, or as we may call it, the *algebraic* expression of the incident, seems to be this: 'Vanity, when fishing for praise, catches nothing but mortification.' A monk, chanter, or preacher, while exercising his function with a stentorian power of voice, is flattered to see in the church an elderly female in tears, and apparently much affected by his performance. On afterwards asking the cause of her emotion, he finds it arises from the likeness between his voice and that of an ass or 'cuddie' which she or her husband had lately lost. We meet with this story in Bonerius, a German writer of metrical fables in the fourteenth century, in whose collection it occurs as No. 82, under the title, 'Von einem Pfaffen und von einem Esel.' We meet with it again in Poggio's *Facetiæ* in the fifteenth century, under the title, 'Concionatoris asinina vox.' But we may notice, as proving the superior art with which Poggio tells a story, that in Bonerius we are informed from the first of the reason of the woman's demeanour, while in Poggio the explanation is reserved to be equally a surprise to the reader as it is a disappointment to the inquirer. It is to be found repeated in half-a-dozen other writers, in all forms—in Latin and in French verse, as well as in French and Italian prose.

The enjoyment that proceeds from the absurdities of weaklings and fools has always had a recognised place, though not one of a very high order, in the range of merriment. The sight of those who have the beard and body of a man, with the intellect of a baby, produces great mirth and satisfaction to the vulgar mind. Clowns and Court fools and *slow-coaches* of all kinds, and still more, perhaps, *absent* men, please us by the absurd discrepancy between what they do, and what they ought to do, and perhaps think they are doing. It is in this department of the Comic that there seems most foundation for the theory of Hobbes, 'that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others; or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past where they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.' We always thought that of the innumerable Londoners who laughed at Lord Dundreary, a large proportion did so with increased heartiness from the comfortable conviction, that here was at least one 'fellow' to whom they were intellectually superior.

But there is another and better way in which fools and simplotous become a source

of amusement, and that is by the unexpected displays which they sometimes make of wit, spirits, or ingenuity, for which one gave them no credit, and, in particular, by their successful retorts upon assailants who had looked upon them as an easy prey. This latent and fitful power of turning round upon a too confident adversary was a well-known characteristic and essential ingredient in the character of the Court Jester, who, amid the eccentricities of an unsettled and ill-regulated intellect, was often more knave than fool. The flashes of sense and cleverness that thus came out were all the more striking from the general darkness and dullness which they enlivened, and they always command that sympathy which we so readily bestow upon the weak, when they get the better of the strong or insolent.

Some of the sayings or answers ascribed to Fools are very good. We think it was Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester, who said of Wolsey, against whom he had a grudge, that if he was made Pope, it would be a great boon; 'for that Peter, the first Pope, being a Fisherman, had ordered people to eat fish in Lent for the good of the trade, but that Wolsey, being a butcher's son, would be all for butcher-meat.' We know well the revenge that poor Archie Armstrong took upon Archbishop Laud, who had forbidden him to speak of such magnates, but could not prevent him from saying, as his grace before meat, 'Great praise to God, and little Laud to the Devil.' It is reported of more than one Court fool, and among others of Triboulet, the fool of Francis I., that when told by his sovereign that if a certain courtier beat him to death, as he threatened, he would hang him *the hour after*, his request was that his Majesty would rather do so *the hour before*. The earliest French fool on record seems to have been one, named Jean, at the Court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. 'This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. 'Oh, content enough,' was the reply, 'but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool.' It was this fool who once tried his master's nerves by rushing into his room one morning, with the exclamation, 'Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have risen in the city.' 'What!' cried the startled king, 'with what intention have they risen?' 'Well,' said Jean, placing his finger on his nose, 'probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time.'

One of the best examples of this kind of unlooked-for sagacity occurs in the story in Rabelais, where a cook seeking to charge a porter for eating a crust of bread to the accompaniment of the savour that came from his kitchen, the dispute is referred to a poor fool who is passing, and who, after gravely hearing the parties, decided that the cook shall be paid for the *smell* of his shop with the *chink* of the porter's money.

We should add that this element seems to be the essence of the wit in that portion of *Don Quixote* which relates to Sancho's administration as Governor of Barataria. He is obviously put there to make an ass of himself, but disappoints his patrons, and delights his readers, by the unlooked-for sagacity of his decisions.

Our old Scottish Chap-books, as well as our miscellaneous Collections of vernacular Jests, show how much the popular mind entered into the lucky sayings and doings of fools and naturals; among whom, by a strange perversity, the venerable name of George Buchanan came to be enrolled, and had connected with it all the current jokes and evasions attributed to the King's jester. Johnson speaks of the melancholy that is felt in contemplating the contradictions of life,

'Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,'

but there is sometimes a compensating satisfaction in viewing on the other side these exceptional gleams of courage in the cowardly, and wisdom in the foolish. Yet, on the whole, to minds of a more advanced culture, the subject is painful and perplexing. Dr. Doran's industrious History of Court Fools is not a pleasing book. It is impossible to read it without regret that men of rank and station should ever have found a standing amusement in such exhibitions of human infirmity, and we feel something deeper than regret in seeing the strange medley of folly and cleverness, of sense and sensuality, by which these unhappy instruments of courtly mirth were generally distinguished, and the cruel treatment which they too often met with. Nor are there wanting instances that rouse our warmest indignation, where men of birth and true talent have been tyrannically compelled, like Laberius, to play the *mime*, but who, with a worse fate than his, have been destined to that doom for life. Here it is that we ought specially to remember the rule of Aristotle, that the true Comic ceases where pain or suffering begins; and in our mirth more than in anything else we should resolve, with Wordsworth,

'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'

In the review which we have now taken of the *laughable*, our chief object has been to illustrate the idea with which we set out, that a failure, defeat or disappointment, in matters neither involving dignity nor inferring pain, was the main, if not the essential element in ridicule. In doing so, it will be seen how little we have come in contact with what properly may be called *wit*, or with those current witticisms which fill our ordinary jest-books, and of which a very fair collection is to be found in the later work, of which the title is prefixed to this article. But we suspect it must be conceded that Wit is not necessarily or essentially Comic. There are many witty sayings and many witty books which do not make us laugh: and some comedies counteract their own object by an excess of that ingredient. On the other hand when Wit is exerted in a situation otherwise laughable, it has the strongest influence in heightening the effect. It would not be difficult to illustrate this view, as well as some other aspects of the ludicrous; but we shall stop for the present, as we believe that no subject is more easily overdone than one which is not serious.

ART. V.—ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

ARCHBISHOP SHARP is one of many characters in Scottish history who assume a quite different complexion according to the point of view from which we look at them. The inscription on his monument in the parish church of St. Andrews bears, that he was a 'most pious prelate, a most prudent senator, and a most holy martyr.' To his own attached friend and secretary, Mr. George Martine of Claremont, he was 'a man of profound wisdom, great courage, wonderful zeal for God and his Church, prudent in conduct, and indefatigably laborious.' And there are those in our own time who take substantially the same view of his character. They may not say much of his saintliness, but they believe him to have been honest in life, faithful in service, zealous for religion, and a martyr in its cause.

On the other hand, to the Presbyterians of the Restoration, Sharp was an incarnation of all odious qualities. His private life was deemed scandalous, and his public life an insult and outrage to his country. An anagram on his name, which we give below,* conveys the popular idea of his character. The Covenanters saw no good, but only evil in him, while he lived, and they thought that they could do nothing better than put him

to a miserable death; and there are Presbyterians, even now, who think upon the whole that these men took a right view of his character, and did a worthy deed in destroying him. To them, the monument in the parish church of St. Andrews lies shamelessly in its marble characters; and while the reverent curiosity of Episcopal pilgrims searches amidst the trees and brushwood on Magus Muir, not far from the old city where the white-haired man was dragged from his coach and stabbed in the presence of his daughter, they pass it by with heedless unconcern or contempt. A green spot in a field at hand, unturned for many generations, tells of the reverence of the neighborhood, not for the prelatial 'martyr,' but for certain men, executed four years afterwards for abetting in his murder—martyrs, in popular estimation, for 'the Word of God and Scotland's Covenanted work of Reformation.'

We do not pretend to any enthusiastic interest in Archbishop Sharp. From no point of view is he a hero. There is nothing in the best view of his character calculated to excite enthusiasm; but, considering the part he acted in Scotland, he is a study well worth attention. It is plain on a glance that the popular Presbyterian view of him is not correct, but how far any higher view is correct is not so evident. His portrait by

- * I Infamous Juggler, Insolent ;
A Ambitious and Arrogant ;
M Monstrous, Malapert Madman ;
E Erroneous Erastian ;
S Saucie, Selfish, Simonaik.
S Serville, Saul-Seller, Stigmatik ;
H Hell's-bound, hideous Hicrarchist ;
A Abominable Arch-Atheist ;
R Railing Ruffian, Runagat ;
P Perfidious perjured Prelate.

Kirkton, in his *History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 84, says of Sharp: 'He was by all that knew him taken to be no better than a flat atheist; he used no private prayers, and once in a month served his family; yea, he was known to be a man of flagitious life, and not only a debauched paillard but a cruel murderer.' Then follows the well-known scandal about Isobel Lindsay, which the reader will find examined farther on in the text.

Shields, in *A Hind let Loose*, p. 123, says, 'That truculent traitor, James Sharp, the arch-prelate, received the just demerit of his perfidious, perjury, apostasy, villainies, and murders—sharp arrows of the mighty, and coals of juniper; for, upon the 3d of May 1679, several worthy gentlemen, with some other men of courage and zeal for the cause of God and the country, executed righteous judgment upon him on Magus Moor, near St. Andrews.'

But if our readers wish to see the full length portrait of Sharp drawn by a Presbyterian pen of the Covenanting school, let them read *Life of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews*, first printed in 1678, and printed in *Miscellanea Scotica*, a collection of tracts relating to the history, antiquities, topography, and literature of Scotland. Glasgow, 1818.

Sir Peter Lely, of which two copies, the one a photograph, and the other the well-known etching by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, are before us, do not serve to clear up the enigma. The face is fine and delicate rather than strong, with possibilities of craft in it, but also suggestions of mildness, refinement, and the qualities of a gentleman. His hands, which are both conspicuously displayed, are particularly graceful. There is something of high-bred languor in the expression and pose of both countenance and figure, a want of frankness and heartiness, withal a touch of possible meanness, but not the slightest taint of grossness. He looks the prelate well and naturally. A certain scholarly dignity, thoughtful deliberativeness, and a soft, pliable, womanly aspect—the aspect of a retired student rather than of a politician and man of affairs,—are the chief characteristics of the portrait. A single look is enough to dispose of the more brutal calumnies against him, but a protracted study does not yield up a definitely favourable meaning. Craft may be behind the softness, and a mean self-seeking beneath the apparent amenities of the scholar and well-bred ecclesiastic.

Our general view of Sharp's character must depend very much upon the view which we take of his conduct at the Restoration. It will be found that the diverging views of him begin here. What was the real part which he played at this period? Was he the moving spring in the change which took place in the royal policy towards Scotland? Was he the betrayer of the Church whose interests he professed to serve, and of the Presbyterian friends who sent him to London on the eve of the Restoration with definite instructions to use his 'utmost endeavors that the Kirk of Scotland may, without interruption or encroachment, enjoy the freedom and privilege of her established judicatories, ratified by the laws of the land'? Did he act a false part throughout,—'enacting,' in the language of Wodrow, 'the overthrow of the Church of Scotland with the high-fliers in England,'* while maintaining a friendly correspondence with those who trusted him, and representing himself as active in the pursuance of the objects they had at heart? Sharp must be tested by his conduct on this occasion. Stern as was the Presbyterian hatred of him, it is perfectly intelligible, it may be said to be perfectly justifiable, on the*supposition that he acted the part attributed to him by Wodrow and others. The character of a man capable of such conduct could scarcely be held to admit

of any defence, or to be worth any interest, graceful as may have been the mask which he wore, and cunningly as he played his villainy.

It is singular how many authorities combine to take the worst view of Sharp's conduct on this occasion, and these not merely of the extreme Presbyterian party. Wodrow's personal opinion is not of much consequence. It is the merited fate of extreme opinions to carry little weight with future inquirers, and the old Minister of Eastwood, however painstaking, is blindly zealous in his partisanship. The same remark applies to Kirkton, who is at least as credulous and extreme as Wodrow. These writers are only rivalled by certain specimens of the modern prelatial school in Scotland. Here, as elsewhere, extremes meet, and wise men, with any sense of truth, must keep aloof from both. But Wodrow not only gives his own opinion; he professes to give a direct statement from Robert Douglas, Sharp's correspondent, and the well-known minister of Edinburgh to the effect that Sharp had 'dealt treacherously' with him and the other Presbyterian ministers. And supposing this statement genuine, it claims special consideration; for Douglas, although sufficiently dogmatic and prejudiced in his Presbyterianism, as his letters to Sharp show, was yet a man of sense, calmness, and sobriety of judgment. He was 'too calm and too grave,' Burnet says, for the 'furious men' who surrounded him; 'he was much depended on for his prudence.' He was the recognised leader of the Resolutioners. His relations with Sharp were of a peculiarly confidential nature. But the document given by Wodrow is not only unauthenticated,* it furnishes no evidence of Sharp's duplicity. It is explicit as to Douglas's belief that Sharp acted treacherously, but nothing more; and the mere *ipse dixit* of even such an authority as Douglas, must of course be examined in the light of Sharp's own statements.

Principal Baillie is equally confident as to Sharp's treachery.† He believes very much as Douglas does, that Sharp was first tampered with when he visited the King at Breda in May 1660. 'At that time,' he says, 'Dr. Sheldon, now Bishop of London,

* Wodrow, vol. i. p. 55. We quote throughout Dr. Burn's edition in four volumes.

* Wodrow received it, he says, from Douglas's son, 'minister of the gospel at Logie' (*Introduction*, p. 28); but he gives no further authentication of it, and we know nothing of the document otherwise than as reported by him. Wodrow is not to be implicitly followed on such evidence as this.

† Baillie's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 484. We quote throughout Dr. David Laing's edition: Edinburgh, 1842.

and Dr. Morley, did poison Mr. Sharp, our agent, whom we trusted; who piece by piece in so cunning a way has trepanned us.'

Then Burnet, who must also be considered a primary authority, although not in the same degree as Douglas or Baillie,* is, if possible, more emphatic in his condemnation than either. He seldom names Sharp, indeed, without some opprobrious insinuations, and his obvious ill-feeling is to be taken into account in estimating his statements. He says† that Sharp 'stuck neither at solemn protestations, both by word of mouth and by letters (of which I have seen many proofs), nor at appeals to God, of his sincerity in acting for the Presbytery, both in prayers and on other occasions, joining with these many dreadful imprecations on himself if he did prevaricate. He was all the while maintained by the Presbyterians as their agent, and continued to give them a constant account of the progress of the negotiations in their service, while he was indeed undermining it. This piece of craft was so visible that when he threw off the mask about a year after this, it laid a foundation of such a character of him that nothing could ever bring people to any tolerable thoughts of a man whose dissimulations and treachery were so well known, and of which so many proofs were to be seen under his own hand.'

In the view of such authorities, it is unnecessary to collect the opinion of later historians, who merely rely upon the testimony of Wodrow and Burnet. Writers of the extreme Presbyterian school, as might be expected, re-echo their strongest statements, and speak, like Dr. M'Crie, of 'the unparalleled treachery of Sharp, who being intrusted by the Presbyterians with the management of their cause in Holland and London, basely betrayed it, and continued to amuse them in his letters with the *most false information and the most hypocritical pretences*.' Kirkton and Wodrow are not more confident, if somewhat less tempered, in their epithets. But the historians of the more moderate school are quite as unanimous in their condemnation of Sharp. His treachery is the key-note of all alike,—of Dr. Cook,‡ of Principal Lee,§ even of the latest and most liberal, Dr. Cunningham of Crieff.¶ And to sum up the list, Dr. David Laing,

whose careful labours as an historical antiquary give a special value to his opinion, affirms it as his belief, founded on Sharp's letters, that he had 'all along been acting most treacherously towards those by whom he had been confidentially employed.'*

Such an array of authority seems to render Sharp's case somewhat hopeless. Nor has it been much mended by those who have sought to vindicate him. The author of the 'True and Impartial Account of the Life of the most Reverend Father in God, Dr. James Sharp,' etc., published in 1723 without the publisher's name, is too obviously a partisan on the prelatical side. His blind admiration is scarcely less misleading than the blind depreciation of Wodrow and Kirkton. And his more recent defenders, Thomas Stephens,† and the Rev. Mr. Lyon, in his *History of St. Andrews*, are scarcely writers likely to repair a damaged reputation. If narrowness and intemperate zeal on one side were the best weapons for meeting narrowness and detraction on the other, they might be considered to have succeeded in their task; but to the critical reader, High Church fanaticism is as little satisfactory as Covenanting bigotry. He wishes, if he can, to rub off the glosses from an historical character, and see it in its true light; and his first business, therefore, is to turn aside from all extreme views, and concentrate his attention upon such original elements of fact as he can find.

So far as we can see, the only really original materials for judging of Sharp's conduct at this important crisis of his life, are his own letters. No one has pretended to say that there is any evidence of a direct kind fixing upon him the charge of treacherously employing his influence for the introduction of Episcopacy while yet professing to serve his Presbyterian friends. It is inferred both by Douglas and Baillie, that he was corrupted on his visit to the King at Breda. 'This,' the former says, 'was revealed to me after he was made bishop.' But no person is named as responsible for the revelation. Douglas heard such a story and believed it, but he gives no direct evidence for it to which we can appeal. Similarly, Baillie believed that he was 'poisoned,' by Dr. Sheldon and Dr. Morley on the same occasion. But neither is able to say, 'I have evidence of such a fact!' Neither certainly gives any evidence of it. The only thing like evidence of which we are aware,

* Burnet was minister of Saltoun in East Lothian from 1665 to 1669.

† *History of his Own Time*, Book II.

‡ *History of the Church of Scotland*, vol. iii. pp. 219, 228.

§ *History*, etc., vol. ii. p. 315. || *Church History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 185.

* *Memoir of the Life of Robert Baillie*, appended to Laing's edition of Baillie's *Letters*, vol. iii.

† Author of *Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp*. 1839.

alleged against Sharp, is a statement attributed to the Earl of Middleton, the Royal Commissioner for the Parliament of 1661. It is said that when this nobleman read the royal letter which Sharp was about to carry to his Presbyterian friends in Scotland on his return after the Restoration, 'he appeared in some concern at its contents and the promises in it, as thwarting with what he and Mr. Sharp had concerted. And when he was told *that notwithstanding of anything in the letter, when his Lordship went down to Scotland he might rescind the laws now in force*, and then Episcopacy remained the Church-government settled by law; the Earl replied, "That might be done, but for his share he did not love that way which made his Majesty's first appearance in Scotland to be in a cheat."

Such is Wodrow's story,* and Burnet's narrative, which we give below, is† to the same effect. The story has received implicit belief from Dr. Cook‡ and others; and supposing it to be true, it is of course fatal to any attempt to clear Sharp's character. If he and Middleton really understood one another before Sharp left London in August 1660; if they had at this time formed betwixt them the design of subverting Presbyterianism, then, apart from the blacker features of the design, the putting of a falsehood into the King's mouth, Sharp must be considered both a liar and a traitor; for, besides the declarations in his letters to Douglas, we have under his own hand, as will be seen in the sequel, the most earnest asseverations that he knew nothing of any such design, and that the proposal of the Rescissory Acts carried by the ensuing

Parliament took him by surprise. But we are bound to examine closely the authority for such a statement. On what does it rest beyond the allegations of Wodrow and Burnet, both of whom, we have seen, are strongly prejudiced against Sharp?—On the authority of Primrose, the Clerk-Register, according to Burnet.*

But Primrose is represented by Burnet himself to have been 'a man with whom words went for nothing.' 'He said everything that was necessary to persuade those he spoke to that he was of their mind.'† He lied, in short, whenever it suited his purpose, and he may have lied to Burnet when he told him of Middleton's indignation at Sharp. It is to be observed too that, a few pages later,‡ the historian represents Middleton himself as the chief mover in passing the Rescissory Act,§ at the suggestion of which he is said to have been so indignant. In defiance both of the Earl of Crawford and the Duke of Hamilton, 'who argued much against it,' he hurried it forward, 'managing the debate himself, contrary to custom;' and when 'the bill was put to the vote and carried by a great majority,' he 'immediately passed it without staying for an instruction for the King.'

It is impossible to unravel fully the truth or falsehood of the story, but plainly Primrose, 'Clerk-Register,' is not an authority to be depended on. Besides that lying seems to have been his *forte*, we only have his statement at second-hand. The evidence, so far against Sharp, therefore, comes to this, that two writers, who paint him in the darkest colours, and who evidently believed the worst scandals as to his public, if not also his private conduct, affirm that he was privy to a design formed for the overthrow of Presbyterianism in Scotland before he left London in August 1660. No doubt they believed this. It seems to have been the current belief after Sharp's promotion to the Primacy, but whether the belief was well-founded or not must be weighed, no less than all other statements, along with Sharp's own affirmations on the subject and judged of in

* Vol. i. p. 82.

† Vol. i. Oxford edit. p. 200.—'As soon as Middleton heard of it (the royal letter), he thought Sharp had betrayed the design, and sent for him and charged him with it. Sharp said, in his own excuse, that somewhat must be done for quieting the Presbyterians, who were beginning to take the alarm; that might have produced such applications as would perhaps make some impression on the King; whereas now all was secured, and yet the King was engaged to nothing; for his confirming the government as established by law could bind him no longer than while that legal establishment was in force; so the reversing of that would release the King. This alarmed the Earl of Middleton's displeasure a little. Yet Primrose (Sir Archibald Primrose, who was appointed Clerk-Register after the Restoration, and was Middleton's right-hand man in all his doings, "the subtlest of all his friends"), told me he spoke often of it with great indignation, since it seemed below the dignity of a king thus to equivocate with his people and to deceive them. It seemed that Sharp thought it not enough to cheat the party himself, but would have the King share with him in the fraud.'

‡ Vol. iii. pp. 230-1.

* See footnote on previous page.

† Burnet, i. 192.

‡ P. 214.

§ There were various Rescissory Acts passed by this Parliament, but that which is chiefly known by the name, and to which allusion is here made, is the Act passed on the 28th March, 1661,—'Act rescinding and annulling the Pretendit Parliaments in the Years 1640, 1641,' etc. It will be seen later on, that neither Sharp nor Middleton were the originators and chief promoters of the Rescissory Act. It appears to have been directly due to the reactionary enthusiasm of the Restoration Parliament itself.

connexion with all the probabilities of the case when we have these affirmations before us.

It so happens that there are preserved among the Lauderdale Papers in the British Museum, a series of letters written by Sharp to a friend in London, who became, about the time of the Restoration, Lauderdale's private chaplain.* These letters, which we have had an opportunity of perusing, and of which full copies† are before us, throw more light upon the course of Sharp's conduct at this period, as it appears to us, than any that have been hitherto made public. That they serve quite to clear up his conduct it would be absurd to say, because, unfortunately, the very question involved is how far Sharp himself is to be believed. Those who thought as Burnet did in his own day, and as many apparently still do in our day, have no faith in him whatever, neither in his 'protestations by word of mouth or by letter, nor in any appeals of his sincerity in acting for Presbytery.' Their theory of him is that he was an ingrained liar and traitor, with whom, as with his friend Clerk-Register Primrose, 'words went for nothing.' And if he lied in his letters to Douglas, keeping up the ingenious play of falsehood to the last, of course he may have lied to his friend Lauderdale's chaplain in London; and reasons even might be given for his so doing. But to others who have no definite theory of his character, and to whom the puzzle is to understand him in the light of common sense rather than of theory, either Prelatical or Covenanting, these letters may be helpful. To ourselves, we confess that they incline the balance in Sharp's favour. They have left upon us the impression that, whatever his faults were, he was not a *traitor* to his friends and to his Church, in the sense in which he is represented to have been so by contemporary authorities, and by the train of Presbyterian writers who have followed them. One conclusion seems certain from them: he was either not such a traitor, or he was both liar and traitor, of a still deeper dye than even they have painted him, for he must have been false, not only where it was necessary to conceal his designs, but in circumstances in which he might have remained

silent, and which involve a singularly shameless disregard of all honourable principles.

We propose in the sequel of this paper to present to our readers such extracts from Sharp's letters before us as throw light upon his conduct, and make it more intelligible than it has hitherto appeared. We shall confine ourselves to the critical period of his life with which we have been hitherto dealing, and to which our letters exclusively relate. To travel beyond it to the time of his administration as Primate, and the troubles in which he was then involved, would open up a wide field, quite beyond the scope of a single paper. Our present purpose is merely to trace the motives influencing him at the Restoration, with a view to the estimate which must be formed of his personal character. But for this purpose, it will be necessary to trace briefly the thread of his life, and the state of ecclesiastical parties in Scotland, up to the time when he went to London on behalf of his Presbyterian brethren—the beginning, namely, of the year 1660. It is scarcely possible otherwise to understand the exact nature of his position, and the various motives bearing upon him.

James Sharp was of gentle birth. His father was Sheriff-Clerk of Banffshire, and was descended on the maternal side from the old family of Halyburtons of Piteur, in the shire of Angus. His mother was a daughter of the Laird of Kinnivny, in the county of Banff. He was born on the 4th of May 1618, in the Castle of Banff; where his father is said to have 'lived and died in great esteem and reputation with all who knew him.' He was very clever as a boy, and took a special interest in religious subjects and the society of clergymen, so that his father's neighbours called him in jest *the young minister*. It is reported that his mother had a vision of him as a bishop,—one of these family myths, no doubt, which grow up after the event.

The boy's natural turn pointed to the Church as his profession, and he never seems to have contemplated any other. So he went to King's College, in Aberdeen, in the year 1633. His name is found in the matriculation-list of that year, in the *Fasti Aberdonenses* printed for the Spalding Club. According to the same authority, he graduated in 1637. He then proceeded to the study of divinity, under the famous 'Aberdeen Doctors,' Dr. Forbes of Corse and Dr. Barron. The school of divinity at Aberdeen was at this time the most learned in the kingdom. Episcopacy had found in the north a congenial soil, and flourished not only in polemical strength, but in genuine

* Mr. Patrick Drummond. He is supposed to have been a brother of the minister of Muthil, and to have settled after the Restoration near Newcastle. We are indebted to Dr. Laing for this, the only information we have been able to obtain of Sharp's friend and correspondent.

† We are indebted for these copies to the kindness of Mr. Vere Irving, author of the *History of Lanarkshire*, who has liberally placed his transcripts of the Lauderdale Papers at our disposal.

fruits of spiritual and theological culture.* Young Sharp seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of the place, and to have been a favourite with his professors. Dr. Barron is said to have called him, after a familiar way, '*mi Jacobe Sharp*,' signifying the opinion he had of his conception and readiness.† This fact of Sharp's education by the 'Aberdeen Doctors' in the principles of Episcopacy, deserves particular notice. There is no reason to think, although he became a Presbyterian minister, that he ever entirely abandoned these principles. No doubt, he became a Covenanter; as Leighton also did. This he could not help doing, if he was to live in Scotland at all; but there is good reason to believe that the Episcopal leaven was never purged out of him.

So strongly was he inclined to Episcopacy at first, that he retired to England on the outbreak of the covenanting excitement, and the dispersion of the 'Aberdeen Doctors' in the Spring of 1639. He went to Oxford, and is supposed also to have visited Cambridge, making use of his opportunities for future study, and laying the foundation of that personal acquaintance with English divines, both of the Prelatical, and of the Puritan school, which he continued afterwards to cultivate so diligently, and which makes so prominent a feature of his career in his successive visits to England. Particularly at this time, he is said to have 'contracted an acquaintance with those great lights, Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Taylor.' He appears, in fact, to have contemplated taking English orders, and his admiring biographer says, that 'he stood fair for considerable ecclesiastical benefices, and had the honour to be taken notice of, and in favour with several persons of note;‡ but the disturbances which had driven him from Scotland had by this time become equally powerful in England, and he was fain, therefore, to turn his face northwards again. A violent ague, with which he was seized, is said also to have compelled him to seek his native air.

On his return to Scotland, he was travelling towards Edinburgh, and, according to his biographer,§ 'happened to lodge at Haddington, in the same inn with Sir James McGill of Cranston, afterwards Viscount of Oxford, a person of noble and generous

temper,' who, falling into conversation with him, was so interested by his manners and address, that he took him with him to his house in the country, where he speedily recovered his health. Here also he met the Earl of Rothes, with whose family he was connected through his mother, and 'several of the nobility and gentry,' and the same art of pleasing, in which from his youth he was evidently a master, seems to have operated upon them. The earl of Rothes particularly interested himself in his fortunes, and partly through his patronage, 'but more for his own merits,' Sharp was chosen one of the Regents of Philosophy in St. Leonard's College, in St. Andrews.

This is the representation of his prelatical biographer,* and there seems no reason to question it. For even the version given by his enemies of his first appointment in St. Andrews is highly creditable to him. According to them, he had ingratiated himself with Mr. Henderson, the well-known Puritan leader, while in England, and bringing recommendatory letters from him to the Rector of the University, he was admitted to a comparative trial for the vacant office of Regent, which he successfully obtained against another candidate, of whom we shall hear more immediately. This was in the beginning of 1643.†

His previous character as a student, no less than his evident activity of mind, affords every guarantee that he would devote himself with vigour and success to the duties of his position. 'He measured his time with great frugality,' says his biographer, allotting such portions of it for the instruction of his scholars as were necessary, and employing the rest for his own improvement, *without neglecting to converse with the world*. The last touch is significant and characteristic. Sharp was evidently from the first a man of manners and policy, as well as a student interested in books. He had an open and clear eye as to what was going on around him; and Scotland was plainly then a country in which a man needed to have his eyes well open. But notwithstanding his 'converse with the world' and his acknowledged prudence, he very nearly fell into disgrace by a singular act of indiscretion. As the story is told by both his Prelatical and Covenanting biographers, there is every likelihood of its resting on truth, whether or not it is to be held credible in all its features.

* There can be no doubt of the root which Episcopacy had taken in Aberdeenshire; and the merited distinction of the 'Aberdeen Doctors' suggests a special regret that Dr. Joseph Robertson was not spared to write, what he sometimes thought of doing, memoirs of this famous school.

† *True and Impartial Account*, p. 28.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 29. § *Ibid.* p. 30.

* *True and impartial account*.

† Sharp's signature is attached to a lease given by the Masters in St. Leonard's College, 5th July 1643. The exact date of his induction is not ascertained.

His competitor for the office of Regent was one of the name of Sinclair.* He was second, but did so well in the examination that he was promised the next vacancy.† He appears, accordingly, as a Regent in 1640; and whether it was that their former contention for precedence had bred some ill-will betwixt them, or from some other cause, he and Sharp seem to have quarrelled. The special ground of their quarrel was the great topic of the day—Presbytery *versus* Episcopacy. Sharp, apparently in a temporary moment of forgetfulness, after dinner at the College table, 'when the students were removed,' was 'venting and maintaining Hooker's, Hale's, and Hammond's principles, with a philosophical liberty' which so irritated Sinclair, that he flatly gave him the lie; Sharp replied 'with a box on the ear' of his unmannerly colleague. He 'shamefully beat him,' says the Covenanted biographer, in the presence of the Principal and the rest of the Regents. The event was unlucky, and served even, according to his admirer, to create 'a very bad impression' of him for some time. To add to the scandal, the offence took place on the Sabbath-day. Altogether, the incident is a curious one, especially in reference to the common view of Sharp's character. If he was wary and full of dissimulation, it is clear that he was not always on his guard. There is a hearty vehemence in his resenting an insult at the College table with a blow, which, we confess, rather raises our conception of him. It was very undignified, no doubt, but it was not the act of a deceitful and treacherous man.

To this same period of his life belongs the most serious scandal raised by his enemies, and apparently credited by them. He is represented as having debauched a young woman of the name of Isobel Lindsay, and as having been instrumental in the murder of her child. The story is told by Kirkton,‡ and with fulness and circumstantiality in the *Life* printed in 1678. Isobel Lindsay was the 'beautiful serving-woman' at 'a public change,' kept by one John Allan, at whose house Sharp lodged when he first came to St. Andrews. He was so seduced by her charms, that he was to be found more in the

wine-cellar where she waited than in his study,—'studying more the art of love than ever he had done that of logic.' He is said to have deceived her by a promise of marriage, and then to have strangled her child; burying it 'under the hearth-stone, where probably its bones may yet be found!'* and having made her a partner in his crime, to have finally cast her off, believing that she would not expose her own life by betraying him. The story was well conceived to touch the popular mind, and fill it with horror. It has that dash of dark romance in it which goes right to the popular imagination. Happily, it does not rest on a particle of real evidence. All the admitted circumstances of Sharp's residence in St. Andrews are broadly against it. It is allowed by all, and by none more strongly than the author of the *Life*, that Sharp's career as a Regent, saving for the *fracas* with Sinclair, was a highly successful one. He grew in favour, not only in his own College, but in the opinion of the clergy generally. The fame of the 'man's learning and supposed piety' brought him 'many scholars, whereof not a few were of the best quality, of those who are called Primores. This general opinion of his worth and ability is said to have even temporarily influenced Rutherford on his return from England. This, of course, is all attributed to his hypocrisy by the author of the *Life*; but the facts and admissions of such a writer are of far more value than his opinions. Sharp's alleged profligacy is quite inconsistent with his advance in general reputation. Besides, the story must evidently stand or fall as a whole, and it seems to destroy itself by the very atrocity of wickedness which it attributes to Sharp. It represents him as a man of sensual and violent impulses, who, to indulge his appetites, ran a risk quite disproportioned to the indulgence; and yet, the constant allegation of the same writer is, that he was a man of such deep dissimulation, that he was constantly using unworthy arts, and laying restraints upon his natural inclinations, with the view of insinuating himself into favour, and promoting his interests. Even were Sharp entirely destitute of principle, it is plain on the surface of his life, at every point, that he was a man of great sense and ability. In prudence he never seems to have been lacking. The excess of his prudence, of his far-seeing caution, is one of the most constant accusations against him. Was this the sort of a man to have a mistress at 'a public change,' in the high days of the Covenant? The Covenanted caricaturist

* Mr. John Sinclair, afterwards minister of Ormiston—*True and Impartial Account*, confirmed by the Rev. Hew Scott, Anstruther, whose minute knowledge in such subjects is well known, and whose *Fasti Ecclesie Scotice*, the first volume of which has just appeared, will be found a most valuable repertory of Scottish ecclesiastical information.

† *Life of Sharp*, printed in 1678.

‡ P. 84.

* *Life*, p. 22.

has here, as in some other cases, drawn a picture too monstrous for belief.

The whole foundation of the story seems to have been certain ravings of a woman of the same name, long after Sharp became Archbishop. In the year 1672, under an entry in the Presbytery Records of St. Andrews,* dated December 4, nearly thirty years, therefore, after the alleged event, we find that a certain 'Isbell Lyndsay, spouse to John Wilson in St. Andrews,' had been banished the town 'for her railing against my Lord Archbishop in time of God's publik worship.' The subject appears to have occupied the Presbytery at several meetings. The woman had been allowed to return to her friends under promise of good behaviour, but, unable to restrain her tongue, had again 'uttered reviling speeches against the said Archbishop and his lady at his entry to his sermon.' The brethren were 'left by the Archbishop to their own prudence, to act in the matter as they thought convenient, so that God might be glorified and the scandal removed;' and accordingly the ministers of St. Andrews, St. Leonards, and Crail, were appointed to confer with her, and bring her to a sense of her sin; but as she continued obstinate, she was again banished, and pronounced 'unworthy of Christian society.'

These are the facts upon which the story seems to have been built. Beyond these facts there is no evidence whatever for connecting the name of Isobel Lindsay with Sharp. The improbabilities of the story speak for themselves. The woman was evidently a fanatical enthusiast, 'crackbrained and fanciful.' Whatever her 'railings' may have been can matter little; but there is no evidence that they were of such a nature as the story attributes to her. This is in fact expressly contradicted.† Sharp seems to have acted in the matter like any sensible person accused of a public scandal, who had nothing to fear from investigation. Doubtless if he had had any ground of fear, he could have found other means of silencing the woman besides sending the brethren of the Presbytery to confer with her.

We may seem to have dwelt upon this affair unduly; but the scandal finds a place in Wodrow and Kirkton, as well as in the defamatory *Life* of 1678, and it was scarcely possible to pass it by. Sharp's career as a Regent is not distinguished by any further events. He continued in his office till

the end of 1647. In November of that year the Presbytery of St. Andrews 'received a presentation from the Earl of Crawford, patron of the parish of Crail, nominating and presenting Mr. James Sharp, Regent, to be minister of the said kirk, and requiring the Presbytery to enter him for his trials for that effect.' On the 17th of the same month Commissioners appear from Crail, requesting the Presbytery to proceed with Sharp's trials, and to accelerate the same. 'The said Mr. James being asked, did submit himself to the Presbytery, protesting that if he be called to that charge, there be a tymeous provision of a helper with him therein.' Satisfaction being given on this point, the various trials usual in licensing a preacher are then prescribed to Sharp, which he passes through at successive meetings of the Presbytery in December 25 and 29. Finally, in January 13, 1648, 'he is fully approven in all these trials; and also he is fully approven, by all in all the parts of his trials in relation to that charge whereunto now he is called;' and a fortnight afterwards, viz., on the 27th January, he is admitted minister at Crail.

Unhappily the veracious records of the Presbytery fail us further. We do not find any mention of Sharp again till the spring of 1652, when he is a prisoner at London along with Douglas and others. By this time he had entered upon his ecclesiastical career, taken his side amongst the contending parties of the Church, and begun to exercise something of that public influence which was destined to prove so powerful over the interests of his country for the next quarter of a century. The clear presumption therefore is, that the intervening years of his ministry at Crail were years of activity and usefulness. 'His labours,' says his biographer, 'were most acceptable, and gained on the hearts of the people by calmness, condescension and affability.*' He exemplified in a singular manner, it is somewhat naively added, 'the evangelical precept as to the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove.' At the same time it is admitted that there were those among his brethren in the Presbytery who regarded him with suspicion. Some of the moroser sort, like Mr. Blair of St. Andrews, used to say, that *they did not believe him sound* (a word then and since of weighty import), and that he spoke through a bishop.†

Substantially the same impression is conveyed by his Covenanting biographer of this period of his ministry, although the sus-

* *Ecclesiastical Records*—Selections from minutes of St. Andrews, p. 89. Printed for the Abbotsford Club.

† *True and Impartial Account*, p. xvi.
Letter in the Appendix, p. xlix.

* *True and Impartial Account*.

† *I bid*.

picious features are laid in with darker colours. With all his dislike of Sharp, this writer cannot conceal the growing influence of his character and ability. He insinuates that he appropriated the whole stipend at Crail, instead of leaving provision for a helper, notwithstanding his professed eagerness on his appointment for assistance in so large a charge. He dwells with curious malice upon the bad opinion which Rutherford and others had of Sharp; but is forced to admit, in the face of all his insinuations, that Sharp's 'respect was grown so great' among his brethren generally, that he easily swayed them to his views. A special intimacy was formed between him and Mr. Wood, one of Rutherford's colleagues in St. Mary's College, which lasted through various vicissitudes, and of which we see fruits in the correspondence before us.

The Church of Scotland at this time was divided into two factions, violently contending for the mastery. These factions had sprung naturally out of the course of events during the Civil War. Scotland had entered into that war with a thoroughly honest, if sternly fanatical purpose. It knew its own mind plainly; what it was fighting for; and it kept steadfastly to the same mind and purpose through all the changing incidents of the contest. Whilst the religious feeling and intelligence of England were carried forward into more extreme phases of development with the advance of events, the Scotch remained true to the principles of 'the Solemn League and Covenant, approved by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and by both Houses of Parliament and Assembly of Divines in England, and taken and subscribed by them, anno 1643.' The establishment of Presbyterianism in the three kingdoms as alone answering to a 'true reformation of religion, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, according to the Word of God,' was the great idea of the Covenant. It was the animating thought of the Scotch mind through the whole crisis. Whence this idea had its origin, and grew into such a pervading fanaticism as it did, under what influences it had strengthened during the reigns of James and Charles I., till it seized the religious imagination of Scotland like a passion and swept all before it, it is not possible nor necessary for us now to trace. Of the prevalence and potency of the idea there can be no question. It had laid hold of the popular mind of the country to the exclusion of every other. Presbytery was religion, and there was no other religion. It was the 'common cause of religion, liberty, and peace' in the three kingdoms.

Whatever was opposed to it—Popery, Prelacy, or Independency—was of the nature of 'heresy, schism, profaneness,' alike 'contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness.'

A fanaticism such as this was obviously of the strictest kind. It had, as it showed, enormous power of impulse, but no capacity of expansion, no element of accommodation. All its natural tendency was to contract farther rather than to expand. The Covenant, in fact, contained from the beginning negative elements of an intensely narrowing character. It pledged its subscribers not merely to the preservation of what they conceived to be the 'liberties of the kingdoms,' but, moreover, to the discovery and punishment of all who seemed to them to oppose these liberties and the true reformation of religion, as 'malignant and evil instruments.' There was a deep-seated jealousy in its principles, like the jealousy of the old Mosaic law. The Covenanters were the chosen people, and all beyond their pale were to be driven, like the Canaanites, if not from the land, from every office of trust, from every position of national service and government. A system like this speedily bred its natural fruits in intolerance and schism. The exigencies of a great patriotic crisis could not be kept within the trammels of a narrow fanaticism; while the fanaticism, from its very intensity, served to nourish an exclusive set of devotees, who not merely would not yield anything of their principles, but who were constantly stretching them to a more fanatical extremity.

The imprisonment of Charles I., and the rise of Cromwell, brought these results into prominent display. The Parliament of Scotland, true to that positive side of the Covenant which pledged its subscribers to the defence of the 'King's person and authority,' was comparatively indifferent to its main principle of reducing the three kingdoms to a religious uniformity; and, accordingly, it entered, in the spring of 1648, into what was called 'The Engagement' with Charles. In other words, they agreed to take up arms in his behalf, on terms which by no means went the whole length of the covenant. The King yielded so far as to promise a Parliamentary sanction to its requirements, provided that *none should be compelled to subscribe it against their wills*, and to give Presbytery a three years trial in England, provided that he and his household were to be allowed to retain their own mode of worship. Here was a clear dereliction from the grand Covenanting idea. The men who had been its real authors, whose stern faith it had embodied, whose

holy ambition it had fired, were immediately roused to opposition; and from this event began a division in the Church and country which soon passed all bounds of healing, and covered the land with the most bitter animosities and coarse exasperations.

Not that the cause of the Engagers came to any substantive result; for the army of Cromwell at Preston, in August 1648, soon dispersed the army raised by the Scottish Parliament, with the incapable Hamilton at its head, and weakened by the denunciations of the Church against all who had joined it. But the spirit engendered by this difference was not to be allayed. The Church, not content with the triumph secured to its principles by the defeat at Preston, carried its pretensions to an incredible height. It resolved that all who had joined in the Engagement, or even expressed approbation of it, should be treated as malignants, and excluded from all offices of honour and trust. No one should flourish, or even live peaceably, in Scotland, who had not been true to the whole Covenant. The Marquis of Argyle placed himself at the head of this party, and for a time they were triumphant alike in Church and State. A new Parliament passed the 'Act of Classes,' designed to discriminate between the godly party and malignants, and to thrust the latter from all service or power. Then, as Kirkton says, with that touch of stateliness in his style which tells here and there that he is satisfied with the march of events, 'the ministry was notably purified, the magistracy altered, and the people strangely defined.*

This was the heyday of the Covenant, from the close of 1648 to the spring of 1651, —Scotland's 'high noon,' in Kirkton's language, when the country was as 'a heap of wheat set about lilies, uniform, a palace of silver beautifully proportioned.'† Then the Covenanters had not only themselves free scope, but the delight so dear to them, of restraining others. The young King, despairing of retrieving his fortunes otherwise, had at length been tempted from Breda, to try the chances of war in his hereditary dominions. The possession of the royal person was an unexampled opportunity for the improvement of their principles. He was not only made to swear to the Solemn League and Covenant, and subscribe it, but to declare that he did so without any sinister intention. He was made to attest by his signature his father's guilt in opposing it, by which so much of the blood of the Lord's people had been shed, and also

the idolatry of his mother as a Papist.* He was made to hear many 'prayers and sermons,'—'so many as six sermons on one fast-day without intermission,' says Burnet.† The worthy divine confesses that he himself was not a 'little weary of so tedious a service.' We may imagine what the feelings of Charles must have been. A more melancholy page of history is nowhere to be found than this brief reign of the Covenant in Scotland. Men fitted to be heroes and martyrs were abundant here in the seventeenth century, men animated by high and self-sacrificing thoughts; but on neither side, Covenanting nor Prelatical, were there any men capable of fair and righteous government. Cromwell had more of the spirit of a true ruler, of a 'king of men,' than all the Scottish nobles and clergy combined.

Such a reign as that of Argyle's and the Covenant could not last long. It was impossible that any people, however stern the prevailing enthusiasm, could long maintain the high-pitched and unnatural fervour signalized by the Act of Classes. Moreover, the progress of Cromwell came to break up the unity of the prevailing fanaticism. It soon appeared that there was a party more exclusive even than those who had possession of the King. True to the spirit of their principles, this party looked with jealousy on Charles and those who immediately surrounded him, as but half-hearted in the cause. The compulsion put upon him to swear and subscribe as he had done was notorious. He had evidently acted hypocritically throughout, to secure his own ends, and not for the sake of principle. What but evil could come from such a connexion? It was plain that the Lord had a controversy with the land. The defeat of Dunbar was the natural fruit of a treaty with a King who had given no evidence of a godly change, and of union with men who were not heart-whole in the great cause. As yet the Court, the Government, and the Church had been but imperfectly purged. Such was the tone of a remonstrance addressed to the Committee of Estates in the autumn of 1650; nor was this party content with remonstrance; they raised an army in the west, led by a Colonel Strachan, and actually offered war. The soldiers of Cromwell speedily dispersed them; but the spirit of the party remained unbroken, and soon showed itself in new combinations. On the other hand, the main Covenanting party, which had possession of the King, and which proceeded

* *History*, p. 48.

† *Ibid.* p. 48.

* The famous Dunfermline Declaration, 16th August 1650, which Charles never forgave.

† *History of His own Time*, vol. i. p. 99.

to his coronation at Seone on the 1st of January 1651, were more and more convinced by the course of events, that the process of purgation legalized by the Act of Classes had become a source of weakness to the royal cause. How could this cause prosper, or the English soldiers be driven from the country, while nearly one-half of the population were rendered incapable of bearing arms, or in any way engaging in the service of the Government, by some charge of malignancy, by having either been concerned in, or having approved of, the Engagement of 1648? Such a policy was plainly ruinous. The King was naturally impatient of it, and complained that many of his best friends were kept from his presence, or precluded from rendering him assistance. Many in Parliament had never approved, but only accepted it at the dictation of the Church. The spirit of the Engagers had merely yielded for the time before the storm provoked by their want of success. In short, a strong feeling began to prevail in favour of the repeal of the Act of Classes.

It was necessary, however, to proceed with caution toward such a step. The Church had been the moving spring of the exclusive legislation. Some of the most eminent of the clergy, like Rutherford and Guthrie, were deeply committed to it. It had been their own inspiration. It was impossible, therefore, to proceed without negotiating with the Church. A meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly* was held at Perth, on the 14th December 1650. The question as to the composition of the royal army necessary to defend the country against the invasion of the English secretaries was put before the Commission in an ingeniously abstract form. The reply was cautious,† but opened up the way for further advances on the Part of the Parliament. It was held that persons who repented of their malignancy, and satisfied the Church by conforming to its discipline, might be readmitted to the army. Immediately the churches were filled with penitents clothed in sackcloth; among others the Earls of Lauderdale‡ and of Crauford, destined ere long to a very different celebrity. The Parliament stretched the lati-

tude given by the Church to the utmost, and even much beyond it. There had been a special reservation in the deliverance of the Commission as to the character of the officers of the army; but no sooner was the door opened, than, Wodrow states, the Parliament made haste to 'nominate some of the most considerable of those formerly reckoned malignants.' So that the bulk not merely of the army, but of the officers, were men who had been 'involved in the Engagement, or in some respect or other opposed to the work of reformation since 1638.' The result was that, after further negotiations which we need not trace, the Act of Classes was rescinded in May 1651; and in the following July, when the General Assembly met at St. Andrews, it immediately became evident that there was a strongly divided feeling in the Church as to what had taken place, and as to the encouragement which the Commission of Assembly had given, bit by bit, to the new course of policy. Was the Church by its General Assembly to approve of this policy, and ratify the actings of the Commission? A powerful party, led by men who from the first, from the time of the 'Engagement,' had opposed treaty with the King, save on the highest principles of the Covenant, were found opposed to all 'the resolutions and actings' of the Commission. But no longer dominant, they were unable to bend the Church to their will. They adopted, accordingly, the policy of protest and withdrawal,—a policy to which the constitution of the Scottish Church gives a fatal facility. A protestation against the lawfulness and freedom of the General Assembly, on the ground that its composition had been interfered with both by the King and the Commission, was given in by Rutherford, and subscribed by Guthrie, Gillespie, Cant, and Menzies.* The Assembly met protest by deposition. Three of the leading protesters were deposed. The long smouldering division in the Church now burst into an open schism. Those who had adhered to the 'resolutions and actings' of the Commission, and who generally approved of the new policy, received the name of Resolutioners. Those who adhered to the protest were called Protesters, sometimes Remonstrants, from their affinity with the extreme Western Covenanters, who had re-

* Sharp was at present at the Commission, also at many subsequent meetings; he was nominated one of the members of Commission on 18th July 1650.

† Wodrow, vol. i. p. 2.

‡ The Earl of Lauderdale did penance and craved pardon before the Presbytery of St. Andrews, December 23, 1650, for the 'late unlawful engagement against England,' etc., and was afterwards, in the parish church of Largo, admitted to the Covenant and Communion.—*St. Andrews Presbytery Records*, p. 60-1.

* See this 'Protestation,' and also a very interesting account of this famous Assembly, in Peterkin's *Records of the Kirk of Scotland*, pp. 626-631. The account of the Assembly is extracted from the Wodrow mss., and was written at the time by Mr. Alexander Gordon, a member of the Assembly. Wodrow says that in 1703 he transcribed and collated Gordon's original ms. There is no hint of Sharp being a member of this Assembly.

monstrated, nearly a year before, with the Committee of Estates, and had not hesitated to encounter the veterans of Cromwell under Colonel Strachan.

Such was the state of the Church when Sharp entered upon his ministry at Crail. The early years of his ministry were the years whose history we have now briefly traced, when the principles of the Covenant were upon their trial. We have no means of ascertaining by what steps Sharp gradually took his side in the controversies of the time. There is no evidence that he mingled much in them. He certainly occupied at first no prominence. But there could be no doubt from the beginning on which side he would be found ranked, and nearly as little doubt that his remarkable abilities and capacity for business would soon bring him into a prominent position. It is evident, indeed, from the account of his hostile biographer,—we have not seen any other evidence for the fact,—that he was scarcely settled at Crail before his abilities began to attract notice, not only among his brethren in the Presbytery of St. Andrews, but throughout the Church, so much so, that he received a call to be one of the ministers of Edinburgh. ‘The splendour of his gifts and the heat of his zeal’* (he is represented at this time as being very zealous for the covenant), are ironically said to have been the cause of this offer of preferment, which was apparently made in 1650. There is no evidence, however, that he contemplated removing at this time from Crail.

Shortly after the split between the Resolutions and Protesters, Sharp is found, along with Douglas, and other leading clergy among the Resolutioners, attending a meeting of the Committee of Estates, at Alyth, in Forfarshire. The seat of the Scottish Government had been gradually driven northwards, and Alyth was probably the most southern point at which the Scottish clergy and nobles supposed themselves safe in meeting. Even here, however, as it proved, they were not beyond the vigilance of the English soldiers; a party of horse setting out from Dundee during the night, came upon them unexpectedly on the 28th of August (1651), and carried off about eighty ‘gentlemen, soldiers, and noblemen’s servants,’ † along with ‘several ministers;’ among others, Mr. Robert Douglas of Edinburgh, and Mr. James Sharp of Crail. They were deported to London, where Sharp is still found a prisoner in the end of March 1652.

For, on the last day of that month, a letter of condolence is agreed to be sent to him by the Presbytery of St. Andrews, and his friend Mr. James Wood of St. Mary’s College, and Mr. A. Honeyman, are appointed to draw it up.* Shortly after this date he appears to have been liberated, although we possess no information of the exact date or mode of his liberation. His enemies, of course, have a theory on the subject. They assert that he was guilty of some base compliances to Cromwell; while others remained firm to their allegiance, he is accused of having ‘taken the tender,’ whereby he renounced the monarchy in the person of Charles and his successors. But of this charge, freely urged by Wodrow and others, there appears to be no evidence whatever, and everything in the subsequent career of Sharp tends to contradict it.

The next glimpse we get of him is in the spring of the subsequent year, when he entered into marriage with a young lady in his own neighbourhood. The fact is recorded under the date of April 3, 1653, by the *Chronicle of Fife*, otherwise known as *Lamont’s Diary*.† The name of the lady was Helen Monerieff, a daughter of William Monerieff, the Laird of Randerston, a small property lying between the village of Kingsbarns and Crail. The marriage-feast, it is particularly mentioned, was at ‘her father’s house in Randerston.’ We know little or nothing of this lady, save that she bore to Sharp a son (afterwards Sir William Sharp), and two daughters, one of whom was with him at the time of his assassination. But the scandal which has been so busy with his own name, has not, of course, spared his wife.‡ It is one of the most painful features of the dark scandal of the seventeenth century in Scotland, that it seldom turns aside even from the privacies of domestic life. It is at once malignant and vulgar, to a degree that shocks every feeling of delicacy. No pearl of affection, however sacred, is safe from its foul touch.

Onwards from about this time Sharp was evidently an active and influential partisan on the side of the Resolutioners. We fail, however, to trace his activity for upwards of

* *Presbytery Records*, p. 64.

† First published by Archibald Constable.

‡ *Life*, 1678, p. 42. The portrait of Sharp’s wife here is of a piece with his own,—daubed with the most vulgar colours. It is deserving of notice also, that the writer represents Sharp as married before his imprisonment in England, and explains his eagerness to return by his having a ‘young wife at home.’ The mistake is a small one in itself, but not insignificant in its bearing on the general untrustworthiness of this *Life*.

* *Life*, 1678. *Miscellanea Scotica*, vol. ii. p. 32.

† *Lamont’s Diary*, p. 41. See also Nichol’s *Diary of Transactions in Scotland*.

two years. It is only in 1656 that we see him in Baillie's *Letters* emerging into full prominence as a leader of his party. The first mention of him, so far as we have observed, is in a letter dated December 1655, to his cousin, 'Mr. William Spang,' to whom he sends long accounts of the course of ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland. These accounts are sufficient to show how important a person Sharp had become by this time. He moves among the chief counsellors of the Resolutioners, along with Douglas, and Dickson, and Hutchison, and Wood. His influence with Douglas and Wood is particularly marked.* With Baillie himself it is evident also that he is becoming an important person, and is looked upon as one of the most likely instruments of usefulness in the necessary contentions with the Protesters. The latter party had got great influence with Cromwell. In reactionary dislike from Charles and his ungodly ways while in Scotland, they turned themselves towards the Commonwealth government, which in return extended its patronage to them, and bestowed office upon some of their number, notwithstanding their deposition by the Assembly.† This favour of the English Government for the Protesters was a great discouragement to the Resolutioners, and Baillie's *Letters* are full of suggestions for having their case more fully set before the Protector, and the spirit of their opponents exposed. In a letter to Mr. James Wood, dated December 8, 1656, he dwells with emphasis upon Sharp's fitness for this special task:—'Mr. James Sharp must procure a message for two or three of our mind to decipher these men (the Protesters) to the whole world without more circumlocution.'‡ And again, in the first letter from Baillie to Sharp himself, in the collection dated January 18, 1657, he says, 'I hope you shall by God's help get the desires of those heady men crushed; but all my fear is that the end of your strife will be the Protector's determination to subject our poor Church to some new Erastian model, which shall be very grievous, albeit far more tolerable than the tyrannik Turkish yoke of the Protesters.'§

Sharp, in fact, had already in the previous

summer* been appointed the confidential agent and representative of the Resolutioners, to maintain their cause before the Protector, in opposition to a deputation sent by the Protesters to promote their interests. Baillie writes to him there in March, and he responds in July, writing somewhat briefly in reply to three letters from Baillie. In October and November he writes again; and it appears to us that these letters are particularly deserving of study, with a view to the interpretation of Sharp's subsequent correspondence. They show the same characteristics precisely as his later letters, the same cautious, reserved, and ingenious rather than explicit handling of the affairs intrusted to him. He seeks to compose Baillie's fidgetiness, counsels him to 'silence and patience,' quietly insinuates that his position 'at the source of affairs' gives him special knowledge of what is going on, and a special right to advise his brethren in Scotland,—exactly in the strain in which he afterwards wrote to Douglas. All this is very significant as to Sharp's character. The man was clearly a born diplomatist. It was not in his nature to be frank and outspoken, but rather to compass his ends by adroit policy and wary means.† Such is the impression he makes when he had plainly no ends of his own to serve, and no one has ventured to say that he had.

It is universally admitted that Sharp discharged his mission to London at this time with consummate success. The mission was of a delicate and difficult nature, as any one may satisfy himself by looking at the 'Instructions' given to him. The Protesters were represented by two of the most active and able of their number, Patrick Gillespie and James Guthrie. They had the ear of the Protector and some of his immediate friends, such as Dr. Owen, and the Generals Lambert and Fleetwood. The story is told

* The 'Instructions to Mr. James Sharp for London,' are dated 25th August 1656, and will be found printed in the Appendix to Laing's edition of Baillie's *Letters*, pp. 570-2. They are signed by Dickson, Douglas, and Wood. The proposals of the Protesters are added on the following page, p. 573.

† How like him, for example, the following caution to Baillie:—'If you mar not your own business by unseasonable stirring and not keeping close what may be suggested to you as a remedy for the present, that may be done shortly which will give satisfaction' (p. 342). It deserves notice also that these letters show the same mixture of worldly penetration and religious allusion which has appeared so suspicious to some students of his letters to Douglas, as, for example, 'Mr. Gillespie and all of them are better known here than they suppose; the Lord our God is holy and true, and will not always further crooked designs' (p. 343).

* Baillie's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 281.

† Mr. Patrick Gillespie, for example, who was deposed by the Assembly at St. Andrews in 1657, 'was admitted by the English to be Principal of the College of Glasgow in 1653.' This appointment was a sore vexation to Baillie, who was Professor of Divinity at the time. The same year Leighton was admitted Principal of the College of Edinburgh, which shows, at least, that 'the English' were impartial in their favours.

‡ Baillie's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 327.

§ *Ibid.* p. 337.

that in one of the interviews granted by the Protector, Guthrie spoke first, setting forth the interests of the Protesters, which he did so long, that Cromwell 'looked upon his watch, and told Mr. Sharp that he would hear him at another time, for his hour for other despatches was approaching. But Mr. Sharp begged to be heard, promising to be very short. His request being seconded by his intimate friend the Lord Broghill, afterwards the famous Earl of Orrery, Oliver was prevailed upon to give him an audience; and then in a few words he turned Mr. Guthrie's arguments against himself and the cause he defended, and gave such a rational representation of his constituents and their party, that Oliver was not only satisfied they had justice on their side, but also so much taken with Mr. Sharp's genteel management and address, that he told the bystanders '*that that gentleman after the Scotch way ought to be styled SHARP OF THAT ILK.*'*

This is the account no doubt of a friendly hand, but there is abundant evidence besides of the prudent cleverness and success of Sharp's policy on this occasion. Baillie is scarcely less complimentary than the statement we have quoted. 'In diverse conferences,' he says, 'before the Protector, Mr. Sharp made them (the Protesters) appear so unreasonable, that after more than a year's solicitation they could obtain nothing at all.' And more conclusive, perhaps, than either, is a letter from the well-known London ministers Mr. Calamy and Mr. Ashe on the subject, addressed to Douglas and Dickson. The letter is dated December 1657, and bears that 'our reverend brother, Mr. Sharp, hath with much prudence, courage, and laboriousness unweariedly attended and managed the trust committed to him; (yea, as we believe) he hath secured your cause from sundry aspersions which otherwise might probably have reproached it, and he hath gained respect in the opinions of some in highest place, by his wisdom and meekness in vindicating it from misrepresentations.' †

* *True and Impartial Account*, p. 34.

† This letter is printed in the *True and Impartial Account*, p. 35. Since the above was written we have, by the kindness of Dr. D. Laing, perused Sharp's own account of his mission to London at this time, preserved in letters to Douglas, transcripts of which, copied from the Wodrow MSS., are in Dr. Laing's possession. Sharp wrote to Douglas at great length on February 12, 1657, and again on February 14th and 23d, describing with minute and even tedious detail two debates which he held with the Protesters before Cromwell. The letters give a curious glimpse into the character and motives of the two parties in Scotland, and also into the habits of the Protector, but they cannot be said to add much to our information; nor do they alter in any

This, the first of Sharp's official journeys to London, is in every respect significant. It brought him into familiar and influential relation with the 'London ministers,' a relation which we see constantly reappearing in his subsequent more important visit. It seems to have been the commencement of his friendship with his correspondent the Rev. Patrick Drummond, the first of his letters to whom is dated from Crail shortly after his return. It placed him definitely, if not at the head, yet in the very front among the leaders of the Resolution party, and particularly, it brought him into direct collision with the Protesters, in a manner which neither they nor he evidently ever forgot. He was their sworn foe from this period, plainly detesting them and their ways, and doing all he could to thwart and oppose them. They in return repaid his enmity and opposition with a cordiality of hatred and an opprobrium of scandal which did not cease even with his assassination.

But we hasten on to that special and critical period of his life and conduct upon which our letters throw light. Sharp appears to have returned from London in the beginning of 1658. He writes to Baillie from Edinburgh in February, apparently on his way homeward. In August we find him settled again at Crail, writing from thence to his friend Mr. Patrick Drummond. He apologizes for being so long in communicating with him after his return, and then proceeds to speak of the 'bleeding condition of this poor Church,' and the readiness of himself and his friends to do their utmost 'for healing and closure.' But all without effect. 'No peace,' he adds, 'can be had with these men but upon their own terms, how destructive soever to truth and order.'

CRAIL, 8th August 1658.

DEAR SIR,—I have failed much and long in not writing to you, and my apology for this neglect would take more time than I could now spare. I must be in this at y' mercy. You have long ago seen and perused our late declaration, and thereby perceived our tender resentments of the bleeding condition of this poor Church, and readiness to stretch ourselves to the utmost for healing and closure with those brethren in the Lord. But what we did bear and presage has come to pass. No peace can be had with those men but upon their own terms, how destructive soever to truth and order. Their leading men do so act

degree, but rather strongly confirm, the view taken in the text. They are marked, in a singular manner, by the same characteristics as the letters to Baillie, described on page 421,—the same mixture of caution, worldly sagacity, and unctuous religious phraseology.

and influence that party, being encouraged thro' the favour of the times, and heightened by the sway, they consider that those of their way who have got themselves into places of power and trust may carry in this nation, that nothing will satisfy them unless they have all their will, (whatever may be the consequent thereof. They have lately emitted a most bitter invective piece,* which will appear to be such to you if you have seen it. I hear it is not owned by all their party, but they have stretched their wits and consciences (I mean the penners of it), *ad ultimum conatum*, to render us odious, and make a clear discovery of their spirit and way. Tho' their most false alledjeances and gross misrepresentations of matters of fact be set off with all their speciousness and plausibility they could make, yet we hope it shall not take impression upon the sober and unbiassed; and I am desired by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hutchinson, who had a letter from you lately, to entreat you to speak to those of y^r acquaintance, that if that piece have or shall come to y^r hands, they would allow us more charity than what that Libell doth give to us, till they see our vindication, which we are necessitate to emit for clearing the truth and our innocency. And we purpose to do it with this resolved intimation, once for all, that henceforth we will not deal any more with them by print, nor publish anything relating to our differences, whatever reply they may make. If they will have the last word let them take it. For our parts, after our full clearing of ourselves, we will leave our cause to the Lord and the consideration of all the unprejudiced. I would give you some hints of the injurious usage we have from that pamphlet, but conceiving it needless till you see our full answer, I shall forbear; and now put this trouble upon you to deliver the inclosed to Mr. Manton. Our brethren conceive it unnecessary to trouble Mr. Calamy and Mr. Ash, with our friends with you, by frequent letters. They desire their affectionate respects to be tendered to them, and do expect y^r prayers towards the welfare of this distempered Church. I long to know how it is with you, and if the motions which I know were made to you by y^r friends for entering into the Lord's vineyard have yet prevailed with you. I trust to have the satisfaction of hearing of the Lord's driving you to employ y^r talents even in this poor despised Church. I must leave off. The good God hold you in his keeping. Account of me as one who does unfeignedly respect and love you.'

In the interval between the date of this letter and the beginning of 1660, Sharp is not conspicuous, but still far from idle. He

had made an intermediate journey to London in the spring of 1659, on the change of affairs following Cromwell's death.* It is not, however, till the beginning of 1660, that he again appears prominently upon the scene. General Monk left Edinburgh on his march to London in November 1659. He did not reach London till January; and on the 15th of this month Dickson and Douglas wrote to him, signifying their confidence in him as to the affairs of Scotland, and the necessity of some one being with him to advise him as to these affairs.† Sharp is the person they suggest for this purpose. Monk enters into their proposal heartily, and replies that the sooner Mr. Sharp comes to him 'the more welcome he shall be.' Accordingly, on the 6th of February, several ministers met at Edinburgh, and having approved of Sharp's nomination to represent them, they drew out, as in the former case, instructions for him. These instructions will be found printed in Wodrow,‡ and it is not necessary that we repeat them here. Suffice it to say that they show that even the comparative liberality of the Resolution party was of a limited kind, the 'lax toleration' which had been allowed under the wise and firm hand of Cromwell being one of the matters which Sharp is to represent as demanding remedy. He appears to have set out to London immediately on the back of this commission, for on the 14th of February he signifies to Douglas his arrival there on the previous day, and his kind reception by Mr. Manton, the well-known Presbyterian divine. He continued there, busy with his negotiations, till the beginning of May, when, at the instigation of Monk, and with the approval of Douglas, he made a journey to Breda to see Charles, and give him information as to the state of parties. He returned to London on May 25, and remained there till the beginning of August. During all this period of six months, Sharp's letters to Douglas are unintermitting. They are printed sometimes fully, and sometimes in an abbreviated form, in the introduction to Wodrow's *History*.

It is unnecessary to raise any question as to Wodrow's fairness in his manner of presenting these letters. It is evident on the surface that the writer considered Sharp to have acted treacherously in the discharge of his mission; that, in short, he had prejudged him, and consequently that he presents the letters in such a shape as he supposes most likely to bear out this prejudgment.§ But

* The 'invective piece' here referred to is Ruthenford's 'Preface to the Reader,' in his 'Survey of that Summe of Church-Discipline, penned by Mr. Thomas Hooker of Hartford, Connecticut, New England,' as may be gathered by a letter from Baillie to Douglas on the subject, about the same time (p. 375). 'With all reverence to my much-honoured and beloved brother,' Baillie says, 'I profess my grief and scandal with some pages in it.'

* Letters, in Wodrow ms., to Douglas as usual. See also Baillie's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 396.

† Wodrow, *Intro.* p. 4.

‡ P. 5.

§ P. 4.

there is no reason to conclude that he has misrepresented facts, or 'garbled' the letters, so as to make them tell a substantially different story from what they do in the original.* We are content to accept them as they are printed, and after a careful examination we are satisfied that they do not necessarily bear the interpretation which Wodrow puts upon them. They do not absolutely exclude that interpretation. On a certain view of Sharp's character, it is quite possible to hold not only that he was deceiving Douglas throughout, but to find modes of expression in the letters which countenance this idea of hypocritical villainy. This arises from Sharp's peculiar character as a correspondent. He writes continually, as we have already said, with that diplomatic reserve and apparent cunning which justifies suspicion of his motives. He does not do so, however, more in these letters to Douglas than in all his letters which we have seen on public matters. And it is needless to say that he repeatedly asseverates in these letters, in a quite natural way, his continued hope that the Presbyterian cause would triumph in Scotland, whatever might happen in England, and that he was doing all in his power to secure this result. He urged Douglas also to come to London to assist him in his negotiations, although he did not favour any general deputation of the brethren, 'knowing their temper,'† and he heartily wishes 'his own neck out of the collar,' and that he were well rid of the task imposed on him. All these expressions of interest in the Presbyterian cause, of weariness with his work, of assurance that the King would not 'meddle with the Church-government' ‡ of Scotland, are of course, to the Presbyterian historian and those who have followed him, just so many remarks designed to deceive Douglas,—to throw dust into his eyes. This is because he has already made up his mind about Sharp, and believes that he was at this very time, when writing such letters, 'concerting' for the overthrow of the Church of Scotland. But by themselves the letters contain no evidence whatever of such double-dealing. They are cautious and diplomatic, but with no further artfulness than has been already shown to be characteristic of the man in all his previous correspondence. In some respects, indeed, the letters are singularly honest and

firm, in so far as they represent to Douglas the hopelessness of establishing Presbytery in England, and the accumulating force with which the public mind there was inclining, not only towards Episcopacy, but the High Church form of it. He was obliged, he acknowledges, 'to get and keep acquaintance with the Episcopal party,' as well as Presbyterians, and others about the Court, though no friends to Presbytery, and although he knew that thereby he would 'be exposed to the constructions of men.' His position, in short, was a very difficult one. It is plain that he encountered all its difficulties with the spirit more of a diplomatist than of a Covenanter. Probably he did many things, and listened to various proposals from which Douglas would have shrunk, and Baillie would have turned away with undissembled aversion; but there is no evidence that he was a party at this time to any scheme for overturning Presbyterianism in Scotland.

Such is the impression left upon us by these well-known letters, and the letters before us strengthen this impression. There are none of them, indeed, at least none of the series to Mr. Patrick Drummond, written during the same period,—because Drummond was in London, and as we gather, must have been one of Sharp's closest friends and advisers there. The series, however, takes up his history shortly after his return, and carries it on during the period of the Parliamentary session, which was full of such grave results to Scotland.

He returned to Scotland on the 31st of August, bringing the well-known royal letter with him, of which he is supposed to have been the inspirer, if not the writer. This letter was addressed 'to our truly and well-beloved Mr. Robert Douglas, Minister of the Gospel in our city of Edinburgh,—to be communicated to the Presbytery of Edinburgh.' * It expressed satisfaction with the conduct of 'the generality of the ministers of Scotland in this time of trial,' with a glance, however, at some who, 'under specious pretences, had swerved from their duty and allegiance.' It gave assurance of the royal determination 'to discountenance profanity, and all contemnners and opposers of the ordinances of the gospel.' 'We do also,' it adds, in a sentence of great significance, which became the turning-point of future legislation, '*resolve to protect and preserve the government of the Church of Scotland as it is settled by law without violation, and to countenance in the due exercise of their functions all such ministers who shall behave*

* The original letters were in Wodrow's own possession. They were purchased with other MSS. from his collection, by authority of the General Assembly. The MSS. referred to by Dr. Burns as in the College Library at Glasgow, are *transcripts*.
† P. 33. ‡ P. 46.

* It is printed in Wodrow, p. 81.

themselves dutifully and peaceably, as becomes men of their calling.' It further approved of the Acts of the General Assembly of 1651, held at St. Andrews, which confirmed the policy of the Resolutioners, and notified an intention of consulting Douglas and some other ministers, 'in what may further concern the affairs of the Church.'

There can be no question of the plain meaning of this letter. If ever royal word was pledged, the word of Charles was pledged by it to the maintenance of Presbyterianism in Scotland. If there could be any cavilling as to the meaning of the expression, 'the government of the Church of Scotland as settled by law,' there could be no doubt of what everybody in Scotland would understand by it, in connection with an approval of the Assembly of 1651 and the intention of consulting Douglas as to the further ordering of the Church. It is not our present business to consider the letter in relation to the subsequent conduct of the King. It matters little really, with a character like Charles's, whether he gave it honestly or not,—whether or not it represented his fair intentions in August 1660. The question which concerns us is the conduct of Sharp at this particular crisis. He was the person really responsible for the letter. It was given by his advice, if not according to his dictation. Supposing him to have been the man that Wodrow and Burnet describe, and that Douglas and Baillie apparently both came to believe him to be, then, of course, the letter was merely a cunning device further to keep up appearances till the time was ready for a change of policy. Accepting for a moment this supposition, it does not appear to us to have been a very happy device. Such cunning as is thus attributed to Sharp, might have brought forth better fruit. If it was necessary to bring a royal letter at all with him to Scotland, wit like his might have divined something less explicit, something which would have left a way of escape for the royal honour, instead of so broadly forcing a lie into the King's mouth, and making, according to the already quoted saying of Middleton, 'his Majesty's first appearance in Scotland to be in a cheat.' But let us see what he himself says about it. Let us, before drawing our final conclusion, see what explanation he has to give of his whole conduct, both while in England and in the eventful eight or nine months following his return to Scotland,—months of such significance, during which we have hitherto known little or nothing of him.*

The first letter we quote does not bear any date, but is obviously written before any of the others, all of which are dated, beginning with the 13th December (1660). It appears to have been written some time after his return, but while the memory of Drummond's kindness to him in London was still fresh—probably in October.* It opens:—

'MY DEAR AND MUCH-VALUED FRIEND,—My long silence must needs render me obnoxious to yr censure and jealousy of me, whom you have obliged by so many ties as cannot but endear you to me. Unless I would shake off all bonds of gratitude and sense of deservings, I would make some apology for my neglect, which yet would take up more paper and time than now I can spare, and, therefore, shall cast myself upon yr pardon and wonted indulgence, and shall not offer to excuse from my laziness and pressure of business since my return. I designed to have accosted you by my brother, but at his first coming to London, he wrote to me, that he was to be immediately dispatched, which put a stop to my intended trouble, to be given you by him now. I shall tell you without compliment that I am infinitely yr debtor, and think myself bound to be as much yr well-wisher and servant, if it can be of significancy, as you can desire, and hope you will not measure my respects to you by the expressions thereof by letters. Had I my wish I would rejoice to have the opportunity to evidence what a value I have for my dear Mr. Drummond; but I forget myself when the pen runs in this strain. Before my coming to Scotland some of the Remonstrators were put under restraint, of which you heard. There are some here who can bear me witness how much I endeavoured to prevent exercising of severity towards them, and what pains I took is known to Mr. Blair, to obtain an indulgence to Mr. Sam. Rutherford. But, *frater*, their principles, spirit, and actions, have been so fatal to the quiet and honor of this poor country, to the peace and reputation of this church, as I am afraid God has some controversy against them. Their folly of late hath and yet doth betray them to those inconveniences as are grievous to honest sober men here. I am afraid the consequences thereof shall not only be prejudicial to themselves, but to others who are not involved in their guilt. There may be a report of persecution with you, but believe it, all moderation consistent with the public

rapher, Thomas Stephens, the author of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp*, is: 'He does not again (after his return) appear in public life, except to preach before the parliament, till he was summoned to London by the King's command in October 1661.' This book, besides being blindly prejudiced in spirit, has no value whatever—not having helped us to clear up a single fact or feature of Sharp's life.

* The allusion to Rutherford confirms this. Active proceedings were taken against Rutherford at this time by the Committee of Estates, and his book *Lex Rex* burned before the gate of St. Mary's College in the end of October.

* Of this period all that is said by his latest biographer, Thomas Stephens, the author of the *Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp*, is: 'He does not again (after his return) appear in public life, except to preach before the parliament, till he was summoned to London by the King's command in October 1661.' This book, besides being blindly prejudiced in spirit, has no value whatever—not having helped us to clear up a single fact or feature of Sharp's life.

safety is used towards them, and would they disown those tenets, which are condemned by all Protestant Churches, and destructive of the authority of the King and the public interest, nothing would be denied to them which could be rationally proposed. Some of the leading men amongst them did needlessly slay themselves, and were so far involved that indifferent men find difficulty as to their coming off.

'I have no particular account of the affairs of the Church of England, but what I perceive by the King's declaration. I am sure by one clause therein, relating to the declaration pressed upon him at Dumferline, he hath done us a great deal of right, and said more for our vindication than we could have expected. I shall entreat you to present my respects to Mr. Calamy, Mr. Ash, Mr. Manton, Mr. Bates, and let me know how it is with them, and how they are satisfied with the present condition of affairs. I hope you pay yr wonted visits to my Lord Lauderdale, whose deservings towards his mother Church renders him very precious to all honest men here. They are renewing their invitations to me to enter the vacant place in the New College, which I did communicate to you. I confess, I incline rather to go thither than to Edinburgh. If you can be induced to embrace a call to a considerable congregation in Fife, I can undertake for clearing your way, and do think you might do service to Christ and this Church, and have matter of more satisfaction to employ yr talent in yr own country than abroad. Pray you take this hint as serious, and let me know if you can be prevailed with. I am sure my Ld Craufurd will assist me in this desire, and my Lord Lauderdale would not be so injurious to Scotland (tho' I had no claim to make upon the interest of Orail), as to advise you to spend the best of yr time where you are, when a door may be opened for you here. I shall be at this place during the session of the approaching Parliament, and be sure to give you oftener trouble by letters than I have done. And till I hear from you and know your mind I will not entertain thoughts of any other.'

The interval between this letter and the next, which is among the most important of our series, was evidently a time of much surmise and speculation in Scotland following the publication of the King's letter. On the one hand, some of the Synods, particularly the Synods of Lothian and Fife, sent up addresses of thankfulness to the King for his letter, and for the assurance which it conveyed to them of the settlement of the Presbyterian government. On the other hand not a few seem to have had their suspicions excited of coming changes, notwithstanding the letter. Sharp himself had evidently begun to be suspected. He had apparently attended the Synod of Fife in the autumn,* and been the chief party in mov-

ing the address which they had sent to London to be printed and presented to his Majesty; but the minds of many were ill at ease about him, and strange rumours had reached even the ears of his friend Drummond in London. Drummond seems to have communicated to him with frankness and honesty what he heard. And the following is Sharp's reply, going at length into the subject of those rumours, and full of interest as bearing on his motives and character:—

'Having come to Edinr. upon the 12 current (Dec. 1660), I received three of yr letters. The last, of Decr. 5th, came first to hand. The other two I had after from Thomas Moncrief. I confess I was not a little startled with them all three, for which you will say I had cause upon my reading of the matter of them, as if those calumnious reports of me had taken impressions upon you. Since ever I knew how to make and use friendship, my endeavour hath been so to observe the law of it as not to give way to my thoughts to injure my friend till I had acquainted him with my jealousy, and known what he could say for his justification. I shall not now give you a return to yr descendants, and shall do you the right of giving belief to yr assertion that they were not intended for me, tho' I may suspect that when you wrote them I was not altogether out of yr prospect.'

'As to the matter of yr letter, I shall in the first place thank you for yr freedom therein, as a special testimony of yr friendship and kindness, which I do so much value, as it would be exceeding grievous to me if by my carriage I shd diminish, much more lose, my interest in it. I shall not now enquire of the rise and grounds for those reports, hoping that that smoke will vanish as other endeavours formerly to sully my name have thro' the Lord's mercy to injured innocency been blasted. But if those considerable persons you say do suspect my integrity be such as know me and have good will to me, I shall be the more afflicted, yet not without expectation that their charity will lead them to forbear sentencing of till they have proof of my guilt. Two days ago I had a letter from a friend at London, noticing that a great person there had expressed his great dissatisfaction with the letter of the Synod of Fife lately printed at London, and laid the blame of it, and particularly of the compliment in the close, upon me, adding that my practises since my coming to Scotland had prejudiced the King's services, and my carrying of the King's letter, and engaging all the Synods of Scotland to pay the return of thankfulness for it, had so fixed Presbyterian government here, that for many years it were in vain to attempt the breaking of it. Some of my friends here tell me they have heard of dissatisfaction with me at London on that account, and by yr letters I find that I am buffeted by another hand. Patience and *mens sibi conscia recti* are the surest founds I can look to. But for your satisfaction and of those who have any regard to me, I shall give my answer as at

* The Records are not extant.

the bar of those who will take upon them to judge me in those matters to your three inter-rogatories. To the first two, *simpliciter negando*; if any person in England do say that I did engage, directly or indirectly, to endeavour the alteration of the government of the Church of Scotland, they speak without ground from me, and do me wrong. And since my coming home I have not spoke with any one minister disaffected to the Government, and have been so far from contriving or laying methods with ministers or other persons for introducing innovations, that I beleive whoever do intend them they are out of hope of finding me upon their side. As to yr 3d question, I think more for no other tye upon me, but the concernment of that noble person in the King's letter, who hath so much countenanced and highly obliged me. I were an ungrate unworthy man if I shd be accessory to anything which may lessen the esteem and account which all honest ministers here bear to that letter, and the procurer of it. But I tender the King's interest and reputation more (which will have the surest and most lasting foundation in the hearts of good people) than to endeavour the voiding of that letter which hath been so satisfactory and refreshing to the most of the Church of Scotland. I have the vanity to say I have acted in my poor way, and suffered for the King's interest in times of the greatest danger, to the hazarding of my life, the impairing of my health, the prejudicing of my means of subsistence, when others who now pretend much for it durst not or were not in capacity to do for it. I have done more for the interest of Presbyterian government in Scotland than any minister who can accuse me. I am of the opinion that whoever will endeavour at this time the change of Church-government here, they shall neither do the King nor the country service. This is my support, that the Lord knoweth that regard to the interest of the King and this poor country did influence me in my actings, and not respect to my own advantage, which if I had mindet I might have prevailed by a more promising way than this I have taken. I am no declainer against the government of the Church of England since I came home, much less did I conceive it to be proper for me while I was there; my occasions led me to converse with men of differing opinions and interests, calmness as to all I thought did best become me.

I had the opportunity to be known to some prime Episcopall men who I suppose are now Bishops. All that ever I spoke to them as to Church matters here did amount to no more than this, that the actings of some of our church men had rendered the government owned in this Church obnoxious to exceptions by reason of the encroachments made upon the King's authority *in civilibus*, and the evanuating of it wholly *in ecclesiasticis*, but I conceived now there would be no great difficulty in restoring the King's interest to its lustre in Scotland. And if I were convinced that moderate Presbyterian government would not be as consistent with the King's interest as Episcopal, I would disclaim it. I remember I said to the King, while my Lord Lauderdale was

by, that now his M. had an opportunity to secure his interest in the Church of Scotland, and if it were not done I am not to be blamed. The King did then smile, saying to me, "You will be counted a malignant when you come home." I have since my return professed to the brethren with whom I had occasion to speak of those matters, that I see no way for the Church of Scotland to redeem themselves and their doctrine and practises from the imputations which lye upon them, and to secure the order of this Church, but to disown whatever hath been prejudicial to the King's interest, and to make it appear that his authority may be as much owned in this Church as in any of his dominions. For I saw evidently that for us ministers in Scotland there is no resource but in the King's favour and countenancing of us. I confess if this be guiltiness I have my share of it since my coming home, who have not without success endeavoured to make brethren sensible of the equity and advantages thereof. I beleive the best of our ministers who are known to be fixed for Presbyterian government are disposed to yield more in Church matters to the King than before to any of his royal progenitors since our reformation from Popery. And for this end my desire and wish is for a General Assembly immediately after the Parlt., by which I am confident the King, with the consent and good liking of our Church, shall have what can be reasonably preponed for his authority *in ecclesiasticis*. This is all the design I have been plotting, and this I dare own, conceiving that the King's service, this poor kingdom's peace, weal, and reputation, will be better consulted and provided for in this way, than by attempting that change of government, which, by any observation I can make, I beleive will be found a hard grievance to undertake. And whatever may be the pretensions of some, either with you or here, of introducing Episcopacy into this Church, I have cause to question their reality, and do think that when the matter is put to the push, it will be found that the setting up of Bishops is not at the bottom. I am not convinced that conscience or zeal as to the matters of Church government doth sway much with some men, and I fear that the most will unite in this design to tread upon the ministers, and render us vile and contemptible; and am pre-saging that this will be prosecuted to that extremity, that in a short current of time it will open a door to bring in that with all disadvantages that most would avoid. I shall be content to fail in this prognostic had I been a witness of any other design. I think the little experience I have had of the affairs of the times and condition of persons might have taught me to have conveyed the management of it with more dexterity and sickness than can be supposed to be done by me, who since my return had no letter from England save what my Ld. Lauderdale was pleased to honour me with, and one from sir Robert Murray, and from the E. of Tweedale, the Countess of Balcarres, and yourself, and one this week from a north country gentleman at London. Nor did I write to any but to those persons

named, save one to the E. of Middleton in recommendation of a friend, and another about 20 days ago, which I thought was fit for me to do on his coming down, having received civilities from him beyond sea, and at London. And I sent also to Newburgh upon the same inducement, but to neither of them did I write of any particular relating to Church or State.

'My dear friend, these reports are industriously raised and spread of me, and some from another fountain than is supposed. I am looked upon as one having some interest here. While I was at London I had favour in the eyes of the King. My dearest Lord Lauderdale was pleased to own me. I am suspected as wholly his, and that not without cause. This hath exposed me to envy and obloquy. I find I have bitter enemies upon that score, who do make it their work to blast me. I am a Scotchman, a Presbyterian. Their plot is to keep this poor inconsiderable nation in a slavish dependency. I hope I shall never be accessory to the serving of the lusts of men.

'How best my heart may charge me as to the root and inclination, yet the course of my life, I bless the Lord, will not give evidence of my ambition, and [*words wanting*]. I have served the interest of others more than my own. I never did seek anything of any. I owe nothing to any to engage my dependence, save to the King and my noble Lord Lauderdale. In that matter you had a hand in, and rather than that shd bring any taint upon me, I can with greater willingness part with it than I did accept it.* Whatever lot I may meet with, I scorn to prostitute my conscience and honesty to base unbecoming allurements, that considering men will judge to be my snare, or sentence me to a folly or madness I know not for what. No person obliged me but my Lord Lauderdale. My integrity and fidelity to his Lop. I can testify, in spite of malice and calumny. I hope to retain it while I live. Pardon this tedious scribbling; my perplexity drives the pen I know not whither. If you change the thoughts you once had of me while you were privy to my most secret plottings, and know my honesty and singleness, you will do me wrong. This must be a greater blast than I can imagine which hath shaken you, but I know you will do right to him who shall never cease to be your affectionate friend and servant,

J. A. SHARP.

On the same day he writes further to Mr. Drummond, with special reference to a charge of 'prevarication on my Lord Lauderdale's concernment:'—

'While I am closing the other, Mr. D. Fergusson cometh to me, and by discourses with him I have those persons and speeches which I suppose gave occasion to yr pathetic letter. I adore Providence for their discovery, and thanks for yr friendly monitions, but I am amused at the horridness of their calumnies.

Shall I be judged a monster of ingratitude, and one given up to the height of infatuation for I know not for what? I am charged as well with conspiring against his sacred Majesty as prevarication in my Lord Lauderdale's concernment. For my innocency as to that I appeal to God, to the King, and to my Lord Craufurd, who can give testimony to my integrity therein. And I would beg it upon my bended knees, as the greatest favour, that my Ld. Lauderdale would be pleased to ask his M. if I ever spoke to his prejudice; but in that concernment did tell the King that he could not by any act do greater right to his service in Scotland, nor satisfy the ministers and good people therein more than to employ my Ld. Lauderdale in that trust. And at my taking leave his M. knows what gratulation I expressed on that account. Of all treacheries the devil could have suggested, this was farthest from my thoughts. Who have said this of me they may say anything. Nothing can be imagined to be more cross to my obligations and interest. Well, I am a Scot and a Presbyterian, at a distance, so I cannot answer for myself, and so am I obnoxious to this inhumanity. If you have any regard to me, let me have an account of this by the next. I wish you may never experience the bitterness of such an affliction.'

The same day still he writes the following important letter to Lauderdale himself:—

'I was honoured with your Lop's letter by my Ld. Craufurd; and though it be grievous to me and others to be disappointed of yr Lop's presence at the ensuing Parlt., yet upon after consideration that yr being with the King may be more useful to this poor Church and country, and satisfactory to yourself, submission in this, and prayer for your Lop's well-being, shall be my endeavour.

'By what I have heard from my Lord Craufurd and others I have large matter of thoughts of heart which I shall not suffer to break forth into those passionate expressions to which I am tempted. I must have recourse to yr Lop's discerning and experienced nobleness, and therefore shall not say much by way of complaint of my infelicity, trusting yr Lop. will not judge me to have been such a fool as to have resigned myself to the lusts of men in prosecution of their private ends, when I knew not for what. Were there no respect to be had to the public ties and the honor of this poor kingdom (which will not be a little concerned in the change of Church matters) yet tenderness of the King's interest shd sway with those who are faithful to his service. My Lord, I am not for meddling with the government of the Church of England, and all ministers who are not Remonstrators are of the same opinion.

'I am for the King's prerogative against these diminutions which our contests have put upon it. I think the Church of England should be more wary and tender of their own peace than to endeavour the disturbance of this Church. I think the King's interest to be much concerned in having Scotland united in an en-

* His appointment as chaplain to the King, with a salary of £200 a year.

tire obedience to his royal authority. Nothing can be more prejudicial to this than the offering at this time to change the government of this Church. The fatalities which attended the violent attempts of former times shd give a shrewd document * for this time. I shd prevaricate with yr Lop. and be unfaithful to the K.'s service, of which I hope you will not suspect me, if from the knowledge I have of the inclinations of ministers and people here, I should say that all attempts of introducing changes upon us will be welcome, or prove successful. They speak without ground, in my opinion, who say that any considerable party among the ministers will appear for Episcopacy. Those of most understanding and interest I meet amongst the nobility, gentry, and burrows, are convinced of the inexpediency and danger of such motions to be made in Parl't. I am confident the parson of Flisk is fully under this conviction. Yr Lop. and the King's friend here will not want the prayers and fidelity of honest ministers. I shall add no more at this time, but in spite of malice and calumny I shall crave leave to say this, that *in verbo sacerdotis*, I never did yr Lop. disservice, and do value my interest in and obligation to yr Lop.'s favour more than that of any subject alive, and while I breathe trust to approve myself yr Lop.'s most obliged faithful servant.'

Another letter follows, on the 18th of the same month, to Drummond, the first part of which is occupied with a defence of his friendly relations to Lord Lauderdale. He protests in a somewhat extravagant manner that he had made it his work to secure for Lauderdale 'his deserved esteem amongst all honest ministers,' and that he was more prepared 'to sink or swim with his Lordship upon whatever adventure than with any else' he knew of. He is sensible of the vanity of such tattle; 'but a man rubbed upon his honesty (which, thank God! he hath hitherto in all changes preserved without stain), may be indulged in this folly.' He then writes again, in vindication of his general conduct, as follows:—

'Who those considerable persons are, who you do assure suspect me, I cannot divine, but if right be done to me they will find their suspicions causeless. I remember you have sometimes privily called me a politician. I have had occasions to give some proof to you that I was an honest Scotsman, and hope to live and die one, and never to engage in that which doth appear to me to be prejudicial to the interest of my country, which had it not weighed with me above my private, I wanted not proflers of more promising accommodation in England than in these times can be expected in Scotland. I have a tang [?] of vanity upon my conscience that I did in my poor way endeavour to serve my country faithfully. I ac-

knowledge I have found you a faithfull friend, and take yr late letters as a recent demonstration of it, and that you concern yourself in my integrity and honesty. I hope you shall not meet with disappointment on that account. Whenever I design anything to the prejudice of State or Church, I promise you shall be privy to it; and therefore, it reports fly abroad (from which the most innocent in these times cannot assume to himself exception), let them not take impression till you know what account I can give, which, in point of honesty as a Scotsman and minister, I hope I shall make good to all men. If the late sigillations have had any rise from this, I shrewdly suspect the hand of Mistress Christian,* who loves you as she does me upon the one and the same score. What impression she hath endeavoured to put into some of her sex here, who may have transmitted that poison of asps to my blasting there, I know not. I shall reserve my quarrell to you, for yr charging me that I had consulted more my interest and repute if I had done more and spoke less. I can say this, that tho' neither my employment, duty, nor disposition lead me to be a solicitor for business of such nature, yet none of my countrymen have cause to complain of my neglect of friendly offices as occasion served, much less those who expect nothing from me upon the account of engagement, oblidgement or relation; and I believe I did more towards gratifications of that nature than could have been expected from one of my condition.—When I learn the persons who have occasioned this monition I shall be more satisfied. Let me close with this. How I can be charged with the love of money I know not, for I protest to you my last journey cost me 40 pieces over and above my allowance, and I had not sixpence all the while I was in London besides of any person, and for what the King by his papers was pleased to grant me. When the Exchequer shall be in a condition to satisfy the cravings of those who will not be denied, and will be preferred to me, I may 20 years hence make some reckoning upon it, for at present there are more sums referred to the Exchequer than are like to be satisfied these score of years. For ambition, if I have what many of my countrymen of all ranks (I bless God) do give me upon apprehension of my being of some use to the public interest, I know not why I should aspire to that respect that any man who is not blinded can dream in this age will be paid to a Scots Bishop for other conveniences through the Lord's allotment of a comfortable portion. I need not envy any fat income, which, from the poverty of Scotland, can be expected in these times, and sure you will not think me such a fool as to renew those risks you mention for a thing of nought. I must leave off; the pen runs into this extravagancy; but I hope you will by the first let me know if those my letters have come to hand, and believe that I am unchangeable yrs in all service.'

* This Mrs. Christian appears to have been the wife of Mr. Patrick Gillespie. She figures as a person of activity throughout a good deal of Sharp's correspondence.

* Used in its original Latin sense of 'teaching.'

This closes the first series of our letters, with the eventful year 1660. On the first day of 1661, just a year, as Wodrow pathetically remarks, after Monk marched for London, and ten years after Charles's coronation at Scone, the Scottish Parliament convened. The Earl of Middleton arrived at Holyrood as Royal Commissioner only the day before. In the morning the members assembled at the Abbey and rode thence to the Parliament House in great state. 'The Earl of Crawford bore the crown, the Earl of Sutherland the sceptre, and the Earl of Mar the sword. Duke Hamilton and the Marquis of Montrose rode behind the Commissioner covered.* 'There you might have seen,' adds Kirton, with his usual touch of poetic elevation, 'them who some weeks before were companions to owls, hiding themselves from messengers pursuing them for debt, vapouring in scarlet and ermines, upon good hopes to be all men of gold.'

Scotland was certainly unlucky now, as she has frequently been in great crises of her history. Without adopting all the aspersions of Wodrow and Burnett, the Restoration Parliament was obviously ill fitted for its critical and difficult task. It seems scarcely to have considered its work seriously. The great Revolution of the past year had filled with wild and vague hopes men who for some time had scarcely been able to 'lift their heads. The temper of the country was greatly changed. This is confessed on all hands,—in Douglas's letters† and in Wodrow's description. The municipal elections which had taken place as usual in the previous November, showed this unequivocally. 'Generally speaking, all who had been active in the work of reformation during the former period were now turned out of all trust.'‡ It is plain that the spirit of the nation, in the north, east, and south at least, was wearied with the Covenanting exactions and the excesses of religious strife which had so long prevailed. The elections to the Parliament in shire and burgh showed the same result. Special means, moreover, were taken to secure the interests of the Court in these elections. The Parliament of 1661 was in con-

sequence such a Parliament as had not met in Scotland for a long period. It not only contained new elements, but it was animated by an entirely new spirit. It was not only not Puritan: it was no longer religious. That admixture of religion with sobriety, of earnestness with moderation, which has been found practicable elsewhere, has been seldom exemplified in the religious history of Scotland. The nation has been in its turn wildly fanatical, or wildly sceptical and indifferent. It has passed from one extreme to the other—from the Covenant to David Hume—but it has seldom chosen, it has seldom found, the *via media*. Certainly, in the present case, it found no middle path. A Parliament of dissolutes succeeded to a Parliament of fanatics; a face of 'gravity and piety' was supplanted by a 'libertinage'* which made the 'times odious' to all good men.

The Earl of Middleton himself was a rough soldier, more fitted for the camp than the senate. He had been one of the prisoners taken at Worcester, and after his liberation he joined the King in Holland, and was sent by him to Scotland to head the Highlanders, and carry on the guerrilla warfare against the English troops in possession of the country. When this resistance came to an end, he returned to Breda, and seems to have acquired great personal influence with Charles. Along with Lauderdale, Glencairn, Crawford, and Rothes—all of them Presbyterian-Monarchists during the previous ten years,—he naturally came to the front at the Restoration; and his rough imperious humour and personal devotion to the Sovereign probably pointed him out as the person most fitted to act as his representative and commissioner in the Scottish Parliament.

The proceedings of Parliament were opened by a sermon from Douglas. Glencairn, already appointed Chancellor, was chosen President, and the Lord Commissioner made a speech 'recommending peace and unity.' Sharp's movements have not hitherto been traced during this period. The letters before us do not enable us to do this, but throw considerable light on what may be called the private history of the Parliament. He had come to Edinburgh, evidently for the occasion of its meeting, and is very soon found in close relations with Middleton. On January 9th and 10th he writes to his friend James Wood, now Provost of the Old College of St. Andrews, chiefly as to some private affairs of Wood's own, but with some instructive hints also of what was going on

* Wodrow, p. 90.

† One passage from Douglas's letters is very significant. Writing to Sharp in London, on the 31st March 1660, he says:—"There is now a generation risen up which has never been acquainted with the work of reformation. You will not believe what a heart-hatred they bear to the Covenant. What can be expected of such but the marring and defacing of the work of reformation settled here?" (Wodrow, p. 16, and *ms. Letters*.) This was the party which came into power at the Restoration, and need we wonder, therefore, at the result!

‡ Wodrow, p. 85.

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 207.

in Edinburgh, and especially as to the temper and disposition of Middleton. On the 17th January he renews his correspondence with Mr. Patrick Drummond, which continues frequent to the middle of April, and then finally closes, so far as we know. We shall as briefly as possible sum up what he thus reveals of his own motives and character, and of the doings of the Parliament, and thereafter leave the subject of our already somewhat protracted memoir to the judgment of our readers.

In his first letter after the opening of the Parliament, to Drummond, dated 12th January, Sharp reverts to the evil rumours which were still in circulation about him, 'the blasting from the tongues which folly and perverseness have and do still design against me.' The 'surest fence,' he says, 'is a God who knoweth that my regard to the interest of my country and this kirk doth prejudice any selfish consideration.' He then relates how Middleton had sent for him when he 'had been in town two days' (he is careful to note that he 'did not go till he was sent for'), and 'desired,' he continues, 'I might, as the King's chaplain,* perform the offices incumbent to me while he is at table, which I could not decline, and being pressed to preach to the Parliament upon Sunday last (the second Sunday after its meeting), I gave them two sermons upon the last verse of the 18th Psalm, in which, abstracting from matters relating to the Church, I spoke my conscience, and I hope truths, as to our deviations in our State acting from our true interest, our fidelity to the Crown, and regard to the honour and well-being of our country. I hear some expressions are carped at and misrepresented by some women and impassioned people, but the judicious and sober were satisfied.' It is evident that Sharp's sermons had been of a more pleasing tenor than Douglas's on the preceding Sunday. The latter was supposed to have spoken too much in justification of 'the proceedings since 48,' and to have given 'too large a testimony to the two late Dukes of Hamilton.' The Parliament was urgent that Sharp should publish his sermons. He expressed reluctance to do this, because no acknowledgment of a similar kind had been made of Douglas's sermons, but fears that he 'must yield' to their importunity, and 'pre-fix a dedication to the Commissioner.'

He then adverts to the 'much discretion and moderation' displayed by the Lord Commissioner, in the same tone in which he

writes to Baillie* about the same date. But his remarks on this subject to Mr. Wood, in his letter of January 10th, deserve particular notice. 'To-morrow,' he says, 'the Parliament doth sit, when it is thought all Acts entrencing upon the King's prerogative will be rescinded.' (This Act was passed on the 11th January.) 'The Commissioner, by his carriage, hath exceeded the expectations of many, for his judgment, dexterity, and moderation, by which he hath gained a very great esteem. Yesterday, at the meeting of the Article Lords, he gave a very seasonable check unto the motion, and dashed the desire of the high party who would have all overturned since 38'—the first germ of the Rescissory Act passed on the 28th of March. It is interesting to read this in contrast with Burnet's statement. Instead of being the inspirer, Middleton is here seen as the check of the violent spirit of legislation. Does not this, as well as many other hints, show us that the violent changes now made, both in Church and State, were after all not so much the cunning design of one or two men, Sharp among them, as the natural fruit of the enthusiastic national subservience, in reaction from former resistance, outrunning even the temper of the King, and the de-

* Vol. iii. p. 421. There is a clause in this letter as to Baillie's appointment to be Principal of Glasgow College, which deserves notice. Dr. Laing, in his *Memoir of the Life of Robert Baillie* (vol. iii. p. lxxvii.), has quoted certain passages from 'Sharp's unpublished correspondence,' which show plainly enough that Sharp had some doubts of Baillie being the best man for this office in the circumstances of the time. These passages appear to Dr. Laing to be scarcely in harmony with those addressed by Sharp to Baillie himself. The following extract seems to show that whatever doubt Sharp might have about Baillie's fitness for the place, he was honestly anxious that the old man should not be disappointed:—'I shall put you to the trouble to offer from me this presentation for Mr. Bailey, whom his Lordship knows to be an honest man, and that upon his Lordship's motion the King was pleased to pass his word that Mr. Bailey should have the place. I am informed that it is designed here that that place should be conferred on another, which would be injurious to Mr. Bailey and break his heart.' In a subsequent letter, January 31, he returns to 'Mr. Bailey's business,' and thanks Drummond for his care of it, and the good account he gives of it. We confess that the passages quoted by Dr. Laing do not seem to us necessarily to bear the same disingenuous meaning that they do to him. While anxious that his old friend should not be disappointed, he could not help feeling at the same time that the place required a man of more active and resolute temper, which the event sufficiently showed that it did. And there is nothing in any of his letters to Baillie himself that did not leave him free to express this as an opinion held by many of Baillie's friends. Some allowance must always be made for the different points of view from which a man writes in matters of this kind.

* It has been already seen that Sharp had been appointed one of the royal chaplains before leaving London.

mands which, at first at least, he was inclined to make upon the country?

But we must pursue the thread of Sharp's movements. Our next letter, to Mr. Drummond, bears the date of January 26. It narrates how he had been ten days out of town, during which time the Presbytery of St. Andrews had 'loosed' him from his charge at Crail, in order to his 'embracing of a call to the vacant profession in the New College' (St. Mary's). This took place on January 16.* He then proceeds:—

'I had the vanity by my last to tell you of my preaching two sermons before the Parliament, and the pressings of some to publish them and dedicate them to the Commissioner. It was a part of my inducement to go out of the town, that I might avoid the heat of that opportunity; and now I hope I shall be master of my own resolution, which is never to suffer them to be printed, and thereby put myself upon the necessity of such a dedication. I spoke nothing but what my conscience told me in reference to our late public actings since 47, which have been unhappy and dishonorable to us, and flowed from those principles and spirits of some who did bear sway in all our judicatories which are inconsistent with any settled government, and most destructive of the true interest of Church and State. What I preached was approved by all the judicious who heard me, and Mr. Douglass, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Wood, with other ministers who had an account thereof, were satisfied, and have expressed their satisfaction to me.... I write this to you that you may have some account of the truth, and I think some time of sending a copy of my sermons to you, which I am confident you would approve, because differing reports may be made with you, and since my preaching they have set up some who by their extravagancies have given offence. You know our Scottish humours and ministers as ready as others to fall into indiscretions. The continuance of great sins tickles some, popular airs feeds others, some are alarmed with the fears they conceive from the late brisk proceedings of the Parlt., especially the Recissory Acts, of which you hear I suppose from other hands. Ministers now are as great strangers to State transactions as before they were medlers with them. For me, I know what jealousies and eyes are upon me at the Court here, therefore think it is fit for me to carry unconcernedly. I do not enquire of business, when I am asked I tell my judgement. Once a day I go to the Abbey, officiate at my Ld. Commissioner his table, which I have done upon his invitation, as I wrote to you formerly. He uses me civilly. By any thing I can yet perceive amongst them, I find no design to alter our church-government, and tho' they had it I do not see how it can be effectuat. Some discontented, others who have nothing else to do but to frame con-

jectures and spread them, talk and write what they fancy. No man nor action escapes the teasing by tongues. I want not my own share of that happiness, whether my preferment to be the only minister who attends the Court doth make me *the subject of people's* talk, the object of envy from others, I know not, but I am sure my employment nor fate are not very pleasing to me. If you see our Diurnals you will relish the strain, because penned by Thos. Sidserff.*

On January 31, Sharp writes again to his friend, still dwelling upon the calumnious reports spread concerning him. After general statements, in his usual way, he comes to particulars:—

'I have been formely represented as if I had engaged while I was in London to introduce Episcopacy into this Church, and now I am reputed to be an apostate Covenanter. Sure the next will be that I am turned fanatic and enemy to the King. For the first I made a full confession of my guilt of accession to such a design to you by my letters 6 weeks ago; what truth occasioned the report of the other I cannot divine. In my sermons all I spoke which could give any hint of jealousy as to the matter of the Covenant, was that having mentioned that principle of the Apostles, in what station and place soever Providence hath put a man, be he king or subject, therein he ought most strictly to abide with God. Hence I inferred that as the King is not to encroach upon the property and liberty of the subject, so neither the subject upon the prerogative and rights of the Crown. The magistrate is not to meddle with what is competent to the minister, and the minister is to keep within the compass of his sphere. One kingdom is not to concern itself in the civil or ecclesiastick administration of another kingdom governed by different laws and customs, without a call from the King, and consent of that kingdom. This is all I said, either directly or by consequence, in reference to the Covenant. And I confess to you it is my judgement, which upon that occasion I could not dissemble. If it will bear that severe construction you write of, I leave to your consideration. I find there are people here who in this silence of contests betwixt the Remonstrators and us, having nothing else to do but to exerceise themselves in observing and speaking of all persons and actions now upon the stage, take a liberty to pronounce of both as their fancy, discontent, fear, favour, dislike, or humour prompt them. My dearest Lord at Whitehall is not exempted from the findings of those talemongers, which in my apprehension shd as little trouble his Lop. at this distance as I know they did while I was with him. All the prejudice they can do to his honour and integrity, to his master and country, will be to render him the more deservedly endeared to both, and bring upon themselves the just contempt of their insignificant folly. He is too wise and generous to be trou-

* Synod of Fife. Printed for Abbotsford Club, p. 204.

* Son of the well-known bishop of that name.

bled with the buzings of such wasps. The genius of our nation hath delighted to keep in the way of faction, some are hankering after that way still. Experience hath given me the opportunity to know somewhat of men and their ways. My employment leads me to a fair carriage towards men whom I know to be of differing designs and interest. My inclination is against faction. I never loved it, nor shall promote it either in State or Church. My Ld. Lauderdail is the person alive who has obliged me most, to whome I owe and bear most honor, esteem, and service, next to my master the King. I see no security nor fixature for the interest of Scotland, but by being entirely the King's—what his Parlt. hath owned to be the rights of his Crown. I think they could do not less to make amends for former encroachments of them, and vindication of this poor country from the stain which the folly and impiety of the late times hath brought upon it. For the government of our Church, if any design for altering it I am not privy to it, nor do I think that knowing men will see it is to any purpose to endeavour it. Numerous foolish discontented people may raise a noise of their fears and jealousies when they dare not vent their dissatisfaction with other matters. The drift of the most of the Parlt. is to bring the ministrie under beggary and the extremity of contempt. This is apparent unto me, and will be so to the most ere long. The Rescissory Acts in reference to the Covenant I have not seen, nor had any knowledge of, till they were passed. They say all done by them is to dissolve any obligation from the Covenant upon the subjects of Scotland to reform England by arms or any other seditious way. They have discharged also the receiving of it hereafter, upon certain information of an Act lately passed by the Synod of the West, for the League and Covenant, which they ordered to be printed and copies thereof sent to Ireland, of which some of the State ministers in Ireland had notice, and sent information thereof to some Parliament men here. That Act, when Mr. Douglas and the rest of the ministers here did see it, was much disapproved by them as unseasonable, imprudent, and unhandson in respects I cannot now mention. *I say it to you.* I presage much evil coming upon this risk, through the folly of some, the naughtiness and unfixedness of others, for our part, who are now here in this place. Mr. Douglas and I, who keep the same intimacy as formerly (tho' the clashes of some people here would have it beleived not to be so), have given in a paper* in Mr. Douglass' words to the Commissioner and Chancellor, the copy whereof I have herewith sent to you that you may see his prudence and moderation. What effect it will have I cannot tell, but I believe it will occasion somewhat to be done. This day I have offered it to the Commissioner and the Chancellor.

'I opened my heart to you formerly. If what you have spoken for me meet with the ill fate of not being beleived, I must bear it. I thank you for yr concerning yrself so kindly in

me, and I shall possess my mind in quiet till the cloud which some endeavour to bring over me vanish. I thank God I fear no persons maligning of me upon any public account. In spite of malice I shall be found faithfull to the King and my country and to my Ld. Lauderdail. *I will not give two-pence what others say of me;* and without vanity I may say that were I not here at this time, and did take some pains with ministers and others, it would be worse with the Church than it is. It is resolved that the Parlt. will to-morrow pass an excellent Act against Popery,* of which there is great need, for by information there are above 5000 emissaries of late trafficking in this country. Yea, one known to be a priest had the boldness to put in for a place about the Tolbooth. I am endeavouring that there be an Act passed also against profanity, and for owning the doctrine and discipline of this church, for which some promises are given to us. Next week I am going to St. Andrews to be admitted Divinity Professor there,—you may know, but I myself do much more, how unworthy and unfit, but I cannot avoid it. Possibly I may from this University have occasion to wait upon my Lord this summer. Let fools play the game, they will bring forth the wind. Thos. Sydsel is our diurnal writer. The Commissioner has disclaimed the authorizing of him, and have promised to me, after complaint, to silence him. You know how much we are to build upon Englishmen, their talking now of billie Scots, and how it concerns us to be independent.

'Remember me to my assured and much valued honest Mr. Taylor, to Mr. Calamy, Manton, and Baxter.

'I am held in jealousy by the Court here. You know my meaning.'

The month of February gives us four very important letters from Sharp to Drummond. In order to understand the course of events and his relations to them, and particularly the course of his somewhat changing feelings from week to week, it is necessary to present them to our readers as fully as possible. They explain themselves better than any comment or summary of ours could do; and besides, it is only fair that Sharp should be allowed to speak for himself where the question is one to his own motives and actings. It is only necessary to state that the Rescissory Act, of which he makes so much in the first of the following letters, February 7th, was not the Act specially known by that name, which was not passed till the end of March, but an Act passed in the eighth session of the Parliament, January 25th, 'concerning the League and Covenant:—

'Feb. 7, '61.

'By my former, I wrote upon information

* For this see Wodrow, i. 110.

* Act against saying of mass, seminary and mass priests, and trafficking Papists, passed 1st February.

more smoothly of the late Recissory Act, in reference to the Covenant, than now I can do, having yesterday seen the Act, which, to my apprehension, doth not only nullify the civil sanction of the former and late Covenants, but doth make void any security we had by law for our religious concerns, which, how grievous it is to honest men here, and of what dangerous consequences, you may judge. We were promised and expected moderation, but what shall be expected when *such Acts pass*? Our Scotch humour is ever upon extremes, and if the Church-government did depend upon the vote of this Parlt., it would undoubtedly be overturned. But I trust the leading men of the ministry will stand fixed, and some men will not attain their ends. They are to pass an Act to-morrow for annulling the authority of all the Acts of the Parlt. since 40. The augmentations granted by that Parlt. were the other day, in the meeting of the Articles, voted down, but the Commissioner by his negative interposed; and so for the time the ministers may scape that blow, but generally all join in bringing contempt upon the ministry. The M. of Argyle is to be arraigned upon Monday next. The most able advocates cannot be induced to plead for him, concluding him a gone man. For a General Assembly we are at a stand. We know not what to wish about it, or the trying of it. Till the Acts be passed, Mr. Douglas, I, or any other minister, are as great strangers as you. I now begin to foresee a trial coming upon this Church. The Lord fit us for it.'

'14 Feb. 1661.

'Some Acts passed of late which we looked not for. Your Diurnals take notice of one with an eulogium. Now you see our statesmen will have the world know we are not a priest-ridden nation. We ministers must bear what we cannot mend. We know nothing of their making of Acts, and when they are made we ought to put the best construction upon them, and let nothing drop from us which may cast an odium upon public proceedings. This principle all our sober men resolve to work by. The account of the Acts rescinding the Parlt. 49, and of the declaration against the delivery of the King, you may have from others. Our Parlt. having now settled the matters of the King, I know not what they will do for the interest of the country. For religion we expect little, since all former sanctions are loosed. We have nought but what the King's letter does give us. If they will press a confirmation according to the terms of that letter, we shall take that till we have more. I have an Act to this purpose to offer to them to-morrow. Statesmen have been thought to regard the interest of the Church in subserviency to their own. We find it so now. Some talk of constant moderators, some of a meeting of such ministers as the King shall nominate previous to a General Assembly. Modells are in hammering as the designs of men do project, but believe it our leading honest men are fixed in their way. Fear God, honour the King, and meddle not with those who are given to change, is the rule of their purpose. Whoever

mind our disturbance by a change, may find themselves disappointed. You may have stories from this, but do not trust all is said. Many wish our Parlt. was closed; their long sitting here will not be for the good of the country.'

'19th Feb. 1661.

'You put the fairest construction upon the Recissory Act. I wish we have not more of them, for here we go on in a career. I only think of taking away any hold we have for religion since 37. Yesternight they have ordered all the Acts of Assemblies and Commissions of the Church since that time to be delivered to the Register and Advocate for their perusal. I have sent you a copy of an Act some of us have drawn here, and offered to our grantees to be past in Parlt., but I see no cause to hope it shall be past. I tell you my apprehension that endeavours will be made (and I know upon what account) to bring innovations upon us, but I am confident they will not take effect. Honest men are resolved to stick together, and what then can they do? . . . I am hastening to the tide going for St. Andrews, where they will have me to be admitted to the profession in the new college upon Tuesday next. I shall return again this day 7 night.'

'2d March 1661.

'I have been these 8 days past in Fife. While I was in St. Andrews my admission to that charge in the new college was performed after the usual manner. Upon my return to this place, I found two from you, one of the 15th, the other of the 8th, sent by Sir James Hamilton, who is now here. I thank you for your good wishes towards my translation, which I shd never have admitted if I had given way to my own inclination and consciousness of my great disproportionateness to such an employment, which requires a larger measure of the qualifications you mention than I can attain; but importunity of some, and the necessity of avoiding a greater inconvenience, put me upon yielding myself to be disposed of by the Lord's pleasure, manifested in convincing providences for my invitation to and embracing of that place. You may conjecture the poverty of our universities, when such an one as I am called to the charge. It had been very refreshing to me, and of greatest advantage to the people amongst whom I have laboured these 13 years, if you could have been induced to employ yr talent amongst them, of which I may say this poor church had never more need. But tho' you put a better construction upon my proffer than it deserves, yet I hope you will impute my pressing you to an inconvenience to my respect to my country, and to myself. You are not capable of being obliged by me, but give me leave to have my own sense of what I owe.

'As to the proceedings here, what shall I write? There is an Act printed homologating the proclamation of Ireland,* which, when you see in our news book, I believe you will

* Act concerning Persons coming from Ireland without a Testimony, passed Feb. 22d.

say we have reason to be more startled at than anything yet past. I see no ground of hope now of any additional explanatory Act. The last week, when I was in Fife, among the Lords of the Articles there started a motion for rescinding all the Acts of Parlt. against Episcopacy and for Presbytery. At my return, upon my learning of it, I was amazed, and enquiring how it came to be mentioned, the account I had was this, that at first it was moved by way of railling with Craufurd, but after they came to earnest, and tho' they waved the determining of it for the time, yet by vote of all the committee save 4, it was marked to be taken into consideration before the rising of this Parlt. What matter of fear and grief this surprisal hath caused to ministers and people you may judge. Mr. Douglas and Dickson went to the K.'s Commissioner and Chancellor, desired a conference with them, after my coming over from Fife, and now since they have appointed Monday next, Messrs. Douglas, Dickson, Bailey, Smith, Hutchisson, and I, are called to be present. We know not yet who besides the Commissioner and Chancellor will meet. If those acts be rescinded, what confusion will be upon us! Bishop Sydserf may come and demand his place in Parliament. We are dealing that they may forbear to press Mr. A. Ker for exhibiting our Church Registers, the design of it being to see the sederunts in which passed some offensive declarations and acts, that so they may have matter of challenge upon occasion against some of our men. *Frater*, since the return of the gentleman by whom yrs came to me, I see we are inportuned strongly from above: the resolution seems taken for gratifying of some there to endeavour a change in our church. I have my fears that the foundation upon which we now stand is not strong enough to hold out against this assault, which will tend to the persecution and suffering of many honest ministers. We think a speedy calling of the General Assembly were the only *salvo*, but I doubt much of their granting of that liberty. The Lord having now taken me off the charge of the ministry, I am thinking I shd not concern myself more in the affairs of the church, and to meddle only with my charge in the university, and attendance at present upon that which my employment from the King puts upon me, and even from this sometimes I am thinking to withdraw, if Mr. Douglas would give me leave so to do. I see I can do little good. The attendance I have exposes me to the censures and talk of people, according to their different humours and interests, which are afflictive often to me. I bless the Lord I have peace in my conscience, that serving the public good of the church while I had opportunities. Now were you sure, and did know what I see and fear, you would not think it fit for me to interest myself more in these matters wherein I can expect no better issue than to be tossed by people's tongues and bear the blame of the miscarriages of others, how innocent so ever I may be. I confess to you I am under this dubious perplexity. If the Lord interpose not, in a way we know not of, I see

not how we can escape trouble. However, I still believe it will be found a very difficult task when it is put to the trial to bring innovations amongst us. Some talk of constant moderators, others of constant commissioners of the General Assembly; but every day we are alarmed. I wish it may turn to nothing.'

Three letters further complete the series to Mr. Drummond, and bring the course of events to a conclusion, beyond which we need not go. Long as one of the letters is, we present it in full to the reader, as it is evidently very characteristic of Sharp, and, taken in conjunction with the brief communication which closes the series, appears to us very significant:—

'EDIN., March 5th.

'I read all yrs to Mr. Douglas, and dared not trust the secrecy of them to any others. What I write to you he also is only privy to. I hope you will be careful that nothing thereof drop from your pen to any here. I forbear to trouble yr master with anything on those matters from my hand, and the other person you mention, fearing to give occasion to any inconvenience upon the account of these matters, which I fear can be little mended. You know the ticklishness of this, and with what caution that act you have caused to be written fair or the overtures are to be meddled with. I suspect the eyes of some are intent upon observation of any tendency that way. There is need of wariness. Yr master is reserved for our help at the great stress, which I am speedily apprehensive is coming upon us. I see no lipening to our Parlt. I am confident were it put (to) the vote, within ten days Presbytery would down and Episcopacy set up. All I see can be done is, to keep matters from the evil in extreme. The contrivance is laid by those above, with their confidents here, to overturn all our settlement here. This puts me to the complaints and wishes you express in yrs of Febr. 25th. I have no hope of the passing of that Act, and we stand at the mercy of not rescinding all the remaining Acts for our Church Government.'

'EDIN., 19th March.

'Your *Mercurius Hibernicus* of March 9th I have received. That to Mr. Baily shall be sent to Glasgow by the next post. I am heartily sorrow for honest Mr. Taylor his hard usage. That Mr. Baxter, who declareth to the King he was no Presbyterian, and I am sure is no sectary, shd meet with no more favours, is strange. I know not why Mr. Seaman is dislistled, but I know certainly he was no great friend to the King. I concur with you in that stanza of the Litany, and have more need of being delivered from all uncharitableness than you. I apprehend yr converse with yr city friends may not be very pleasing when the entertainment of it is railing upon our countrymen. That occurs to me, *etsi nos sumus digni hac contumelia indigni tamen illi qui fecerint*, for Scotland hath better reason to cry out upon the English perfidionsness, precipitancy, and inconstancy. It

was never well with us since we had meddling with them, who know but too well how to abuse and despise us. I agree to Mr. Hutchison's opinion, expressed in his late sermon before the Parlt., that now no sober man does conceive himself bound in conscience by any obligation from the Covenant to meddle or impose upon England. I wish we had such quarter from them. Crestin* you know to be of a bickering temper, but I wish he had consulted the interest of his cause, and the reputation of Scotland better, for to have laid so much weight upon that infamous declaration pressed upon the King at Damerline. If others who have not taken the Covenant conceive themselves bound to write in defence of it, I shall not enquire into the inducements, but I think the Act of Parlt., in Scotland, gives the rule to the subjects here, how in their station they are to demean themselves as to civil confederancies. What have I done why such a buzzing shd be raised about you concerning my carriage? Before my coming from London I professed my judgment and endeavours for settling the King's interest and authority in our church. This I have everywhere owned since my coming home. At my first appearing in our provincial of Fife, I had occasion to speak of that duty incumbent to us, in point of conscience, security, and reputation. The effect of it did appear by that letter you caused print. Since that time, as I had opportunity, I have been pleading with those in authority here, for tenderness towards our church, and particularly towards the Remonstrator ministers. I have got 6 of them scraped out of the roll after they were ordered to be cited before the Parliament. I have done all the good offices I could to other ministers of an opposite way to them. I have watched for opportunities of free discourse for all the honest ministers who are of this town, and who have come to it, with the Chancellor, Commissioner, Thesaurer, the President, and have argued and pleaded with them for satisfaction of our desires. I have from time to time given you notice of what I could observe of the current of affairs here, of my hopes and fears, knowing you would give an account thereof to whom it was fitt. I wrote to you by Mr. Douglas's advice, and acquainted him with every letter and paper I sent to you, and whatever return I receive from you. And shall this be my measure, that the imputation of all misdeeds shall lye at my door, as if I did design or contribute to them, or it were in my power to remedy them? Were you where I am, you would have another sense of matters, and be convinced of my hard usage. I did appear for the Church of Scotland against schismatical seditions and fanatic ways. I retain, and hope ever shall, the same spirit still. I never did nor never can justify the exorbitancies to which our contests with our princes and magistrates have betrayed us, to our great guilt and reproach. I will not enslave my judgement in Church matters, to the dictates of persons or parties, nor serve the interest of any

to the prejudice of the authority of the King, the peace of the Church, and the just reputation of its ministers. My attendance in the Abbey (which is once a day when the Commissioner comes to table publicly) may render me unhappily obnoxious to the cruel persecutions of the tongue, and what wonder, amongst a people given to jealousies surmising, when they have been and are under so many amusements and alarms from public actings? But if my conscience condemn me not by being knowingly accessory to an evil way, I hope to have confidence towards God, whatever measure I may meet with from men. Who they are who have suspicion of me with you, and upon what ground, I know not. If nothing will satisfy but a testimony from Mr. Douglas and another, you may by a letter give them occasion to it. I mind not to furl upon those unbecoming *aurupia*.* I am sure thrice a week at least Mr. Douglas is with me or I with him. The rest of the ministers of Edinr. converse as before. My greatest intimacy hath been always with him, and as much now as ever since; if he did distrust me, he would not use me as he does. There is nothing of public matters I can learn which I do not impart to him. The conference I wrote to you of is not yet holden. They promise us every other day it shall be, but still it is put off. Mr. Douglas and I the last week had a large time in private with the Commissioner in reference to our Church matters. We besought the Parlt. might not enter upon the rescinding of those Acts, and that we might have a General Assembly, and that the Commission-books of the Church might not be called for. To the last he said he would give no satisfaction. As to the other two, he said he would give his answer when he received his return from England. Our desires came at last to this, that our Church-government might be kept without violation till a trial and experiment of our way for 2 or 3 years might be taken. If Mr. Douglas do not write (as I find him shy in it) I cannot help it, for within this month I have moved it to him 3 or 4 times. I can call God to witness I knew no more of rescinding those Acts than you did. Since that time, they having felt the pulse of the Parlt., and, since Mr. Murray's return, I find them resolute to prosecute their purpose, which till of late I never knew nor did believe it, being before professed to me and Mr. Douglas that they had no instruction to meddle with the Church. For all my court at the Abbey, I am not made privy to the motions till they come above board, and keep that way. I do not put questions to them, nor speak but when I am asked, when I open my dislike and fear of the consequences. If I succeed not they take their own way. Shall the blame be laid upon me? It is observed, the more ministers testify their dislike and express their fears, they are the more stirred to prosecute their way; and shall it be my sole lot to be buffeted? My condition is somewhat differing from yours. I was a Churchman, engaged

* The name is doubtful, and there is no clue to the person alluded to.

* This rare and barbarous Latin word may be translated, 'slight gales of wind.'

some way in public affairs. I had my share of toil, suffering, and danger. I have not been altogether useless to my King, countrymen, and country. I had no designs but the service of others more than myself. I thank God disturbing hopes or fears do not discompose me, nor is my judgement perverted by affection or interest. I do chain my affection and desire to that stream of providence which may make it to be well with the King and yr master my Lord. I am no fanatic, nor a lover of their way under whatsoever refined form, yet of late I have received a differing light of the King's judgement as to our Church than I found when I parted from Whitehall. This may be a riddle to you, but to open more in this way I cannot. I tell you it is, and hath struck me with amazement our evil is from those with you. I cannot exempt some among ourselves, of whom I am not one. The only wise God knoweth what the issue shall be, but, for anything yet appearing to me, I cannot see how this current will be stemmed, and this Church kept upon the bottom it stands. Altho' you like not my desire to retire now, yet pardon me to differ from you in my resolution not to meddle any more in those stormy and bespattering entanglements. If men will not regard my credit and peace, I must look to myself. The severity of the censure of a crasht credit and prostituted conscience I do not fear from men of credit or conscience. I have not stepped awry; my uprightness will answer for me when this dust of jealousies, disappointments, fiddings, and clamourings are over. I have read in Tertullian's Life, that when the priests of Rome had causelessly cried him up for a Montanist, they accordingly dealt with him *qui protinus offensus per hos in hartes Montani transierit*.^{*} I hope it shall not be my case, but sure my provocation is great. My melancholy thoughts often reflect on the German story, *Abi in collis et dic miserere domine*. Since the Lord by his good providence has taken me off from the exercise of the ministry, and called me to a station which doth not give me a direct interest in Church contests, if I keep to my post equal observers ought not to say it is upon design, and when you better think of it you will not conclude upon my holding to that duty that all men are liars, since I never engaged to you or any else to meddle without my sphere; and it is unreasonable to suppose me so foolish or overweening

of my wit and interest with the grandees here as to think of giving them the rule, as prevailing with them in that which they look upon as cross to their design and undertaking, and, for anything I can perceive, they take their interest to be most concerned in. God help us when we see that the concerns of the gospel of the Church and ministry must be harled at the heels of the interests of men designing nothing but greatness, and taking advantage from the divisions, unstableness, insignificance of ministers. For my part, if after long contest with men of which it is time to be wearied, I cannot have leave to retire amongst my books, and bewail the evils which the folly and self-seeking of men are bringing upon my country, I must think, *de mutando solo*, and breathing in an air where I may be without the reach of the noise and pressures of the confusions coming, which I had rather hear of than be witness to; and for the preventing of which I have not been wanting in the using of those means which, to the best of my understanding, seemed probable. I have by you given my dearest Lord the true representation of passages here as I find them. I have used my freedom with our grandees here, but they are not those men who are influenced by ministers, or will be hindered or furthered in their purposes by what ministers offer to them. What can be expected from me? If I suffer from what they have done or will do, I must bear it, with the less concernedness that it is innocently; and if for all this I have from a sadened spirit wrote to you of this length, suspicions and jealousies shall be entertained of me, I have no fence but patience.

J. S.

^{*} 'Morgan† came the last week down, and caused the service to be used in the citadel. It is said he commands in chief, and the English forces must remain upon us till we conform to their southern mode. If this be an invention to facilitate designs, I know not. O poor Scotland!

'After I had sent this to the post-house, it came so late it was returned to me, and therefore I shall give you this addition of my judgement as to the government of the Church. Tho' I do think that the substansalls of Presbyterian government have a foundation in scripture, yet I am not of their opinion who will have the integrant parts of the constitution and way of it as it hath been exercised in Scotland these years past, to be *jure divino*, or consistent with that subjection which by the rules of the word is due to the King, much less which the law of the land hath made the rights of the Crown. It is all one for me to live under a regulated Presbytery or under a Presbyterian presidency. I thought the commissions of our G. Assemblies in the 47-48, and since have acted as exorbitantly as the highest prelates; *nulum habeo argumentum theologicum* against a constant well-qualified presidency; but the of-

^{*} In the life of Tertullian by Pamelius, sect. xv., prefixed to Migne's edition of Tertullian, there are two statements close beside one another which Sharp evidently had in his mind in this letter, although he quotes neither correctly. In the one Tertullian is represented as withdrawing to the party of Montanus, owing to the envious reproaches of certain Roman Ecclesiastics:—'*A quibus proinde etiam contumeliis affectus ad partes Montani deciverit*;'—in the other immediately preceding, allusion is made to a conjecture that he joined the Montanists because deprived of Catholic communion as soon as he began to favour their heresy:—'*Quare commotus ille prorsus in Montani partes transierit*.' The two passages have plainly been mixed up in Sharp's recollections.

^{*} This is a Postscript to the preceding letter.

† General Morgan, commander of the English forces in Scotland.

fence it will give here, with other bad consequences, bar me from having accession to the bringing of it in so. For what I can observe from the differences betwixt us and the Remonstrators, which the leaders do adhere to upon the account of conscience, in conformity, as they say, to the principles of Presbyterian government; from the differences of judgement amongst those who oppose them, which I perceive will every day encrease; from the temper of the most of the nobility, gentry, and burrows of the kingdom; from the irresolution and damp which is upon the spirits of the most of the ministrie in Scotland; from the just prejudices which former actings cast upon the way of the Church; from the visible contempt upon all ministers, and the folly and fickleness of too many from all these considerations, and more, which I cannot mention to you by writing, I make this inference (I wish I may be mistaken!) that we cannot hold upon this foundation, but must ere long be subjected either to Erastianism of the worst form, or we must fall upon constant commissioners, moderators, or bishops. But if a change come, I make no question it will be greivous, and bring on suffering on many honest men, in which I would be very loath to have any hand. Thus you have a plain confession of my opinion in those matters, which I can say I have not uttered to any person alive, and I shall add that my apprehensions of those things had a swaying influence to embrace that place of the new college, where I may with less offence to myself or others, wait upon the Lord's pleasure toward us. *And yet I declare to you I have never acted directly or indirectly for a change amongst us, nor have I touched upon Church government in sermons or conferences at our court or elsewhere.* I cannot justify our over-reachings, nor do I use to declaim agst the government of our neighbour churches; I would give to them the same measure we ought to expect from them. Whether this gives occasion to people to raise suspicions and surmising of me, and to others who would have a change to take liberty to say or write I am what they would have me to be I know not, but no person here or with you can say, without injuring of me, that ever I spoke or co-operated for introducing a change; yea, had my way, which I proposed 3 months ago to ministers here, been followed, we had not been brought to this push.

'The ministers in Edinburgh and, I beleive, the most in Fife, are fixed. It is my fear, from what I hear, that ministers elsewhere will waver. Those in the west were so deeply engaged in the Remonstrator way, and thereby rendered obnoxious to the last, that their opposition can signify little. This being our condition, what can my pith do?

'My judgement as to past and present civil transactions I publicly declared in my sermons, which I cannot have opportunity to transmit to you. For our Church matters, all I have spoke to any can amount to no more in the construction of the severest animadvertisers than that the King's authority be owned, *in ecclesiasticis*, to which I find a general propension amongst the best of our ministers, for without this the State

cannot be secured from tumultuatings, or the Church from schisms or parties, nor the ministry from extreme contempt, nor religion kept in any awe or regard. By what I could discern of the tendency of affairs when I was in England, and since my return, besides the conviction of my judgement as to the interest of the magistrate in the Church, I look upon it as the only reserve which in prudence we could have our recourse to for our securing from intending violences and redeeming our reputation, and had we a G. Assembly, I am confident the King, by our own consent, would obtain more from us than ever King James sought. If this cannot be granted, if the King shd be pleased to call for some ministers here to speak with his M., there might be some good issue expected, provided they keep off for a time the recissions. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Wood, etc., are to speak with the commissioner to-morrow or the next day. My Lord your master may think it strange I do not write to his Lop., but I hope he will not mistake it. My forbearing is from the consideration of his place and station, and the eyes which are upon him. I hope you will do me the right to let this be known.'

'EDIN., 15th April, 1661.

'SIR,—Some weeks ago I sent you a large return to yr last to me, which it seems hath given you so little satisfaction that it hath occasioned the breaking of yr way of trouble to yrself and kindness to me. The occasion of this bearer putteth me upon the renewing of yr trouble once more, if it be not distastefull. The bearer, if you will, on my account, vouchsafe him some of yr time and opportunity, can give you such an account of the past and present state of matters here as will save you reading a large narrative from me. For my part, I cannot look that I shall be justified altogether upon my own words, and neither ought I to be condemned or prejudiced upon the bare words of open speakers or clandestine whisperers against me; but my innocence, I hope, will answer for me in a time of more composure than this is. I do appeal to the continued tenor of my actions, which witness for me in the judgement of all impartial and unbiased observers, and I can with patience and hope commit myself, my credit, conscience, and what else is expressed that doth concern, into the hands of my faithful Creator, who knows my way and will bring my integrity to light. For all yr retirement now, you may know what it is to bear the lash of the tongue, and if you were in my stead, what measure could you expect, which you may be pleased to give, sir, to yr. affectionate and respective friend.'

Still some days later, we have a letter from Sharp to Wood at St. Andrews, in which he asks his friend in a mysteriously confidential way to come to Edinburgh, if only for a short space, that he 'may have the satisfaction of speaking with him;' and if he cannot come all the way to Edinburgh, to meet him at Burntisland or Kinghorn. He intimates at the same time that he has been urged to undertake another journey to

London, but that he reserves his decision till he see his friend. This is on the 22d of April, and we learn nothing further from the correspondence before us. Whether Wood came to Edinburgh, or met him at Burntisland or Kinghorn, we cannot tell, but seven days afterwards, that is, on the 29th April, the Lord Commissioner represents to Parliament* that the Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Rothes being employed to wait upon his Majesty, it was fit that some minister should be appointed to go along with them, and that 'Doctor James Sharp, his Majesty's Chaplain,' was the best person for this purpose. And so, Sharp made not his final, but his third important journey southwards.

We do not attempt to trace him further in the meantime. We can scarcely doubt that by this time he knew what was likely to happen. There is a short letter, indeed, to Baillie,† without any date, but written apparently on the eve of his departure for London, in which he says, 'I am commanded to take a new toyle, but I tell you it is not in order to a change of the Church.' This may not have been the express object of his mission, but our letters show that he already plainly foresaw this end in view. It required no penetration to do this. During the months the Scottish Parliament had been sitting, the course of affairs had been unequivocal. The Covenanting interest was plainly down; the Royal interest supreme. The 'Scotch humour for extremes' was at its height. The movement was evidently not the mere plot of a few intriguing minds, but a vehement reaction of the national temper—the excitement of a parliament drunk with loyal enthusiasm and selfish impulses. A genuine public spirit representing opposite interests, and balancing by its breadth and healthiness opposite sentiments, was as yet, and long after this, quite unknown in Scotland. The current of national feeling had swayed from the one side to the other. The burgh representatives, who might be supposed to have been most under the influence of the old enthusiasm, seem to have been the most unreasonable and forward in the new fanaticism. Sharp saw how the current was drifting. The passing of the Rescissory Act, and the 'Act concerning Religion and Church-Government,' on the 28th of March, must have convinced him that Presbyterianism was doomed, and that the Episcopal hierarchy would be once more set up. Was

he to pass into the shade of opposition when the sun of royal favour was ready to shine upon him? It might be well for men like Baillie and Douglas, both of whom were near the end of life, to be true to their principles at the expense of their prospects. But he was still young, with all the impulses of ambitious activity strong in him. And so he went over to the winning side. This was no doubt what he wished to consult with his friend Wood about, in the end of April. Whatever advice his friend may have given him, the issue was ere long apparent.

Such is the conclusion to which we come. The value of its bearing upon Sharp's character will be judged differently by different minds. As we said in the outset, Sharp is no hero. There is no stern metal of principle in him from the first. He must be pronounced, upon the whole, rather destitute of any high guiding principle. He is a man of keen sense, of accommodating manners, of great ability, without a tinge of fanaticism. And this is something to say of a man, in that time of sour tempers and disgusting quarrelsomeness. He was gentle in comparison with men like Patrick Gillespie and others with whom he contended. In comparison even with Baillie and Douglas there is something to say for his practical sense and wisdom, his reserve of feeling, and his charitable appreciation of other men's opinions and conduct. But he was of inferior moral calibre, certainly of inferior moral strength, to either of these men. He had none of their spirit of self-sacrifice, and but little of their earnest, if narrow, faith. His suppleness verged on deceit, and his cleverness on double-dealing. He was a man of the world, with that tendency to 'rise' in it which some men, and particularly some ecclesiastics, show from the first. This buoyancy is seldom associated with strong convictions or lofty principle; and Sharp certainly estimated opinions and convictions too slightly. It is to be borne in mind, at the same time, that Presbyterianism never was to Sharp what it was to Baillie and Douglas, still less what it was to Rutherford and Guthrie. He had accepted it. This he could not help doing, if he was to live in Scotland at all between 1648 and 1660; and upon the whole he had as much right to be there as any of his contemporaries. He laboured, as it appears to us honestly, for its establishment at the Restoration, so long as there was any hope of its being established. He only abandoned the cause when it was hopeless. This was not the part of a magnanimous man. It was not even the part of a sensitively honourable or scrupulous man, considering the part that he had acted.

* Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, vol. vii. p. 193.

† In the ms. collection in Dr. Laing's possession; the original is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

ART. VI.—*The Biglow Papers*. Second Series. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1867.
The Tent on the Beach. J. G. WHITTIER.
 Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1867.
Flower-de-Luce. By H. W. LONGFELLOW.
 London : G. Routledge and Sons.
Golden Leaves from the American Poets. London : F. Warne and Co. 1866.

THE two nations of the civilized world which have most in common are the two whose acquaintance with each other is, in many respects, the most imperfect. Their separate political history is included within a century, and when they write of each other it is already to draw contrasts, like those drawn by Herodotus between the manners of the Greeks and the Egyptians. 'Fathers and mothers in America,' writes Mr. Trollope, 'seem to obey their sons and daughters naturally, and as they grow old become the slaves of their grandchildren.' 'An Englishman,' writes Mr. Emerson, 'walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick, wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands upon his head, and no remark is made.' Religion in America, asserts Mr. Trollope, is characterized by a certain rowdiness. Religion in England, declares Mr. Emerson, is torpid and slavish. Both authors confirm, by their example, the statement, that 'it is hard to write about any country so as not to represent it in a more or less ridiculous point of view;' and yet both are candid and able beyond the majority of critics. The relationship existing between Englishmen and Americans makes them ignorant of their mutual ignorance. They are near enough to set great store by each other's judgments, and not near enough to form just judgments extemporaneously. Their jealousies are those of competitors: their disputes the χαλεποὶ πόλεμοι ἀδελφῶν. This community of speech is itself too often a medium of offence, for it dispenses with a study of the language; and in studying the languages we learn something also of the habits and social histories of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The facility of travel which makes it easy to acquire first impressions, is a temptation to the superficial traveller. The Americans have no good book about England. Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*, and Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, are mere portfolio sketches. Washington Irving was half an Englishman; he liked our country, and made himself familiar with our manners, but in writing about them he confined himself mainly to pleasant literary and local reminiscences. The least satisfactory works of the two foremost American authors of recent years are those concerned with

their English experiences. Every chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Old Home* exhibits his delicate picturesque power and quite subtle thought, but it is the work of a retiring artist, wanting in unity and the historic grasp requisite to the comprehension of our national life as a whole. The mass of Englishmen will never forgive the writer for calling their wives portly and themselves 'bulbous,' while impartial critics are constrained to accept his own sentence on himself,—'Jotting down the little acrimonies of the moment in my journal, and transferring them thence to these pages, it is very possible I may have said things which a profound observer of national character would hesitate to sanction.' Seven years earlier, Emerson's *English Traits*, in spite of much that is true and telling in their keen and polished epigrams, had shown how deceptive the impressions derived from a brief sojourn amongst us may be. But it would be well if the majority of our lively sketches of American society were inspired by even as fair a spirit as that which animated either of those two accomplished authors. The ambition of the ordinary British tourist in the States is satisfied when he has seen Niagara, called at the White House, and been introduced to the *litterati* of Boston, to whom he afterwards refers with an exceptional complacency. To this day the only attempt to give a philosophical account of American civilisation by a writer on our side of the Atlantic, is the work of the illustrious and lamented De Tocqueville; and the changes of the last thirty years, in a country where events follow each other like the shifting scenes of a stage, call for a revival even of his carefully considered estimates. Professor Cairnes's excellent book is avowedly limited in its range; and the still more recent *New America* of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, though undoubtedly the most suggestive of that writer's works, deals professedly with the outskirts and anomalies of Transatlantic life. Untravelled Englishmen know much less of America, less of her geography, her history, her constitution, and of the lives of her great men, than Americans know of England. Of the mistakes on both sides, ludicrous and grave, we have the larger share. Distance no doubt magnifies in their eyes our Chartist demonstrations and Fenian riots: but they have never so misconceived a British statesman, as, four years ago, we misconceived Mr. Lincoln, or gone so far astray in regard to any crisis of our history as we did in reference to the moving springs and results of their civil war. The source of this greater ignorance lies not so much in greater indifference as in greater difficulty. Eng-

land is one, compact and stable. The United States are many, vast, various, and in perpetual motion. An old country is a study, but a new country is a problem. It is hard to realize the past, but it is harder to understand the present; to predict the future is impossible. Antiquity is brought to our firesides in the classics, till Athens and Rome 'to us are nothing novel, nothing strange.' We are more familiar with the Acropolis than the western Capitol, with Mount Soracte than the Catskills, with Peisistratus than with Jefferson Davis, with Tiberius Gracchus than with William Lloyd Garrison. Our scholars know more about Babylon than about Chicago. Dante immortalizes for us the Middle Age, Plantagenet England is revived in Chaucer, the inner life of modern England has a voice in Tennyson and the Brownings. Where is the poet who will reveal to us 'the secrets of a land,' in some respects indeed like our own, but separated in others by differences which the distance of 3000 miles of ocean only half represents,—which, starting on another basis, has developed itself with energies hitherto unknown, in directions hitherto unimagined? Who will become the interpreter of a race which has in two centuries diffused itself over a continent, the resources of which are not more than half discovered, and has to absorb within itself and harmonize the discordant elements of other races, for whom the resources of the old world are more than half exhausted? *Caret vate sacro*; but it does not want poetical aspirations as well as practical daring:—

'This land o' oun, I tell ye's, gnt to be
A better country than man ever see.
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry,
That seems to say, "Break forth an' prophesy."
Oh, strange New World, that yet wast never
young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' want was
wrung;
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby
bed
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin'
tread;
An' who grew'st strong thru' shifts, an' wants,
an' pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their
brains.'

An English traveller has recently said, that 'in no part of its (*sic*) national career have the United States been so successful as in that of literature;' but most critics will venture to reverse his judgment. The number of writers in the States is immense. Mr. Griswold informs us that he has in his own library more than 700 volumes of native novels and tales, and his list of 'remarkable men' is like Homer's catalogue of ships.

Every Yankee village has its miniature copy of Milton, or Byron, or Shelley—

'A whole flock of Lambs, any number of
Tennysons;

In short, if a man has a luck to have any sons,
He may feel pretty certain that one out of
twain

Will be some very great person over again.'

America has given birth to more than a fair proportion of eminent theologians, jurists, economists, and naturalists, but, with the exception of Russia, no great modern country has, in the same number of years, produced fewer works of general interest likely to become classical; and Bishop Berkeley's sanguine prophecy of 'another golden age of arts' in the happier Empire of the West still awaits fulfilment.

The conditions under which the communities of the New World were established, and the terms on which they have hitherto existed, have been unfavourable to art. The religious and commercial enthusiasms of the first adventurers on her shores, supplying themes to the romancers of distant countries and later ages, were themselves antagonistic to romance. The first recorded verse written in America, bearing the date 1630 (*i. e.* a generation after Spenser had celebrated 'The Indian Peru,' in his *Faëry Queen*), is a doggerel list of 'New England's Annoyances':—

'The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful
and good.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips
and fish;

We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins
at noon,

If it was not for pumpkins we should be un-
done.'

The early colonists had to conquer nature before admiring it, to feed and clothe before analysing themselves. The spirit which tore down St. Regulus, and was afterwards revived in England in a reaction against music, painting, and poetry, the Pilgrim Fathers bore with them in the 'Mayflower,' and planted across the seas. The ordinary cares of existence still beset their successors, to the exclusion of its embellishments. While Dryden, Pope, and Addison were polishing stanzas and adding grace to English prose with them,

'The need that pressed sorest,
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the
forest.'

Their Puritanism has left only one considerable literary monument, in the massive work of Jonathan Edwards, published about the

middle of the eighteenth century. The War of Independence, absorbing the whole energies of the nation, developed military genius, statesmanship, and oratory, but was hostile to what is called polite literature. The United States have had to act their Iliad, and it is yet unsung. They have had to piece together the *disjecta membra* of diverse races, sects, and parties in a παντοπώλιον πολιτειῶν. Their genius is an unwedded Vulcan, melting down all the elements of civilisation in a gigantic furnace, and welding them afresh. An enlightened people in a new land, where 'almost every one has facilities elsewhere unknown for making his fortune,' it is no wonder that the pursuit of wealth has been the leading impulse of Americans, nor is it perhaps to be regretted that much of their originality has passed into machines instead of poems, or that their religion itself has taken a practical turn. The possible arena of their literature has hitherto been confined to the north-eastern corner of the Union. 'Lean and impoverished' as the common life of that comparatively barren sea-board may appear, it is there alone that the speculative and artistic tendencies of recent years have found room and occasion for development. Our travellers recognise a peculiar charm in the manly force and rough adventurous spirit of the far West, but the poetry of the pioneer is unconscious—'the moving incident' is not his trade. The boasted culture of the South has always been limited in extent and in degree. The rare hothouse fruit of wealth and luxurious leisure, it has been best displayed in an appreciation of the advantages of education in the Northern schools,—schools which it is impossible to overpraise. In the world of letters at least, the Southern States have shone by reflected light; nor is it too much to say, that mainly by their connexion with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico and the Antilles. Since the revolution days, it is amazing how few of the thinkers of America have been born south of Mason and Dixon's line. The almost solitary name of Calhoun is a poor equivalent for those of Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Webster, Lowell, Bryant, Emerson, Sumner, Dana, Holmes, and Hawthorne, which belong to the single State of Massachusetts. Whether we look to India or Louisiana it would seem that there is something in the fire of a tropical sun which takes all the poetic fire out of Anglo-Saxon veins, and the indolence which is the natural concomitant of despotism has the same benumbing effect. Like the Spartan marshalling his Helots, the planter lounging among his slaves was

made dead to art by a paralysing sense of his own superiority. Some years ago a scheme to establish a Southern University was abandoned, because the 'cuticular aristocracy' refused to associate with the teachers. All genuine Transatlantic literature is inspired by the spirit of confidence in labour. It can only flourish in a free soil, and for all its vitality, all its aspirations, its scant performance and large promise, we must turn to New England. Its defects and merits are those of the national character as developed in the Northern States, and we must explain its peculiarities by reference to the physical and moral conditions by which they are environed.

The Romans lived under the same sky as the Italians; the leading traits of the modern Swiss are like those of the modern Dutch; another race than the Anglo-Saxon would have made another America; but we cannot avoid the belief that the climate and soil of America have had something to do in moulding the Anglo-Saxon race, in making its features approximate to those of the Red Indian, and stamping it with a new character. An electric atmosphere, a temperature ranging sometimes from 50° to 100° in twenty-four hours, have contributed largely to engender that restlessness which is so conspicuous 'a note' of the people. A territory which seems boundless as the ocean has been a material agent in fostering an ambition unbridled by traditional restraints. When European poets and essayists write of Nature, it is to contrast her permanence with the mutability of human life. We talk of the everlasting hills, the perennial fountains, the ever-recurring seasons. 'Damna tamen celeres reparant celestia lunæ, nos ubi decidimus—' In the same spirit Byron contemplates the sea and Tennyson a running stream, and Sir Walter Raleigh writes 'Our leaf once fallen springeth no more.' In America, on the other hand, it is the extent of nature that is ever present to the mind; the infinity of space rather than the infinity of time is opposed to the limited rather than to the transient existence of man. Nothing strikes a traveller in that country so much as this feature of magnitude. The rivers, lakes, forests, plains and valleys, Niagara itself, with its world of waters, owe their magnificence to their size; and by a transference not unnatural, although fallacious, the Americans generally have modelled their ideas of Art after the same standard. Their wars, their hotels, their language, are pitched on the huge scale of their distances. Compared with Europeans they have gained in surface what they have lost in age.

'That untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when they move,'

is all their own, and they have the hopes of a continent to set against the memories of a thousand years. Where Englishmen recall, Americans anticipate. In thought and action they are constantly rushing into empty spaces. New York 'central park,' and the largest streets in the plan of Washington, are on the outer verges of these cities. Emigration is a normal condition of a great part of the inhabitants. When the backwoodsman's fields in Iowa begin to look less wild he crosses the Missouri. We have heard of a North Virginian farmer complaining that he had neighbours within fifty miles, and preparing to move away from the encroachment.

'I'm crowded just to think that folks are nigh,
And can't bear nothing closer than the sky.'

The domestic attachments of the people have been underrated; but it is rare to find a family mansion rooted to the same town or district. 'Jonathan,' says Mr. Lowell, 'is one drop of a fluid mass who knows where his home is to-day, but can make no guess of where it may be to-morrow.' The tie which unites one generation with another is easily broken, and this want of continuity in life breeds a want of continuity in ideas. The American mind, in which fitfulness and pertinacity are strangely mixed, delights in speculative and practical, social and political experiments, as Shakerism, Mormonism, Pantagamy; and the very tenacity with which the majority of Americans cling to their written Constitution is due in part to the acknowledged want of other anchorages. Within this fence everything is allowed; European idealism and materialism are each in turn outstripped by a host of authors,—from Emerson to Walt Whitman,—who have tried to glorify every form of human life, from the transcendental to the brutish. The habit of instability is fostered by the rapid vicissitudes of commerce and the melting of one class into another, by which all landmarks, but that of a temporary public opinion, are drifted away. The great fault of the people is *impatience*; they will not stop to verify and study details, and satisfy themselves with generalizations, which are superficially conclusive rather than suggestive or rich. The mass of them have never learnt that 'raw haste is half-sister to delay;' or that 'works done least rapidly art most cherishes.' Our agriculturists tell us that they have run over their land like locusts, leaving heaps of stones behind them. Solid Scotch engineers inform us that a

shaft which takes six weeks to turn on the banks of the Clyde, is thrown out from the yards of New York in a fortnight; that the steam-boats on the Mississippi are built of veneer, and the summer-houses of papier-maché. This is not quite so, but there is a grain of truth in the exaggeration. The makeshifts, which were at first a necessity with the Northern settlers, have grown into a custom; and beginning with a bravery, like that of the grandiloquent preambles to their codes, they end sometimes in the sublime, sometimes in the ridiculous.

Some of the artistic as well as many of the social peculiarities of the United States may doubtless be traced to their form of government. After the obvious wants of life are provided for, Democracy stimulates the production of literature. An intellectual world where the utility if not the beauty of knowledge is universally recognised, rises on the ruins of rank. There is a race in which the prize is to the swift, and every one tries to draw the eyes of others by innumerable efforts,—*multa non multum*. Art is abundant and inferior; white-washed wood and brick, 'cheap and excellent substitutes,' pass for marble, and rhymlal spasms for poetry. Antiquity presents only apparent exceptions to this rule. Athens ultimately attained the utmost democracy consistent with the institution of slavery, but her citizens had previously inherited, from a past so vague that they claimed to have originally sprung from their narrow soil, a set of prescriptions in pre-established harmony with the Hellenic mind. The ideas of Limit and Order were paramount on their stage, their most agitated assemblies were still critical, and no orator ventured to address them in the style of a Western member of Congress. Formality is the prevailing defect of Aristocratic literatures; they are apt to be precise and restricted. A Democratic literature runs the risk of lawlessness, inaccuracy, and irreverence. From either extreme the Athenian and Florentine and Elizabethan classics were preserved by the artistic inspirations of a flexible tradition. The one is displayed in the so-called Augustan ages of letters, when men of genius, caring more to cultivate style than to establish truth, more to captivate the taste than to stir the passions, moved, with elipt wings, in a charmed circle of thought. The other is most conspicuously developed in America, a country which is not only democratic but youthful, without the modesty of youth, unmellowed by the past, and untrammelled by authority; where the spirit of adventure is unrestrained by feelings of personal loyalty; where order and regularity of all kinds are apt to be mis-

named subservience; where vehemence, vigour, and wit are common—good taste, profundity and imagination rare; a country whose untamed material imparts its tameness to the people, and diverts them from the task of civilization to the desire of conquest. 'We have,' writes one of their own censors, himself not wholly unaffected by the national vices which he has yet the wisdom to condemn,—'We have need of a more rigorous scholastic rule, such an asceticism as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar himself can enforce. We live in the sun, and on the surface,—a thin, plausible superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life how can greatness ever grow?'

American literature is cramped on another side by the spirit of Imitation. Up to the present time it has been, in great measure, an offshoot or prolongation of the literature of Europe. Native artists have been prone to take their intellectual culture from abroad, and to seek the sources, the rules, and the sanctions of their art in the Old World. Their themes are frequently European; their treatment of them still more so; and their highest ambition, like that of all colonists, has hitherto been to receive a favourable verdict, not from the country of their birth, but from that of their ancestors. Franklin was a practical disciple of Locke; Jefferson of the French Revolution. Latterly the Americans have followed the French in dress, talk, eating, and architecture, the English and Germans in thought; their bonnets are Gallican, but their books are Teutonic. 'The literary genius of Great Britain,' says De Tocqueville, 'still darts its rays into the recesses of the forests of the New World. I read the feudal play of *Henry V.* for the first time in a log-house. They draw on the treasures of English literature, and I find the literature of England growing on their own soil. The small number of men who write are English in substance, and still more in form.' Of the great number of men who have written since the date of this criticism, only a few have written anything to refute it. Another French critic has remarked that Washington Irving paints all countries but his own, in the style of Addison; a remark applicable to all his works, except his *Knickerbocker*, which is, because of its greater nationality, the most salient of the group. Fenimore Cooper, though possessed of less artistic power, less fluency, and less variety of illustration than Irving, is more vigorous and peculiar. His sea pieces, and, making allowance for their monotony, his delineations of western character and scenery, are unsurpass-

ed in their kind; but, on land at least, he everywhere remembers Scott, and his heroes, his conversations, and his mottoes disclose the latent imitation. As in the works of the Scotch novelist the semi-barbarous feudal spirit is represented in conflict with modern law, in those of Cooper the enterprise of New England is struggling against the ruggedness of nature and a savage life. The writers of the last thirty years have been making strenuous efforts towards nationality, but they are still hampered by Transatlantic associations. In the style of Mr. Motley, one of the most original among them, we cannot help tracing the influence of Carlyle, and the reaction begun by Emerson against the reign of Lockist and Scotch psychology (a movement which merits a separate and extended consideration) is admitted to have derived its first impulse from *Sartor Resartus*. The tyranny which five centuries' load of classics in the same tongue exercises over the mind of a nation not yet a century old, is very much strengthened by the non-existence of an international copyright, which leads to the intellectual market being glutted with stolen goods. As long as a publisher in Boston or New York can republish a good book written in Edinburgh or London without paying for it, he is likely to prefer an undertaking which involves no risk and comparatively no outlay, to another which involves both, *i. e.*, the republication of the English to the first publication of an American book; for the English book has already attained its reputation, and its popularity in America is secured; while the American book, for the copyright of which he has to pay, has, except in the case of a few authors, still to win its spurs. If the people of the United States had spoken a language of their own, it is probable they would have gained in originality; as it is, they are only now beginning to sign their intellectual declaration of independence,—a fact confessed among the latest words of their own greatest artist:—'Bred in English habits of thought as most of us are, we have not yet modified our instincts to the necessities of our new modes of life. Our philosophers have not yet taught us what is best, nor have our poets sung to us what is most beautiful, in the kind of life that we must lead, and therefore we read the old English wisdom, and harp upon the ancient strings.'

Two thirds of the writing of the author who is, on the whole, the greatest of American poets, are a long commentary on this confession. Mr. LONGFELLOW's works are entirely free from the special defects that stamp the national literature of his country. He has none of the somewhat uncouth power

and spasmodic exaggeration of his Western contemporaries; he is all grace and polish and inexhaustible sweetness. One of his earliest books, 'Hyperion,' strikes the keynote of the majority of his minor poems. The source of their inspiration is Outre Mer, among Rhenish feudal towers, Flemish towns, and Alpine passes. Like Irving in the variety and extent of his culture, and superior to him in genius, his imagination is rather Teutonic than English. Cut Germany out of his volume, and you cut out nearly half. He lingers in Nuremberg, Bruges, and Prague, and chooses for his emblem of life's river, not the Ohio, nor the Hudson, nor the Assabeth, but 'the Moldau's rushing stream.' He has given us the best translations in the world from Swedish, German, Spanish, and Italian authors, and many of his best verses are avowedly suggested by old proverbs, or sentences, or bits of old romance. A few words from an old French author give him the burden of the 'Old Clock on the Stair;' a leaf out of Mather's *Magnalia Christi* is rhymed into 'The Phantom Ship;' the ballad of the Count Arnaldos sets him dreaming over the 'Secret of the Sea;' a verse of Euripides is the overture to his 'Voices of the Night;' a few lines from Goethe gather up the essence of the 'Psalm of Life.' In the New World, but not wholly of it, he dwells with almost wearisome fondness on the word 'old.' Volumes of old days, old associations that we cannot buy with gold, quaint old cities, old poets and painters, sweet old songs, old haunted houses, dear old friends, the grey old manse, Nature the dear old nurse, dear old England,—on phrases and thoughts like these his fancy broods. American verse is frequently rough-hewn and audacious, sometimes obscure and pedantic, and its novelty is often more striking than its truth. Every sentence that Longfellow has penned is as clear as crystal and as pure as snow. He wears his weight of learning 'lightly as a flower,' and though he rarely creates, he cannot touch without adorning. He puts our best thoughts into the best language, with that high art which conceals itself. An American poet in his songs of labour, he has yet no sympathy with 'the loud vociferations of the street; and in those days of strife he retires into the sanctuary of the *Divina Commedia*, till

'The tumult of the time disconsolate,
To inarticulate murmurs dies away.'

Severe critics complain of his want of concentration and intensity, and of the conventionality of his epithets (a frequent fault of his earlier poems), but his position as the laureate of women and children and gentle

men is unimpregnable; and there are seasons when we prefer his company to that of the 'grand old masters.' His perpetual refrain of 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' is soothing to 'weary hearts;' and when we seek an anodyne rather than a stimulant,

'His songs have power to quiet,
The restless pulse of care.'

Generally speaking, his later works are his strongest. More is said in less space, his ideas follow one another with greater rapidity, and his imagery is more striking. There is nothing in the 'Voices of the Night' so powerful as 'Victor Galbraith,' or the 'Hebrew Cemetery,' or the verses on the death of Wellington or Enceladus; scarcely anything so effective as the 'Bells of Lynn,' or so tender as the exquisite address to children entitled 'Weariness.'

Longfellow's command of verse alone proves him to be a genuine poet. There are passages in the 'Arsenal,' the 'Occultation of Orion,' the 'Building of the Ship,' and the Household Poems, unsurpassed in melody by any in contemporary English verse. The introduction to 'Hiawatha,' the closing lines of 'Evangeline,' and some of the character-sketches which preface the tales of the 'Way-side Inn,' have a music equally attractive and more decidedly original. The highest flights of Mr. Longfellow's imagination are in the strange old-world story of the 'Golden Legend;' but his fame most securely rests on 'Hiawatha.' This poem, in which a series of idylls are strung together on the thread of an idea common to Indian and Scandinavian legend, has that refreshing flavour of nationality wanting in many of the author's works, and it yields to none of them in artistic finish. The monotony of the verse is like that of the bird's song, which has only two or three notes, and yet, from its everlasting freshness, never falls upon the ear. Most modern attempts to produce old ballads put new wine into old bottles; but the American poet has here thrown himself as completely into the spirit of aboriginal Western life as he has into that of Gothic Paganism in the 'Challenge of Thor.' Like Chibabos the musician, he is at home among the pine-groves and the prairies, and the 'great lakes of the northland,' and

'All the many sounds of nature
Borrow sweetness from his singing.'

Longfellow's descriptions charm us more than they astonish. Inferior in luxuriance to those of 'Enoch Arden,' in subtlety to Browning's Italian pictures, they are superior in simplicity. They do not adorn nature as a mistress with the subjective fancies of a

lover; they bring her before us as a faithful nurse careful for her children. In 'Evangeline' the poet follows the wheels of the emigrant's waggon through 'billowy bays of grass, ever rolling in sunshine and shadow,' and 'over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck.' 'Hiawatha' speaks of nature with the familiarity of an inhabitant; there is no trace of the grandiose style of the tourist. In the best episodes of the volume, as the account of the hero's childhood and his friends, of the wooing of Minnehaha, of the Son of the Evening Star, of the Ghosts and the Famine—the parable of human life, with its incidents of birth, love, and death, of civilisation and decay, is told in a narrative of childlike tenderness and masculine grasp.

A recent New York critic ridicules the European view that 'Hiawatha' is an American poem; it belongs, he holds, to the wigwam and not to the exchange. It is true that the feverish ardour of Wall Street has no place in its pages, but it is none the less manifestly Transatlantic and *sui generis*. In celebrating Red Indian life it inevitably discloses some of the features of the race which has come into close contact with that life. Mr. Dixon has dwelt very justly on the extent to which the New Zealand myth about the strength of the dead man passing into his conqueror applies to the pioneers of the West. 'Hiawatha' sings of the decadence of a primitive people in strains that recall by their pathos the old Briton legends of the death of Arthur: but it has also a prophetic side; from the meeting-point of two races it looks before as well as after.

'I beheld too in that vision
All the secrets of the future.

All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving:
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes;
Smoked their towns in all the valleys.
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.'

When De Tocqueville asserted that America had not yet produced a poet, only a single poem could be appealed to in contradiction of his statement, and the collective works of the author of this poem help to vindicate another generalization of the French critic. He remarks, that 'in democratic communities, where men are all socially insignificant, and each one sees his fellows when he sees himself, poetry will be less apt to celebrate individuals,' that it will seldom be dramatic, but will incline to dwell either on external nature, or on the ideas which

concern mankind in general, it will be either descriptive or abstract. Mr. BRYANT is a poet of nature and contemplation. His masterpiece, 'Thanatopsis,' was written fifty years ago. The following extract must serve to illustrate the style of its verse and thought:—

'Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good;
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between:
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and poured
round all,

Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning,—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon—and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are
there.'

The reason why Mr. Bryant has never surpassed, and seldom equalled this effort of his youth, is to be found partly in the cast of his mind, which is characterized by a narrow greatness, and partly in the fact, that during the great portion of his life he has been forced 'to scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen' as the editor of a daily newspaper, a fact to which he makes a touching reference at the close of his 'Green River.' But not even Longfellow has penetrated so deeply into the Western woods as Bryant has done. He has lived in thronging streets, an honest and energetic politician, but in his leisure hours his fancy has roamed away to breezy hills and valleys, and the undulating sea of the prairies—

'The gardens of the desert,
The unshorn fields boundless and beautiful;
For which the speech of England has no name.'

The perpetual autumn of his writings is peculiar. They lead us to the margin of plains broader than English shires, by the banks of rivers flowing oceanward with a mournful sound, through sombre wildernesses, and over fallen leaves. Bryant has written smoothly in various measures, but he is never lively. An American 'Alastor,' he loves 'the air that cools the twilight of

the sultry day,' better than morning 'clad in russet vest.' In the beautiful verses on the 'Death of the Flowers,' his ear catches a dirge-like tune in the wind:—

'The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.'

The high rank grass of the wild meadow is to his eye the garniture of the graves of a race represented by his 'Disinterred Warrior.' Devoid of the exuberance of his contemporaries, he lingers 'where old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,' and he contemplates 'the living present' with resignation rather than hope. All his best pieces, as 'The Evening Wind,' 'The Forest Hymn,' 'Monument Mountain,' 'The Burial Place,' and 'The Past,' are set to the same slow music, and pervaded by the thought of life as the avenue of death. If we compare his 'Address to a Waterpool' with Wordsworth's or Shelley's 'Skylark,' we appreciate the monotony of his mind, which is like that of Cowper without Cowper's occasional vivacity. Mr. Bryant stands on a high level, but the space he covers is limited; he has no touch of humour, and only the distant pathos of prevailing melancholy. Master of his position where he is at home—in the woods,—he loses his inspiration when he draws near his own cities. His exclusive nature-worship has a parallel in the feeling which animates some of the most graphic passages in New England prose,—such as the following from one of Emerson's earlier essays:—

'It is the hazyon season of our pure October weather. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first steps he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our crowded houses into the night and morning. . . The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year.'

This is a one-sided spirit; but it is a spirit with which we have all an occasional sympathy. To a disposition like that of

Mr. Bryant it is permanently congenial. Thus, in the following verse, he gives voice to the impulse which, even in settled countries, often induces eccentric men of culture to banish themselves for a season from society;—the impulse which made captive the 'Scholar Gipsy,' which the hero of Locksley Hall welcomes for a moment, and then rejects:—

'Ay! this is freedom, these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind that through them flies
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here with my rifle and my steed
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red-deer feed,
In the green forest, and am free!'

Imaginative and ardent minds oppressed by the 'weariness, the fever, and the fret,' what Mr. Arnold calls 'this strange disease of modern life,' try to escape from the region of the real drama into that of the ideal lyric, 'arva beata petamus arva divites et insulas,' and have now and then endeavoured to convert it into an actual idyll, as when Thoreau buried himself in a log-hut by Walden Lake, or Winthrop, leaving his ledgers in New York, scoured over the crags of Oregon, or Horne (of 'Orion') was found mining in a quarry of New South Wales. But this *émigré* spirit when put into practice ultimately cures itself; a poet soon tires of working with his hands for a livelihood. The aspirations of Clough's 'Bothie' are stifled by the *vitiosa curæ* of a hard life, or terminate in the catastrophes of a fanaticism, such as Hawthorne has branded with his genius in the 'Blithedale Romance.' The philosophical refugees find that the solitude they desired charms only by its contrast with the civilisation they have left; as the beauty of the sea is its contrast with the shore. But this wandering impulse, strong in the ancient Greek and the modern English race, has colonized and civilized the world; it is especially strong in the Anglo-American; the very restlessness, which makes his cities so noisy bids him long for a remoter rest, and this longing acts in conjunction with more material demands to drive him across the Mississippi, and pioneer the way to the Pacific.

The growth of a history on their own soil is, in the minds of most Americans, a requisite to the development of national art. English history does not supply the back ground which they desiderate, for they cannot associate that history with what they see around them. Memories of the Revolution War have suggested some stirring verses, as 'Paul Revere's Ride' in the 'Wayside Inn,'

but the most effective American national works of recent date owe their generative impulse to the political movements of the last quarter of a century. The assertion of Henri Beyle that politics are like a stone tied round the neck of literature, and Goethe's warning to the young Germans, who were charging him with a lack of patriotic fervour—'Remember politics are not poetry,' must be accepted with a reservation. As a rule, the wider the grasp of the poet, the farther is he removed from the partisan. In Shakespeare, as in Chaucer, this comprehensiveness is so extreme, that he includes in his view of life (like that of a remote star with an infinitesimal parallax) only the common points, and excludes from it the differences of the Catholic and Protestant systems of faith. Dante and Milton, with a narrower range, take more definite sides; but their highest poetry is universal, it transcends the strife of Guelf and Ghibelline, of Puritan and Cavalier. On the other hand, poetry of a secondary, though still of a high order, may in many cases be referred to the suggestions of living history, *i. e.*, to politics. Ballads, not legendary or purely domestic, have often a political face; and this is true of the songs which, like the 'Marseillaise,' help to fight the battles, or, according to Fletcher of Saltoun, make the laws of a nation. The stalks of asphodel which move to and fro the Gygonian rock grow under its shadow. Even if we admit that the heroic thought which inspires heroic deeds comes from a loftier source, the shrewd thought that condemns or ridicules degenerate deeds is an offshoot of local or temporary circumstances. Satire, not merely personal, is almost always more or less political. The poetry of Sophocles seems to confirm Goethe's dictum, that of Aristophanes disproves it. 'Paradise Lost' is comparatively impartial, but polemical animus points all the wit of 'Hudibras.' The *Biglow Papers*, a series of metrical pamphlets, born of the great social and political struggle of the New World, are among the most original contributions to its literature. Previous to the publication of this work, Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was already known on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of an extensive volume of miscellaneous verses. Generally speaking, his earlier efforts are more impetuous than powerful. Buoyant and vigorous, but bearing everywhere the marks of haste, they display more fancy than imagination. Lowell's genius everywhere appears in contrast to Bryant's. Far from shrinking into solitary places, he loves great cities and their cries, and sets them to rhyme with hearty good-will. When he

goes into the country it is to have his blood sent faster through his veins by the spring morning, and not to dream among autumn woods. We may read the following, one of the best of his descriptions, by the side of 'Thanatopsis':—

'And what is so rare as a day in June,
Then if ever come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten:
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.'

Or turn the page to the picture of the grim old castle, which 'summer besieges on every side,' or hear 'Allegra,' or 'The Fountain,' or the 'Indian Summer Reverie;' the same jubilant energy or 'flush of life' pervades them all, and the same apparent carelessness. The passage from which we have quoted runs on 'leaping and flashing' through a long page before it comes to a period, and repeats itself more than once. Mr. Lowell's earlier style is apt to be both verbose and tautological; faults only half redeemed by its fluency and richness. He writes, *currente calamo*, in utter disregard of Pope's 'greatest art,' and, unchecked by any reverences, contemns 'the dead blaspheming Past,' 'Bibliolatry,' and the 'dotard Orient,' after the fashion in which an English poetaster (since converted to Conservatism) was used to deal with 'old opinions, rags and tatters.' The imagery in those poems, drawn direct from nature, is generally true and suggestive, showing a keen eye and a fine sense of analogies. That drawn from history is less successful. Few Americans know how to use the classics with due reticence; and Mr. Lowell's pages are infected with such schoolboy commonplaces as Phidian Joves, Syracusan tyrants, Dodona groves, Olympus, Ganymede, Tyrtæan harps, and rattling shields at Marathon, and now and then confused by abstractions more bombastic than metaphysical. His semi-political and social verses are noble and manly exhortations, never wanting in fine lines and finer thoughts, but many of them are spoilt by mixed metaphors and 'horticultural rhetoric.' We read them at first with a glow of enthusiasm, but their fire seems to burn lower on revisal. The 'Ode to Freedom,' the verses on 'The Capture of Fugitive Slaves,' and those on the 'Present Crisis' (bearing the date 1845), are thickset with stirring watchwords; few are more capable of being recited with ef-

fect on platforms, but they will not bear analysis. Mr. Lowell's early volume is by no means the product of a poetaster: his 'Irene,' 'The Requiem,' 'The Token,' 'The Beggar Bard,' and 'The Growth of the Legend,' are really fine poems,—but its weaker and more spasmodic verses are calculated to encourage poetasters. His prevailing faults as a grave writer are, that he frequently confounds aspiration with inspiration, and never knows when to stop. In the 'Fable for Critics,' which may be compared with Leigh Hunt's 'Feast,' and with Suckling's 'Session of the Poets,' he breaks ground on the field where he has since found his richest harvest. The intrinsic merit of this piece lies in its candour and the general excellence of its criticisms, in the course of which the 'whole tuneful herd' of American authors are reviewed with keen appreciation and good-natured banter. The catholicity of the author's taste and his discernment are conspicuous in his lines on Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cooper, Irving, Edgar Poe, and Judd, the author of the striking Transatlantic romance of 'Margaret.' He perhaps overpraises Mr. Willis, and under-estimates Bryant, but in his review of the latter he does full justice to Wordsworth. In several instances he shows himself alive to the prevailing defects of his countrymen, which are also his own. The following on a now obscure writer of Maine, has a wide applicability:—

'Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets and never a star;
He has so much musele, and longs so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet.'

The style of the 'Fable for Critics' is rapid and sparkling, its 'rhyimical trinkets' glitter like icicles in moonlight; it is 'all armed with points, antitheses, and puns,' which follow each other like sparks from a Leyden jar. Apollo's lament for Daphne, near the commencement, illustrates his manner of coruscating in verbal allusions; the reference to Alcott, the brilliant talker and nebulous writer, is even more salient:—

'While he talks he is great but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper,
Yet his fingers itch for them from morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write:
In this, as in all things, a lamb among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes to his pen.'

Page after page of this sort of thing becomes tiresome, and sometimes, as in the jests on a graveyard, is even tasteless. Lowell has on all occasions enough of wit, but seldom 'as much again to govern it.' In his recent pleasant volume of 'Fireside Travels,' he still runs riot in puns, which are at the best 'the *a-b abs* of humour,' as these:—
'Bull enters St. Peter's with the dome of St. Paul's drawn over his eyes like a criminal's cap, ready for instant execution, rather than confess that the English wren had not a stronger wing than the Italian Angel.'
'Milton is the only man who ever got much poetry out of a cataract—and that was a cataract in his eye!!!' But there is much about even his earlier works which induces us to forgive those 'violences,'—his love of freedom and truth, his hate of all meanness, and the honest expression of both, the *perferidum ingenium Scotorum* without our paralyzing caution, 'staves from the burly old Mayflower lay,' and 'a smack of the pine woods,' in which we 'drones of the Old World' find an invigorating refreshment.

Mr. Lowell informs us that his view of the Mexican war as a national crime, perpetrated in the interest of slavery, led to the publication in 1846 of the first of his series of 'Biglow Papers.' This series closed in 1848: after an interval of thirteen years the second began to appear in 1861; it concludes with an imaginary speech addressed to the Republican March Meeting of last year. In reviewing these remarkable productions, in which, through the masks of three distinct types of New England character, the poet endeavours to enforce his own political and patriotic sentiments, we have little to add to his own defence of the dialect in which they are written. Bishop Percy, in dedicating his 'Reliques' to the Countess of Northumberland, apologizes for bringing 'the rude songs of ancient minstrels before the notice of her who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example,'—an apology conceived in the spirit and couched in the fine language of the eighteenth century. But the success of Percy's experiment marked the beginning of a reaction in favour of simpler modes of thought and expression, which, in spite of the bad example of Johnson and the great example of Gibbon, has ever since been gaining ground in England. The revived study of our old literature, the rise of a national philology, the influence of Burns and Wordsworth, have combined to direct attention to the primitive forms of our speech, preserved in outlying districts. Our living scholars dwell on the part played by dialectical regeneration in arresting the corruptions of a

language, and the advantages of reinforcing it from its living roots. What were once called vulgarisms have in many cases carried the day against 'diction,' and our authors are willing to admit as true, and with some reservations to act upon the mottoes prefixed to the second series of the 'Biglow Papers'—'Unser sprach ist auch ein sprach,' 'Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert.' The indispensable condition to the use of a country dialect is, that it be natural to the writer; it must be 'unser sprach.' There is as much affectation in the assumption of a *patois* as in a starched and swollen style of speech; and the Scotticisms of an Oxonian, besides being generally incorrect, are as incongruous as the classical drapery of the Ayrshire bard's letters to Clarinda. Mr. Lowell has taken pains to show that the peculiarities of the Yankee dialect are not indigenous, that the pronunciations and meanings given to old words, now strange to Englishmen, and the use of words now unknown in England were familiar to Spenser, Drayton, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, and Middleton, even to Herrick, Herbert, Dryden, and Swift. This vindication of their parentage (supported by Dr. Marsh, and other authorities in philology) is successful as an answer to what Mr. Lowell calls 'the European Mrs. Grundy;' but we are more concerned to know that he has been happy in his use of the words and phrases in question. A man of culture and refinement, the chances were greatly in favour of his failure; but the permanent popularity of his work is a voucher for his success. He is not only at home in the rural dialect, it seems to fit his genius better than the English of his university. In some instances—

'The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute;

because the tune is of more consequence than the instrument; and our author is an admirable player on his satiric idyllic flute. The quasi-dramatic form which he has adopted is also fortunate, as it confines a too discursive fancy within limits. His *penchant* for classical allusion finds vent in a sort of self-satire through the mouth of the worthy though pedantic Puritan minister. Hosea Biglow himself, the rough New England patriot, is ready, like Admiral Rodney, to 'damn the Trojans and damn the Greeks,' while the letters of Mr. Sawin are excellent examples of one of the most effective forms of satire,—that in which contemptible qualities are stripped of their varnish by the sheer effrontery of the wearer.

'The Biglow Papers,' though written as pamphlets, are better matured and more

condensed than Mr. Lowell's other works (for passion, and even political fervour, as well as meditation intensifies), their style is more trenchant and original, and they are really humorous. The English doubt as to the existence of an American humour is analogous to the French problem, 'Can a German have *esprit*?' Humour is a word of many meanings. When we say it is related to wit as imagination to fancy, we only shift the controversy as to its proper meaning. In the Greek classics it shows itself mainly in the guise of a lambent irony; in the English as a subtle appreciation of the curiosities of character. In Sterne and Fielding, as in Ben Jonson, we have every man in his humour. In some forms it implies the sense of a contradiction or conflict between the higher and lower phases of human nature, in others a full perception of the whole character, in others the power of isolating and concentrating the attention on single features. The vivid personification of such features constitutes the humour of Dickens, and this, the least mellow and refined of its forms, is that which almost alone we find in the New World. American humour seldom penetrates to the under-currents of human life; its insight is clear, but not very deep; it relies largely on exaggeration, and a blending of jest and earnest, which has the effect of singing comic words to a sad tune. The examples given in Mr. Lowell's preface go to establish this; he makes us laugh by instancing the description of a negro 'so black that charcoal made a chalk mark upon him,' and of a wooden shingle 'painted so like marble that it sank in the water.' Mr. Brown (Artemus Ward) excited the same kind of laughter by his remark, in pointing to a mountain on his canvas, 'The highest part of this mountain is the top.' In both cases the amusement is owing to a shock of surprise, produced in the one case by a falsehood plausibly pretending to be truth, in the other by a truism pretending to be a novelty. Similarly, when the last-named writer, among his anecdotes of the conscription, tells us that 'one young man who was drawd claimed to be exempt because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him,' the amusement is all in the unexpected turn of the last three words. Whereas the humour of Falstaff, of Corporal Trim, of Major Pendennis, and Bishop Blougram, consists in its truth; what they do or say never surprises us; it is absurd as a great part of human life is absurd, and laughing at them we laugh at something in ourselves. The humour of the 'Biglow Papers,' like the Scotch 'wut,' is removed on the one side by its breadth from the epi-

grammatic wit of the Dunciad, on the other from the humour of our great dramatists by the obviousness of its ideas. Of the characters with which it plays, Birdofredum Swain is a thorough grotesque (Hosea Biglow is almost wholly serious), and Parson Wilbur a mere sketch of a patriotic pedant. The book derives its popularity from the incisive force of the expression given to the sentiments shared by the author with a large section of his countrymen, and many of the lines most frequently quoted owe everything to their startling directness, as

'Ef you take a sword and dror it,
And go stick a feller thru',
Gov'ment aint to answer for it;
God 'll send the bill to you;'

or in the lines of the pious editor's creed characteristically clenched with a pun—

'I don't believe in principle;
But, O, I du in interest;'

or in the honest candidate's declaratory letter, where the logrolling of elections is ridiculed in the verse,

'Ef you git me inside the White House,' etc.

In these instances, as in the satires on martial glory—so favourite a theme with modern reformers, the humour consists in tearing the paint off dishonesty, and leaving it naked to its own condemnation. It is the same power that has given such wide celebrity to the famous thoughts of Mr. John P. Robinson, as in the verse about the Apostles, where the contrast between Christian profession and military practice is drawn with a recklessness of conventionality that delights some readers and horrifies others. The religion of Americans is more homespun than that of Englishmen; but it is neither less sincere nor less fervid, and the quaintness of their language in speaking of sacred things may be paralleled by passages from our elder divines, who lived at a time when men faced the facts of spiritual experience more boldly than we do, because they were more closely inwoven with their every-day life. Mr. Lowell speaks of the common sense of his hero being 'vivified and heated by conscience.' His own poetic powers are set on fire by moral indignation. He is a good hater, and his hatreds sharpen the edge of his most effective verses. There is a fine satiric scorn in the following, put into the mouth of Calhoun:—

'Freedom's keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,
It's sutthin' thet's—wha'd ye call it?—divine,
And the slaves that we ollers make the most out on

Air them north o' Mason and Dixon's line.
The mass ough' to labour an' we lay on soffies,
Thet 's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
And reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee—
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.'

Such lampoons as these were the *agentia verba* *Lycamben* which, with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the speeches of Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner, helped to hasten the 'irrepressible conflict' of the two contending forces in the Western Continent. Of those two forces Mr. Lowell had written in 1846:—

'Ef I'd my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part;
They take one way—we take t' other;
Guess it wouldn't break my heart.'

Fifteen years afterwards he had changed his mind, or rather events had changed it. The nation had grown greater, the adverse interests more imposing, and the passions on both sides more frantic. Her success in the affair of Texas made the South drunk as with new wine; disdaining equality, she aspired to a permanent domination, and after triumphing in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, suffered her first defeat in Kansas. Then came the Dred-Scot decision, the Boston Anti-slavery riots, the raid of John Brown. The South hung John Brown. 'That,' replied Emerson, on behalf of Massachusetts, —'that consecrates the gallows.' Men in this temper must either part or fight; and the manner in which the South attempted to part made it necessary for them to fight. Armed by the stealthy treachery of five years, she began the attack on the United States in the same fashion in which she had begun the attack on Kansas, in the fashion of Brook's attack on Mr. Sumner. The second series of the 'Biglow Papers' is animated by the spirit of an uncompromising Unionist as well as that of an Abolitionist. Copperheads and Secessionists, as such, are lashed as mercilessly as the Slaveholders, whom the following mock glorification of Southern society, put into the mouth of a mean political scamp, was certainly not calculated to conciliate. Mr. Sawin *loquitur*,—having settled in 'Old Virginny,' and married a lady of the 'fus' fem'ly' there, whose maiden name was Higgis—

'Fact is we air a different race, an' I for one,
don't see,
Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how w'e'ver did agree.
It's sunthin' thet you lab'r in folks up North
hed ough' to think on
Thet Higgsses cant demum themselves to rulin'
by a Lincoln;

Thet men (an guv'nors tu) that hez sech Nor-
mal names ez Pickens,
Accustomed to no kin' o' work, 'thout tis to
givin lickens,
Cant measure votes with folks that git their
living from their farms,
And prob'ly think that Law's ez good ez hevin'
coats o' arms.'

Nevertheless our hero feels some difficulty
about the financial condition of his adopted
country, and fears that 'swappin silver off
for lead ain't the sure way to win:—

'An' fact it *does* look now ez though—but
folks must live and larn—
We should git lead, an' more'n we want, out o'
the Old Consarn.
But when I see a man so wise an' honest ez
Buchanan
A-lettin us hev' all the forts, an' all the arms
an' cannon,
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right, and you wuz
nat'lly wrong,
Coz you wuz lab'r'in folks an' we wuz what
they call bong-tong,
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye morn'n in
a mashed potater,
While two o' us can't skurceely meet but what
we fight by natur,
An' th'aint a bar-room here would pay for
openin' on't a night,
Without it giv' the priverlege o' bein' shot at
sight,
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen, with
whom it don't surprise
The British aristoxny should feel boun' to sym-
pathize,' etc.

Throughout the volume there is a relic of
the spirit which 'smote Agag, hip and thigh,
from Aroer unto Minnith;,' but the writer
recognises the difficulty and delicacy, as well
as the magnitude, of the task before his
country.

'Thet exe of ourn,' says the ghost of an
old Ironside, who appears to Biglow in a
dream, 'opened a gap that ain't bridged
over yet—

Slavery's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the
axe,
"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million
necks."

Lowell's satire has lost none of its former
point and pregnancy, his patriotism glows
with a deeper fervour. His songs rise out
of the battle-field 'like rockets druv' by their
own burnin',' intensified by the feeling of a
personal loss, strengthened by 'the strain of
being in deadly earnest,' and dignified by the
proud conviction, laid up in the heart of
every true New Englander, that

'Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul
An' risen up Earth's greatest nation.'

The serious poetry of this volume reaches
a higher standard than the author has else-
where attained. The short rural romance
entitled 'The Courtin',' is one of the fresh-
est bits of pastoral in the language, and
the descriptions incidental to the longer
pieces,—as that of the rail-posts 'like ghosts
o' sogers should'r'in ghosts o' guns,' of the
blackbirds 'chat'r'in in tall trees, and settlin'
things in windy congresses,' of the spring
leaping from April into June, and the lines
on the singing of the Bobolink—are all the
more effective because they are only inciden-
tal. As a specimen of Lowell's graver and
maturer music, we select with difficulty, the
following stanzas from a poem, in which ten-
der regrets are mixed with triumph, in verses
both soft and strong, artistic and original:—

'Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes them all sweet
scented,

An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented,
While way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow
Further an' further south retreatin'.

'Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru' the winter air a shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, and roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

'Rat-tat-tat tattle thru' the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet—
White feet as snow drops innerecent
That never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' steps there's ears that won't
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

'T'ain't right to hev the young go fust
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places.
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' thet world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

'My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners:
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sot among the scorners:
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Judgement where your meaneest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez your'n, Jeff Davis!

'Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted.

Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step, that proves ye Victory's daughter,
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water !

'Come while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinet shoutin' forwards,
 An' knows that freedom a'n't a gift
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards.
 Come' sech ez mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips that quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered !'

We have come a long way here from 'Hail Columbia !' and 'The Star-spangled Banner.' To reverse the mistake of a great English statesman, Jefferson Davis has made a nation of the North, and the welding heat of a war, 'worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing,' has refined the hearts of the people, whom it has united by withdrawing them from the pursuit of selfish ends and studies of European art, to the realization of a great national aim. During the last six years, in America, the bonds of foreign fashion have been broken, and even commerce has become a secondary interest. The heroic deeds and feelings of a time when from Maine to Colorado it has been a disgrace to have done nothing for the common cause,

'Have cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.'

The same impulse which has made patriots of poets, and has given us Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Cumberland,' and his beautiful 'Christmas Bells,' and the terse dramatic lines entitled 'Killed at the Ford,' has also made poets of patriots, and has given us the 'Biglow Papers.'

The only sentences of this volume which an Englishman need read with regret are those in which the author discloses his feelings towards England. Like many of his co-patriots, he persists in confounding together the perfectly consistent action of our Government, and the inconsistent and unsympathetic criticisms of a portion of our press. The *spretæ injuria formæ* still rankles in his mind, he delights in calling Concord Road 'John Bull's Run,' and asserts that we have undone the healing work of fifty years. In his idyll entitled 'Mason and Slidell' he exclaims—

'Shall it be love or hate, John ?
 It's you that's to decide.'

The critics of both nations can perform no worthier task than that of pointing the way to a wise decision, and helping to smooth over international jars by a candid recognition of each other's excellences ; but noth-

ing more should be needed to secure the harmonious action of the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, than the mutual consecration of the maxim which Mr. Lowell has himself so nobly expressed, 'Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice.'

Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITIER is the lyricist *par excellence* of America, and the best of his lyrics have a nerve, swing, and fire that imparts to the reader a share of the writer's enthusiasm. His verse, rapid as a torrent, is perpetually overflowing its banks. Lowell, in an appreciative criticism, attributes to him

'A fervour of mind that knows no separation
 'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration.
 Then his grammar's not always correct, nor his
 rhymes,
 And he's prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes.'

No one stands more in need of the advice, once given to Southey, 'Squeeze out the whey,' and to no works more than to his is the maxim *πλεὸν ἥμισυ παντός* more applicable. The 'Tent on the Beach' is unusually free from the author's prevailing defects ; but some of the pieces are still diffuse, and the number of those which have any marked originality is limited. The idea which gives a semblance of unity to the larger half of the volume is slightly modified from that of the 'Wayside Inn.' On an American seashore, which recalls the sands between Nahant and Lynn, three friends—a 'lettered magnate,' a sun-tanned traveller, and an editor—have pitched a tent, there to 'fling their loads of custom down,' and 'escape a while from cares that wear the life away.' To the editor, who

'Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
 The crank of an opinion mill,'

the common air is still 'thick with dreams,' and, during the picnic, he entertains the company by telling tales. We have seldom read a pleasanter or more graceful set of tales in verse. They are remarkable for their smoothness, a quiet beauty of sentiment, and occasional instances of vivid imagery in the descriptions. The music of Rivermouth Rocks, the Palatine, and the Grave by the Lake, recalls and rivals that of Longfellow's best ballads. But few of them leave a permanent impression, none are so vigorous as the best of those in the 'Wayside Inn,' while they wholly want the realistic subtilty of Clough's 'In Mare Magno.' The most striking of the series is 'The Brother of Mercy,' Piero Luca, who,

on his deathbed, feeling himself too poor for the 'grand company' of heaven, is abandoned by the stern monk, his confessor, but welcomed by the angels as one who, like Abu Ben Adhem, loves his fellowmen. The same supreme trust in the Divine love, which is the sum of Whittier's ardent faith, appears in the beautiful religious verses entitled the 'Eternal Goodness,' and 'Our Master.' These are catholic hymns in the widest sense, commended by their humility as well as their comprehensiveness. The spirit which pervades them is condensed in the following verses:—

'And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

'I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
Only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

'O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray;
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.'

Some of the strongest lines in the book are in the address to 'Thomas Starr King,' which, with the valediction to Bryant, have the rare merit of condensation. Its finest music is in the stanzas entitled 'Revisited.' Of the national lyrics the most powerful is perhaps 'Laus Deo,' a grand burst of acclamation, suggested by the passage of Lincoln's constitutional amendment. Nothing in this volume does full justice to Mr. Whittier's narrative power. His masterpiece in this direction is 'Maud Muller,' an original and more innocent version of Browning's 'Statue and the Bust,' springing up in an American meadow.

When we compare an author like Whittier with EDGAR ALLEN POE, the relative estimate we form of their works must depend on our view of the province of poetry. If its aim be to astonish or to fascinate, Poe takes a high rank among poets; according to Wordsworth's view of poetry, he has hardly a place among them at all. He teaches us nothing, and, living in one world, writes in another. All we know of the personality of the authors we have been reviewing adds to the charm of their works. Regarding Poe's career, it is enough to say that polite literature has no terms to describe it. He was both mad and bad, and ostentatious in his madness and his badness. The vain and captious jealousy of his criticisms, and his habitual meanness, are, if possible, more repulsive than his other vices,

with which literary critics are less concerned. But there are some who maintain that he is the greatest of American poets. This is an exaggeration of his powers only surpassed by his own exaggeration of them. It is true, however, that, by pure intensity of delirium, he now and then takes a flight beyond that of any other Western poet. His 'Politian' is perhaps the stupidest fragment of a play that has ever been written; but, in his lyrics, the fervour of his sympathy for himself makes artistic recompense for his want of sympathy for others. The passion of 'Annabel Lee' is at a white heat, and is pervaded by a pathos as deep as 'the sounding sea.' The classic finish of the best of his verses that have any meaning is unsurpassed, and his exquisitely musical cadences give an irresistible charm even to those which are most nonsensical. 'The Raven' is, at the worst, a marvellous piece of mechanism, and the same delicacy of touch is everywhere visible in the rushing lines of 'Annie,' 'Eulalie,' 'Ulalume,' 'Leonore,' and 'The City by the Sea.' An appreciative though over-indulgent biographer has directed attention to the precocity of Poe's genius; more remarkable is the purity of his poems. By the side of his life they are like nuns in the convent of a disorderly city; but they are at the same disadvantage: their isolation gives them an air of unreality. The 'banners, yellow, glorious, golden' of his fancy, 'float and flow' on the roof of an imaginary palace. As a romancer Poe inhabits the morbidly analytic world of Balzac; as a poet he is not human, much less American, and has no proper place in our review.

A much more considerable transatlantic writer comes under the category of great prose authors who have amused themselves, and not unfrequently delighted their readers, by their verse; but Mr. Emerson's verse has the same faults and merits as his prose; the two modes of speech are with him different modes of expounding the same philosophy, and they fall to be considered together. It is enough here to remark that the title of 'The Sphinx,' given to one of his poems, is a fit epithet for many of the others: three-fourths of them are pervaded and spoilt by the gold dust of mysticism. Emerson has been called 'A Plotinus-Montaigne,' whose range 'has Olympus for one pole, for the other the Exchange,' and his muse has a practical as well as a transcendental phase. His best pieces, as the 'Wood Notes,' the 'Inscription for Concord Monument,' and 'Goodbye, proud World,' are inspired by his sympathy with the active energy of American life, and by his love of

Nature. Fresh as a breeze from his native hills, they bear the mark of a master hand, and arrest our attention the more strongly that the moods of mind they present are strange to our fashions.

In closing for the present our remarks on American literature, we desire to express our regret for the scant justice we have been able to render to several of the authors we have named. The critics of one nation must, to a certain extent, regard the works of another from an outside point of view. Few are able to divest themselves wholly of the influence of local standards; and this is pre-eminently the case when the early efforts of a young country are submitted to the judgment of an older country, strong in its prescriptive rights, and intolerant of changes, the drift of which it is unable or unwilling to appreciate. English critics are apt to bear down on the writers and thinkers of the New World with a sort of aristocratic hauteur; they are perpetually reminding them of their immaturity, and their disregard of the *juste milieu*. Such sentences as these, where half-truths are clad in discourtesy, cannot fail to excite an unpleasant feeling:—‘Over American society there is diffused an incurable vulgarity of speech, sentiment, and language, hard to define, but perceptible in every word and gesture.’ ‘People of refinement in the States are over-refined: they talk like books, and everywhere obtrude their superior education.’ Americans, on the other hand, are hard to please. Ordinary men among them are as sensitive to foreign, and, above all, to British censure, as the *irritable genus* of other lands. Mr. Emerson is permitted to impress home truths on his countrymen, as ‘Your American eagle is very well; but beware of the American peacock.’ Such remarks are not permitted to Englishmen; if they point to any flaws in Transatlantic manners or ways of thinking, with an effort after politeness, it is ‘the good-natured cynicism of well-to-do age;’ if they commend Transatlantic institutions or achievements, it is, according to Mr. Lowell, ‘with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be pleased by American merit which we find so conciliating.’ Now that the United States have reached their full majority, it is time that England should cease to assume the attitude of their guardian, and time that they should cease to be on the alert to resent the assumption.

We have dwelt at some length on the serious obstacles to the establishment of a national literature in the New World, and trust not to be accused of condescension in

referring to some of its advantages. Foremost among these is its *freshness*. The Authority, which is the guide of old nations, constantly threatens to become tyrannical; they wear their traditions like a chain; and, in the canonization of laws of taste, the creative powers are depressed. Even in England we write under fixed conditions, with the fear of critics before our eyes; we are all bound to cast our ideas into similar moulds, and the name of ‘free-thinker’ has grown into a term of reproach. Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress* is perhaps the last English book written without a thought of being reviewed. There is a gain in the habit of self-restraint fostered by this state of things; but there is a loss in the consequent lack of spontaneity; and we may learn something from a literature which is ever ready for adventures. In America the love of uniformity gives place to impetuous impulses, the most extreme sentiments are made audible, the most noxious ‘have their day, and cease to be;’ and truth being left to vindicate itself, the overthrow of error, though more gradual, may at last prove more conclusive. A New England poet can write with confidence of his country as the land

‘Where no one suffers loss, or bleeds
For thoughts that men call heresies.’

Another feature of American literature is its *comprehensiveness*; what it has lost in depth it has gained in breadth. Addressing a vast audience, it appeals to universal sympathies. In the Northern States, where comparatively few have leisure to write well, almost every man, woman, and child can, and does read. Books are to be found in every log-hut, and public questions are discussed by every scavenger. During the war, when the Lowell factory-girls were writing verses, the ‘Biglow Papers’ were being recited in every smithy. The consequence is that (setting aside the newspapers) there is little that is sectional in the popular religion or literature; it exalts and despises no class, and almost wholly ignores the lines that in other countries divide the upper ten thousand and the lower ten million. Where manners make men, the people are proud of their peerage, but they blush for their boors. In the New World there are no Grand Seigneurs, and no human vegetables; and if there are fewer giants there are also fewer mannikins. American poets recognise no essential distinction between the Village Blacksmith and ‘the case of Vere de Vere;’ our Burns wrote for the one, Byron for the other: Longfellow, to the extent of his genius, writes for both at once. The same spirit which glorifies labour denounces every

form of despotism. American slavery, partly from its being an anachronism, and partly from its being based on an antagonism of race, was in many respects worse than Athenian slavery. But there is no song of an Athenian slave. When the ancients were unjust to their inferiors, they were so without moral disquietude; the lie had got into the soul. Christianity, which substituted the word 'brother' for 'barbarian,' first gave meaning to the word humanity; but the feudalism of the Middle Ages long contended successfully against the better teaching of the Church; the spirit of Froissart held its ground against that of Langland. At this day our greatest living author has allowed his hero-worship to degenerate into a vindication of a worse than feudal tyranny. The best literature of America is an *Areopagitica* of Freedom. The verses of her poets thrill with the assertion of right against might. Children are her favourite poetic types. A woman's book, inspired by ordinary talent, and written in a mediocre style, having for its main excellences only a fervid honesty and a hatred of oppression, was among the moving springs of her great political and social revolution.

ART. VII.—1. *Essais de Politique et de Littérature*. 3 vols. 8vo, 1859–1863.

2. *Quelques Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine*. 4 vols., 1862–1867.

3. *Études sur les Moralistes Français*. 1865.

4. *Elisabeth et Henri IV.* (1595–8.) 3d edition. 1863.

5. *Du Rôle de la Famille dans l'Éducation*. 1857.

M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is not forty years of age; his reputation had become European before he was thirty. A writer of reviews and newspaper articles, he was received upwards of a year ago into that distinguished body, which was founded by Richelieu to watch over the permanent interests of letters, and which maintains, as becomes it, a jealous independence of all Government influences. 'What has he written?' asked the Emperor, when informed of the French Academy's new choice. The short list prefixed to this article contains the reply to the Imperial question.

It need surprise no one, not even the Emperor, that in a country in which the periodical press is not free, a writer of the periodical press should, nevertheless, win a place in the very foremost rank of its literature.

The explanation is mainly threefold. There is the attraction which every good cause has for a generous spirit. There is the attraction which such a tribunal as public opinion in Paris, with its far-reaching echoes everywhere, has for a pleader consciously possessing gifts of the highest order. There is the impossibility of interposing, by the sharpest and sternest legislation which official lawyers can devise, an absolute barrier between such a pleader and such a tribunal. He is sure to be heard. Some freedom of discussion, though upon sufferance merely, is an inevitable concession, even from a Government so strong as that of Napoleon the Third, to a power so sensitive, so exacting, so enlightened, and at times so dangerous, as the public opinion of the French capital. Within those uncertain limits, a writer, whose thoughts are deep and wide, whose style is eloquent and clear, whose mastery of the most refined of modern languages is such as to please the most fastidious of modern audiences; a writer, who to wit and humour of the purest taste, unites a special skill in the art of keeping on the lawful side of any forbidden line, while propelling the thoughts of his readers inevitably beyond it; such a writer, we say, must get a hearing. M. Prévost-Paradol has done so. Whatever he writes, all men read. Those who read him, either as friends or as generous opponents, represent, without limitation to any one shade of opinion, whatever is best and highest in the political and literary traditions of his country. Those who read him as foes, to warn, suppress, and imprison, belong, as is fit, to the most zealous and meanest supporters of the existing rule. They know that the Imperial Government has no more distinguished opponent than this one, none more dangerous, as they judge, because none more distinguished, the one quality being naturally taken as the measure of the other. Add to this the inevitable tendency under the existing Press Laws of France to write, even in newspapers, not simply for the present evil days, but also for a better future, and you may understand how it is that M. Prévost-Paradol, journalist and reviewer, is now a member of the French Academy, to the surprise of the Emperor, but to the satisfaction of all who love what is worthiest and noblest in modern French literature.

Of such men the biography is commonly short. Born in 1829, of a marriage between M. Prévost, an officer in the army, and Mademoiselle Paradol, an actress in the great classical theatre of the Rue Richelieu, he became, in early years, a distinguished scholar and student. His mother won suf-

ficient eminence in her profession to be made a *sociétaire* or partner of the *Théâtre Français*, a distinction for a French actor equivalent in some sort to the dignity of Royal Academician for an English painter or sculptor. Her tenderness and care were remembered in after years, when her son had to write of home and family influences as an element in education. At twenty-six he was Professor of French Literature in the Faculty of Letters at Aix. His teaching there, though it endured but a few months, left behind it some notable traces, to which, on the reception day at the Academy last year, M. Guizot bore this witness from the chair:—

‘Your claims, sir, are of those which receive a special welcome here. In the field of letters you have not only been a brilliant worker, but a skilful teacher also. From you, your hearers learnt not merely to follow literature, but to love it. You awakened and kept alive in their souls a passion for the beautiful, and a taste for the higher studies. Many years after your teaching in the Faculty of Letters at Aix had come to an end, you spoke this noble farewell to your old pupils once more gathered around you:—“Be faithful to literature; live as long as you may in habitual and intimate converse with those immortal writers who have given best utterance to the best thoughts of humanity. The more you know them, the more you will love justice and honour; the further will you be from all that deadens the moral sense, and weakens the dignity of the soul.”’

On the same illustrious testimony, we add that M. Prévost-Paradol himself followed the counsel which he gave. No one was ever better fitted than he to find happiness in that quiet world of letters, where ‘Plato is never sullen, Cervantes never petulant; into which Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, and where Dante never stays too long.’ His criticisms on the great French moralists, Montaigne, Pascal, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld, and Vauvenargues; his studies of Aristophanes and Lucretius, of Demosthenes and Seneca, of Thucydides, Xenophon, Tacitus, and Macaulay, of Spinoza, Lamennais, and Renan, show what great things he might have done had he been content to abide in that serene region where warnings, suspension, and imprisonments are unknown. But his vocation lay elsewhere. The cause of free institutions and free speech had to be pleaded to a generation grown careless of those things, under a Government vitally interested, as it would seem, in their suppression. In 1856 he left his professorial chair at Aix, to write, alternately with M. Louis Alloupy the leading articles, the ‘premier-Paris,’ of the *Journal des Débats*. All Paris remembers with what thoughtful eloquence and wit this con-

genial work was done; with what unmerciful, but dexterous and always polite, exposure of weak points in official procedure, of weak logic in official speeches. Here was a Government, men felt, sworn to stifle all hostile criticism, yet wincing under the sharp strokes of a powerful pen, which gave no pretext for any open show of anger. The unequal conflict could not last. The managers of the eminent liberal journal were privately enjoined to close their columns against this troublesome critic.* They had to obey, or live in daily peril of extinction. Naturally (and who shall blame them?) they preferred obedience. To the brave but ill-fated *Courrier du Dimanche*, M. Prévost-Paradol carried those brilliant but dangerous gifts, liked by the public and disliked by the Government in equal measure. The public read, approved, and laughed; The Government warned, suspended, and finally suppressed. During the *Courrier’s* six years of troubled existence, two important events befell its most eminent, but fatal contributor. In June 1860 he underwent a month’s imprisonment for a pamphlet entitled *Les Anciens Partis*. In March 1866 came his admission to the Academy. These are all the details of his biography that need concern us.

What concerns us much more is the interest with which he, in common with all eminent thinkers, past and present, of his country, has studied the institutions of ours. It is pleasant to read in pages like his, one more weighty testimony from abroad to our great privileges, political and civil, among the nations of the earth.

Of these the chief is the right of publishing one’s opinions by speech or print, subject to no preliminary hindrance, and to no subsequent penalty other than follows the breach of known laws applied by independent judges upon the verdict of a jury. If, in this respect, a difference exists between one nation and another, it is a capital and characteristic difference, passing before every other in point of political importance. For without this right, no institutions, whatever they may be in form or in name, can in fact be free; with it, no form of despotism can last. Here is the point of contrast between France and England on which M. Prévost-Paradol’s thoughts chiefly and sadly dwell; thoughts to which we owe many of the noblest pages

* See M. Jules Simon’s speech at the *Corps Législatif* on 21st January 1864. It is right to add that for some time back M. Prévost-Paradol has returned to the *Journal des Débats*, not to write the ‘premier-Paris’ as formerly, but as an occasional contributor of literary reviews, or articles on political questions of permanent interest.

he has written. The managers of the *Times* were apparently of this opinion when, some years ago,* they published in their columns a full-length translation of an article contributed by him to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled *De la Presse en Angleterre et en France*, in which he sets forth the public function of the newspaper in either country as affected by its laws, its habits of thought and feeling. Never was this deep and striking contrast set before the world in more accurate language, in language worthier to endure as a contribution to the history of our age.

Our daily paper is to us a daily reminder of our public liberties, our national strength and wealth, our living, restless indomitable energy in every field of human activity and human progress. Speaking of the English newspaper in the abstract, we inevitably mean the *Times* in the concrete, the leading journal, as we all acknowledge it to be; if not the eldest, certainly the biggest brother of all that wonderful family. Its huge size, its thick outer coating of densely printed advertisements, its inner core of political discussion in clear type; there, from without, a cry of innumerable voices, faint echoes of the great city, if one may call them so, offering everything that civilisation can supply to every want that civilisation can feel; here, from within, as you open up the vast sheet, the clear, strong editorial voice, in bold and able language, expressing opinions which for twenty-four hours at least will be the political creed of the majority of educated Englishmen; then the reports of Parliament, of the Courts of Law and Police, of every kind of public meeting; the literary criticism, the foreign correspondence, accurate and full, from every corner of the globe; something like all this may perhaps be found on the other side of the Atlantic, but what like it can be found on the other side of the English Channel?

‘Those who have travelled with a *vetturino* through certain parts of Italy, and who, shortly afterwards, have been borne along the great iron highways of Northern Europe, retain an impression of the liveliest and most interesting contrast. Yonder the small insecure carriage with its uneven motion, its ceaseless jolts, avoiding by many windings sometimes a precipice, sometimes a bandit on the watch; here an immense train gliding, all steam up, along a solid shining line, from which law and custom keep away every obstacle, bearing with it an entire population of travellers continually renewed, useful to all, by all inviolate. A like contrast will arise in the thoughts of every cultivated

man, who, familiar with our public press in France, desires to know the public press of our English neighbours.’

Assuredly, as M. Prévost-Paradol himself warns us, this difference is not the whole case between the civilisation of England and the civilisation of France. There are other elements of national life and greatness than this one. Art, philosophy, the higher literature, a great place in the world’s history, a weighty influence on the world’s destinies, these things must be remembered even when we place such a newspaper as the *Times* and such a newspaper as the *Journal des Débats* in opposite scales as organs of publicity and free opinion. A comparison turning on the purely intellectual element in both, will go far to restore the balance. Even the very dangers typified by the precipice and the watching bandit of the foregoing quotation, develop in the French journalist an art unknown, because happily unneeded among ourselves, the art of covertly suggesting truths which it would be perilous to tell openly; an art not to be left out of account in reckoning up M. Prévost-Paradol’s titles to fame. But we must not set greater store by this accomplishment than he does himself. More than once he has bitterly deplored its necessity as a weapon forced into his hand by the Press laws under which it is his misfortune to live. In the preface to one of his collections of republished newspaper articles, we find these sad but noble words:—

‘Are these the conditions of high art in literature, and is the smallest literary ambition open to those who, under such rigorous laws, endeavour to write about public affairs? They may hope for the compassion of posterity; they can by no means be candidates for its admiration. Let us not deceive ourselves. The art, sometimes necessary, but always humbling and painful, of presenting truth under a veil, is powerless to produce an enduring work. It gives, if you will, flexibility to the writer’s hand; and there are some among us who have ingeniously enough contended that a journalist owes some gratitude to these hard times for this necessity of becoming flexible. You forget how heavy this necessity lies on his heart, how it forbids all hope of a wholesome and lasting reputation. Yes, I know it, that wretched art, and use it too when need is, with an untroubled conscience; but I feel all its grievous burden; and those who sometimes praise me for having practised it with some measure of success, will never know with what disdain I look upon it, how I would fain have lived in times which allowed me to be ignorant of it!’

Not the art of Æsop and of Rabelais, but rather the art of Junius and of Swift is needed by the modern journalist. The aim of his logic or his wit must be shrouded by

* See *Times* of 8th January 1858.

no veil, however transparent to keen-sighted eyes. He must write so that they who run may read. He must take hold of public attention by being clear, and must not even affect to solicit public ingenuity by being mysterious. The thought which he knows to be in the hearts of all men must not merely be stirred by a delicate sarcasm, a historical allusion, a suggested contrast; it must be expressed boldly and openly, as in the face of day. - If he is not allowed to do this he loses much more than half his value. If he is merely to state general principles, of which the application to current events is obvious, but withheld; if he is merely to give one member of a parallel or contrast, in reliance on the reader's sagacity to supply the other; if he can but suggest certain logical conclusions as flowing from certain official premises not designed for that end; if, with all due caution, he may only appeal in general terms to the better principles of better times; he fulfils an office not useless indeed, especially when surrounded by a public in whom the tradition of former freedom requires to be kept alive, but an office of subordinate utility as compared with that of our British journalist criticising public men and public events without circumlocution and with no fear, subject to no control but the control of law and public opinion. In this point of view the contrast between the *vetturino* and the railway train is by no means an exaggeration.

Yet it is not so much in this respect as in the universality and accuracy of its information that the English newspaper shines in contrast with its French 'contemporary.' The freedom of the one, the servitude of the other, have much to do with this difference, but do not account for the whole of it. It is not merely that the one lives on sufferance and the other as matter of right; the craving for exact and trustworthy news is much keener in our country than in France. Hence it happens that we always know more of French politics than Frenchmen ever do of ours. In 1848 French newspapers announced, and many thousands of Frenchmen believed, that on the 10th of April in that memorable year of grace, the constitution which governs these islands would meet with its final doom. When the Indian mutiny of 1857 was known in this country to be quelled, French newspapers (the *Débats* excepted) still foretold, with all but universal belief in France, the impending downfall of our Indian empire. At this moment that miserable form of Irish discontent which, under the characteristic, because unintelligible, name of Fenianism still occupies a corner of our newspapers, is in the eyes of most Frenchmen a great Irish national movement, and a great

English national peril. Costly machinery to obtain early and accurate news would be too heavy a burden for a property so precarious and so frail as a French newspaper; and would often be useless under an iron rule which interferes as much with the publication of fact as with the expression of opinion. But in reality the public to be served in either country differs almost as widely as the press laws of each. We exact much from our daily newspaper. We don't insist that its news shall be good; we do insist that its news shall be early, full, and accurate. No editorial eloquence, no skilful flattery of national prejudice or party feeling, will atone for any shortcoming in this respect. Whatever position a newspaper may have won among us by its ability to defend great principles, its ability to supply rapid and complete information on all topics of public interest is much more to the purpose. This is a vital element in its continued prosperity.

This eagerness, this keen competition in the supply of news is very much modified in France by the nature of the demand. Correct news there, is not so much the article wanted as good news. Now good news to that public means generally, though somewhat vaguely, that 'France is marching at the head of civilisation.' For if the case be otherwise, if France be not marching at the head of civilisation, then it is manifest that the time is out of joint:—

'When our newspapers wish to keep us in a state of good humour towards our rulers, they tell us that the foreigner is obedient to our will; when they wish to humble and irritate us, they have nothing better to do than to insinuate that we are led by the foreigner. If they go out of either of these two positions, we mistrust and cease to understand them.'

But this is not the only disturbing cause in a Frenchman's opinions on foreign politics:—

'The love and the hatred of the Revolution which divide France so deeply, have much to do with our prejudiced judgment of foreign affairs. To those of us who would like to see the Revolution dead and buried, and to those of us who wish it long life and prosperity, foreign news are little else than a daily bulletin of its health; and we go straight to those papers where this bulletin is drawn as we wish and hope it to be. Those who want peace at any price, those who want the final subjection of the earth, moon, and stars to France; the friends of the Revolution and its foes, all those people hungering for news and contradictory prophecies seek their food in the newspapers, and each one regularly finds there the only food he can bear. For this public, not the most authentic news, but the most agreeable are needed; not

the freshest or the best proved, but the properest to indoctrinate and move it, as it insists on being moved and indoctrinated. You even irritate it by announcing or foreseeing anything else than what it wishes; and men who see clearly must feign at least to see dimly, under pain of displeasing men blinded by passion. If, after all, the event shows the road followed to have been the wrong one, it matters little, provided readers and journals have walked in it in company and keeping step. The event, that judge feared by the English press, has for ours no inconvenient consequences. Our public willingly tolerates errors which it has desired and shared; nothing indeed equals its gratitude towards writers who have deceived it agreeably, except its desire to be so deceived again.'

Such is the French press in its weakness; here is now the English press in its strength, the *Times* being justly taken as the best and most characteristic example:

'The freedom of saying everything on every topic of general interest, joined to the absolute necessity of speaking to the public the only language which that public understands and likes, gives to the leading articles of the English press a singular character of simplicity, familiarity, and energy. You will find there the most trivial comparisons side by side with the strongest and the clearest reasoning. The highest matters are purposely reduced to the most vulgar proportions; the nation is almost always represented as a private person, who in any given situation, tries to make the best of it. The greatest wars, the most important negotiations, are, as much as may be, assimilated to the ordinary acts of private life, and are so put as to enable each reader to feel his way, and choose his side, according to the rules of common sense, and as easily as in his own affairs. Of this special kind of eloquence the best model will be found in the closest and most familiar argumentations of Demosthenes. Add to this chain of reasoning some touches of that penetrating, and above all, bitter irony which rises to genius in the writings of Swift, and you have the most ordinary substance of a good article of the *Times*. No wonder that such articles are little pleasing to our French taste, that to us they seem too narrow, too vulgar, and too violent. They have little conformity with the genius of our nation; to whom we much prefer the softened splendour of general ideas and abstract terms. Moreover, when not mutilated, they are generally ill translated, a thing easily understood; for the common knowledge of English is not sufficient to import them into our tongue, any more than the common knowledge of Latin would serve the turn of a translator of Lucretius or Tacitus. To give in French the equivalent of a good article of the *Times*, almost implies ability to write the original.'

There are differences here indicated, not always nor altogether to our advantage. With us the particular and the practical are apt to degenerate into the narrow and the un-

just, in striking contrast with that philosophical breadth and equity to which the love of general ideas sometimes elevates our neighbours. Our home politics, disfigured as they often are by party feeling; our foreign politics, warped as they often are by a prevailing sense of national interest, pass into a clear daylight of truth and justice when they pass into the hands of such men as M. Prévost-Paradol and M. Forcade. Even our peculiar advantage in the possession of full and trustworthy sources of information has at times been neutralized by national feeling; and our loss in this respect has been the foreigner's gain. He has read rightly what we have chosen to read wrongly; and the event naturally puts him in the right and puts us in the wrong. The late American War is an instance. Never at any moment of that great contest did the greater part of our public consent to look upon it in its true light, the light to which we cannot now close our eyes. One of the most eminent of our statesmen proclaimed that Mr. Jefferson Davis had made the South a nation; another declared that the North fought for dominion, and the South for independence; the very opinion, be it said in passing, which half Europe would turn against us to-morrow, if Fenianism should become rebellion to-day. Full news, accurate news of every incident, from the fall of Fort Sumter in April 1861, to the fall of Richmond in April 1865, was always within our reach; but the text came with a commentary, and the commentary prevented our right reading of the text. Federal victories were announced with a warning that the information came from exclusively Federal, and therefore untrustworthy sources. No such warning accompanied exclusively Confederate news of Federal defeat, and Federal brutality. We were not to believe any good of the North, if the South denied it. We might believe any evil of the North, if the South affirmed it.* When the end came it found us unprepared. It was a surprise, a sudden downfall, an inexplicable collapse. To the readers of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the case was quite otherwise. For many months the decisive advance of the North had been noted step by step; its powerful grasp shown to be steadily closing upon its foe: its final victory foretold as an inevitable conclusion

* It is right to note that it suited the Mexican policy of the present French ruler to encourage the American Secessionists, and therefore the Government newspapers of France, official and 'officious,' echoed the opinion, which was all but universal among ourselves, on the probable success of the Southern arms, and its desirableness.

in the inexorable logic of events. We are not sure that our public, in its displeasure, did not feel some slight irritation against its leading, in this instance misleading, journals. They misled us quite honestly, no doubt, being themselves misled by national feeling. But we are a public quite unlike the French in this respect: we cannot bear to be deceived in matters of fact, even although the deceiver be in good faith, and the deceit pleasant while it lasts.

The signatures make a notable difference between French newspapers and ours, not in form merely, but also in substance. It is obvious that the proper name at the end of an article has some influence on its style. A man who signs what he says to the public, will naturally be more prudent and courteous than one who speaks unknown from behind the broad sheet. Compare, as is right, our neighbour's best with our own best. In the one there is a tone of high breeding which the other scarcely condescends to use. Anything sharply said, even to the verge of coarseness, seems to us well said, if we be but convinced that it is well deserved. Justice in substance, as we reckon it, atones for many sins of form. The French journalist, signing his name, writes as he would speak within hearing of his adversary before a select assemblage of well-bred critics; his politeness in the use of his weapon serving at times to sharpen its sting. The English journalist shrouded behind his editorial '*we*' uses no polite circumlocution. He speaks the strong, fearless, authoritative language of a public functionary fulfilling a public duty. This is the language we understand and like, and therefore it is spoken. It is best spoken anonymously. Universal wisdom and universal justice must not be narrowed to the personality of Smith and Jones.

A law of signatures like the French one is not matter for discussion in this country. But our custom of anonymous writing has sometimes been discussed. It is a question between the newspaper's name and the name of the writer. Each has its partisans; and the arguments on both sides seems pretty evenly balanced. What the anonymous journalist gains in independence towards the public, he sometimes loses in another direction. He is free to attack prevailing opinions in high places; but the traditional opinions of his journal are sacred. There is an artificial personality here to which he must sacrifice his own; a certain consistency of opinion which, by using the anonymous pronoun, he is taken bound to respect. He may perhaps thus gain a hearing unattainable by him in his own proper person. But there is a *contra* for every *pro*. The article

might not be read if the obscure name were given; it may not be read because the great name is withheld. The reputation of the journal may give undue authority to opinions which deserve none; a dwarf having crept that morning into the giant's armour. Both ways, perhaps, are best. Let us be thankful that we are at liberty to follow both or either; public taste being the supreme arbiter in the long-run.

Our custom in this respect strengthens the dividing line between our journalists and our statesmen, a dividing line which does not exist in France. With many points of contact and interdependence, these two callings are essentially distinct amongst us. Our eminent newspaper editor belongs to a world of his own. He does not covet a seat in Parliament; he does not aspire to some great office in the State. He wields a power sufficient for the ambition of most men; a power less tangible, but not less real, than that of statesmen; a power to which his anonymous writing lends a sort of half mystery. Being a power, he has some enemies and many flatterers in every rank of society. He may keenly enjoy his position. The exquisite luxury of successful thinking is often his, enhanced by the consciousness that his thoughts, as soon as uttered, become the convictions of many thousands of his countrymen. We are apt to claim his ideas as ours. We feel grateful to him for expressing our own opinions so clearly; for putting our own reasoning in such irresistible language. All the more rapidly on that account do these unsigned words pass out of human memory. A collection of newspaper articles, however effective in their day, would scarcely find a purchaser when that day is past. They have served their turn. In some respects the glory of our eminent journalist is like the glory of an eminent actor. When he leaves the scene, he leaves nothing behind but a great tradition. Of course, we only compare the literary fame of the one with the artistic fame of the other. The good actually done to society does not pass away. But on that monument, if it may so be called, the name of the journal is engraved in larger characters than the name of the journalist. The wit, the eloquence, the logic by which that good was done, are sometimes buried out of sight even during the lifetime of their possessor.

The French law of signatures has, at all events, helped to preserve M. Prévost-Paradol's name from oblivion. Even his noble protest already quoted must not blind us to the fact that he owes something to the iron rule under which his rare talent as a journalist has made him known. Somewhere he compares

the French press in its tribulations to 'that fair story-teller who each night began her tale, under peril of being suppressed before day-break.' To the present Government of France he is under an obligation not unlike Scheherazade's debt of gratitude to Shah-riar. As a writer of politics, he has not only been allowed to live, but to become famous. Never was situation more difficult for a journalist; never was there a journalist able to meet and overcome in a brilliant manner the difficulties of the situation. What the situation is let him describe with the help of a picture from Brobdingnag:—

'Whether it be matter of regret or rejoicing, all agree to acknowledge that the French press is now in the hands of the central authorities, like Gulliver in the hands of the giant, who had picked him up in the corn-field. "He took me up behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy."

'What will he do, that powerful giant who thus holds the French press hanging midway between heaven and earth? Will he tighten his fingers more and more, to the suffocation of that ingenious little creature which has fed so many great thoughts, and scattered such noble words to the very ends of the earth? We do not believe that he will be so blind to his true interest. If the contrary did happen, however, nothing would be more conformable to the course of human affairs. Pascal long ago put the thinking reed in its place when he declared it subject to the forces of nature, and thrown into this world only to be crushed thereby.'

This was written nearly ten years ago, and the giant has not yet relaxed his grip. The promise of a new Press law was given in the beginning of the present year. We do not anticipate any substantial improvement. Instead of administrative 'warnings,' there are to be seizures, and severer judicial condemnations. No freedom, no jury-trial; the 'crowning of the edifice' as far off as ever.

Here is another specimen of M. Prévost-Paradol's style, a peep at an election scene, showing how these things are managed in the remoter districts of a country where

public meetings and a free press are forbidden. M. Dabaux is the Government candidate, and it is to be remembered that the mayor is a Government nominee:

'The election day comes, and the voting begins. For the most part the operation is carried on under the eye of the mayor, with M. Dabaux' voting-papers taken from the voting-table, or offered by the mayor to the silent elector, or put by the mayor himself into the ballot-box. And in what kind of ballot-box? At Gueytes-la-Bastide, the electors vote in a bushel; at Rennes-le-Chateau, in a tureen; at Coudons in a *toupin*, or open two-handled vessel; lastly, at Donazac the mayor remains with his committee in one room, while the ballot-box is in another; and he kindly undertakes to put into it the voting-papers, which he gathers up in his hands or in his pocket. We understand how, in some districts where patriarchal manners survive, the French people vote in a bushel, a tureen, a *toupin*, and in any kind of vessel; but to vote in the mayor's pocket is a token of confidence which takes one back to the golden age!

'These vessels, thus filled, have a night to spend between the first day's voting and the second; where are they to spend that night full of peril? Is it, as the law requires, in the voting-room, under the free custody of the citizens? Not so. Here is the town-clerk of Armissan, who carries off the ballot-box, and makes it spend the night in the bosom of his family. The ballot-box of Saint-Polycarpe spends the night in the mayor's house; the like hospitality is given to the tureen of Rennes-le-Chateau. The Montazels box is shut up by the mayor in his linen press. It is not said in what domicile has rested the *toupin* of Coudons.

'Accordingly next morning, if the parties signing the protestation of M. Guiraud (independent candidate) are to be believed, the scrutiny of votes in some places discloses some inexplicable contradictions. Who does not know that a single pike in a pond will depopulate it by the quantity of fish which it devours? Either a multitude of electors are bearing false witness, and deserve prosecution, or else a like phenomenon must have taken place in several of these electoral vases, and the greater number of voting-papers bearing M. Giraud's name must have been swallowed up by the rest.'

Anything like this writing would, in the days of the elder Napoleon, have insured its author a lodging at Vincennes. Accordingly the 'officials' journals, the 'thurifers,' if one may borrow a ritualistic term, among other incense offered on the altars of Government, celebrate the remarkable freedom which in these days is allowed to the Press. Doubtless their hymns of praise invite no warnings, provoke no suspensions, excite no administrative anger. All things go by comparison; and it must in fairness be acknowledged that something very like free

discussion is allowed in Paris, as compared with those regions where men vote in the pocket* of the mayor. For instance, no longer ago than December last, the *Impartial Dauphinois* was 'warned' for having said that in France the right of free discussion did not exist. Here is a still more curious instance of administrative interference with the provincial press. The *Journal de Loudéac*, in Brittany, got a warning in April 1854 for having made remarks likely to prejudice the sale of some manure which the Prefect, for reasons of his own, thought fit to patronize. So it is. In Paris you may quizz with impunity the doctrines of Duke Persigny, or the platitudes of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction. But in the provinces no citizen must make bold to say that he is not free, nor criticise unfavourably the favourite manure of Monsieur the Prefect.

Instances have been given of what a long-suffering Government will endure from a Parisian paper. Here is an instance in the opposite direction, where that measure of patience, such as it is, was exceeded. It is a dialogue on the Roman question, published by M. Prévost-Paradol in the *Courrier du Dimanche* in October 1862. Would Napoleon III. support the temporal power, or would he let it fall? A. maintains the one side and B. maintains the other, each with the most cogent reasons derived from the past Italian policy of Government. Every repartee is a biting epigram on the incoherencies and contradictions of that policy. At the end of the talk, the author, a silent listener hitherto, hints at a matter which both speakers seem to have quite overlooked. Have they not thought of the miserably humble position of the French public in relation to that great question? Powerless to influence the decision of its rulers, it eagerly, but helplessly, guesses what its own Government will do next.

'At that moment the house-dog came near to us and sat submissively on the ground. Only his tail was in motion, but his eye was keenly fixed on that of his master, watching for the slightest token of his thought, the least hint of his wishes. Would the paper pellet be tossed to him on the right, or the pebble on the left? The eager looks of the fine animal asked this question as clearly as if he had spoken. To me nature is always pleasing; I could not help admiring him.'

"See," . . . I began to say. . . .

'B. Let us go to breakfast; he is going to say some impertinence.'

'A. You are right; let us go to breakfast.'

'So ended our conversation.'

This was too strong for M. de Persigny's nerves, and down came a warning.

To the gentlemen in charge of this department of the French Home Office, the difficulty must always have been serious how to 'warn' M. Prévost-Paradol without putting him greatly in the right, and the Government just as greatly in the wrong. The 'watching bandit' was apt to hit one of his own superiors. The last shot fired at the poor *Courrier du Dimanche* is an instance. It was killed because of the following paragraph, in which the author once more borrows from that strange book, to boys a delightful fiction, to men one of the saddest and bitterest satires which genius ever invented against our poor human nature:—

'In Gulliver's voyage to the "Flying Island," the story is told of a great Court lady, very beautiful, loved by the handsomest men, who flies from her home to go and live with a deformed footman. She is stripped, and beaten, she sinks into deeper degradation from day to day, but she likes her shame, and declines to be torn from her worthless lover. That story returns to my thoughts whenever I see France attentively listening to the voice of the *Constitutionnel*, and seeking to read her destiny in the responses of that oracle.'

In the Home Minister's official report, this paragraph was shorn of its concluding sentence; the story was stripped of its application. Doubtless the Emperor was in this manner made to recognise as his likeness not intended for him. It may have excited official indignation; perhaps also some non-official laughter. But here ended the *Courrier du Dimanche*. In the more prudent *Journal des Débats*, M. Prévost-Paradol had already found a place of refuge.

He is best known as a political writer; those who are familiar with his writings will allow him no rank under the first as a literary and philosophical critic. Quotations would be needed to do him justice; and for sufficient quotation there is no room. What depth he has, and yet what clearness; what refinement, and yet what strength; what instinctive dislike to all that is vile or degrading; what sympathy with all noble suffering; all this let our readers learn for themselves. Specially we commend to their attention the charming little volume of *Studies of the French Moralists*. His highest philosophical thoughts never part company with human nature; there is always an undertone of sadness provoked by the contrast between the fate for which man seems to have been formed, and the actual common fate of humanity. He keenly feels the attractiveness both of religious belief and of philosophical speculation, and seems to hesitate between them when they pull, or seem to pull, in opposite directions. In another

age he would have been the friend of Pascal, as in our own he is the friend of Renan. From the conclusion of a paper on Spinoza we take, as a final sample of his style, the following words (very insufficiently rendered, as all his words in these pages have been) showing something of the conflict to which we have just alluded :—

‘He (Spinoza) has left us an eternal trace of his passage, one footpath more, neither the least ingenious, nor the least trodden in these our days, through the labyrinth of human opinions concerning God, man, and the world. It seems to me at times as though these paths were traced within a sort of great park, enclosed on all sides by a wall that cannot be overpassed. Some of them lead inflexibly to the foot of the wall, and there break off; others turn aside a little from it, but reach it before long; others again have many windings, plunge into beautiful groves, go up and down again, avoiding so carefully that fatal wall, that we almost fancy that we have got beyond it; when suddenly it appears again at a turn of the road, and fills us with irritation against ourselves, and against the too skilful guide who has lured us onward with vain hopes. Then it is that we envy those of us who seeking none of these paths, and, peacefully abiding in their own place, do not even see the obstacle which arrests us, while, far beyond it, they behold, with tranquil faith, regions full of peace and light.’

In the general election of 1863, M. Prévost-Paradol was twice a candidate for a seat in the *Corps Législatif*, and twice was beaten. Liberals of every shade rallied round him, but his opinions are not those which universal suffrage delights to honour. No worshipper of democracy, he foresees its inevitable progress with a painful consciousness of its dangers. He rather looks regretfully backward than hopefully forward. But for the Republican and for the Legitimist he has always some generous word, acknowledging equitably the measure of truth and expediency contained in their respective principles. But like most of those who may be said to form the intellectual aristocracy of his country, his political adherence is given to that constitutional Government which fell in February 1848. In the elections just alluded to, a cry was got up against him,—a very deadly one as it would seem in France,—that he was ‘a man of the past.’ M. St. Beuve somewhere calls him, not without justice, ‘*le secrétaire général des anciens partis* ;’ in their best and noblest aspects he represents them all. For all this, or rather because of it, we venture to prophesy, that if within the term allotted to the present generation, France shall resume her place among free nations, her most eminent

journalist during the evil days will, when the better days come, take rank among the most eminent of her statesmen.

ART. VIII.—*Second Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Schools in Scotland, with an Appendix. On Elementary Schools.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, 1867.

ALTHOUGH the Scottish Education Commissioners have not yet concluded their labours, still the Report which they have just issued is so important, and attempts the solution of a question which has taxed the ingenuity of many Statesmen and Commissioners, that it deserves immediate consideration. The subjects into which the Scottish Commissioners were directed to inquire were sufficiently extensive. They embrace, in fact, the same subjects which in England have required the appointment of three Commissions—the first of which, under the Duke of Newcastle, was issued in June 1858, and did not publish a Report until 1861, and the last of which was issued in 1864, and is still pursuing its labours, under the chairmanship of Lord Taunton. The Report which has just been issued is confined to the Elementary Schools in Scotland, and therefore covers precisely the same ground as that covered by the Duke of Newcastle's Commission. The Burgh and Middle Class Schools, which are still under investigation, are the same class of institutions which are now being investigated by Lord Taunton and his colleagues; and we may add that there are no institutions in Scotland precisely corresponding to the great Public Schools of England which were reported upon by Lord Clarendon and his colleagues. It is now some years since the University system of Scotland was thoroughly investigated, and Parliament dealt with that subject. It may be observed, therefore, that as soon as these Commissioners have issued their third Report, all the facts connected with Scottish Education, and the measures recommended for its extension and improvement, will be before the public. In the meantime, however, our attention must be confined to the Elementary Schools, or, in other words, to that class of institutions which supply elementary instruction to the mass of the people of Scotland. And whatever opinion may be formed of the wisdom of the measures recommended by the Commissioners, it will proba-

bly be admitted that they have collected together all the information which can be obtained upon the subject, or at all events, much more than sufficient to frame any general measure.

Originally the Commission consisted of fifteen members, namely—The Duke of Argyll, Lord Belhaven, Lord Polwarth, Lord Jerviswoode, Sir James Fergusson, M. P., Mr. Moncreiff, M. P. (then Lord Advocate), Lord Ardmillan, Sheriff Davidson, Lord Mure, Mr. Murray Dunlop (the legal adviser of the Free Church of Scotland), Mr. Adam Black, Mr. Alexander Shank Cook (Procurator of the Church of Scotland), Mr. James Mitchell of Glasgow, Mr. John Ramsay of Kildalton, and Mr. David Smith, a leading member of the Church of Scotland. To these fifteen were subsequently added Lord Dunfermline, Sheriff Tait, also a leading member of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. John Brown. It is needless, perhaps, to point out that these eighteen Commissioners may be taken as representing every variety of opinion on all matters connected with public affairs, ecclesiastical as well as civil, in this part of the kingdom. If four Scottish Peers, three ex-Lord Advocates, three or four influential members of Parliament, several large landed proprietors connected with various districts, and one leading layman belonging to each of the three largest religious denominations in the country—namely, the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian Church—cannot be taken to represent the opinions of the people of Scotland on the subject of Education, it is tolerably clear that no such representation can be found; but if, on the other hand, a body of men so various in their political and religious opinions, shall have succeeded in agreeing upon a plan which, in their judgment, will have the effect of supplying efficient schools to the whole population, the probability is that any such plan is not only practicable, but will be accepted by a large majority of the community. No doubt Dr. Candlish expressed the prevailing opinion when he said, that it was of the very last consequence that, if possible, this question of education should now be settled.

‘On that account,’ he added, ‘I may be allowed to say that I hailed with very lively satisfaction this Commission, and if you will allow me to say, the constitution of it; because I have the strongest conviction that if the members of this Commission see their way to agree unanimously upon any mode of settlement, there will be the utmost disposition in the country to acquiesce in it.’

At the time when the Commissioners began their inquiry, the information as to the state

of Education in Scotland was very imperfect. Partial inquiries by the Church of Scotland, by Select Committees by either House of Parliament, and by persons interested in Education, had been made at distant intervals of time. But the only inquiry approaching completeness was that conducted by the Census Commissioners in 1861; and it is notorious that no satisfactory conclusions can be deduced on such a subject from the facts collected by the authorities. Accordingly, the Commissioners determined to investigate the whole matter for themselves. With this object, they began by collecting the ‘opinions of persons of weight and experience’ as to the general state of Education in this country, ‘the evils which were supposed to exist, and the remedies which might seem desirable.’ Besides the oral evidence on this subject, which was published some time ago as a first Report, they distributed a number of written questions to various persons acquainted with the state of the schools, and the answers returned to these questions furnished very valuable information. The most striking result, however, of the evidence thus obtained, was to show that while a very large majority of the witnesses were of opinion that a National system of education was both possible and expedient for Scotland, there was much diversity of opinion as to the actual condition of the existing schools, the number of scholars, and the quality of the instruction which they now receive. Before proceeding further, therefore, measures were taken to ascertain the facts. Schedules containing certain inquiries were prepared and transmitted to the Registrars of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in each district: and duplicates were sent to the Ministers of the various Religious Denominations. Thus, the information as to the condition of each school, and the number of its scholars, rests upon the authority not only of the Registrar, but also of the Minister of the denomination with which it is connected. In this way the number of schools and scholars throughout the rural districts and smaller towns has been accurately ascertained. And it can scarcely be disputed that the information thus obtained may be regarded as absolutely correct. With respect to Glasgow and twenty-two other towns, however, the Registrars declined to act, and it became necessary to adopt a different plan. The plan was to despatch two gentlemen as Assistant-Commissioners to Glasgow, who visited all the schools in that City, and drew up a detailed Report on the subject. The substance of their Report forms the second chapter of the volume before us, but the educational condition of the City may be

conveniently ascertained from a map prepared under the directions of the Commissioners, and inserted in their Report. As the population of Glasgow is about one-seventh of the whole population of Scotland, it seemed unnecessary to institute the like examination into the schools of all the other large towns in Scotland. Glasgow was taken as a specimen of the rest, for it was considered that any plan which would meet the educational wants of the most populous City in the North, would certainly meet the wants of the others. Such was the method adopted for the purpose of ascertaining the statistical facts connected with Education in Scotland,* and the general result may be thus stated:—

‘According to the census of 1861, the population of Scotland was 3,062,294. The returns obtained from the Registrars embrace a population of 2,050,024, which may be taken to comprehend the whole of the rural population; while the remaining 1,012,270 comprehend the whole of the burghal population. Provision, however, was afterwards made for a complete investigation of the schools in Glasgow, with a population of 395,503; so that the only part of the population from which no returns were received is 616,767. The result is that, either through the Registrars, or the Glasgow Assistant-Commissioners, information has been obtained as to the educational condition of four-fifths of the people of Scotland.’

According to the Commissioners, the following facts have been established:—Throughout Scotland, 1 in 6·5 of the whole population is on the roll of some school, and 1 in 7·9 is in attendance. Considering that in Prussia, where education is compulsory, the proportion of children receiving instruction to the whole population is only 6·27, while in England it is 1 in 7·7, it is obvious that the state of Scotland is by no means unsatisfactory. But when one district is considered separately from another, the result is somewhat different. Thus, in the Insular districts, the ratio of scholars on the roll to population is 1 in 7·5, and the scholars in attendance 1 in 9·7. And when we examine separate parishes, we find that the ratio varies from 1 in 4 to 1 in 15, 20, 25, and even 30. In short, it is clear that no accurate conclusion as to the state of education in Scotland, or indeed in any country, can be drawn from the average percentage of children who are at school. Fortunately, however, the facts collected by the Commissioners and the elaborate tables appended to the Report furnish all the infor-

mation which is needed with respect to every individual parish in the country, and every registration district in Glasgow.

Probably the most interesting information elicited by these returns refers to the religious Denomination of the scholars who attend the various schools. It has often been stated, that while the clergy, and especially the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic clergy, attach the utmost importance to the denominational character of a school, the parents of the scholars are comparatively indifferent to any such distinction. The accuracy of this opinion is conclusively established by these returns, so far as the rural districts are concerned; and in the case of Glasgow the same conclusion may be drawn from other sources. The Commissioners state that in their opinion the denominational system in Scotland is unnecessary. The Assistant-Commissioners, with respect to Glasgow, state, ‘most emphatically,’ that the school-attendance is not to any great degree affected by the circumstance that ‘the parents differ in religious belief from the conductors of the schools within their reach.’ Again, in the rural districts, it seems that in the Parish schools, out of 76,493 scholars 47,161 belong to the Established Church, 14,486 belong to the Free Church, 7462 to the United Presbyterian, 521 to the Episcopalian, 1243 to the Roman Catholic Churches, 1644 to other Denominations, and 3976 are returned as not known. In the General Assembly Church of Scotland schools, out of 33,000 scholars, in round numbers, there are 18,000 Established Church, 8000 Free Church, 2700 United Presbyterian, 1000 Roman Catholic, and 200 Episcopalian children; in the Free Church schools, out of 48,000 scholars, 10,000 are of the Established Church, 28,000 of the Free Church, 3000 are United Presbyterians, 974 Roman Catholics, and 313 Episcopalians; while in the Undenominational and other schools, containing 91,000 children, 39,000 belong to the Established Church, 19,000 to the Free Church, 12,000 are United Presbyterians, and 2898 are Roman Catholics. Out of the 6202 in the Episcopalian schools in the rural districts, only 1929 are Episcopalians; and the whole number of Episcopalian scholars in the same districts, is only 4552. Out of 5736 scholars in Roman Catholic schools in the same districts, 5229 are Roman Catholics; but there are 7343 Roman Catholics in Protestant schools. ‘It seems, therefore,’ says the Report, ‘that whatever may be the case in individual localities, the situation of the school and the merits of the teachers weigh much more in determining the school which children at-

* The details are contained in a folio volume of 256 pages, entitled ‘Statistics relative to the Schools in Scotland.’

tend in Scotland than religious differences.' It appears, moreover, that there is no reason to make any change in the existing arrangement as to the religious teaching in most of the schools in Scotland. The people are quite satisfied.

But further, the vast majority of the population is Presbyterian; and so far as religious doctrine is concerned, there is no substantial difference between the Establishment, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterians. Again, it should be observed that in all the Presbyterian schools, the right of the parent to determine the character of his children's religious instruction is still, as it always has been, fully recognised. The discussions as to the conscience clause, which occupy so many disputants in England, excite no kind of interest in Scotland. Its necessity is admitted by all Presbyterians. It is not so however with the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics; and upon this subject the Commissioners make the following observations:—

'It has been seen already that the parochial school partakes of the character which is common to all Presbyterian schools,—of being entirely undenominational as respects the attendance of scholars. In this respect there never has been in Scotland any material difficulty arising from what is called the religious or conscience element. So long ago as 1829 the Education Committee of the General Assembly reported that "the teachers had been directed not to press on the Roman Catholic children any instruction to which their parents or their priests might object, as interfering with the principles of their own religion." In 1832 the same Committee again recur to the subject, and state that "by this toleration these Protestant schools have been everywhere acceptable and attractive to the Catholic population." Moreover, in the case of all Presbyterian schools established under the Committee of Council, the feu-charters contain a conscience clause. By these means security is given to parents that their children may absent themselves at the time of religious instruction. Such at present is the tolerant system pursued in all the Presbyterian schools. In some of the Episcopalian schools, however, it is otherwise. According to Mr. Sellar, the rule in most of these schools is that the children should not be compelled to learn the Church Catechism; but in two of them it was held to be incumbent, and in one attendance at chapel was also deemed necessary. In this school, which derives aid from the Parliamentary grant, and in which there were 92 on the roll, there were only 19 Episcopalians. In the other school, out of 98 on the roll, only 33 were Episcopalians. The contrast between the conduct of the managers of the various denominational schools becomes more striking when it is observed that while 2623 Episcopalians, and 7000 Roman Catholic children enjoy the bene-

fit of the conscience clause in Presbyterian schools, there are 4000 Presbyterians in Episcopalian schools who enjoy no such protection. Such being the existing state of matters in some of the denominational schools in this country which derive aid from the Treasury, it seems impossible to reconcile the omission of a conscience clause with the claims of justice.*

It will be observed that the facts obtained through the Registrars were entirely confined to the *quantity* of education—to the numbers of the schools and scholars. So far it was assumed that every *nominal* school and every *nominal* teacher were efficient. It has been established, however, that such is by no means the case. In order to ascertain the state of the school-buildings, and the quality of the education supplied, five Assistant-Commissioners were appointed, who were directed personally to visit and examine the schools, and to draw up Reports. 'It appeared to us,' say the Commissioners, 'that there were three great divisions of the population which required to be dealt with as entirely distinct. *First*, the Lowland parishes; *second*, the Highland parishes; *third*, the large towns.' To Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell and Mr. A. C. Sellar was committed the duty of reporting on the Lowland parishes; to Mr. Greig and Mr. Harvey that of reporting on Glasgow; and Mr. Nicolson was instructed to report on the schools in the Hebrides and Western Highlands. The reports of these gentlemen have been published, and they evince remarkable care and ability. In addition to these reports, Mr. Fraser furnished a report on the elementary schools in Canada and the United States. The Commissioners say:—

'We have already alluded to the differences in the condition of the school-buildings in Scotland, and in the quality of the education furnished in the various schools. The information which we have collected on this subject may be thus summarized:—

'According to the report of Messrs. Maxwell and Sellar (p. 174), out of the school-buildings examined 71 per cent. are "good" and "fair;" while 28 per cent. are "indifferent" and "bad." From the Hebrides, Mr. Nicolson reports (p. 94) that out of 226 buildings, 52 per cent. require to be repaired or to be rebuilt; while only 48 per cent. are in good condition. In Glasgow, out of 233 schools, the accommodation in 72 per cent. is good, while in 28 per cent. it is indifferent and bad (Report, p. 129).

'It is natural to suppose that as a general rule, good school accommodation should be combined with good teaching; and such ap-

* Pp. xxx. xxxi.

pears to be the fact. Out of the schools examined by Messrs. Sellar and Maxwell, the teaching is said to be "very good," "good" and "fair," in 71·5 per cent.; while it is said to be "indifferent" and "bad" in 28·5 per cent. Mr. Nicolson has not prepared any summary on this subject for the Hebrides, but it appears that the teaching requires to be improved in at least 52 per cent. of the schools in these islands. In Glasgow, out of 233 schools, the teaching is said to be "good" in nearly 72 per cent. of them, and "indifferent" or "bad" in 28 per cent. of them: so that the percentage in this and the last paragraph are almost identical.'

In another part of the Report the Commissioners make the following remarks upon the same subjects:—

'Probably, the following proposition will command general assent. If it should appear that, throughout Scotland, the children who actually attend school are more in number than can be accommodated in *efficient* schools, the conclusion to be drawn is, not that parents neglect the education of their children, but that they are indisposed to send them to school, because there are no efficient schools to receive them. What are the facts? In the 133 parishes examined by Colonel Maxwell and Mr. Sellar there was *efficient* accommodation for somewhat less than 26,694. In the schools of all kinds they found 26,971 in actual attendance at the time of their visit, so that there was a want of accommodation in *efficient* schools for 277 children. In the Hebrides, Mr. Nicolson found 226 schools, but of these, even "assuming a very moderate standard of adequacy," only 112 are equal to this standard. Deducting, therefore, half the nominal school accommodation as inadequate, it appears that there is efficient accommodation for no more than 6059 scholars. But the number of children actually in attendance at the time of Mr. Nicolson's visit was 7173; so that in the Hebrides there was a want of *efficient* accommodation for 1114 children. Lastly, let us take Glasgow. In that city, according to the most moderate estimate, there is accommodation in good schools for 36,704 children, and 35,565 are in actual attendance. It does not appear whether the same standard of efficiency was adopted by Messrs. Harvey and Greig, as by the other Assistant-Commissioners. The Glasgow standard was confessedly extremely moderate. There are 233 schools in the city, of which only 64 are inspected: out of the 88 private adventure schools more than a third are schools only in name, and the average cost of education in the 25 Mission Schools is under 13s. for each scholar in attendance per annum; nevertheless, Messrs. Harvey and Greig reckon 167 as good schools. Moreover, it is distinctly stated, with respect to the south side of the Clyde, that they feared lest, by applying too strict a standard, a mere "handful" of schools might be left "to represent the supply of what is truly a flourishing and rapidly increasing town."

'It must be observed, however, that Glasgow exhibits peculiar features. The city extends over a wide area, and the character of one district differs materially from that of another. Blythswood, Messrs. Harvey and Greig say, is "the richest and most fashionable quarter;" "only on the outskirts does it come in contact with comparative poverty." Every single school there is classed as good; and, particularly, the private adventure schools, numbering 22, present a striking contrast to the same class of schools in the other districts of the city. Now, it appears that in Blythswood there is *efficient* school accommodation for 6243 scholars. This exceeds the total number of children between 3 and 15 in the district; and it is shown that 1 in 6·6 of the population are on the roll of some school. It follows, of course, that the state of education in this district of the city is perfectly satisfactory, and requires no improvement. But then the population which it contains is only 28,697; while that of other districts amounts to 366,806. Omitting, therefore, the Blythswood district, as possessing peculiar features, what is the state of school accommodation in the other nine districts? The Assistant Commissioners have ascertained that in these districts there is *efficient* school accommodation for 30,551, whereas the actual attendance of scholars amounts to 31,553, so that there is a want of *efficient* accommodation for 1002 scholars.

'From these facts it seems to follow, that the parents of the poorer classes do take advantage of the means of education provided for them at present, and, therefore, there is every reason to suppose, that if these means were multiplied still more extensive use would be made of them.'

These facts furnish conclusive proof, that although the number of *nominal* scholars in Scotland is more numerous than in most countries, the buildings in which they receive their instruction, and the quality of the instruction received, urgently need improvement.

The most important questions, therefore, which engaged the attention of the Commissioners, were, in the first place, to ascertain the causes of these defects, and, in the second place, to devise the means of remedying them. In discussing these, it was necessary to bear in mind, not only that one district of the country differs from another in its natural features, and in the means of education, but that the character and constitution of the schools in the various districts differ from each other. It is needless to enlarge upon the characteristics which distinguish the city of Glasgow, with its vast manufactures and 400,000 inhabitants, from the small country town or rural parish in Perthshire or Selkirkshire; or to point out how the Western Highlands and Islands differ from both. 'Taking the twenty-five parishes in the Hebrides,' say the Commis-

sioners, 'which are wholly insular, it will be found that on an average they are eighty square miles in extent.' And again: 'The natural features of the district of which we speak, the numerous intersecting arms of the sea, the rugged mountains and rapid streams, the absence of good roads, and the limited facilities for communication, isolate the inhabitants, and have deprived them of the advantages which they might derive from intercourse with the districts more advanced in agriculture and the arts.' It must surely be admitted that no scheme of Education will meet the wants of a population situated in circumstances so various, unless it takes into account, and provides for, the peculiarities of the several districts of the country.

But, further, the character and constitution of the existing schools had to be taken into consideration in devising any general plan for amending the defects of the present school-system. Nor is it possible to appreciate the difficulties which beset the Commissioners, without explaining the old Parochial system, and the various means which have been taken to supplement it. 'Scotland,' as the Commissioners observe, 'is the only part of the United Kingdom which possesses anything in the nature of a National system of Education.' From the sixteenth century the Legislature has shown the utmost solicitude that the Scottish youth should be well instructed. But it was not until 1696 that an effectual law was passed, requiring the Heritors to erect and maintain a school in every parish. Under this Statute parish schools have been erected in every parish in Scotland; and although some changes have been made in the qualification of the electors, the main features of the original design remain. The school is supported by the Heritors or proprietors of the parish, who pay the master's salary, and, along with the Minister,* manage the school. Such is a general description of the well-known *Parish Schools*. But some parishes are so large that one school will not suffice. In such cases the Heritors may, by Statute, divide the salary and pay two teachers, but in this case there is no provision for any houses for the teachers. The schoolmasters appointed under this Statute are called '*Branch*' or '*Side-school*' teachers. In other cases, the salary of the teacher is paid by the Treasury, provided that a house is supplied by the proprietors, and these are known as *Parliamentary Schools*. But the

whole of these National schools together do not exceed 1133, and furnish instruction to no more than 53,000, or 27 per cent. of the total number of scholars in the rural districts. It must also be observed that these schools do not exist in Burghs, to which the obligation to set up a school does not extend.

As the number of schools required for the whole population cannot fall short of 6000, it is apparent that what may be termed the National system is now, as it has long been, totally inadequate to meet the necessities of the case. The result has been that, as in England and elsewhere so in this country, the various Religious Denominations, the proprietors and employers of labour, and numerous charitable persons both in town and country, have set up schools from time to time to supply the inevitable defects in the National system. In the country districts this supplementary system furnishes more than two-thirds of existing means of education, and it is upon the same system that the education of the towns mainly depends. As to the management of these supplementary schools, it is almost entirely denominational. Both in the country and in the towns the schools are connected with particular congregations, and are practically under the control of the Minister, aided sometimes by a local committee consisting of members of the same congregation as that to which the school belongs. In short, the schools in question are strictly denominational. In the country they are called General Assembly schools or Free Church schools, according as they are under the management of the Education Committee of either Church; Society schools, because supported by the funds of various charitable societies; or Subscription schools, because maintained by private subscribers. In towns they are classified as Sessional schools, because under the control of the Kirk-session; Mission schools, which are generally connected with United Presbyterian congregations; and subscription schools, for the reason already assigned. Besides these there are, of course, Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools, supported by persons of these Denominations, Charity and endowed schools and Private Adventure schools, which are maintained by persons for their own profit. In the rural districts and the smaller towns these denominational and Private Adventure schools number about 3300, with 226,000 scholars on the roll. But it is the unanimous opinion of the Assistant-Commissioners that the Private Adventure schools are worse than useless. As we have already stated, the Commissioners have not ascertained the number or character of the schools

* Mr. Black states that the minister was not a member of the Board until 1803. The minister was a member from 1696.

in any large city except Glasgow. But in Glasgow there are 209 school buildings, many of them, no doubt, containing several departments, with 35,565 scholars in actual attendance. All of these are denominational schools; and it may be assumed that there is the same number of them and of scholars in the other large towns of Scotland. These schools in Glasgow vary in merit, but with respect to the Private Adventure schools, which profess to educate 6838 scholars, the Assistant-Commissioners express this opinion:—"We can only say, for the sake of all concerned, teachers and taught alike, that the sooner Private Adventure schools for the lowest classes cease to exist the better."

Besides the fees paid by the scholars and the aid received from the Privy Council, which, however, only extends to 1500 schools throughout the whole country, there are two sources of school income. In the case of the Parochial school, the Heritors are bound by law to contribute a *minimum* salary of £35 to each teacher; but the denominational schools are supported by sums voluntarily subscribed by the several congregations for their own school, or by money contributed according to a certain scale by the Education Committees of the Established and Free Church. A table of the funds applied to Education in each county, and the various sources from which it is derived, has been compiled by the Commissioners. Excluding the £70,000 derived from the Parliamentary grant, the sums annually contributed from local sources amount to £101,385; but of this the amount derived from voluntary subscriptions amounts to somewhat more than £40,000. The remarks of the Commissioners upon this subject are important:

'According to the summary in the Appendix to our Report (p. 48), the annual voluntary subscriptions amount to £20,271; to this must be added a sum of £20,000, which, according to Mr. Laurie, the Secretary to the Education Committee of the General Assembly, is raised by individual congregations, and does not pass through the hands of that Committee. This raises the whole amount of annual voluntary subscriptions in Scotland to a sum of £40,271. There is no doubt, however, that the total sum obtained in this fashion is even larger; for it appears from the report of the Committee of Council, Table No. I. (p. 2), that the sum obtained by voluntary contribution towards 1442 schools amounts to £42,077. As these schools constitute only a fraction of the total number of schools supported by voluntary subscribers in Scotland, the amount of annual voluntary contributions must be considerably larger than the sum of £40,271, to which reference has been made.'

Such being the existing state of education in Scotland, the problem which the Commissioners had to solve was by no means simple. Throughout the country, and especially in the towns, there seems to be an actual deficiency of schools; and many of those in operation require improvement, both as to the state of the fabric and as to the quality of the instruction. But further, the school system is so complex and heterogeneous, and the denominational system has been so largely developed, that to introduce a new symmetrical system and greater uniformity might seem well-nigh hopeless.

According to the opinion of some, the easiest plan would have been to allow the present denominational system to continue, and to endeavour to extend that system by renewed energy on the part of the churches, and by obtaining additional aid from the Privy Council. The Commissioners, however, considered this plan, and pronounced against it. After explaining that the Privy Council system is a system of aid, and that before this aid can be invoked some degree of voluntary effort is presumed, the Commissioners proceed thus:

'The necessary effect of the Privy Council system is that it labours under a defect which is not only inevitable but incurable. "Where, I think," said Mr. Lingen, "the denominational system essentially fails, is not in the efficiency of the schools that are established, but in its uncertainty. It offers you no security for an equally diffused education; you have too much in one place, too little in another, and none in a third." Such, according to the same witness, has practically been the result, nor can it possibly be otherwise. "I believe myself," continued Mr. Lingen, "that you never can unite really these three qualities; that education shall be *voluntary*, that it shall be *efficient*, and that it shall be *universal*."

'Nor, indeed, was it supposed by those who originated the Privy Council system, that it ever could supply education to the whole nation. Thus we find Lord Russell, one of its leading supporters, asserting in Parliament, that "it was not intended by those who in 1839 commenced the (Privy Council) system, that its plan should be such as to pervade the whole country." And the accuracy of this anticipation, and of Mr. Lingen's opinion, is conclusively established by the reports of the Committee of Council, by the tables compiled from the Registrars' returns, and by the reports of our Assistant-Commissioners.

'From the table printed in the Appendix to the Committee of Council Report for 1865-6, it may be shown that in about 40 parishes more schools are aided by the Committee of Council than are really required; and Mr. Lingen mentioned cases to us in which the Committee of Council have been induced to aid in building schools which have since been abandoned from want of scholars. On the other hand, the

Registrars' table discloses more than 200 cases in which schools are urgently required, but to the erection of which no aid can be obtained from the Committee of Council. From these facts alone, one of two conclusions seems to follow: either that the Privy Council system has been badly administered—which has never been alleged,—or that the system is not fitted to supply the amount of education required by the country.

But, further, it appears from the Registrars' returns, and the tables compiled from them, that only 41 per cent. of the scholars on the roll of schools in the rural districts and the smaller towns of Scotland are on the roll of schools aided by the Parliamentary grant. And referring to particular counties, it appears that, as a general rule, the largest share of the Parliamentary grant is obtained by counties in which the annual valuation per head is highest, in which the population is most concentrated, and in which, therefore, there is no need for an extraordinary number of schools.

Thus in Ayrshire, where the annual valuation, according to a Table to be found in the Appendix, is nearly £5·9 per head of the population (1861), which, moreover, is collected in large masses, the number of scholars in schools aided by Government is 57·6 per cent. of the whole number of scholars on the roll in the county.

In the rural districts of Edinburgh, where the annual valuation is £8·1 per head, and where the population is collected in masses, the scholars in aided schools are 48·6 per cent. of the total scholars in the county.

But in Caithness, where the annual valuation is only £3 per head, and where the population is so scattered as to require an extraordinary number of schools, there are only 33·7 per cent. of the total scholars in the county on the roll of schools aided by Parliament.

In Inverness, where the annual valuation is only £3·1 per head, and where the population is much scattered, there are only 20·6 per cent. of the total number of scholars in the county on the roll of schools aided by Parliament.

In Orkney and Shetland, where the annual valuation per head is £1·2, the percentage of scholars in aided schools to the total numbers is respectively 10·3 and 9·2. In Ross and Cromarty, where the annual valuation per head is £2·8, and where the population is also scattered, there are but 29·5 per cent. of the scholars in the county on the roll of schools aided by Parliament.

The Long Island comprises a population of 37,000, and an area of 650,000 acres. The gross annual rental does not exceed £28,000, or little more than 15s. per head of the population. Towards education the heritors contribute £805, and the voluntary subscriptions amount to £2242. But the grants from the Committee of Council amount to only £194, 10s.; and out of 115 paid teachers, only 36 have been trained in Normal schools or hold certificates.

Again, referring to the whole Hebrides, it appears that the voluntary subscriptions to the 226 schools there amount to £4719 per annum,

and the heritors' legal assessment to £1091 per annum. But the total amount expended in building up to the end of 1864 out of the Parliamentary grant was only £1514; and the annual grant from the Privy Council amounts to no more than £748, distributed among 33 schools out of the 226 schools in these Islands.

In Glasgow, the partial operation of the Privy Council system is still more striking. Glasgow is divided into ten registration districts, of which eight are on the north side of the river Clyde, and the remaining two, which are inhabited by that part of the population which is the most destitute, and therefore most in need of assistance from the State, are on the south side of the river. Out of a population of 395,503, the eight northern districts of the city contain 312,884, and the two southern districts 82,619 inhabitants. But in the northern districts, while 25 per cent. of the children at school are on the roll of schools aided by the Privy Council, in the southern districts the percentage is only 10·3 (Glasgow Report, p. 138).

From these facts it is abundantly clear not only that the Privy Council system is partial in its operation, but that while those districts, which are most competent to provide themselves with schools, receive considerable aid for this purpose from the Treasury, those districts which are least competent receive little or no aid.

How then stands the case? How is it possible to supply education to the people of Scotland? The old Parochial system has failed. Voluntary effort has failed—aided though it has been by religious and ecclesiastical zeal. And, lastly, the Privy Council system, though it has done much to improve and extend education in certain districts, has nevertheless failed to supply schools where they are most needed. If therefore a thoroughly efficient system of schools is to pervade the country, it must be founded upon principles other than those which have hitherto been tried.

The facts which have already been stated, upon the authority of the Commissioners, must have sufficiently indicated the defects in the existing state of things. Many of the school-buildings need repair, many of the teachers are inefficient, some schools are superfluous, but many more new schools are required. If these defects are to be repaired, there must be some central authority, to point out what schools are superfluous, where new schools are needed, to organize those institutions which now exist, and to hasten the transformation of a Denominational into a National system; means must also be provided for getting rid of inefficient teachers, and for supplementing deficient salaries. Such are the chief objects which ought to be attained by any system of Education which deserves the name of National;

in addition to which it is to be understood that every child should be entitled to claim admission into the National schools, and that if the parent object to any part of the instruction on Religious grounds, his objections should be respected. And such, in fact, appear to be the principles of a National system as understood by the Commissioners. They say:—

‘Before proceeding further, it may be right to explain precisely what we mean by a National system. We have already stated that the Privy Council system, though efficient so far as it extends, is entirely dependent upon voluntary effort, and does not extend beyond a limited area. But further, the managers of denominational schools—the only class of schools aided by the Committee of Council—claim the right of excluding children from all instruction unless they are willing to accept the dogmatic teaching of the Church to which the managers belong. It is true, as Mr. Lingen said, that in Scotland the children who attend the Presbyterian schools are one and all exempt from any religious instruction to which their parents object. It is also true that in the feu-charters of the inspected schools established in connexion with the Church of Scotland and the Free Church of Scotland security is given that the rights of conscience of the parent will be respected. But this tolerance is not practised in all the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools. No corresponding security is inserted in their deeds; and, in some cases, the children of Presbyterian parents are compelled to learn the Episcopalian Catechism, and to attend the Episcopalian chapel.

‘Now the object of a National system is to remedy these defects.

‘1. A National system implies that there shall be some recognised body invested with legal power to establish as many National schools as may be required, and to prevent the establishment of more.

‘2. A National system implies that the law shall enable the inhabitants of a district to raise by taxation such funds as may be necessary to erect and maintain schools, instead of leaving them to be erected and maintained by voluntary efforts.

‘3. A National system implies that the schools shall be public and national, or, in other words, that every parent shall be entitled to claim admittance for his child into any such school, but that if he objects upon religious grounds to any part of the instruction, his objection shall be respected.

‘4. A National system implies that any inspection of National schools should be undenominational.’

In addition to all this, it should be observed that any scheme of National education must be so framed as to have the effect of introducing something of that uniformity and system into the Scottish school-system which is now so conspicuously absent. Ac-

cording to the principles laid down by the Commissioners, and particularly the second, it is important to observe that school-funds, whether derived from local or imperial taxation, will be employed, not—as the Committee of Council does—to aid voluntary effort or to increase the income of a school, provided it be connected with some religious denomination, but simply to defray part of the cost of erecting and maintaining Elementary schools, which shall be open to the whole population of the district, and shall be liable to be inspected by any person commissioned by the State to conduct the inspection. The denominational element is thus completely eliminated.

The next question is in what way these principles are to be carried into practical effect. If indeed there were no existing school system, the problem would present no great difficulty. But in Scotland, as we have explained, there are several, and in some respects rival systems; and the chief difficulty is to introduce some sort of symmetry into this chaos, and to set up a regular framework into which the irregular and loose materials may be gradually fitted. Accordingly, the first proposal of the Commissioners is the establishment of a Board of Education. The circumstances of the case render such a Board practically indispensable, and, as the Commissioners state, ‘such we find to be almost the universal opinion among the witnesses we have examined.’ The duties of this Board are thus defined:—They are—*first*, to determine the number and character of the schools in each Parish or Burgh; *secondly*, to recognise as National schools as many of those in existence as may be deemed necessary, and choose to submit themselves to the orders of the Board; *third*, to authorize and enforce the erection of such new schools as may be required; and *lastly*, to insist that all school buildings are efficient, and that the teaching is satisfactory,—the information on these matters being derived from the Inspectors. To endow the Board with less power would be to perpetuate the inefficiency of the present system; to endow it with more power would be a needless interference with the local managers. The constitution of the Board may perhaps provoke discussion; and observe that Lord Belhaven alone of the Commissioners records his protest against it. But the principle on which it rests is sufficiently obvious. The interests of Education are represented by the four members appointed by the University Courts of the Universities; the interests of the Burghs by the Chief Magistrates of the four most populous

towns in Scotland. The landed interest is represented by the nominees of the Commissioners of Supply of the three counties of Perth, Inverness, and Ayr, and the same interest will probably be represented more or less by those who are to be named in the Act of Parliament. The only other member is the paid Chairman, whose constant services will certainly be needed. It is well known that there is no more hard-worked official than the Secretary of the Committee of Council; but the duties of the man who has to superintend some 6000 schools will certainly not be less laborious. It may be suggested that the Board is too numerous, but on the other hand, the several interests which are represented must have a voice. No doubt a smaller number of persons might do the work of the Commission; but it must be observed that the Commissioners are supposed to be invested with considerable powers of control over Heritors, Teachers, and others, and are even empowered in certain cases to compel recalcitrant ratepayers and town-councils to do their duty by imposing a school-rate or erecting additional schools. Power such as this can only be exercised by a Board representative in character, and appointed partly by election.

The next question the Commissioners had to determine was the mode in which they should deal with various classes of schools. In dealing with this part of the subject, the Commissioners lay down the principle that no school shall be recognised by the Board, or derive aid from any public fund, unless it be a National school; and the characteristics of a National school are these:—

First, Every child must be admissible into it, and after admission, the right of conscience of the parent must be respected.

Second, Every National school must be liable to be inspected by any Inspector duly appointed, whatever may be his religious denomination; but he shall not examine in religious knowledge unless requested so to do. This will certainly put an end to the notion that these schools are in any sense denominational, and will probably secure more uniformity in the standard of the Inspectors.

Third, Every teacher in a National school must hold some certificate of competency.

Fourth, National schools, and none but National schools, shall be entitled to share in the Parliamentary grant administered by the Committee of Council.

Fifth, None except National schools, and of these only such as are managed by persons elected by the Ratepayers, shall be entitled to share in the local rates which the Commissioners propose shall be levied for the maintenance of new schools.

It will be observed that these conditions imply the continued jurisdiction of the Committee of Council in Scotland. To a certain extent this will be the case. But the jurisdiction of the Committee of Council and the Edinburgh Board is carefully defined, so that the one cannot clash with the other. The Committee of Council will continue to administer the Parliamentary Grant according to certain principles defined by Act of Parliament, and embodied in the Revised Code for Scotland. These principles are in marked contrast to those which are at present in force. The Parliamentary Grant, instead of being made to promote the education of a particular class of the community, will be made to defray part of the cost of educating all the children in National schools. And the schools to be aided will be those approved by the Scotch Board, whether or not they are connected with any religious denomination. The Committee of Council will continue to appoint the Inspectors, who will render duplicate reports to them and to the Education Board. On the other hand, the Board will have absolute power to determine the number of schools in Scotland which are to be deemed National, and to superintend the building and the teachers. In short, the Board will exercise complete control over the Elementary schools in Scotland, except so far as the administration of the Parliamentary Grant is concerned, and will even point out the schools to be aided by Parliament. Such being the general characteristics of National schools, we now proceed to the various classes of which they are composed.

1. Probably the most convenient way of dealing with this part of the subject will be to begin by what the Commissioners term the New National schools, since this is the type of school to which it is hoped and reasonably believed that all the others will in time conform. In many parts of the rural districts, and in all the large towns, there is no doubt a deficiency of schools. These must be supplied: and one of the chief duties of the new Board will be to ascertain where such new schools are required, and to resolve that they shall be erected. It has already been shown that at present there is no power to establish schools. The Privy Council can only aid others in their establishment: it initiates nothing. And it is in order to remedy this defect that the Board will be instituted. The resolution will then be communicated to the Sheriff of the county, or the chief magistrate of the burgh, in which the school is needed. A School Committee will then be elected in the manner described, who will consider the resolution

of the Board, and take measures to carry it into effect. In certain cases where the School Committee is perverse, the Board is empowered to compel them to act.

The same School Committee which is to deliberate upon the resolution of the Board directing the establishment of the new school, will erect it and manage it when erected; and if more than one of such schools exists in any burgh or parish, one School Committee will superintend them. The election of this Committee will be in the hands of the ratepayers in country districts, and in those of the Town-Council in burghs. The means of supporting such schools will be derived partly from fees, partly from the Parliamentary grant administered by the Committee of Council, and partly from a local rate which the School Committees will be authorized to impose. We may add, that these schools will possess the general characteristics which we have described as belonging to all National schools.

2. The next class of National schools will consist of the Parochial, Side, and Parliamentary schools. With respect to these no immediate and compulsory change in management is contemplated; in short, they will be incorporated into the National systems as they stand. It is clear, however, from the Recommendations, that upon this subject there must have been considerable difference of opinion among the Commissioners. Some thought that the minister should no longer have an *ex officio* seat at the Board; and many considered that the managing body should be extended by including all the proprietors of a certain rental, as well as the tenants paying a certain rent. 'Many of our number,' says the Report, 'think that the parochial schools would possess more of a national character were such changes adopted. But after considering the Reports of the Assistant-Commissioners with respect to the parochial schools, and the difficulties which would necessarily attend a change on a long-established practice, we have resolved not to recommend that any alteration should be made in the existing management of the parochial schools.' The truth is, that according to the information furnished to the Commissioners, whether as respects buildings or teaching, the Parochial schools are quite equal, if not superior, to any of the other schools in Scotland; and there seems to be no good reason for introducing any fundamental alteration into an institution which has hitherto proved so successful. There are, however, some important changes which are imperatively required. Of course, like all other National schools, the Parochial schools will be subject to inspection. But

further, the tenure of the schoolmaster's office will be altered. At present a parochial teacher holds office, as it is said, *ad vitam aut culpam*. He is practically irremovable. The Commissioners express a very strong opinion that this must be altered, if the Parochial schools are to be made efficient; and they appeal to the practice in all other schools in Scotland—they might have added in England also—to show that the tenure of the parochial schoolmaster's office should be temporary for the future, and that facilities should be given for the purpose of getting rid of those now in office who are inefficient.

3. The third class of National schools will consist of all Non-Parochial schools, which, as we have said, are chiefly under denominational management, and connected with religious bodies. The Report states, that 'out of 4451 schools in the rural districts, there are 1133 Parochial schools, and 910 Private Adventure schools. This leaves 2408 schools supported by voluntary efforts, denominational or individual, supplying education to a large proportion of the rural population, besides a very considerable number of schools similarly supported, which exist in the large towns.' We can well believe the Commissioners when they say: 'This state of things presented to us perhaps the most formidable difficulty which we had to encounter. These schools,' they add, 'are for the most part all wanted. They represent an immense amount of denominational, local, and individual energy in the cause of education, and large sums drawn from voluntary sources. They have school-buildings, masters, and other appliances more or less efficient, but actively engaged in and adapted to the work of teaching. To dispense with them at once, and cast them into a symmetrical new system, would have been extravagant. To leave them as they are would be to perpetuate a state of things necessarily defective.' It is to be observed that the number of these denominational schools amounts to 3000 at the lowest computation. The question which the Commissioners had to decide was, what was to be done with them? were they to be incorporated with the National system; and if so, in what way was that object to be accomplished? It would have been easy to have recommended that any or all of these schools should be at once transferred to or purchased by the ratepayers of the parish or town in which it was situated. But ratepayers are by no means ready to submit to be overridden by any extraneous power, or to be taxed without very grave necessity. Why should the ratepayers be taxed for a new school if there is already one in existence with which they are perfectly satis-

fied? In the case of the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics any such plan would of course be impracticable. Parliament never compels any individual to part with property which he has created, and perhaps endowed under the public sanction, unless such transfer is absolutely necessary. The avowed purpose for which the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools in Scotland have been built, is to promote the views and interest of the denomination to which they belong, and to pass a law at once excluding the existing managers of such schools from the management would be harsh and unnecessary. It has been suggested that a certain time should have been allowed within which all denominational schools should be required to abandon the denominational, and admit a more general management. But it is obvious that neither the Episcopalians nor the Roman Catholics would recognise the justice of being compelled to abandon their schools two or three years hence, any more than they would recognise either the justice or the necessity of being deprived of them at once. But there is a more serious difficulty. There are at least 1000 denominational schools in Scotland, many of which have been built by grants from the Committee of Council, and all of which are now, and have for years been, maintained partly from the same source. What chance would there be of inducing Parliament to pass a measure depriving these denominational schools, against their will, of the aid to which they are at present entitled from the Treasury,—unless indeed they chose to divest themselves of the denominational character, and become purely National schools? These 1000 schools have acquired certain rights, of which it would be very difficult now to deprive them. At all events, even if some of these institutions, such as the 300 belonging to the Free Church, were willing at once to cease to be denominational, and to accept School Committees chosen by the ratepayers, as managers, it is vain to expect that the Episcopalians or Roman Catholics, or even the General Assembly schools, would be inclined to do so. At the same time it is clear, that all sects and denominations must be placed on precisely the same footing. Whatever privilege is accorded to one denomination must be accorded to another. If the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics are allowed still to claim their share in the Parliamentary grant, the schools of other denominations must be allowed to claim it also. All should have the option to convert their schools into purely National schools, but either all or none should be compelled by law to do so.

What course, then, was open to the Commissioners? It was obviously impossible to cast aside those 3000 denominational schools. Most of them were efficient, and many were receiving aid from the Parliamentary grant. As we have said, any attempt to transfer them to the rates without the sanction of the ratepayers, must have failed. In other words, neither the ratepayers nor the managers would have submitted to a compulsory conversion of denominational into undenominational schools. The only course that remained was to adopt these denominational schools as they stand—to leave the existing management untouched, but to make provision that the school shall be efficient in every respect, and shall not be used for sectarian purposes: in other words, that the school, though managed by the members of a particular denomination, shall be used for national purposes. The schools thus incorporated into the National system are styled by the Commissioners Adopted schools. It is to be observed, however, that in the case of any denominational school now receiving Parliamentary aid, the managers will have practically no choice whether their school shall or shall not be adopted. For unless adopted the school cannot become National, and unless National cannot continue to receive any Parliamentary grant. The managers therefore must either forego this grant or get their school adopted. So with respect to any denominational school which does not receive Parliamentary aid, the managers can never entitle themselves to any such aid unless the school is adopted also; it is therefore obviously their interest to have this done. But further, it is important to observe the effect of Adoption. It is true that the managers will continue to elect a master, holding a certificate of competency, and to superintend the instruction. But the school will be open to all; it will possess all these characteristics of a National school which have already been described; and particularly, it will be subject to the jurisdiction of the Board. The powers vested in the Board will very greatly modify the powers of the managers; and a school once adopted will never be able to withdraw itself from the jurisdiction under which it has once placed itself. Thenceforward the managers of the school will be bound to obey the injunctions of the Board; to repair and enlarge the school building at their own expense, and generally to use their school for purely National purposes. It should seem that schools in this predicament are much more National than Denominational in character.

But the Commissioners distinctly intimate that this privilege of being adopted

must be restricted. Their conviction is, that the denominational system in Scotland is unnecessary. This is apparent indeed from the fact that the children of parents of every denomination attend the schools in Scotland promiscuously; and although it would be extravagant, even if it were possible, to throw aside existing denominational schools, still it is essential that no such school shall, for the future, be erected by the aid of the Treasury, or, after a fixed time, be adopted into the National system. No more important resolution has been adopted by the Commissioners. The effect of it is, that for the future the progress of the denominational or sectarian system in Scotland is arrested. Henceforward all schools which are recognised as public schools must be under popular management, and unconnected with any particular denomination. Nor have the Commissioners stopped even here. They contemplate the probability of all the existing schools being converted into schools of a more popular and less sectarian character, or, in other words, into purely National schools.

It is probable that this part of the scheme will excite some opposition. The leaders of the Church of Scotland have never been anxious to surrender power; and the transfer of a parish school from the control of the Minister and Heritors to the Ratepayers will, of course, be represented as a diminution of clerical authority, and the destruction of religion. No doubt, when a parochial school has been converted into a new National school, the Minister of the parish will cease to superintend the school as Minister, and the Presbytery of the bounds will cease to pay their annual visit. But, on the other hand, it is certain that the Minister, if he has the confidence of the parish, will be one of the School-Committee, and will probably be aided by the other Ministers of the neighbourhood. It is also certain that if the Presbytery cease to pay their annual visit, Her Majesty's Inspector will take their place, and will come with an authority which no Presbytery can venture to claim. These objections, feeble as they are, of course proceed upon the supposition that the superintendence of the Minister and the annual visit of the Presbytery are really effectual, and that the religious knowledge possessed by the children is all that could be wished. The evidence collected by the Commissioners scarcely supports this view. As to the examinations of the Presbytery, the secretary of the Education Committee of the Church of Scotland does not venture to go further than to say that it is a 'salutary examination,' while Dr. Guthrie

says, 'I never attached any importance to the Presbyterian examination. I remember it was a very pleasant meeting with the brethren, but that was the amount of it.' Mr. Nicolson says, with a certain humour, 'that it comes in early spring with the March winds, but usually less severe, a most excellent and time-honoured practice; full of interest and temporary stimulus to the school, but more useful often as an occasion for showing what the scholars know than for testing how far they are ignorant.' Nor indeed does it appear that the Presbyteries are very severe or accurate in their judgment of schools. The following is a specimen of a school which the Presbytery pronounced 'fair,' but which the Assistant-Commissioner considered to be 'bad':—

'Bible Knowledge.—We asked them some questions in the historical part of the Gospels, but they knew absolutely nothing. It is hardly possible to conceive the hopelessness of their ignorance. We asked them to mention any miracles that Christ performed, but could get no answer till the master came to the rescue, and by prompting them in everything but the last letters of the last word, he managed to get them to achieve one or two correct, and one somewhat inadvertent answer. The examination was in this way:—

'Question.—Mention any miracle Christ performed?—No answer.

'Master.—Come, now, some miracle? "He turned water into wine."

'Children.—Wine.

'Master.—Quite right, "He turned water into wine."

'Question.—Where did he perform this miracle?—No answer.

'Master, for children.—Where did he perform this miracle?—"In Cana of Gal—"

'Children.—Galilee.

'Master.—Quite right, "In Cana of Galilee."

'Question.—On what occasion was this miracle performed?—No answer.

'Master.—On what occasion? you know this, "At a mar—mar—"

'Children.—"At a marriage."

'Master.—Quite right, "At a marriage."

'As the examination proceeded in this way, the children answering not one word, only the last syllable, we came to the names of some of the disciples.

'Question.—Can you tell what Peter did to Christ shortly before his crucifixion?—As usual, no answer.

'Master.—Come, now, you know what Peter did?—"Peter betray—betray—"

'Children.—"Betrayed him."

'Master.—Yes, quite right, "Peter betrayed him."

'It was suggested that it was not Peter who betrayed Christ, and we asked who did; but this time both master and children were dumb. Presently the master said that the class was engaged on the Old Testament, and that they knew it better than the New. They turned

up a chapter in Kings, and read a few verses with great difficulty, and then he proceeded to examine them on these verses, the children keeping their books open.

Question.—What happened in the time of David? Look verse 5.

Children, all together.—"It happened."

Question.—What is "it?" Look two lines further on.

Children.—"A famine."

What is a famine? (question interpolated.)

Answer, prompted by Master.—"A dearth—"

Children.—"A dearth."

Question.—And what is a dearth?

Children.—"A famine."

Though considerable importance is attached to a knowledge of the facts in the Old and New Testaments, or to what has been termed sacred history and biography, still there is no doubt Mr. Nicolson is correct when he says that the Shorter Catechism is looked upon as the proper text-book for 'religious instruction,' in the higher sense of the term, which goes beyond mere names and historical events; and it is learned, he adds, by a larger number of children than read the Scriptures. According to the traditions of the country, 'religious instruction,' as it is called, is regarded as the very corner-stone of the Scottish system of education, and is generally believed to be 'well attended to,' whatever be the state of the rest. 'I am afraid, however,' says Mr. Nicolson, 'that there is considerable delusion in that belief.' A portion of the Scriptures is daily read, and a portion of the Catechism daily repeated. So far, to adopt the usual form to be found in the Reports of the Presbytery, religious instruction is 'duly attended to.' 'But,' the same witness says, 'any stricter application of that phrase to the general mode of communicating this kind of instruction in the schools, as distinguished from other branches, is more than my experience warrants.' The number of scholars who can readily answer questions on any part of the Old Testament history without prompting or routine order of examination is very limited, and the number who show any familiarity with the New Testament is still more limited. As to the Catechism, the knowledge of the children with respect to it is not more satisfactory. It is true that they are carefully instructed in it so far as the repetition of the words goes. But the repetition is only mechanical. As to this, Mr. Nicolson says:—

'How this mechanical acquisition of mere words may be accompanied with total ignorance of their meaning is a fact perhaps too well known to need illustration. Let me, however, give a few examples to make plain

what I mean. The question is asked, "What is faith in Jesus Christ?" The answer is given, "Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace," etc. etc., correctly as in the Catechism. *Q.* "Now, what do you mean by a saving grace?" Total blank, and no glimpse of a rational answer from anybody. *Q.* "What is meant by "receiving and resting" on Jesus Christ for salvation?" Profound silence. "Christ is 'freely offered in the gospel,' what does that mean?" Long silence; one intelligent little girl at length suggesting, after much varying of the question, that "freely offered" meant "without paying anything." *Q.* "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." *Q.* "Is everybody a sinner?" "Yes." *Q.* "What is a sinner?" Long pause, after which one answers, "A bad person." *Q.* "Is the minister a bad person?" Sensation, and at last, "No." *Q.* "Then is he a sinner?" Impenetrable silence.'

Those who have studied the more abstruse parts of the Shorter Catechism, will possibly doubt whether any child should be expected to understand the words which they seem to be able to repeat by memory. And even Dr. Guthrie tells us that he does not think the Catechism fitted for children. On the contrary, he would prefer a more sensible and catholic formulæ to be framed, by shutting up in a room such men as the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the late Dr. Bunting, and the late John Angell James, and telling them that they were not to get out till they had made a Catechism for children of all denominations. Dr. Guthrie seems to have great reliance either upon the pangs of hunger or upon the Christian liberality of such theologians. For his opinion is, that if they began their deliberations after breakfast, they would, as he said, 'have their dinner at the usual hour of five o'clock like other people.'

Dr. Guthrie, indeed, scarcely ventures to hope that the people of Scotland will forego the mysterious benefit of teaching their children a Catechism which he considers 'unsuitable.' But until some more reasonable and effective mode of instructing children in religion is adopted than that which at present prevails, it was scarcely to be expected that the Commissioners would be deterred from allowing the Heritors the right to transfer the school to the ratepayers, by the fear that scholars would cease to acquire a knowledge of the Scriptures or to learn and understand the Catechism.

The plan of the Commissioners for converting an Adopted into a new National school is this:—

The Heritors and Minister, in the case of the Parochial schools, and the managers in the case of the Denominational schools, may, by a vote of two-thirds, determine to divest

themselves of their privileges as managers, and transfer the school to a School Committee elected by the ratepayers. Sufficient securities, however, are provided, to prevent any Denominational school being converted into a purely National school without due notice and deliberation. In this way the Parochial and the Adopted schools would assume a thoroughly national character. The chief advantage to be obtained by the managers of these schools by such a change would be, that on the one hand the Heritors would be relieved from the payment of the schoolmaster's salary, though they would be liable as ratepayers; while in the case of the other schools, the managers, instead of relying upon voluntary subscriptions, would be entitled to claim a share in the school rate which it is purposed to levy in every burgh or parish. Much unnecessary discussion has arisen as to the probable rate at which Denominational schools will be converted into purely National schools. There can be little doubt that at present the Denominational schools are a considerable burden upon the resources both of the Free Church and of the Establishment, and that these bodies will gladly relieve themselves of this burden by transferring their schools to the rates. But whether the process of transformation be slow or swift, it is certain that the progress of the Denominational system in Scotland will be effectually stopped. After the passing of the proposed Bill, no new Denom-

inational school will be erected by money supplied out of the public funds; and no existing school will continue to receive any public money until it assume more or less of a National character, and place itself under the Board, whose duty it will be to insist that it is thoroughly efficient. The object of the Commissioners has been to furnish the people of Scotland at once with a system of efficient schools, adequate to the wants of the whole population, and to prepare the way for the attainment of a uniform and thoroughly National system.

It would be vain to expect that a scheme, framed on such principles, will meet with the unanimous approbation of the rival Churches. Nor is there any injustice in saying that the eighteen noblemen and gentlemen who have signed this Report have more disinterested views on the subject of Education than the leaders of the various Ecclesiastical parties. The object of the Commissioners throughout has been to advance as far in the direction of uniformity as they could with safety, or with any hope of practical success in Parliament. After a patient and laborious inquiry, they have laid their scheme before the public; it remains to be seen whether the majority of the clergy will accept it, or will succeed in persuading Parliament to reject it, and thus deprive the people of Scotland of those advantages in the way of Education which they have hitherto so earnestly desired, but desired in vain.

T H E

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- ART. I.—1. *Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics*. Translated by CHANNING. 2 vols. 12mo. Wild. London, 1840.
 2. *Bain's Emotions and the Will*. 8vo. London, 1859.
 3. *Mill on Liberty*. Post 8vo. London, 1859.
 4. *Temple's Rugby Sermons (Easter-day)*. 8vo. London, 1861.
 5. *Mill on Utilitarianism*. 8vo. 1862.
 6. *Essays on Criticism*. By M. ARNOLD. 12mo. London, 1865.
 7. *Ecce Homo*. 8vo. London, 1865.
 8. *Miss Cobbe's Studies, Ethical and Social*. Post 8vo. London, 1865.
 9. *Martineau's Essays*. Post 8vo. London, 1866.
 10. *Grant's Aristotle's Ethics*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1866.
 11. *Ferrier's Lectures and Philosophical Remains*. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1866.

WHY is Ethical Science, as pursued in this country of late years, even to reflecting men, so little attractive and so little edifying? The cognate study of metaphysics has, after long neglect, recently, in a wonderful way, renewed its youth, but to moral science no such revival has as yet come. And yet human character, the subject it deals with, is one, it would seem, of no inconsiderable interest. Physical science has no doubt drained off the current of men's thoughts, and left many subjects which once engaged them high and dry. But man, his spiritual being, his possibilities here, his destiny hereafter, these still remain, amid all the absorption of external things, the one highest marvel, the paramount centre of interest to men. It cannot be said that modern literature—the great exponent of what men are

thinking—circles less than of old round the great human problems. Rather with the circuit of the suns, not only have the thoughts of men widened, but also their moral consciousness, we will not say their heart, has deepened. Modern literature, as compared with that of last century, has nothing more distinctive in it than this,—that it has broken into deeper ground of sentiment and reflection, ground which had hitherto lain fallow, non-existent or unperceived. About the deeper soul-secrets, literary men of last century either did not greatly trouble themselves, or they practised a very strict reserve. But our own and the preceding age has seen an unveiling of the most inward—often of the most sacred feelings—which has sometimes gone beyond the limits of manliness and self-respect. This bringing to light of layers of consciousness hitherto concealed, though sometimes carried too far, has certainly enriched our literature with new wealth of moral content. In the best modern poetry it has shown itself by greater intensity and spirituality; in the highest modern novels, by delicacy of analysis, discrimination of the finer tints of feeling, variety and fine shading of character hitherto unknown; in the modern essay, by a subtleness and penetrative force which make the most perfect papers of Addison seem slight and trivial. It farther manifests itself in the growing love and keener appreciation of the few great world-poets, who are after all the finest embodiments of moral wisdom. It may be that so much ethical thought has been turned off into these channels that it has left less to be expended in the more systematic form of ethical science. It may be too, that, as the field of moral experience widens, and the meaning of life deepens, and its problems

become more complex, it demands proportionably stronger and rarer powers to gather up all this wealth, and shape it into systematic form. Certain it is that the modern time produces no such masters of moral wisdom for our day, as Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius were to the old world, or even as Bishop Butler was to his generation. Wide, many-sided, sensitive, deep, complex, as is the moral life in which we now move, if we would seek any philosophic guidance through its intricacies, any thinking which is at once solid, clear, practical, and instinct with life, we must turn, not to any modern treatise, but to the pages of these bygone worthies. What help ardent spirits, looking for guidance in our day, have found, has been not from the philosophers, but from some living poet, some giant of literature with no pretension to philosophy, or some inspired preacher. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Newman, Frederick Robertson, these, not the regular philosophers, have been the moral teachers of our generation, and to these young men have turned, to get from them what help they might. And now it seems that in these last days many, wearied out with straining after their high but impalpable spiritualities, have betaken themselves to a style of teaching which, if it promises less, offers, as they think, something more systematic and more certain. In despair of spiritual truth, they are fain to fill their hunger with the husks of a philosophy which would confine all men's thoughts within the phenomenal world, and deny all knowledge that goes beyond the co-existences and successions of phenomena.

From aberrations like this perhaps no moral philosophy would have delivered men. But it would be well if, warned by such signs, it were to return closer to life and fact, deal more with things which men really feel; if, leaving general sentiments and moral theories, it would attempt some true diagnosis of the very complex facts of human nature, of the moral maladies from which men suffer, the burdens they need removed, the aspirations which they can practically live by. Instead of this,—instead of dealing with the actual and the ideal, which co-exist in man, and out of which, if at all, a harmony of life is to be woven, philosophers have been content to repeat a meagre and conventional psychology, taken mostly from books, not fresh from living hearts; or they have lost themselves in the metaphysical problems which no doubt everywhere underlie moral life, but which, pursued too far, distract attention from the vital realities. These two causes have exhausted the strength and the interest of moral study—either a cut-and-

dried conventional psychology, or absorbing metaphysical discussion. The former, in which moral truths appeared shrivelled up, like plants in a botanist's herbarium, is the style of things you find in the most approved text-books of the last generation.

'Never before,' as one has smartly said, 'had human nature been so neatly dissected, so handily sorted, or so ornamentally packed up. The virtues and vices, the appetites, emotions, affections, and sentiments, stood each in their appointed corner, and with their appropriate label, to wait in neat expectation for the season of the professorial lectures, and the literary world only delayed their acquiescence in a uniform creed of moral philosophy till they should have arranged to their satisfaction whether the appetites should be secreted in the cupboard or paraded on the chimney-piece; or whether certain of the less creditable packets ought in law and prudence, or ought not in charity, to be ticketed "Poison." Everything was as it should be, or was soon to be so—differences were not too different, nor unanimity too unanimous—opinion did not degenerate into certainty, nor interest into earnestness; moral philosophy stood apart, like a literary gentleman of easy circumstances, from religion and politics, and truth itself was grateful for patronage, instead of being clamorous for allegiance. Types were delicate, margins were large, publishers were attentive, the intellectual world said it was intellectual, and the public acquiesced in the assertion. What more could scientific heart desire?'

This description may contain something of caricature, and yet there are books enough on moral science which justify it—books which no doubt have been successful in disgusting many with the subject of which they treat. Nor has moral philosophy suffered less from those deeper and more abstract discussions which have often in modern times been substituted for itself. Men of a profounder turn have so busied themselves with investigations of the nature of right, the law of duty, freedom and necessity, and suchlike hard matters, that these have absorbed all their interest and energy, and left none for the treatment of those concrete realities which make up the moral life of man. Not that such discussions can be dispensed with. They are always necessary, never more so than now, when the spiritual ground of man's moral being is so often denied by materialistic or by merely phenomenal systems. It were well perhaps that they should be a department by themselves, under the title of *Metaphysic of Ethics*, to be entered on by those who have special gifts for such inquiries. For when substituted for the whole or chief part of moral inquiry, they become 'unpractical discussions of a

practical subject,' and as such alienate many from a study which, if rightly treated, would deepen their thought and elevate their character.

For what is the real object with which moral science deals? Every science has some concrete entity, some congeries of facts, which is called in a general way its subject-matter. Botany, we say, deals with plants or herbs, geology with the strata which form the earth's crust, astronomy with the stars and their motions, psychology with all the states of human consciousness. What, then, is the concrete entity with which moral science deals? It is not the active powers of man, nor the emotions, nor the moral faculty—not these, each or all. It is simply human character. This is the one great subject it has ever before it. About this it asks what is character, its nature, its elements, what influences make it, what mar it, in what consists its perfection, what is its destiny? This may seem a very elementary statement, but it is quite needful to recur to it, and even to reiterate it, so much has it been lost sight of in the pursuit of side questions branching out of it. At the outset, before any analysis is begun, the student cannot too deeply receive the impression of character as a great and substantive reality. Some vague perception of character all men, of course, have. They are aware, whether they dwell on it or not, that men differ not only in face and form and outward circumstances, but in something more inward, they cannot exactly tell what. But farther than this confused notion most persons do not go. Others there are who see much more than this, who have a keen penetrating glance into every man they meet, apprehend his bias, know what manner of man he is, and deal with him accordingly. This gift, so useful in practice, we call an eye to character; those who possess it, good judges of character. It is the same gift of discerning the quality of men which some persons have of judging of horses and other cattle. Hence *Æschylus* spoke of a good judge of character as *προβατονόμος*. But this practical insight, so useful in business, and it may be to a certain extent in speculation, is something distinct from a fine and a deep perception of the higher moralities of character. Shrewd observers of human nature are often keen to discern the weaknesses and foibles of men, and even to exaggerate them, but slow to perceive those finer traits of heart which lie deeper. The apprehension of character with which the student should begin, and which his moral studies ought to deepen, is something very different from this. It is an eye open to see, a heart sensitive to feel the

higher excellences of human nature, as they have existed, and still exist in the best of the race. It is a spirit the very opposite of that of the cynic, one which, while it looks steadily at the moral maladies and even basenesses into which men fall, yet, without being sentimental, loves more to contemplate the nobler than the baser side,—which, behind the commonplaces and trivialities, can seize life's deeper import, and look up, and aspire towards, the heights which have been attained, and are still attainable by man. To call out and strengthen in young minds such perceptions is one main end of moral teaching. No doubt there are influences which can do this more powerfully than any teaching. To have seen and known lives which have embodied these fair qualities, to have felt the touch of their human goodness, to have companioned with those

'Whose soul the holy forms
Of young imagination hath kept pure;'

to have fed on high thoughts, and been familiar with the examples of the heroes, the sages, the saints of all time, so as to believe that such lives were once on earth, and are not impossible even now,—these are, beyond all teaching, the 'virtue-making' powers. But moral philosophy, though subordinate to these, is useless, if it does not supplement them; if it does not at once justify the heart's aspirations on grounds of reason, and strengthen while it enlightens the will to pursue them. Character, then, in the concrete, truthful, solid, pure, high, as 'better than gold, yea than fine gold, its revenue than choice silver,'—as the best thing we know of in all our experience, the one thing needful for a man, which to have got is to have got all, to have missed is to miss all,—this cannot be too fully set before the learner at the outset, as the goal to which all his inquiries must tend, which alone gives his inquiries any value. If this is not seen and grasped broadly and deeply at first, and its presence felt throughout all our reasoning, the discussion and analysis that follow become mere words—hair-splitting and logomachy.

To observe moral facts, and retain them steadily, requires a moral perception innate or trained, or both. Every one will remember Aristotle's saying that 'he should have been well trained in his habits who is to study aright things beautiful and just, and in short all moral subjects. For facts are the starting-point.' Quickness and tenacity of moral perception is not so much an intellectual as a moral gift. Nay, it is easy to overdo the intellectual part of the process. Too

rigid logic, too exact defining and subdividing of that which often can be but inadequately defined, kills it. It is like trying to hold a sunbeam in an iron vice. The faculty that will best catch the many aspects and finer traits of character must be a nice combination, an even balance between mental keenness and moral emotion. It is the heart within the head which makes up that form of philosophic imagination most needed by the moralist. If moral character, in its higher aspects, were set thus truly and strongly before young minds, it would require little else to counteract materialism. Such elevating views might be left, almost without reasonings, to work their natural effect on all who were susceptible of them.

Character has been defined as 'a completely fashioned will.' This, as has been said, is to be kept continually before us in all moral inquiry as its practical end,—that which gives it solidity. But, when once we have looked at it steadily, whether as it has existed actually in the best men, or in the ideal, the question at once arises, How is this right character to be attained? How is the good that is within to be made ascendant,—the less good to be subordinated, the evil to be cast out? Of the numerous questions which this practically suggests, as to the standard by which character is to be tested, the foundation of moral goodness, and many more, the simplest and most obvious is to ask, What is in man? What are the various elements of man's nature? Thus we are at once landed in psychology. And so it has happened, that almost all great ethical thinkers, whatever their method, even when it depends mainly on certain great *a priori* conceptions, have attempted some enumeration of the various parts or elements which make up human life. Begun by Plato and Aristotle, carried on by the Stoics, revived in modern times by Hobbes, not neglected even by demonstrative Spinoza, this way of proceeding by observation of living men, and of our own minds, formed the whole staple of Bishop Butler's method. It is strange as we read the first fetches into human nature of those early thinkers, with how much more living power they come home to us than modern psychologies. This comes probably of their having read their facts straight off their own hearts, or from observation of other men. There is something in the first thoughts of the world which can never recur, something in having been the first utterer of those words, the first noters of those distinctions, which thenceforth were to become the common inheritance of all men. Compared with theirs, the moral psychology of recent times has for the most part become stale and

unprofitable, because, the first main outlines having been already explored, the moderns have but repeated with slight alteration the old analysis, presenting us with tabulated lists of appetites, desires, passions, affections, and so forth, at which men only yawn. In fairness, however, we must allow that although we dissent most entirely from the fundamental principles of Professor Bain's philosophy, we have found in his elaborate work on the 'Emotions and the Will' many facts which are either new, or at least which we have not before seen registered in systematic treatises. Certainly if psychology is to interest and instruct once more, it must leave the stereotyped forms, and enrich itself with new and hitherto unnoted facts, gathered partly from the more subtle and varied shades of feeling, partly from the wider survey of human history, and the deepened human experience, which our present civilisation has opened up. The surest method then for ethical science, is to begin with moral psychology; that is, with a close study of the phenomena which make up man's moral nature. This is its beginning, but not its end. From observation of these, it will be led down to fundamental ideas which underlie them; that is, it will land us in theology or religion.

There are two ways in which psychology may go to work. It may begin at the centre, the core of man's being, at the mysterious conscious 'I,' the fully formed personal will, and then show how the several powers and faculties group themselves round this centre. But perhaps the better way is, beginning at the outside, to follow what we may conceive to be the historical growth of the individual, as well as of the race, and to show how each of the phases of our being successively rises into prominence. Such a survey would place before us man in his earliest stage as a mass of natural appetencies or instinctive tendencies, each seeking blindly its appropriate end, the reaching of which is necessary to continued existence. Accompanying these primitive desires, we should find certain faculties which are the instruments by which the former reach their end,—the executive as it were of the blind impulses. During this stage, the spontaneous action of these appetencies engenders certain secondary passions, such as love of things which help the attainment of their ends, hatred of things which thwart them. Of these primitive outgoings, some we can see have reference to the good of self, some to the good of others, long before self-gratification can be set before us as a conscious object. Such is the earliest stage of our existence,—the appetitive, the spontaneous or

semi-conscious, as we see it in infants, or in uncivilized tribes. This is the raw material, as it were, out of which character is to be formed. The aggregate amount of all these primitive elements, and the relative proportions in which the higher and the lower are mingled in each man, will go far to determine what he will ultimately become.

But out of the midst of this blind congenies experience develops new powers. Very early in the appetitive life the desires must meet with obstacles, and the faculties that purvey for them, being thwarted, are driven inward, and forced to concentrate themselves for a more conscious effort to remove the hindrance. Here, then, is the first dawning, the earliest consciousness of will, within us. Again, out of the appetitive life, when experienced long enough, there rises a power of intelligence or reflection which, observing that each desire has its own end, and that the attainment of that end brings pleasure, generalizes from these separate goods the idea of a general good for our whole nature, a satisfaction arising from the permanent gratification of all our desires, or at least of as many of them as may be possible. Reflection soon perceives that desire left to act blindly,—our nature swayed now by this, now by that impulse,—does not attain to any stable happiness. Some kinds of action, it observes, make towards this happiness, others thwart it; the former it calls useful actions, the latter hurtful. From these observations it generalizes the idea of a total personal good or self-interest as an end to be aimed at, and forms subordinate rules of conduct with a view to attain that end. Self-interest thus intelligently conceived may become an end of life, or what is called a motive—an ever present motive to guide the will. Governed by this motive, the will can control anarchic passion, and introduce order into a man's desires and conduct. In doing this, the will, besides the power of reflection, is fortified by the emotions; because, by a law of our nature, self-interest, when once conceived as an end, is eagerly embraced as a new object for the affections. This is the second or prudential stage of our nature. Some men remain all their lives in the former or appetitive stage, and these we call impulsive men. Others regulate their actions by well-calculated self-interest, and these we call prudent, or it may be, if self-interest is too absorbing, selfish, men. But though the two types of character are clear, yet so infinitely diversified are these simple elements in themselves, and in their degrees of strength, that perhaps no two men ever lived in whom they were compounded exactly alike, in no two

men was the same physiognomy of character ever reproduced.

But not any or all of the elements yet noticed, however mingled, would make what is called a moral being; they do not yet rise above the life of nature. To do this, there needs must dawn another and higher consciousness. Reflection cannot stop at the idea of merely personal good, for it sees that there are other beings of the same nature and desires as ourselves who have each a self-interest of their own as well as we. But as the personal good of others often collides with ours, and as one or other must give way, we begin to see that the good of others deserves as much respect, ought to be as sacred in our eyes, as our own. So we rise to feel that, above our sensitive and individual life, there is a higher, more universal order to which we and all individual souls even now belong, that this higher order secures and harmonizes the ultimate good of all rational beings, and that the particular good of each, though in harmony with this order, and an element of it, must be subordinated to it. To realize this spiritual order, and be a fellow-worker with it, is felt to be the absolute, the moral good, an end in itself, higher and more ultimate than all other ends. This idea, this end, this impersonal good, once conceived, comes home to us with a new and peculiar consciousness. In its presence we for the first time become aware of a law which has a right to command us, which is obligatory on us, which to obey is a duty. Seen in the light of this law, the good of others, we feel, has a right to determine our choice equally with our own, and our own good loses its merely temporary and finite, and assumes an impersonal and eternal, character. This consciousness it is which makes us moral agents. Only in the idea of such a transcendent law above us, independent of us, universal, and of a will determined by it, does morality begin. All others elements of our nature are called moral, only as they bear on this, the overruling moral principle. The consciousness just described constitutes the third or moral stage of human nature. Not that the second and the third stages occur in every man in the order we have followed. A man may become alive to the moral law, and to its obligation over him, before he has conceived of self-interest as an end of action. But the order here given marks the relative worth of the respective principles, and the culmination of our nature in that one which is its proper end.

It would be easy to show how all the moral systems have taken their character, from giving one or other of these three principles of action, the emotional, the prudential, and the

moral, a special prominence, investing some one element, or some particular disposition of all the elements, with paramount sovereignty. But we must pass on to notice a defect inherent in this and every attempt to map out human nature into various compartments, a defect which, when unperceived, as it mostly is, distorts, if not falsifies, the whole work of the analysts. Even if the most exact enumeration, the most minute analysis could be made, would this give all that makes up character? It is a common mistake with psychologists to suppose that it does. They fancy they can grasp life by victorious analysis. There can be no greater, though there is no more common delusion. What is it that analysis, the most perfect, accomplishes? It gives the various elements which go to make up a moral fact, or it may be said to give the various points of view which a phenomenon or group of phenomena presents. But is this all? Is there nothing more than what is found in the analyst's crucible? The analysis, that is the unloosing, the taking down into pieces of the bundle, may be complete; but where is the power of synthesis, the bond which held the bundle together? Where is the life which pervaded the several elements, and made of them one entire power? It is gone, it has escaped your touch. Can the botanist, after he has divided a flower into its component parts, pistil, stamen, anther, petals, calyx, put them together once more, and restore the life and beauty that were there? This is the main error of psychologists. They fancy that when they have completed their analysis they have done all, not considering that it is just the most unique and mysterious part of the problem which has eluded them. What the late Professor Ferrier shows so well against the psychologists, that the 'ego,' the one great mystery, ever escapes them, the same takes place in the analysis of every other living entity. In a human character, when you have done your best to exhaust it, to give its whole contents, that which is its finer breath, has it not escaped you? must not you be content to own that there remains behind a something 'which no language may declare'? What end then serves analysis? By bringing out, separately and in detail, each side, aspect, or element in any problem, and fixing the eye on each successively, it helps to give distinctness and exactness to our whole conception of it. But it is only the multiplicity that is thus given, the unity or rather the unifying power still remains ungrasped. And if we are to see character in its truth, we must, after analysis has done its work, by an act of philosophic imagination remake the synthesis, put the elements together again; and if we do this

rightly something will reappear in the synthesis which had disappeared in the analysis, and that something will be just the idiosyncratic element which gives individuality to the whole man. To a moral philosophy which shall give the truth, this synthesis is not less essential than the analysis.

Of the many questions which have been, and may still be, asked respecting virtuous character, there is one, not the least important, and certainly the most practical of any, which has received less attention from moralists than it deserves. It is this:—Supposing that we have settled rightly what the true ideal of character is, how are we to attain to it? what is the dynamic power in the moral life? what is that which shall impel a man to persevere in aiming at this ideal, shall carry him through all that hinders him outwardly and inwardly, and enable him, in some measure at least, to realize it? Other questions, it would seem, more stimulate speculation, none has more immediate bearings on man's moral interests. For confused and imperfect as men's notions of right may be, it is not knowledge that they lack, it is the will and the power to do. Change one word, and all men will make the apostle's confession their own: 'To *know* is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not.'

On this subject, then, the dynamic or motive power in moral life, we would turn attention in the sequel. Under the word *motive* three things are included, which are usually distinguished thus,—the outward object or reality, which, when apprehended and desired, determines to action; the mental act of apprehending this object; and the desire or affection which is awakened by the object so apprehended. To this last step, which immediately precedes the act of will, and is said to determine it, the term 'motive' is often exclusively applied. But in our inquiry into the dynamic or motive power we shall use the word in a wider sense, including all the three elements in the process, and applying it more especially to that one which is the starting-point, namely, the outward object or reality, which, addressing the understanding, and stirring the affections, ultimately determines the will. And the question we ask is, What is that outward object, or class of objects, which determines the will in a way which can rightly be called moral? What are those truths which, apprehended and entering into a man, enable him to rise into that state of being which is truly virtuous or moral?

In doing so it will be well to ask first what answers to this question may be found in the works of some of the great masters of moral wisdom. In his survey of moral systems,

Adam Smith remarks that there are two main questions with which moralists have to deal. The first is, What is virtue? or, more concretely, In what consists the virtuous character,—that temper and conduct in a man which deservedly wins the esteem of his fellow-men? The second is, What is the faculty in us by which we discern and approve the virtuous character?—in other words, by what power do we distinguish between right actions and praise them, and wrong actions and blame them? Of the question we are now to consider, the dynamic power which enables us to do the right, it is remarkable that Smith makes no mention. In discussing this, which we may call the third main question of morals, we shall have occasion to advert to the former two, but we shall do so no farther than as they bear on the third, which is our more immediate concern.

Smith has classified philosophers mainly by the answer they give to the first of the three questions, according as they place virtue in the proper balance and harmony of all the faculties and affections which make up our human nature, or in the judicious pursuit of our own happiness, or in benevolence, that is, in the affections which seek the happiness of others. The first of these three answers to the great question, What is the virtuous character? has been sanctioned by the greatest names of past time,—by Plato, by Aristotle, by the Stoics, and by Bishop Butler. Let us glance at their theories, with a view to find what help there is in them as to the dynamic power we are in search of.

With Plato originated the idea that virtue is a proper balance or harmony of the various powers of soul; and though it has often since been elaborated into detail, it has never been put in so beautiful and attractive a form. It is one of those great though simple thoughts first uttered by that father of philosophy, which have taken hold of the world, and which it will never let go. Repeated in our ordinary language, it sounds a commonplace; but in the Greek of *The Republic* it stands fresh with unfading beauty. He divides the soul, as is well known, into three elements,—desire, passion or courage, and intellect; and this division, variously modified, has held its ground in philosophy till now. The *δυνατόν*, or righteousness of the individual soul, he places in a proper balance or harmony of these three elements, in which each holds that position which rightfully belongs to it. The State is the counterpart of the individual soul, and its *δυνατόν*, or right condition, is attained when the three orders of guardians, auxiliaries, and producers, answering to reason, passion, appetite, respec-

tively stand in their proper order of precedence. This is the philosophy which Shakespeare makes Ulysses speak. 'In the observance of degree, priority, and place, stands

'The unity and married calm of States.'

... 'How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets
In mere oppugnancy.'

The man is righteous in whom each of the three elements holds its proper place, and does its proper work; and this inward harmony expresses itself in an outward life which is every way righteous. The power which discerns the right and orders all the elements of the soul, is intellect or reason, whose right it is to rule. But how is this harmony of soul, once discerned, to be reached, maintained, made energetic? Plato, of philosophers the least mechanical, the most dynamic, the most full of powers of life, cannot have left this question wholly unanswered, though he has not dealt with it systematically. His hope was that this may be done in the State by educating the guardians, who are philosophers; in the individual, by educating the reason, which is the sovereign principle, by the continual study of real truth, the contemplation of the ideal good. The highest object of all is the Essential Form or Idea of the Good which imparts to the objects known the truth that is in them, and to the knowing mind the faculty of knowing truth. This idea of the good is the cause of science and of truth. It gives to all objects of knowledge not only the power of being known, but their being and existence. The good is not existence, but is above and beyond existence in dignity and power. 'The purpose of education,' he says, 'is to turn the whole soul round, in order that the eye of the soul, or reason, may be directed to the right quarter. But education does not generate or infuse any new principle; it only guides or directs a principle already in existence.' So far in *The Republic*.

Again, in the famous myth where reason is imaged by a charioteer driving a chariot drawn by two horses, one high-spirited and aspiring, the other earthward grovelling, Plato makes the charioteer able just to raise his head, and look out for a moment on that super-celestial place, which is above heaven's vault, and to catch a glimpse of the realities that are there,—the colourless, formless, intangible substance on which the gods gaze

without let or hindrance. The glimpse which the better human souls get fills them with love of the reality. They see and feast on it, and are nourished by it. It is this idea or essence of the good, the cause of existence and knowledge, the vital centre in the world of thought, as the sun is in the world of sight, which is the object of contemplation to the reason. 'And reason,' Plato says, 'looking upwards, and carried to the true Above, realizes a delight in wisdom, unknown to the other parts of our nature.' This idea of good is the centre at once of morals and politics, the rightful influencing power in human action. It should be ever present to the mind; a full philosophic consciousness of it should be the ruling power in everything. Nor is it an object merely for the pure reason, but for the imagination also, and an attractive power for the higher affections which side with reason. This glimpse, then, granted only to the purest in their purest hour, may be supposed to be to them an inspiration that will not desert them all their lives after. It will make them hunger and thirst after truth and righteousness, and despise, in comparison of these, all lower goods. So far this intuition of the good will be a dynamic power. But this master-vision, if it be possible at rare intervals, for the select souls of earth, and if it were adequate to sustain them in the pursuit of goodness, is at best a privilege for the few, not an inheritance for mankind. And Plato did not dream of it as more. From the mass of men he turns in despair, and leaves them to their swine-troughs. He did not conceive that for all men there was an ideal, or any power sufficient to raise them towards it. In Plato, then, the moral dynamic force we are seeking is in small measure, if at all, to be found.

Shall we find it in Aristotle? Although the *Ethics* contains more than one division of human nature, which helped forward psychological analysis, yet the whole system is not determined by any such division, but by certain leading objective ideas. Foremost among these is that of an end of action. There is an absolute end of all action, an end in itself, and man's constitution is framed conformably to this end, and in realizing it lies the total satisfaction of his nature, his well-being. Everything in nature has its end, and fulfils it unconsciously, but a moral being must fulfil his end not blindly, but with conscious purpose. The end in itself consciously chosen and pursued, this is Aristotle's fundamental ethical idea.

The end or the good for man is a vivid consciousness of life, according to its highest excellence, or in the exercise of its highest powers. Sir Alexander Grant, in his very

able dissertation on *ἐνέργεια*, shows, with singular felicity, how Aristotle regarded man's chief good as 'nothing external to him, but as existing in man and for man; existing in the evocation, the vividness, and the fruition of his powers. It is the conscious vitality of life and the mind in the exercise of its highest faculties. This, however, not as a permanent condition, but one that arises in us, oftenest like a thrill of joy, a momentary intuition. Were it abiding, we should be as God.' In order to find in which part of man this highest excellence is to be found, Aristotle has recourse to a psychological division, not of his own making, but apparently well known at the time. He divides the internal principle (*ψυχή*) into the physical or vegetative part, the semi-rational or appetitive, and the purely rational. The first has no share in human excellence, in the second lies moral excellence or virtue, in the third lies intellectual excellence. Aristotle here founds the distinction between moral and intellectual, beyond which we have not yet got. Practical moral excellence has its seat in the second division of our nature, in the passions, which, though not purely rational, have communion with reason. And though Aristotle, in the end, gives to the purely intellectual excellence, which consists in philosophical contemplation, a higher place than he assigns to the exercise of the moral virtues, yet it is of these he chiefly treats, and with these we have now to do. Moral virtue, then, he defines as consisting in a developed state of the moral purpose, in a balance relative to ourselves, which is determined by reason. This is Aristotle's famous doctrine, that virtue is a mean, an even balance, a harmony of man's powers. It is a mean as exhibited in particular actions, and also a mean or balance struck between opposite excesses of feeling. Feelings, passions, actions, are the raw materials out of which character is to be wrought by aiming at a balance. Right reason is the power which determines what the mean or balance is. It reviews the whole circumstances of the case, strikes the balance, apprehends the rule by which the irregular feelings may be reduced to that regularity in which virtue consists, virtue as well in particular acts, as in habits, and in the whole character. The mean is not a 'hard and fast line,' but a balance struck anew in each particular case, from a consideration of all the circumstances. The virtuous character is slowly elaborated by a repetition of virtuous acts; acts, that is, midway between extremes. And then as to knowing what the real mean is, man must begin and act from his own perceptions, such as they are. His own individual reason must be the guide he starts with, but he is not

therefore shut up in subjectivity. He has a surer standard than individual judgment to appeal to, even the universal moral sentiment of men. Or rather in the wise man, the ideally perfect man, he has a kind of objective conscience, an embodiment of moral law; and he judges according as he knows that this ideally wise man would judge. Here then we have a theory of virtue and the virtuous character, but no answer to the question, What is the motive power which shall propel men towards this ideal? Indeed, full though his treatise is of wise and penetrating practical remarks on character, this subject is nowhere discussed by Aristotle; but if we may gather an answer for ourselves, it might have been something like this:—

Reason of itself cannot reach the will and mould the choice. Yet reason and those emotions which are most obedient to it, act and react on each other. In time, by the law of habit, they blend together and make up a moral habit of soul, which restrains and directs all the lower impulses. When intellect and the more generous emotions combine in seeking one end, and by repeated acts form a habit, the result is the perfected moral judgment or practical wisdom, which itself is both a guide and a sufficient motive power to impel the soul steadily to good. *Φρόνησις* is with Aristotle the perfection of the moral intellect. He does not say that it is an interpenetration of the moral with the intellectual side of human nature, but that there is an inseparable connexion between this practical wisdom (*φρόνησις*) and moral virtue. In his view, these two sides, if not blended in one habit, are brought much closer together than in Plato, and that, both in the discerning and in the ruling moral faculty.

The elaboration of the virtuous character by the formation of good habits is a long and slow process. Does Aristotle point to any spring of inspiration which may carry a man through it? Plato after his own fashion does. Far off and inaccessible as his idea of the good may be, there is something in it, and in his enthusiasm for it, which must kindle, as by contagion, all but the dullest. But in Aristotle, though at every turn you meet insights into human nature which you feel to be penetratingly true, yet, after all, you are left to evolve the virtuous habit out of your own inward resources. There is in him no pointing to anything which may come to a man inwardly, and supplement his mortal weakness by a strength beyond his own. All that he suggests is of a merely external kind. Besides moral teaching, such as himself and other moralists give, he bids men look for help to such institutions, either domestic or

political, as may assist them in the cultivation of virtue.

Amongst moderns, it is well known, Bishop Butler has been the chief expounder of the idea which originated with Plato, that the virtuous character consists in a harmony of the different powers of man. This, the leading idea of his sermons, has so worked itself through his teaching into modern thought, that it need not now be dwelt on. A system, a constitution, an economy, in which the various parts—appetites, passions, particular affections—are all ranged in due gradation under the supreme conscience; this is his doctrine of man. In working out this idea, while the great Bishop has contributed much of his own, especially the masterly analysis by which he proves the existence in man of originally unselfish, as well as of self-regarding affections, he recalls here the teaching of Plato, there that of Aristotle. Though he deals entirely with individual man, he illustrates his idea of gradation and moral harmony by Plato's image of a civil constitution, with its various ranks subordinated under one supreme authority. On the other hand, his idea of conscience comes much nearer to that of Aristotle's *φρόνησις* than that of Plato's reason. But in Butler's 'conscience,' there is a much more distinct presence of the emotional or moral element, while the notion of an obligatory power or right to command, so characteristic of modern as distinguished from ancient thought, comes strongly out. But paramount as is this idea with Butler, it is strange that whenever we go beyond it, and ask for a reason why conscience should be supreme, he fails us. Enrenched within his psychological facts, he refuses to go beyond them. Ask what is the rule of right, the canon by which conscience decides, he replies, Man is a law to himself; every plain honest man who wishes it, will find the rule of right within himself, and will decide agreeably to truth and virtue. This is like saying that conscience decides by the rule of conscience. If asked, Why should I obey conscience? Butler can but assume that conscience 'carries its own authority with it, that is our natural guide'—that it belongs to our condition of being, and therefore it is our duty to obey it. If a further sanction is sought, he seems to find it in the fact of experience, that the path of duty and that of interest coincide, 'meaning by interest happiness and satisfaction.' If there be exceptions, these will be set right in the final distribution of things. 'Duty and interest are perfectly coincident; for the most part here, entirely hereafter; this being implied in the very notion of a good and perfect administration of things.

In this coincidence of duty and interest, so far fulfilled in our present experience, and ultimately made sure by the existence of a Moral Governor of the world, seems to lie a great part of the dynamic power in Butler's system. To this may be added his remark, in the spirit of Aristotle, that obedience to conscience, when it has grown into a habitual temper, becomes a choice and a delight.

But in the sermons on the Love of God he strikes a higher strain. He there demonstrates to an unbelieving age that this affection he speaks of is no dream, but the most sober certainty. For as we have certain lower affections which find sufficing objects in the world around us, so we have higher faculties and moral emotions, which find but inadequate objects in the scattered rays of created wisdom, power, and goodness which this world shows. To these faculties and affections God himself is the only adequate supply. They can find their full satisfaction only in the contemplation of that righteousness which is an everlasting righteousness, of that goodness in the sovereign mind which gave birth to the universe. This is Butler's highest doctrine, which he set forth with a calm suppressed enthusiasm almost too deep for words. This contemplation would give rise to the highest form of happiness, but it is not for this that it is sought. It would cease to be the ultimate end that it is, if sought for the sake of happiness, or for any end but itself. There can be no doubt that if once realized, it would be, as we shall see, in the highest measure, the dynamic of the soul.

Butler's search for virtue is wholly through psychology. Plato and Aristotle, though they do not begin with it, very soon have recourse to it. Kant, on the other hand, when seeking for principles of morality, disdains to fumble after them among the *débris* of observation and experience, but searches for them wholly *a priori* among the pure ideas of the reason. We find nothing in him about the virtuous character consisting in a harmony of the mental elements, although it might be said that his idea of virtue is a will in harmony with the moral universe. Laying his hand at once on the individual will, and intensifying to its highest power the idea of responsibility, he starts with the assertion that the only real and absolute good in the whole world is a good will. And a good will is one purely and entirely determined by the moral law. This law is not a law generalized out of human experience, binding therefore only within the range of that experience, but a law which transcends it; is wide as the universe, and extends in its essential principle to all beings who can think it. Man, according to Kant,

shut up on every other side of his being to a merely relative knowledge, in the moral law for the first time comes into contact with absolute truth, truth valid not only for all men, but for all intelligents. Human conscience is nothing but the entering into the individual of this objective law—the witness, as it has been called, that the will or self has come into subjection to, and harmony with, the universal reason, which is the will of God.

From the reality of this law Kant deduces three great moral ideas. First, since it commands imperatively, unconditionally, we must be able to obey it. Freedom, therefore, as a necessary consequence, follows from the consciousness of an imperative law of duty hindered by many obstacles, crushed by many miseries, unrewarded with that happiness which rightfully belongs to well-doing. There must, therefore, be a life beyond this phenomenal one, where the hindrances will be removed, where duty and the will to obey it will have full play, where virtue and happiness, here often sundered, shall at last meet. That is, there must be an immortality. Lastly, reason represents to us the moral will as worthy of happiness. But we see that there they do coincide, nature does not effect such a meeting. Man cannot constrain it. There must be somewhere a Power above nature, stronger than man, who will uphold the moral order, will bring about the union between virtue and happiness, between guilt and misery. And this being is God. Such is Kant's practical proof of the great triad of moral truths in which the morally-minded man believes, Freedom, Immortality, and God. The necessity for the belief in these arises out of the reality of the moral law.

To Kant's ideal of duty it matters nothing, though it is contradicted by experience, though not one instance could be shown of a character which acted on, or even of a single action which emanated from, the pure unmingled moral law. The question is not what experience shows, but what reason ordains. And though this ideal of moral excellence may never yet have been actualized, yet none the less it remains a true ideal—the one standard which the moral heart of man approves, however in practice he may fall beneath it. On this pure idea of the moral law Kant would build a science of ethics, valid not for man only, but for all intelligent beings. Applied to man, it would need to be supplemented by an anthropology, and would then stand to pure ethics, as mixed stand to pure mathematics.

As to the relation in which, according to Kant, the objective moral law stands to the human conscience, there is a very ingenious speculation of the late Professor Ferrier, which

will illustrate it. He asks the question whether it is the existence of our minds which generates knowledge, or the entering of knowledge into us which constitutes our minds? Is the radical and stable element mind, and is intelligence the secondary and derivative one? Professor Ferrier's reply is, that 'it is not man's mind which puts him in possession of ideas, but it is ideas, that is knowledge, which first puts him in possession of a mind.' The mind does not make ideas, but ideas make mind. In like manner, applying the same principle to poetic inspiration, he shows that it is not the poetic mind which creates the ideas of beauty and sublimity which it utters, but those ideas which, entering into a man, create the poetic mind. And so in moral truth, it is not our moral nature which makes the distinction between right and wrong, but the existence of right and wrong, and the apprehension of them by us, which create our moral nature. 'I have no moral nature,' he says, 'before the distinction between right and wrong is revealed to me. My moral nature exists subsequently to this revelation. At any rate, I acquire a moral nature, if not after, yet in the very act which brings before me the distinction. The distinction exists as an immutable institution of God prior to the existence of our minds. And it is the knowledge of this distinction which forms the prime constituent, not of our *moral* acquisitions, but of our *moral* existence.' This very ingenious speculation is in the very spirit of the Platonic philosophy, and may serve to illustrate Kant's view of the priority and independence of the moral law to our apprehensions of it.

Where, then, is the motive power in the Kantian ethics? Kant's answer is plain. It is the naked representation of duty, the pure moral law. And this, according to Kant, exerts so strong a motive power over the will, that it is only when a man has acknowledged its obligatory force, and obeyed it, that he learns for the first time his own free causal power, his independence of all merely sensitive determinators. The naked moral law, defeated, as he speaks, of all emotions of the sensory, is the one only dynamic which is truly moral. This, acting on the will, with no emotion interposed, will alone, he insists, place morality on a true foundation, will create a higher speculative ethics, and a higher practical morality, and will awaken deeper moral sentiments, than any system of ethics, compounded now of ideal, now of actual elements, can do.

In the rigidity with which he holds that in a pure moral action, the law shall alone sway the will, that all emotion, love the purest, pity the tenderest, shall be excluded,

Kant is ultra-stoical. The representation of duty, when embraced, will awaken reverence for the law, and this is a pure moral emotion. But in determining the act, the stern imperative must stand alone, and refuse all aid from emotion or affection. For these there is no place in a pure morality, except as the submissive servants of duty.

In making this high demand, it should be remembered that Kant is setting forth, not an actual state which he expects to find in human nature, but an ideal, which nevertheless because it is an ideal, affects human nature more powerfully than any maxim merely generalized from experience. And perhaps if the moral idea is to be set forth in its native strength and dignity, it is well that it should be exhibited thus nakedly. It does come shorn of much of its power, when so largely mingled, as it is in Butler, with considerations of mere prudence.

As has been remarked, however, even Kant, much as he desired to get rid of experience in constructing his morality, was not able to do so. He was obliged to come to experience before he could give content to his moral law—'So act, that thou couldst consistently will the principle of thy action to become law universal for all intelligents.' So Kant shaped his imperative. This is not very unlike Austin's utilitarian question, 'What would be the probable effect on the general happiness or good, if similar acts were general or frequent?' Again, as we saw, he is obliged to supplement his moral life here with the belief of a future, where virtue and happiness shall be one, where the ideal shall become actual; thus proving that human feelings cannot to the end be banished from a moral system, that some account must be taken of happiness, though Kant is right in giving to such considerations a subordinate, not a primary, place.

From the brief survey of the motive power as it appears in the systems of some of the most famous 'Intuitive Moralists,' it would have been interesting, had our space allowed, to have turned to the Utilitarian theorists, and examined at length the answers they give to the same question. As it is, however, a few remarks must suffice. This school of philosophers, as is well known, maintains that utility, or the tendency to promote pleasure or to cause pain, is the only quality in actions which makes them good or bad. They hold, moreover, that pleasure and pain are the only possible objects of choice, the only motives which can determine the will. These are the fundamental tenets of that school of philosophers represented by Epicurus in the ancient world, and by Bentham, and his followers Mr. Mill and Professor Bain, in our own day.

If by the happiness which is said to be the end of action is meant merely the happiness of one's-self, the system is one of the plainest and most intelligible, the dynamic force is the most obvious, and the most surely operating that can well be imagined. But then the course of action dictated by the desire of exclusive self-interest is not, according to the view of most men, a moral one at all, and the motive is not moral, but selfish. The aim of all morality, as we conceive it, is to furnish men with a standard of action, and a motive to work by, which shall not intensify each man's selfishness, but which shall raise him in a great measure above the thought of self. If, on the other hand, it is said that it is not my own private interest, but the general interest, which I am to aim at, this may be said in two distinct senses: Either I am to seek the greatest happiness of all men, the sum-total of human interests, because an enlightened experience tells me that my happiness is in many ways bound up with theirs,—but then the good of others thus pursued is but a means to my own private good, and I am still acting on the motive of self-love—a strong but not a moral one: Or I am to aim at the general happiness for its own sake, and not merely as a means to my own; but then I am carried beyond the range of self-interest, and acknowledge as binding other motives which lie outside of the utilitarian theory. To the question, Why am I to act with a view to the happiness of others? the utilitarian can, on his own principles, give no other answer than this, Because it is your own interest to do so. If we are to find another, we must leave the region of personal pleasure and pain, and allow the power of some other motive which is impersonal. With Bentham it is a fundamental principle that the desire of personal good is the only motive which governs the will. This is the one exclusive mode of volition which he recognises. He denies the other two, unselfish regard for others, and the moral law or the abstract sense of right, and yet these two exist as really as self-love. It is just as certain a fact that men do sometimes act from generous impulses, or from respect to what they feel to be right in itself, apart from all consequences, as that they do often act merely with an eye to their own happiness. In the naked form, therefore, in which Bentham puts it, utilitarianism is founded on a psychological mistake. But the utilitarian system takes many forms. Yet, as Jouffroy, who has discriminated between the varieties with great acuteness, observes—

‘Whether a man pursues the gratification of impulse, or the accompanying pleasure, or the different objects fitted to produce it; whether

he prefers, as most fitted to promote his highest good, the satisfaction of certain tendencies and pleasures; or finally, whether for the attainment of his end he adopts the circuitous means of general interest, or the direct pursuit of his own, it is of little consequence to determine: he is impelled to act, in each and every instance, by calculations of what is best for himself. Self-love remains essentially the same under all its forms, and impresses a similar character upon the various schemes of conduct to which it leads.’

In Mr. Mill's treatise on Utilitarianism there is no departure from the fundamentals of the utilitarian creed, though much straining of ingenuity to make it include principles and sentiments which do not readily come within that theory. Indeed, in this treatise one prominent characteristic of all the author's writings is more than usually conspicuous. On the one hand we see an amiably obstinate adherence to the sensational and utilitarian tenets which formed his original philosophic outfit. On the other hand, a redundancy of argument, sometimes verging on special pleading, to reconcile to his favourite hypothesis views and feelings gathered in alien regions, with which his wider experience has made him familiar. This effort continued throughout his *Utilitarianism* has occasioned, if we may venture to hint it, a want of clear statement and precise thought, with sometimes a straining of the meaning of terms, which we should hardly look for in so trained a logician. This comes no doubt from the fact, that in order to adapt the utilitarian theory to the primary moral perceptions of men, it is necessary to go counter to the natural current of thought, and to give a twist to forms of speech, which have interwoven themselves into the very texture of language. One of those strange contortions is the following opinion—that it is the idea of the penal sanction which makes men feel certain acts to be wrong; not that they are wrong in themselves, and therefore visited with punishment. Or, as Mr. Mill otherwise expresses it, ‘the deserving or not deserving punishment lies at the bottom of the notions of right and wrong.’ This doctrine, which Mr. Mill seems to hesitate to state in all its breadth, else instead of ‘deserving’ he would probably have written ‘imposition of punishment,’ has been stated more explicitly by Professor Bain, who maintains that ‘the imposition of punishment is the distinctive property of acts held to be morally wrong;’ and again, that ‘the primary germ and commencement of conscience is the dread of punishment.’ Another equally startling position maintained by Mr. Mill, is that virtue is pursued primarily only as a means to an end, namely happiness, just as money is; but that in time it comes

to be regarded as part of the end, happiness, and as such is pursued for its own sake, just as misers come to love money for itself, and not for its uses. He holds that in man originally there is no desire of virtue, or motive to it, save as a means to gain pleasure or avoid pain. But even when desired for its own sake, which he grants it comes to be, its worth arises, not from its own intrinsic excellence, but from its being the most important of all means to the general happiness. But what it more concerns us to remark at present is the answer which Mr. Mill gives to the question, What is the sanction of the utilitarian ethics, what the motive to conform to this standard? It is of two kinds, the external and the internal. The external motive is the hope of favour or the fear of punishment from our fellow-men or from the Supreme Ruler. The internal motive is primarily the desire of our own happiness, which, however, when enlarged by intelligence, expands into a desire for the good of others. It does so because the more we are enlightened the more clearly we perceive that our own good is inextricably bound up with theirs; because there is in us a natural desire to be in unity with others; lastly, because an unselfish regard for our neighbours springs, by the principle of association, out of intercourse begun at first merely from self-regard. It is observable, however, that Mr. Mill, though he stretches to the utmost the motive of self-regard, combining with it as much as possible of what is otherwise admirable in human nature, and though it seems to allow the existence, in a certain subordinate degree, of purely unselfish sympathies, yet in the last resort makes self-regard the centre to which all the other feelings, as accretions, cling, and round which they are woven into 'a complete web of corroborative association.' In his ground-plan of human nature, the unselfish sympathies and the moral principle are not made to occupy—what we believe they in reality do occupy—as substantial and independent a place as the feeling of self-interest. Hence neither the standard of action, nor the motive power he sets forth, however much transformed by the magic touch of association, ever gets clear of the original taint of self-reference. Mr. Mill's utilitarianism does not, any more than other forms of the same doctrine, give either a really moral standard, or a self-forgetting and moral motive. As water cannot rise above the level from which it springs, no more can moral theories. Self-love may be, and as a fact often is, the first impulse that drives a man to seek to become morally and religiously better. And there is a measure of self-regard which is right, which, if kept in its due place,

ought not to be underrated. But before a man can become either truly moral or religious, self-regard must have been wholly subordinated to, if not exchanged for, a higher principle of action and a purer affection.

In the opening chapter of his work on Jurisprudence, Austin sets forth the utilitarian doctrine with a distinctness of outline, which, we think, far surpasses Mr. Mill's exhibition of it. He does not, like the latter, assert that conduciveness to general happiness is the essence, but only that it is the index of right action. The rightness and wrongness of all acts Austin grounds primarily on the Divine will or command. God designs the happiness of all His creatures; and as He has given us faculties to perceive what actions tend to produce this, and what actions tend to thwart it, He has given us therein a criterion by which to know what His will is, that is, what actions we ought to do, what to avoid. This representation of the theory furnishes a lever above and independent of utility, namely, the will of God—and therefore, in one point of view, a motive which, if once realized, is every way adequate to engender moral action. But still it does not rise above the utilitarian subjection to pleasure and pain. For Austin sums up the Divine will in pure benevolence, and grounds obedience to it solely on the fact that God can reward and punish to the uttermost. But to obey God chiefly or entirely for such a reason, does not amount to moral obedience, nor is such a motive a moral motive.

A recent subtle and original writer on metaphysics will perhaps pardon us if we here allude to certain points in his ethical views, although he has not yet given these to the world. Differing from the utilitarian view, in that he regards virtue as consisting in a perfect harmony of all the faculties and functions of man; maintaining the existence of a moral sense, distinct altogether from a sense of interest, he yet agrees with the utilitarians so far, that he regards pleasure as the universal motive power. He maintains that in all cases where a choice is made, pleasure, or as it is sometimes phrased, interest, is the determinator of the choice; that in all conscious actions, thoughts, feelings, where a preference is made, it is because the pleasure of the one preferred is felt by the agent to be greater than the pleasure of those not preferred. The maintainer of this theory would say that the commonly-received distinction between pleasure and duty is a misleading one. For whenever any act is preferred, this itself proves that that act, however painful it seems, is not only pleasurable, but the most pleasurable. Let there be two acts, he would say, one a gratification of sense, and as such

pleasurable, the other a denial of this gratification, and so far painful, yet if the latter is done from what is called a sense of duty, the fact that it has been preferred proves that it was not only pleasant, but the most pleasant to him who preferred it. For that which in the event is chosen to be done is thereby proved to be the most pleasurable. To this it may be replied that to make the pleasurable synonymous with that which is actually preferred, is to give the term a quite new meaning. So to stretch the idea of pleasure is to change it entirely, and to render it wholly vague, and empty of content.

It may be true that in most, perhaps in all moral acts, there is present, more or less, a conscious pleasure, but it is present as a consequence, not as an antecedent of the choice. It is also true that virtue and pleasure are so far from being incompatible, that the higher a man advances in virtue the greater is his delight in it; indeed, that the measure of his delight is in some sort a gauge of his moral progress. But, on the other hand, it is no less true that while man remains in this state of moral struggle, in some of his acts of purest duty the ingredient of pleasure must be so faintly present as to be scarce, if at all, appreciable. To all theories of virtue which give pleasure or self-love a foremost place in it, whether as entering into its nature, or operating as its moving spring, it is enough to answer that they withdraw from moral action that which is a main constituent of it, namely, its unselfish character, and so reduce it to the level of at least mere prudence. They fail to recognise what Dr. Newman has so well described as 'a remarkable law of ethics, which is well known to all who have given their minds to the subject. All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue. Again, virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasures; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure's sake are selfish, not religious, and will never have the pleasure, because they can have never the virtue.' To our minds there is no truth of ethics more firmly established than this. And it is not merely an abstract principle, but one which embodies itself in practice every day before our eyes. How continually do we see that the pleasure-seeker is not the pleasure-finder; that those are the happiest men who think least about happiness! Because, in order to attain to that serene and harmonious energy, that inward peace, which is the only true happiness, a man must make, not pleasure, but some higher object the end he lives for. So true is it that, as has been said, the abandoning of some lower end in obedience to a

higher aim, is made the very condition of securing the lower one. Or, as the author of *Ecce Homo* writes,—'It is far from universally true that to get a thing you must aim at it. There are some things which can only be gained by renouncing them.' And such a thing is pleasure. Does not this characteristic of it, that, when you make it your conscious aim, it is gone—at least the purer essence, the finer bloom of it,—prove that it is merely a subsidiary attendant on moral action, the attendant shadow, not the substance, and cannot be its end or propelling power?

Our survey of systems, ancient and modern, has been long, perhaps even to weariness, and yet we have not found the thing we seek. In what have been called the intuitive theories, the motive presented, if high, has been remote and impalpable, not such as would naturally come home to the hearts of ordinary men. The narrower forms of utilitarianism offer a motive near and strong enough—self-love; but then it is one which men of moral aspiration most long to rise above. And when the endeavour is made to combine with it benevolence, and to take in the whole human race, the motive is no doubt elevated, but at the expense of its power; it is emptied of the strength which self-love peculiarly possesses. On the whole, then, from this want of practical help in many ways, and especially from their lack of a moral dynamic, it is no wonder that most men turn from ethical theories with weariness approaching to disgust. Young students, and older men professionally interested in these subjects, can hardly imagine how widely this is the case, not with those so immersed in transitory interests as to have no time or heart for higher matters, but with the devoutly religious, with men of ideal longings, with those who have been most exercised with earnest questionings. Men simply religious turn from theories of virtue, as not only useless, but as cold, hard, unloving—hindrances to all their heart holds commune with. Morality seems to draw all its help from man's own internal resources, and they feel too keenly that not in these is help to be found, but in a strength out from and above themselves. The inmost breathing of the devout heart is, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' Again, the deep-hearted poet, weary of abstractions, and longing for life, more life, and fuller, turns from moral theories with a passionate

'Away, haunt not thou me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go?

Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
'And the strong current flowing
Right onward to the eternal shore ?'

Again, when we read the lives of those men who have had the deepest spiritual experience, to whom, on the one hand, the infinity of duty, the commandment exceeding broad, and, on the other, the depth of their own spiritual poverty, has been most laid bare—we find them confessing that the seventh chapter of Romans describes their condition more truly than any philosopher has done. With their whole hearts they have felt St. Paul's 'O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me ?' Such are the men who, having come out of great depths, become the spirit-quickeners of their fellow-men, the revivers of a deeper morality. To all such there is a grim irony in the philosophic ideals when confronted with their own actuals. So hopelessly wide seems the gap between their own condition and the 'Thou shalt' of the commandment. Not dead diagrams of virtue such men want, but living powers of righteousness. They do not quarrel with the moralist's ideal, though it is neither the saint's nor the poet's. They find no fault with his account of the faculty which discerns that ideal, though it is not exactly theirs. But what they ask is not the faculty to know the right, but the power to be righteous. It is because this they find not, because, that which reason commands, the will cannot be or do, that they are filled with despair. As well, they say, bid us lay our hand upon the stars because we see them, as realize your ideal of virtue because we discern it.

But is there no outlet by which, from the mere forms of moral thought, a man may climb upward to the treasure-house of its power ? Let us turn and look once more at the moral law, as exhibited in its purest form by Kant. In his view this law is not a higher self, but an independent reality, which, entering into a man, evokes the higher self within him. To the truth, as well as the sublimity of Kant's conception, all hearts bear witness, by the reverence they must feel in its presence. And yet we know that, when we lay this bare law to heart, it engenders not strength, but despair. A few there may have been who have been able to dispense with all tender feelings, and to live high lives by dint of the law of duty alone. All honour to such hardy spirits ; no word shall be said in disparagement of them. However imperfect their principle may be, their face is set in the right direction ; they are on the way, we believe, to all good. Yet their lives, upright though

they may be, will be stern and unrejoicing, wanting in much that hearts set free should have. But for most men, and among these for many even of the nobler sort, such a life would be impossible. Under such an iron rule, a large, and that the finer part of man's being, would have no place ; the soul's gentler, but more animating forces, would be starved for lack of nutriment. Still, as this law contains so much of highest truth, let us keep fast hold of it, and see whence it comes and whither it leads.

On reflection we find that there are many facts of human nature and of the world, many separate lines of thought, all leading upward and converging on one spiritual centre. These are like so many mountain paths, striking upward in diverse directions, but leading all at last to one great summit. Of these the moral law is the loftiest, the directest, the most inward, the most awe-inspiring. But to begin with the outward world, there is we shall not say so much a mark of design on everything, as an experience forced in upon the mind of the thoughtful naturalist, that, penetrate into nature wherever he may, thought has been there before him ; that, to quote the words of one of the most distinguished, 'there is really a plan, a thoughtful plan, a plan which may be read in the relations which you and I, and all living beings scattered over the surface of our earth, hold to one another.' The work of the naturalist, he goes on to say, 'consists only in an attempt to read more and more accurately a work in which he has had no part,—a work which displays the thought of a mind more comprehensive than his own ; his task is to read the thoughts of that mind as expressed in the living realities that surround us ; and the more we give up our own conceit in this work, the less selfish we become, the more shall we discern, the deeper we shall read, and the nearer we shall come to nature ;' and, we may add, to Him whose thought nature is. Then when we look within, there is 'the causal instinct of the intellect,' as it has been called,—the mental demand for a cause of every event, or rather the ineradicable craving for a power behind all phenomena, of which they are but the manifestations,—a craving which no form of Comtian philosophy will ever exorcise. Again, there is the passionate longing of the imagination, aspiring after an ideal perfection for ourselves and others, apprehending a beauty more than eye has seen or ear heard. Again, there is 'the unsufficingness of self for self,'—the dependency of the affections, feeling the need of an object like themselves ; yet higher, stronger, more enduring, on which they can lean, in

which they may find refuge. Another avenue upward is the feeling of the derivative nature, not of our affections merely, but of our whole being. We are here a little while,—each a small rill of life,—with many qualities. We feel, think, fear, love; no facts are more certain to me than these. Yet it is just as certain that I am not here by my own will. I did not place myself here; cannot keep myself here. My life is in the grasp of powers which I cannot, but in the smallest degree, control. There must be a source whence this life, and all the other similar lives around me, come. And that source cannot be anything lower, or possessed of lower qualities, than mine, but rather something containing all the qualities, which I and all other beings like to me have, in infinite abundance. There must be some exhaustless reservoir of being, from which my small rill, and these numberless like rills, of being, come,—a fountain that contains in itself the all of soul that has been diffused through the whole human race, and infinitely more. This is no elaborate argument, but almost an instinctive perception. Call it anthropomorphic, if you please; it is none the less a natural and true way of thinking, and as old as the Stoics. Cicero puts it in the mouth of his Stoic Balbus, and has supplied him with no better argument. Lastly, and chief of all, there is the law of duty, coming home to the morally awakened man more intimately, affecting him more profoundly, than anything else he knows. What is it—whence comes it—this law, which lies close to all his thoughts, an ever-present, though often latent consciousness, haunting him like his very being? Mr. Mill speaks slightly, as it seems, of ‘the sort of mystical character which is apt to be attributed to the idea of moral obligation,’ but he has not as yet been able really to explain the mystery. If instead of trying to solve it, unsatisfactorily we think, into lower elements, as the analyst is apt to do, or to shrink from it as the sensual nature always will do, or to act out merely the letter of it, as the legalist will try to do, we can but get ourselves to look at it steadily, and with open heart, the mystery of its nature and origin will not grow less to us, but more. What is it; is it a mere abstraction? That which reason apprehends, and the personal will bows to, as an authority superior to themselves, cannot be a mere abstraction, but something which is consubstantial with themselves. The moral law must be either a self-existing entity, like to our highest nature, or must inhere in One who possesses all that we have of reason and will, only in an infinitely greater degree. That which our inner self,

our personality, feels to have rightful authority over it, must be either a personality, or something more excellent than personality, if that is possible. To some such conviction as this we are led up, by asking what is this moral law which we apprehend, and whence does it come? Here, if anywhere, we find the golden link which connects the human nature with the Divine.

Putting then all these converging lines of thought together, we see that they meet in the conviction that there is behind ourselves and all the things we see and know, a Mind, a Reason, a Will, like to our own, only incomprehensibly greater, of which will and reason the moral law is the truest and most adequate exponent we have. Not that these lines, any or all of them, are to be taken as proofs demonstrating the existence of God, which is, we hold, incapable of scientific demonstration. The notion of God we believe with Coleridge to be essential to the human mind, not derived from reasonings, though as a matter of fact actually called forth into distinct consciousness mainly by the conscience. When, however, we come to reflect on that conviction afterwards, we find hints and confirmations of it, mainly in the existence of our moral nature and of the law of duty, and secondarily in those other lines of thought which, as we have seen, converge towards the same centre. But these are dim tracts of thought, hard to tread with firm step. Yet though the lines here traced are, as we know, imperfect and broken, they may be taken for what they are meant to be,—hints for thought on an exhaustless subject.

In this discussion we have taken for granted that the morality of man is in its essence identical with the morality of God—that when we use the word *righteous* of man and of God, we do not use it in two different senses, but in the same sense. This position, implicitly held before by all, both philosophers and ordinary men, has been more explicitly brought out and established by the polemic which Mr. Mansel’s denial of it has called forth. The result of a real belief not merely in an abstract moral law, but in a Personal Being, in whom dwells whatever of highest is in ourselves, whose moral nature is imaged in our own, will be to let in on the soul a new motive power, a new centre of existence. This is the first condition of a living morality as well as of vital religion, that the soul shall find a true centre out from and above itself, round which it shall revolve. The essence of all immorality, of sin, is the making self the centre round which we would have all other beings and interests revolve. To be delivered from this, which

is the condition of the natural man, is the turning-point of moral progress, and of spiritual renewal. The new and rightful centre which shall draw us out of our self-centre, and by its attraction make us revolve round itself, must be that which contains the moral law, and whatever is best in ourselves and in all other created selves. He only in whose image we are made can be such a centre to our creaturely wills. But farther, neither the God whom mere science leads to, nor the God whom the bare unrelenting moral law sets forth, is capable of being a real resting-place for the heart of man. There are warm emotions within it, which before the representation of a God of mere law, whether natural or moral, die down like herbs beneath an arctic winter. To call forth these, it requires the unveiling of a Living and Personal Will, in sympathy not only with whatever moral principle is in us, but also with whatever is most pure and tender in our affections. When we come to conceive thus of God, then, there becomes possible a going forth towards Him of the tenderer and devouter emotions, as well as of the more purely moral sentiments. Such a being becomes to a man the centre and the end for the reason, the affections, and the conscience alike—a foundation on which his whole being can permanently repose.

But a few only, and these the most favoured of men, have, apart from revelation, ever attained so to conceive of God. A pure-minded sage here and there, Plato when he drops his dialectics, and gives vent to his devouter mind, as in the well-known passage of the *Theætetus*, Marcus Aurelius here and there in his meditations, may have in some measure, though far off, so caught a glimpse of Him. To most men who have sought Him at all, outside of Christianity, it has been at best but a dim feeling after Him, if haply they might find Him. It required the appearance of Christ on earth to bring close to the heart of large numbers of men the power of moral inspiration which is laid up in the very thought of God. Till then He seemed too high, too remote for this. But when Christ in human form came near to them, His presence touched the moral springs in men, hitherto dormant, and made new forces of spiritual life to stir within them. Christ henceforth, both by his own personal teaching and example, and also by the new light of God's character which He let in on men's hearts, Himself the channel through which that light was let in, became a new dynamic power of virtue, an inspirer of goodness. The virtue-making power which he used was different from that which had been employed by the philosophers. They addressed the rea-

son, He touched the heart by His words, by His deeds, above all by contact with Himself. The two methods are well contrasted in the following passage of *Ecce Homo* :—

'Who is the philosophic good man? He is one who has considered all the objects and consequences of human action; he has, in the first place, perceived that there is in him a principle of sympathy, the due development of which demands that he should habitually consider the advantage of others; he has been led by reflection to perceive that the advantage of one individual may often involve the injury of several; he has therefore concluded that it is necessary to lay down systematic rules for his actions, lest he should be led into such miscalculations, and he has in this reasonable and gradual manner arrived at a system of morality. This is the philosophic good man. Do we find the result satisfactory? Do we not find in him a languid, melancholic, dull and hard temperament of virtue? He does right, perhaps, but without warmth or promptitude. And no wonder! The principle of sympathy was feeble in him at the beginning for want of contact with those who might have called it into play, and it has been made feebler still by hard brain-work and solitude. On the other hand, who is the good man that we admire and love? How do men become for the most part pure, generous, and humane? By personal, not by logical influences. They have been reared by parents who had these qualities, they have lived in society which had a high tone, they have been accustomed to see just acts done, to hear gentle words spoken, and the justness and the gentleness have passed into their hearts and slowly moulded their habits, and made their moral discernment clear; they remember commands and prohibitions which it is a pleasure to obey for the sake of those who gave them; they think of those who may be dead, and say, How would this action appear to him? Would he approve that word, or disapprove it? . . . They are never alone, because the absent Examples, the Authorities they still revere, rule not their actions only, but their inmost hearts; because their conscience is indeed awake and alive, representing all the nobleness with which they stand in sympathy, and reporting their most hidden indecorum before a public opinion of the absent and the dead.'

It was this last mode of appeal, one not wholly unknown before His day, that Christ adopted. But though the channel was familiar, the use he made of it was not; for the influence He poured through it was not only the purest human, but the Divine. The philosophers had addressed the reason, and failed. Christ laid hold of a passion which was latent in every man, and prevailed. What was this passion? It was the love, not of man, 'not of all men, nor yet of every man, but of *the man in the man*.' But this in all men is naturally a weak principle; how did He make it a powerful one, make it 'a law-making power, a root of morality in

human nature?' He gave a command to love all men without exception, even our enemies. Now a command cannot create love; but with the commandment he gave himself to love, and to awake the love that lies dormant in every man. This, which is the central teaching of *Ecce Homo*, must be given in the author's own words, so full of beauty and power:—

'Did the command to love go forth to those who had never seen a human being they could revere? Could his followers turn upon him and say, How can we love a creature so degraded? . . . Of this race Christ Himself was a member, and to this day is it not the best answer to all blasphemers of the species, the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead, and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he? . . . It was because the edict of universal love went forth to men whose hearts were in no cynical mood, but possessed with a spirit of devotion to a man, that words which, at any other time, however grandly they might sound, would have been but words, penetrated so deeply, and along with the law of love the power of love was given. Therefore, also, the first Christians were enabled to dispense with philosophical phrases, and instead of saying that they loved the ideal of man, could simply say and feel that they loved Christ in every man. . . . Christ believed it possible to bind men to their kind' (and to all goodness), 'but on one condition, that they were first bound fast to Himself.'

To His followers who walked with Him on earth, His presence, and to many in every age since, His image, has been the strongest of all levers to lift them out of selfishness, and to create goodness in them. They have found in His life and character an objective conscience better than all other ideals of perfection; in their sympathy with Him they have had the most unerring test by which to discern what was right and what was wrong to do; and in their love and veneration for Him, a motive power beyond all other powers, enabling them to do what was right from the love of it,—a power of loving God and of loving man, because they loved both in Him. To such the law of love absorbed into itself the law of duty, and became, in a new and pre-eminent way, the fulfilling of the law. Morality to them was no longer subjection and obedience to a dead abstract law, which they might revere but could never love, but an inspiration caught by contagion with Him, who contained the moral law and all the springs of morality in Himself. This is that central truth, long tacitly recognised, but enforced with such power in *Ecce Homo* as almost to appear new.

If we were to go no farther, we have enough to prove that Christ introduced into the moral heart of man that which all philosophers have been unable to find,—a new dynamic force, which not only told them what was good, but inspired them with the love and the power of being good. In short, He was the living centre of a new moral and spiritual creation. But if we go thus far, we cannot stop here, we must go further than the author of *Ecce Homo* does. For Christ claimed for Himself, and all who have followed Him most closely have acknowledged, that there are other powers and truths in Him, which in that able survey are either left in the background or altogether passed by. Those more transcendent doctrines,—Christ's atonement, His resurrection, the dwelling of His Spirit,—are as much part of the testimony about Christ, and of the agencies by which He has changed the world, as anything that we know of His character. You cannot cut off the one without shaking the foundations of the other; and these doctrines are, if true at all, not merely in conformity with the purest moral and spiritual principles, but must be their very essence, must lie at their very root. Those who have most laid to heart, and lived by these doctrines, have found in the Atonement the obliterating of the whole burden of past sin. This is not the place to enlarge on it. But no fact in man's moral history is more certain than this, that the simple statement of Scripture, 'Christ has appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,' has been found efficacious to reach down to the lowest depths of men's souls beyond any other truth ever uttered on this earth. In the Resurrection they have found the assurance that what conscience prophesies will in the end come true, that, though experience often seems against it, 'right is stronger than wrong, truth is better than falsehood, purity shall prevail over sensual indulgence, meekness shall inherit the earth; for right, truth, and purity are summed up in their champion Christ, and He has conquered death, the one unconquerable champion of the enemy.' In the promise of the indwelling Spirit, and its fulfilment, they have found a surety that the impulse which Christ first gave will not grow old, but will outlast time. One great practical result of these truths is the animating confidence they give that 'God is for us.' There is nothing so crushing to moral effort as the suspicion that however we may strive to live rightly, the great forces of the universe may be after all against us. But here the Atonement, the Resurrection come in. They tell us that this suspicion is groundless,—that God is not against us, but on our side, that

the faintest desire to be better He sympathizes with, and will help; that even on the heart where no such desire is yet stirring, He still looks tenderly, He wills its salvation. Can any greater strength for moral improvement be imagined than this?

The result of all that has been said is this, that only in vital Christianity, or rather, to speak plainly, in God revealed in Christ, lies the adequate and all-sufficient dynamic for man. For in Him thus revealed all the principles of man's composite nature find their object. The natural desire for happiness, the yearning of the affections, the moral needs of conscience, all are satisfied. And all these principles so centred are turned into motive powers, or rather into one composite motive power, in which the lower, more self-regarding elements, are gradually subordinated and absorbed by the higher.

But you say, perhaps, that these things, if true, are things of faith, and morality stands on grounds of reason. Is it so? Is it, then, certain that morality is independent of faith? To prefer an unseen duty because it is right, to a seen pleasure, because it is pleasant,—what is this but an act of faith? It requires faith to do the simplest moral act, if it is to be done morally. And the highest religious truths, if once they are apprehended vitally and spiritually from within, and not merely taken passively on authority from without, will be found to require but an expansion of that same principle of faith, by which, in its more elementary form, we realize simple moral truths.

There can be no manner of doubt that the promise 'I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them,' is the one great work which philosophy could not do, which the gospel has to some extent done. It has brought in that which moralists in vain sought after, and without which their schemes were vain—a living 'virtue-making power.' This was held forth as a hope in the Old Testament, 'All my fresh springs are in thee;' 'In thy light shall we see light;' 'Then shall I run in the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.' In the New it was abundantly fulfilled. To St. Paul and the first Christians the law became no longer a stern commandment, standing outside of them, threatening them from above, but a warm law of love within them—not only a higher discernment of the good, but a new and marvellous power to do it, cheerfully, and with joy. And down all the ages, whatever obscurations Christianity has undergone, this, the true apostolic succession, coming straight from the Divine Source to each individual recipient anew, has never failed. In such as Augustine, A Kempis, Luther,

Pascal, Leighton, Fénelon, Henry Martyn, the pure and sacred fire has been re-lit from age to age. They, by what they were, and what they did, became, each to their generation, the renewers of a deeper, more substantive morality. For the Christian light in them was not a tradition or an orthodoxy, but a living flame, enlightening and warming themselves, and passing from them to others. And so to this day their works are store-houses of moral and spiritual quickening, more than all the books of all the moralists. When you read Leighton, for instance, you feel yourself breathing a spiritual air, compared with which the atmosphere of the moral systems is dull and depressing. For in Leighton, and such men, morality is, as Mr. Arnold finely expresses it, 'lighted up with the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all.' The saintly Archbishop was but speaking of what few have a right to speak of, but what he had seen and known when he said —'One glance of God, a touch of His love, will free and enlarge the heart, so that it can deny all, and part with all, and make an entire renouncing of all, to follow Him.' Again, 'It is in His power to do it for thee. He can stretch and expand thy straitened heart, can hoist and spread the sails within thee, and then carry thee on swiftly; filling them, not with the vain air of men's applause, but with the sweet breathings and soft gales of His own Spirit, which carry it straight to the desired haven.'

This is the language of those who, like Leighton, have known most immediately, to use again his own words, 'the sensible presence of God, and shining of His clear-discovered face on them.' Perhaps ordinary men had better speak little of these things—they are so far beyond their experience. But because language like this has been often repeated as a mere hearsay, by those who had no experience of it, it has come to be considered by many a mere decorous tradition among religious people, which other men nauseate. Still, however overlaid it has been with words, and however remote from it most men must confess themselves to be, the thing here spoken of remains none the less a reality—towards which end not only the religious, but even the uprightly moral heart, must look and aspire.

In the light of these thoughts regarding the spiritual springs of morality, how vain appears that cry so often heard in this day, 'Give us Christian morality without the dogmas!' In as far as any dogmas may be the mere creations of Churches, or may be truths crusted over with human accretions, by all

means let them be either swept away or purified. There is much need that all doctrines taught should be adjusted fittingly to the moral nature of men, so as, by manifestation of the truth, to commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. It is also true that as men advance in spiritual insight, their view of doctrine becomes more simple, more natural, more transparent with moral light. But still it is no less true that love to a transcendent object, to a living Person, is the one root of Christian virtue, and that to expect Christian well-doing without a soul based on Christian faith, is to expect fruit from a tree which has no root. As we have heard one say whose long life of Christian wisdom and love gives weight to his words: 'Renan and others admire the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, but reject altogether the doctrines or transcendent truths of Christianity. They would divide the one from the other as with a knife, and preserve this, and throw that away. Now, only think of it in this way. Take that one precept, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." How am I really to fulfil this? If the law of my country gives me a command, bids me do this or not do that overt act, I can give it an outward mechanical obedience, and with this human law is satisfied. But this divine precept commands not an outward act, but an inward spiritual condition of being. How am I to attain to this? By my force of will? My will can rule my outward acts, but cannot change my inward dispositions. What shall avail to turn the whole tide of feeling, and change the natural hatred of enemies into love for them? Nothing short of the forgiving love of God in Christ to me and to all men felt in the heart as a reality. This once felt has power to change the natural hatred into a forgiving love. Nothing else can.' To us this seems clear as demonstration. And in like manner it might be shown that there is not one Christian precept which has not its root, its motive spring, directly in some transcendent truth of God's nature, and of the soul's relation to Him. Deny these, and the precepts fall. Vain, therefore, is the dream of a Christian morality without a true Christian theology at its foundation.

But this tendency to seek the fruits of Christianity while rejecting its root, is as nothing compared with the extravagance of that modern system, which teaches that 'the service of humanity' may be raised to the level of a practical and all-powerful moral motive, while all belief in a personal immortality and in the existence of God is denied, and a vague something, called the 'spirit of humanity,' is made the only object of wor-

ship. This strange persuasion has at this time its devotees, some of them men of great parts, and, we believe, of benevolent lives. That there should be some such—men possessed by fanaticism for a creed which parodies Christianity while it rejects it—is not more to be wondered at than any other form of fanaticism. The causes that have produced this strange phenomenon might not be difficult to find. But it is a thing to be wondered at that a cool-headed philosopher like Mr. Mill, who has never evinced tendencies to fanaticism for this or any form of religion, should have thrown over it the shield of his patronage. Yet so it is. While professing that he entertains the strongest objections to M. Comte's system of politics and morals, he still thinks that that system has 'superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity, even without the aid of a belief in Providence, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and colour all thought, feeling, and action, in a manner of which the greatest ascendancy ever exercised by any religion may be but a type and foretaste.' The strength of this statement, perhaps, it may be right to attribute to Mr. Mill's generosity in advocating a mode of thought which he thought to be unpopular. For certainly it is one of his characteristics, that whether from the desire to help the weaker party, or from the love of paradox, he never shrinks from cutting prejudice against the grain. Can it be to the same reason we are to attribute that other strange statement of his, that the ideal of Christian morality is negative rather than positive, passive rather than active, abstinence from evil rather than energetic pursuit of good. If this is not to be put down to the love of paradox, it is an instance of ignorance in a writer of high repute, to which it would be hard to find any parallel. To refute it there is no need to turn to the New Testament, though, if we did so, we should have to quote nearly one-half of it; neither need we point to the lives of the most eminent Christians, and the extent to which philanthropy purely Christian has changed the world. For a sufficient refutation we need only refer to a modern authoress, who plainly enough shows that she is as free as Mr. Mill is from any deference to orthodoxy. In her able essay on Christian Ethics, Miss Cobbe sets forth with great force how Christ changed the negative law of the Jews into a positive, and thereby transformed the whole spirit of morality, giving to men the being good, and doing good for their aim. And then she contrasts with this what she thinks the ethics of the modern Churches,—the mere refrain-

ing from evil and leading harmless lives. But to return to Mr. Mill's assertion, that 'the service of humanity' may probably be found to be a motive force as powerful, or even more powerful, than any hitherto known. Now, is it not a fact of history that it was Christ, who by His character, His teaching, His whole revelation, for the first time so enlarged men's narrow hearts as to make some of them at least conceive an universal love for their kind? How He did this we have partly seen already, and cannot dwell more on now. Is it not also a fact of history, that since his sojourn on earth a new virtue, philanthropy, has come into action, and that of the great benefactors of mankind by far the largest number, and those the noblest and most self-denying, have been men who have confessed that they drew their inspiration to well-doing directly from love to Him? Have these not declared that the power which enabled them to overcome natural revulsion, and to seek out their fallen fellow-creatures, even under the most unlovely and revolting circumstances, was the simple faith that God and Christ have pity on themselves, and on all men, even the most degraded? This worth, which human nature, even when most sunk in vice, has in the eyes of Christ, has for His true followers invested it with a new sacredness. In saying this we speak of no mere feeling or fancy, but of one of the soberest, best attested facts. If for eighteen centuries this has been proved to be the strongest motive power in the breasts of great philanthropists, will men's devotion to the good of their kind become wider or more intense if you remove those beliefs which have hitherto fed it? Men's permanent devotion to any object is exactly in proportion to their belief in the worth of that object. Will men's opinion of the worth of the race be greater when you have removed from their minds all thought of an eternal destiny, and convinced them that their yearnings towards God are a delusion? Would human life seem more lovely or more sublime, if you could take Christ out of the heart of the race, and obliterate all sense of the relation in which we stand to God? Would the music of humanity sound more grand and deep if you could silence these, its tenderest, profoundest tones? Nothing that we know of the past or of the nature of things makes it in the least probable that by withdrawing what history has proved to be the strongest motive, indeed the creative power of philanthropy, you will increase its volume. And if we are to wait till trial can be made of the new panacea, the suspense will be long, and the result, we believe, disastrous to the best interests of mankind. It will, we suspect,

require more than the mere assertion of any philosopher to make sober-minded men willing to hazard the experiment.

Not to Christian morality, without the faith which underlies it, still less to the Comtian 'service of humanity,' can we look with hope for the moving force which shall make man fulfil his moral end. There is still another agency, which is so ably recommended that it must not be passed without a word. Mr. Arnold, in the farewell lecture of that remarkable series by which he has added new lustre to an Oxford chair, adorned with living memory by Milman and Keble, has lately renewed his advocacy of Culture as a meliorating power in society. This lecture, like all that Mr. Arnold writes, is instinct with ideas, not indeed formalized into system, and with no parade of philosophy, but more living, more provocative of thought, than much of what passes for philosophy amongst us. From the light banter and playful humour with which he conducts his assaults, there is a danger that minds of the heavy-pounding sort may not recognise his real earnestness. Anew in this lecture he reiterates his assertion that the great enemy to all that is high, pure, and spiritual, is British Philistinism. By Philistinism, he elsewhere explains, is meant, on the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morals, hardness and coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence. Mr. Arnold, who, from a more intimate knowledge of Continental life and manners, is better able than many to estimate British society, thinks that it is rank with this Philistinism. And of the British people he seems to give the great middle class, and the upper part of the lower class, credit for the larger share of it. That the thing he speaks of is no chimera, but a really existing evil, that stands in the way of all moral elevation, no one with an eye to observe what is going on around him, and some things it may be in his own heart, can for a moment doubt. Only it may be doubted whether, when we trace the thing to its root, any class of society can be justly credited with a monopoly of it. Mr. Arnold of course speaks chiefly of English society, with which he is best acquainted. But we in Scotland cannot claim any exemption from the plague of Philistinism. Our Scottish Philistine, however, has not so much of the third element—non-intelligence. Indeed, he has a large fund of intelligence of a sort, but that so raw and harsh a sort, as only to bring into more offensive prominence the other two elements. So little can knowledge alone really educate a man, that sometimes even the very highest scientific attainments may be found combined with the true Philistian character. Mere

knowledge, without those influences that make a man generous, gentle, humane, is to the man within the man a very doubtful gain. But besides raw *brusquerie* of intellect, triumphant industrialism and rapidly gained wealth tend this same way. For Philistinism is a plant that springs up rapidly under the sun of material prosperity. But the truth is, it belongs to no one soil, or set of circumstances. Wherever there is a man pre-occupied with thoughts about himself, and, as a consequence, without thought for others, there is the germ of Philistinism, whether in a coarser form, or a more refined. Where there is a heart at leisure from itself, however rustic and unlettered, there Philistinism cannot be.

For the antidote to this evil, the solvent to break up the horny crust that hardens round the hearts of men, Mr. Arnold looks to Culture; and by culture he means much more than has usually been meant by that word. Not only æsthetic and intellectual elements he makes it include, but moral also, and even religious. It has generally been desired as rendering 'an intelligent being more intelligent;' but besides this, Mr. Arnold regards it in another aspect, as the means 'to make reason and the will of God prevail.' To the former aspect, which regards rather the improvement of each man's self, this view of Mr. Arnold's would add a social and a moral side, which includes, as a main element of culture, the love of our neighbour, and the desire in a man to leave the world better than he found it. What is new in Mr. Arnold's view is the emphasis with which he insists that culture is not only the endeavour to see things as they are—to know the order of the world as it exists—but to know it as the Will of God, and to make this will prevail.

With great power and fine irony, Mr. Arnold shows how in Great Britain, at this hour, men everywhere, absorbed in the pursuit of the means of life, worshipping the machinery, lose sight of the ends—those ends which alone give to the machinery any value. Immersed in love of coal, steam, wealth, population, bodily health and strength, they fail to find true well-being. They find instead the character of Philistines in all its hideousness, as the result of this worship of machinery, this neglecting of the spiritual ends which machinery ought to serve. In rebuke of all this, he reiterates with Epictetus, and how many more, that the formation of the spirit and character is our one real concern. This is familiar teaching—often taught, ever forgotten, 'What will it profit a man . . .' The spiritual ends, however, to which he exhorts, the ideal which he holds

up, contains in it fully as much of the Greek as of the Hebrew element. A complete and harmonious inward perfection, a character combining sweetness and light, the two noblest things we know—sweetness, or the love of beauty, harmony, goodness—light, or the large and high intelligence open to all truth,—these are the ends that make men's real welfare; these he urges them to seek, and to make all their other seekings subserve.

In much of this teaching Mr. Arnold does real service to moral progress. In preaching once more the doctrine of moral ends and means, he is following in the path of all the sages, only with a language which the present hour will understand. But it is because we so entirely side with him as against his opponents, the many enemies of culture, because we see the existence of the evil he warns of, the Philistinism already at our throats, and love the excellence he loves, that we are desirous that no mistake should be made about the right grounds and true method of eradicating the one and of attaining the other. Mr. Arnold makes religion an ingredient in culture, a means, perhaps the highest means, toward culture, yet a means. He thinks that culture, in its ideal of a 'harmonious expansion of all the human powers,' goes beyond religion, as it is generally conceived among us. Again, he says that culture 'adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, is destined to transform and govern' religion. Culture the end, religion the means. But there are things which, because they are ultimate ends in themselves, refuse to be employed as means, and if attempted to be so employed, lose their essential character. Religion is one, and the foremost of these things. Obedience, conformity of the finite and imperfect will of man to the infinite and perfect will of God, this, which is the essence of religion, is an end in itself, the highest end which we can think of; and it cannot be sought as a means to an ulterior end without being at once destroyed. This is an end, or rather the end in itself, to which culture and all other ends are only means. And here in culture, as we saw in pleasure, the great ethic law will be found to hold, that the abandoning of it as an end, in obedience to a higher, more supreme end, will be made the very condition of securing it. Stretch the idea of culture and of the perfection it aims at wide as you will—and Mr. Arnold has widened and deepened it to the utmost—you cannot, while you make it your last end, rise clear of the original self-reference that lies at its root; this you cannot get rid of, unless you go out of culture, and beyond it, abandoning it as the end, and sinking it into what it really is—a means,

though perhaps the highest means, towards full and perfect duty. No one ever really became beautiful by aiming at beauty. Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from deeper sources than itself. If culture, or rather the ends of culture—sweetness and light—are to be healthy natural growths, they must come unconsciously, as results of conformity to the will of God, sought not for any end but itself. On the other hand, culture, making its own idea of perfection the end and religion the means, would degenerate into an unhealthy artificial plant, open to the charges urged against it by its enemies.

But it will be said, Have not religious agencies of all kinds been busily at work for the last three centuries, and behold the result! In the warmest advocates of religion, bitterness and division; in the great mass of the thriving classes, rawness, narrowness, vulgarity; in the lowest portion, barbarism and profanity. Has not the religious idea been tried to the uttermost, and found wanting? Intensify to the uttermost 'the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,' will this cure the inherent Philistinism of our people, achieve the ends which culture longs for? No one can pretend that the religious organizations, as they now are, have done this, or are on the way to do it. So much is their spiritual strength spent in enforcing sectarian and divisive ideas. Sectarianism, whatever else it may have done, has certainly not promoted the harmonious expansion of human nature which Mr. Arnold aims at. But there are signs enough that its day is waning. On all sides we see the new wine—a purer Christian spirit, new and strong as ever, ready to burst the old bottles, if only new ones were at hand to preserve it. Amid all our narrowness, and limitations, and contradictions, is not the horizon visibly widening around us? And as it widens, and as social philosophies one after another try to keep pace with it, and fail, the adaptation of Christ to fill the hearts of all men individually, and the necessity of Him to become the cementing bond of renewed humanity, will become more than ever apparent. In subservience to Him is the right place for culture. Large service lies ready for it to do, if it only understand its true calling, to be the minister of a faith higher than itself. As an instrumentality of this kind, culture may become a most beneficent power, probably the power most needed in this age. But it must be as means, not as end; as servant, not as master.

We have attempted to show, as far as our space allowed, how a new and more vital

force is imported into morality, if we can regard the abstract moral law of ethical science as absorbed into the All-righteous, All-loving Personal Will which Christianity reveals. In doing so we have touched, and that very imperfectly, we are all aware, but one side of a many-sided, indeed of an exhaustless, problem. When man's natural moral sentiments are confronted with the Christian revelation, many other questions arise; some of them more fundamental, though none perhaps more practical, than the one here discussed. Of these fundamental inquiries one of the foremost is, how far man naturally possesses within himself certain moral sentiments which serve as criteria by which the truth of a revelation may be judged. On this grave question we cannot even enter at the close of this long discussion. Only we would remark, that the moral nature in man must be that to which any objective religion, which claims to be universal, must mainly make its appeal. Else man has no internal standard at all by which to try any religion which claims to be received; and on purely external grounds it is conceivable that a religion, teaching immorality, might have much to say for itself. Christianity, at first, though it came with other evidence besides the moral, yet rested its claim mainly on the moral ground, and must do so more and more, as man's moral perceptions, through its agency, along with other agencies at work, become, age by age, deeper and purer.

The appeal to a power of judging in man is made in many different forms by our Lord Himself:—'Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?' St. Paul, too, says that he strove in all he taught to commend himself to every man's conscience. And the more either individuals or the race advance in spiritual intelligence, the more readily will they respond to this appeal in preference to all others. Morality and Christianity have, for eighteen centuries, acted and reacted on each other, the outward teaching quickening the inward perceptions, and these, when quickened, purifying men's apprehensions of the outward truth. And these two have become so interwoven that we believe it to be now impossible to separate them in the moral consciousness of mankind, and to say, this was drawn from the one source, and that from the other. Christianity, from the first, appealing partly to men's natural desire to escape from the dreaded consequences of sin, partly to the moral longing for righteousness, never wholly dead in the race, has, through this mingling of prudential and moral motives, elevated the best of mankind, and made their moral perceptions what they now

are. And these moral perceptions, thus refined, react on the objective religion, and require ever more stringently that the truths presented by it shall be not only moral, that is, comfortable to all that is purest and best in man, but that they shall complement this, strengthen, elevate it. They require not only that nothing which is un-moral shall be taught as true of God and His dealing with man, but that all which is taught concerning Him shall be in the highest conceivable degree righteous, shall be such as to lay hold of and to cherish whatever susceptibility of righteousness there is in man, and carry it on to perfection. This is so obvious that it seems a truism. It is so readily assented to that no one would think of denying it when stated in this general way. Yet it is painful to think how much and how persistently it has often been lost sight of in popular religious teaching, and with how disastrous consequences. We are quite aware of the difficulties which this principle has to meet when turned on to certain points in the elder and more rudimentary forms of revelation. To solve these fairly would require a combination of moral and historical insight, with various kinds of knowledge, such as few possess. But when this principle is applied to the latest and completed revelation, Christianity can meet its requirements in their most exacting form. If precept or truth can elevate, what height of morality can be conceived which shall not find its complement in such precepts as this,—‘Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect’? or in such announcements as these,—‘God is love;’ ‘God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all’? Indeed it is only when the inner moral eye has been clarified that the meaning of these statements comes out at all, and evermore as the moral nature rises these great truths rise above it infinitely. And if it be said that after all these are but general announcements, void of content, and we still need to know what perfection, light, love, are, then there remains our Lord’s own life, with His teaching, actions, character, to fill these general words with concrete meaning and substance.

It were well that those who have to teach religion should consider these matters more closely,—make a study more searching than is commonly made of what there is moral in man,—what this longs for, with what alone it will be satisfied. The most thoughtful teachers know this, know that for want of thus meeting the moral needs of men,—thus grappling with the higher moral side of questions,—there is danger lest the purest morality of modern time part company with the received religion. Men who are to teach

cannot see too clearly, or seize too firmly the distinction between that which is really moral and that which is merely prudential in man; and though they may not altogether pass over notions drawn from the latter region, on the former mainly they must throw themselves, to it must be their chief appeal. They must cease to be content if they can raise men merely to the prudential level of a desire for safety, they must feel that their work is hardly begun till those they teach have come to desire righteousness for the love of itself. They must cease to meet moral yearnings by un-moral doctrines or expedients,—for bread giving men a stone. They must keep steadily before them that nothing can permanently satisfy the moral being in man, but something not less, but more moral, more spiritual than itself. They must feel themselves, and make others feel, that in the Divine economy, though there is much which is mysterious, there is nothing which is not even now supremely moral, and which will not at last be clearly seen to be so. In ceasing to use so exclusively the weapons of merely earthly, and wielding more confidently those of pure spiritual, temper, they need not fear that the old armory of Christianity will fail them. In the old words, the old truths, the old facts, more vitally and spiritually apprehended, because brought closer to the moral heart of man, they will find all they need. This close contact between Christian truths and the highest moral sentiment of the time, while it vitalizes and makes real the former, will react no less powerfully on the latter. There is no moral truth which is not deepened when seen in the light of eternity and of God. That which, regarded from the side of man, is felt merely as a yielding to his own sensual nature, when seen from the side of God as disobedience to a loving and righteous will, to which he owes everything, is deepened into a sense of sin. Character which, when regarded from a merely moral point of view, almost inevitably becomes a building up from our own internal resources, takes altogether another aspect when it is seen that what a man really is in the last resort is determined by the relation in which he stands to God. Then it comes to be felt that the righteous men search for cannot be self-evolved from within, that they must cease from attempting this, must go beyond self, must fall back on a simple receptivity, receiving the rightness and the right-making power which they have not in themselves, from out of the great reservoir of righteousness which is in God. Only on thus falling back on God, and feeling himself to be as of every other thing, so of righteousness, a recipient, is a man truly rightened.

Thus the last moral craving and the first upward look of religion agree in one,—‘A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above.’

ART. II.—*Lyra Elegantiarum. A Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société in the English Language.* By deceased Authors. Edited by FREDERICK LOCKER. London, 1867.

In publishing a collection of English *vers de société*, and in asking for compositions of this kind a distinct place in our literature, Mr. Locker no doubt expected to be met with Sterne's well-worn comment, ‘They manage this matter better in France,’ and such is the popular theory as regards these, the poems of elegance and of social life. But how much better they do or did manage the matter in France, is a question we have asked ourselves. How far either has there ever been in England a school of writers of this kind? Is their poetry better or worse than the French equivalents? In what qualities does it fall short of the standard we have accepted? What helps and what hindrances does it receive from the character of our language? Who writes it, and who reads it? These are points which have been little noticed, and yet not only might a curious comparison be made between French and English *vers de société*, but by looking a little more closely into the subject, we might see many marks of national and literary progress or decadence, and find there a whole history of manners, with traces of our political distinctions, and of the little rivalries of the age. We write and read *vers d'occasion* because we are social creatures, but in turning over the book before us, we have been tempted to think that such a collection of verses has more than a mere passing interest. These Englishmen, from Herrick to Thackeray, wrote as they were moved, not only by their personal fancy, their gallantry, their tenderness, or their pique, but also by the spirit of the age to which they belonged. Such as is the civilisation of any period, such will be that of its lesser poets. Dilettantis will sometimes, we know, persist in preserving a rococo style which their generation has agreed to discard; and great poets are generally teachers, anticipating or originating a school of which they are to be the masters; but assuredly the men of society, the men of letters, of office, and of polite education, reflect with accuracy the peculiarities of their age.

Thus a world of religious, political, and social difference lies between the drawing-room verse of the Elizabethan age and that of the reign of Queen Anne, as it also does between the poets who preceded and those who followed that French revolution which effected as great a change in the literary as in the political creed of Europe.

It may be profitable, then, using Mr Locker's volume as a text-book, to wander for a little in the byways of English verse, to leave the royal roads to fame, and to loiter in paths which are paths of pleasantness, where our guide will prove a good one, all the better because Mr. Locker is himself a poet of the kind Isaac Disraeli described as ‘being polished by an intercourse with the world and with studies of taste, to whom refinement is a science and art a nature.’

The tone of his Preface (which is so pretty an essay, that a critic may well despair of saying anything new about it) is, we observe, slightly apologetic. It is that of a man who, in introducing a favourite protégé, is aware that the world may not view it with the same indulgence as he does. In short, Mr. Locker has pondered over the fact that though every man would be glad to write such verses, and would hold his head higher in society if he could, there is a prejudice against them; they are sometimes thought to be an affectation, and are often supposed to be unnational. We feel, or we have been told, that as a nation our forte does not lie in wit, but that we have a taste for the comic, if it is broad enough; we aver that our genius is practical, and we have a vague, though unaverred suspicion that we are clumsy. Yet this *Lyra Elegantiarum* would go far to prove the contrary, and the compiler might have taken higher praise to himself for having, as old Montaigne expresses it, thus ‘provided the string with which to tie all these flowers together.’

Men are only unreasonable if they insist that this, the lighter or secondary kind of poetry should have qualities to which it does not aspire, and which are in truth incompatible with its own standard of finished and ephemeral grace. Poems like these have often in a small compass many sources of pleasure. Brevity, we have been assured, is needful for wit; and here we have both. The charms of rhythm and alliteration are added, nor must we omit the element of surprise, as a delicate ‘conceit’ generally lurks somewhere, and we come upon it unawares. Finally, there is, or ought to be, the sense of completeness; that strange gratification so subtle of analysis, yet so essential to our pleasure, that we not only demand it in things good, but find that its presence gives a bitter

sweetness to things painful, as we feel when we watch the outward-bound ship sinking beneath the verge, or see the last flickering spark die out of a heap of grey ashes that once were the letters of a mistress or of a friend.

All these elements are essential to the perfection of *vers de société*, but Mr. Locker is right when he demands for them the necessity of being elegant. Perhaps elegance in poetry is as difficult to define as elegance in manner and in dress; both have an inexplicable charm, both have vulgar caricatures made of them which only result in being painfully 'genteel,' and both revenge themselves by being really and wholly impossible of imitation or of counterfeit. Poets are elegant when their minds are so, and when they have acquired by practice the art of expressing their thoughts in a pleasing and often in an apparently artless manner. Yet to no sort of composition does the old remark apply so well, that much art is required to be natural, and thus the pretty and apparently spontaneous verses we see in this collection have, and ought to have, all the care and finish of a miniature. They remind us of the delicate scroll-work of the best Renaissance designs; like the arabesques in the Loggie of Raphael, they are beautiful from harmony and lightness of touch: like the sweet thinness of a Frenchwoman's voice in singing, the charm lies in the finish, not in the feeling; all are elegant, but not powerful,—there is something to touch, much to please, but nothing to rouse one. The finish is the essential: to borrow another illustration from the sister art, Rubens might boast that he painted like a lion, and trust that his power would call off attention from his faults; but what are *tableaux de genre* without elaborate work? Satin dresses, onions, carrots, and dead game would soon be consigned to the limbo of the old-curiosity shops, did not the manner redeem the matter; and thus it is with *vers de société*,—the question is not so much what is done, but how it is done, how much curb the writer has put on himself that quaint rhymes shall not degenerate into doggerel, fancy run into grotesqueness, wit into coarseness, or feeling rise into passion, when the poem ceases at once to belong to the class of the poetry of the drawing-room. Mr. Locker says:—

'In his judgment, genuine *vers de société* should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful. . . . The tone should not be pitched too high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key. . . . The poem may be tinged with a well-bred philosophy, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious, or tenderly ironical, it may display lively

banter, or it may be satirically facetious; it may even, considering it merely as a work of art, be Pagan in its tone, but it must never be ponderous or commonplace.'

Poetry that answers to all these demands is reproached for being artificial. In a certain sense it is. It belongs to an artificial state of society, and is prepared with great art, so as to show a little and not too much of what the author feels; and thus such verses seem to represent a great deal of what is best in our social life,—its polish, its civility, and its self-control. It is easy at any time to indulge in platitudes against society, to describe the worldliness and the vulgarity of what has been well named Vanity Fair; but one seldom hears this from the men or the women who most adorn society, since none value or know so well what it has to teach. They have realized that it is not good for us to live alone; that we sympathize more readily when we have already learned to know men of all estates, and that our powers of heart and mind are in a direct ratio to our powers of sympathy. Many of the beautiful verses in this collection disprove the idea that very elegant writers have no feeling, or have written without it. The feeling is often exquisite,—more exquisite, deep-seated, and positively romantic, than in our stage of civilized life men usually care to show to each other, unless they can qualify its exhibition by something approaching to a jest, as we apologize for a compliment by a bow. It is also certain that the very nature of this art requires leisure as well as sympathy, and no one deeply bereaved, or tormented by jealousy, has leisure for petty fancies. When the storm has come, when the trees in the high garden of the heart are struck by lightning, and the hail has beaten down all the flowers, we do not go out with nets to catch butterflies; they are supposed to be drenched or dead, and we don't care if they are; but all the days of our lives are not equally unpropitious. Men's minds are not always at full stretch; we do not every morning review the cardinal points of our faith in things human or divine, and Love, so far from constantly meditating on the dagger and the bowl, or more seriously considering the taxes and the apothecary's bill, often takes its ease in well-sheltered bowers; there in its hours of idleness it sports with its friends, puts garlands on their heads, pelts them with the new-mown grass, dashes them with drops from the fountain, and pledges them in a 'beaker full of warm south;' while it tastes of a joy that may well express itself in songs as gay and as happy as the birds. Sometimes, too, it happens that wise or wayworn men laying their cares of business or of office aside, and while listening to

the prattle of women and children, have hit off *jeux d'esprit* which pleased their listeners, but which assuredly please themselves still more, because they embody that sense of rest and playfulness which crept over them while they kept holiday. Sometimes such verses have been dictated by hearts that once beat most passionately; for it is one of the strangest phases of passion, that of its ebb-tide, in which, standing as it were aside from our own lives, we contemplate all our late acting and feeling with a tender cynicism which differs from self-pity or from contempt, though it would seem to be composed of both. Complex natures often so look at themselves, and we may be certain that the writers whose poems are before us were men of complex natures, of the social attainments as well as of literary cultivation,—emphatically men and women of the world, gentlemen and gentlewomen in the best and most evident sense of the term, treating their subject and their readers as they do their own feelings, with a reticent and playful good-breeding which is more endearing than many greater gifts. They knew the value of grace; and likewise of mirth; above all they knew the power of good and wholesome nonsense, and generally remembered to assign a place to 'Puck' among the rest of the dramatis personæ which memory or fancy invoked upon the stage. Too often, it is true, the poetry of the drawing-room has been made the vehicle for bitter satire and coarse innuendo; lovers of the calibre of Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu sent such Parthian shafts after each other when Cupid's quiver was emptied, and doctors and lawyers have in their squibs and epigrams shown a brevity and terseness which are not to be found in their speeches or prescriptions; but these pasquinades are the worst examples of the art, they are the '*nummi suberrati*' of the cabinet, mere bronze coins of malice, thinly silvered over with wit. It is essential to the success of any work of art that it should give a certain quantity of pleasure to the readers, and in a poem of elegance we expect to have our minds kept in a pleasurable state, and not to have our teeth set on edge by all the sounds of uncharitableness.

False sentiment is equally painful. What can be more distressing than Moore's lines to his wife (at p. 220), 'Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,' where the deepest feelings for this world and the next are disposed of with a levity that would be indecent were it not absurd to see the cardinal themes of love, life, death, and resurrection disposed of in four such cockneyfied verses? They are not elegant; besides their unreality they have a would-be elegance that is very irritating, and with Mr. Haynes Bayley's 'I'd be a Butterfly,'

are among the few blemishes in Mr. Locker's collection. Less offensive to taste are the bastard pastorals of the last century, of which Mr. Locker has been right in admitting a few specimens. It is true that, as Mr. Ruskin ironically says, these are praises of the country written by people who lived in coffee-houses; but they once were fashionable, and still have a sort of conventional prettiness, while they recall a school which had many disciples both in France and in England. The shepherdess era in painting was certainly more illustrious on the other side of the Channel than on this, and in the same way it is to be doubted whether any English pastoral is as thorough and unaffectedly pretty as the celebrated '*Il pleut, il pleut, Bergère!*' which on French lips seems never to grow old.

So far we have tried to define what genuine *vers de société* ought to be, and in looking at what they have been we are tempted to say that, in matters of taste, the extremes of our literature are about to meet, as if we had more in common now with the earlier writers than with those of the Georgian period, an affinity, be it understood, which exists in the sentiment rather than in the idiom. We are much less artificial than the writers of the eighteenth century, and we are not to be blamed if an increased civilization and knowledge of the world has greatly increased our range of subjects. To justify this idea one may compare a few of the authors who figure in this *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

Herrick ought assuredly to have the precedence. To say that he is a pretty and old-fashioned poet is not to explain his charm. Stiff in form he sometimes is (like a contemporary portrait by Holbein), but he is fresh as an English spring, and very purely English in his diction; and beautiful as his verses are, they are fitting representatives of our tongue at the period from which we date Shakespeare's plays and the translation of the Scriptures. Herrick's language is more Saxon than that of Spenser, for Spenser's vocabulary will be found to contain, along with many obsolete English words, a great number of French and Latin derivation, and his taste as well as his allegories remind us of the old romances, of the *Lais* of the Troubadours, of the poems of Thibault of Navarre, or of the good King René of Anjou; still Herrick bears abundant marks of French influence; and we cannot wonder at it, for it was not so very long since English kings were really French counts of Anjou, and since the poetry and cultivation of England reflected but the culture of Languedoc and Provence. Herrick's rhymes often remind us of Ronsard, but Herrick is never prosaic, which Ronsard is, and the tender human in

terest of Herrick's occasional pieces is more attractive even than Ronsard's exquisite spring song, 'Dieu vous garde, messagers fidelless De printemps vistes arondelles!' or than the 'Avril' of Remy Belleau (1585), which is phrased in Herrick's own manner,—thus

'Avril le parfum des dieux,
Qui des lieux,
Sentent l'odeur de la plaine.
C'est toy courtois et gentil
Qui d'exil,
Retires ces passagères,
Ces arondelles qui vont
Et qui sont
Du printemps les messagères.'

Both authors were contemporaneous with Herrick, but in spite of Ronsard's renown we are inclined to give the bays to the author of the 'Hesperides' and of the 'Night Piece to Julia.' Making allowance for the greater plainness of speech which obtained in those days, Herrick seems to have been a sincere and honest lover, and we feel as if it would have been better for a woman to have been loved by him than by Ronsard, all gallant as he was. Thus the courtier remonstrates with his Angevine lady-love:—

'Quand vous serez bien vieille
Le soir à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant
Divez, chantant mes vers,
En vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étais belle.'

This is pretty, almost as pretty and conceited as Camoens' hint to his Catharine that he had bestowed immortality on her beautiful eyes, but there is a manly simple force in Herrick, a something better than is to be found in Ronsard, when he thus warns his mistress:—

'Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours still free;—
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas the ruby that you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.'

Suckling and Cowley come next in point of date; they have less genius, but are full of happy, graceful lines. In Mr. Locker's book there is one exquisite fragment of Cowley's (p. 41):—

Love in her sunny eyes doth basking play:
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair:

Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen:
But, ah! he never went within!

We do not remember to have met with this before; and yet, although written in England, and early in the seventeenth century, it seems familiar, and almost as if it had suggested one of Heine's most cunning little songs, 'Der Sommer ist auf deinem Wangelein.'

Love and loyalty are the themes to which, for the next half century, the writers of occasional verse owed their inspiration. We hear Lovelace singing of stone walls and iron bars, Montrose devoting his voice and sword to a falling cause, and Arthur Lord Capel making melody in the Tower, till their echoes are drowned by the lighter mirth of Etheridge and Sedley, if not by the ribald wit and coarser ballads of the coffee-houses; and between these two schools of royalists stood the poet of the Commonwealth, the young Milton, telling of 'Mirth' in the most perfect poem of elegance, the veriest pastoral *de luxe*, that has ever come from an English pen. After another period of political troubles, we find ourselves among the wits and poets of the days of Queen Anne; and once again, as under Elizabeth, a remarkable impetus is given to literature in all its branches.

But this age differs widely in taste from the Elizabethan. It is less brave, less fresh, and far less ingenuous, therefore far less poetical; and there is a greater barrier grown up between classes, and between the town and the country, as Pope's satires and the papers in the *Spectator* very clearly show. Men are of a more caustic wit; they are more critical and sceptical; Pope's stately measures, the pure and Spartan pages of Sir William Temple, and the cold classic grace of Addison, are very good things, but they cannot give us back the 'wood-notes wild' of the Shakespearian age, and as it is with this age, so it is with its *vers de société*.

The 'Modish Cupid' of that day not only wore a full-bottomed wig, and snuffed and swore like a fine gentleman, but his loyalty was doubtful and his patriotism very indifferent. In fact, he was often (or affected to be) half a Frenchman, and he was, we think, none the better for this wearing of strange suits, and being so wholly out of love with his nativity. King William's policy had preserved the nationality and independence of England, but her statesmen and men of letters were deeply imbued with French taste. For in those days we gave nothing to France, and an Angliomania was a thing unknown

under the Grand Monarque; even Louis xv. disliked any adoption of English manners, and asked angrily of a courtier just returned from London what he could have learned in that place. 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser,' answered the Marquis. '*A penser!* probablement les chevaux,' retorted the King, who may or may not have been aware that for half a century English philosophers had learned a very great deal from France. The letters, the taste, the opinions, the music, and the fashionable morality of most of our literary men were French; Bolingbroke's perhaps most notably so: but there was one splendid exception, the genius of Jonathan Swift escaped the contagion, and his *vers d'occasion*, whether in the exquisite letters yearly addressed to Stella on her birthday, or in the irresistibly humorous 'Petition of Mrs. Francis Harris,' are among the best in our language, while they are free from any affectations, either home-grown or imported. Was this sympathy with France justifiable or genuine? We think it was misplaced in those who could realize how vast was the interest at stake in that struggle for our nationality which lasted through the reigns of William and of Anne, and which, if we recall the danger of the rebellions, may be said to have coloured the reigns of the two first Georges; but we think that it was genuine, and that Louis xiv. therein achieved a conquest he did not dream of when he smarted under the blows which his arms received from Marlborough. The intellectual light of France was so dazzling, that it might well illuminate both the Court of Potsdam, and the English shores: and of that light Paris was the focus.

The features of social life in courtly Paris were for the most part evil. Veil it as we may, let Madame de Sévigné's kindly gossip but half conceal and half disclose its scandals and its heart-burnings, the pictures drawn by Dangeau and St. Simon have sharp outlines, and the *vers de société* are of a very tell-tale description. There is, to those who are conversant with French verse, a curious peculiarity proper to this period. The French people make no more songs; the ballad-book of old France is closed, and no more additions are made to it now that the wars are over, that the old captains of the 'religion' or of the Low Countries are dead, or represented only by the courtiers of Marly and Versailles: but, on the other hand, French wit is sharpened as it were by the life of courts, which had succeeded to that of camps, and, if we may borrow the expression of a recent writer, 'French malignity' makes great strides. *It was to reach its climax in the foul and bitter pasquinades with which

Marie Antoinette was assailed; but all through the eighteenth century 'malignity' seems to have been the evil genius of French social literature, and poems were too often but vehicles for personal, family, and party spite. Thus their *vers de société* may be divided into three sorts,—the epigram, in which they excel; malicious and libertine pieces, not commendable even for their *finesse*; and the affected but finished verses which have the heavy wit of the Hotel Rambouillet.

Standing apart from the more shameless chicaneries and excesses of some other circles, the society of the Hotel Rambouillet held an honoured place, as the centre of that elegant trifling, that dallying with literature and love which are so distinctive of the period. At no time were *vers d'occasion* so abundant, at no time were they so essential to polite life. Voiture frequented the Hotel, and thither came many others, all anxious to give, that they might receive, that meed of praise which modern poets covet as much as ever did wandering minstrel of old. The *romances*, letters, songs, and sonnets of this society would fill volumes. At the time, they circulated from mouth to mouth, were read, admired, and imitated, yet very few of them can now give us any pleasure, chiefly on account of their prosaic stiffness and unreality. We are ready to admit in their excuse that stiffness was expected from them, and fashion naturally dictated the shape of poems produced in and for society. The hand of a good author may occasionally be recognised, but the form of the letter or song seems to have been prescribed, and therefore unavoidable. There is no instance of this so striking as that of M. de Montansier, the husband of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. Lover and lord of the most accomplished and notable *précieuse* of the day, his verses are stiff and quaint, and, when compared with the strength and endurance of his passion for her, childishly weak and affected. Yet Montansier, the 'Misanthrope' of Molière's play, the austere tutor of the Dauphin, the coadjutor of Bossuet in their unenviable task, Montansier the soldier, and at one time the Calvinist, was truly fond of letters and of poetry. Had custom so allowed, we can fancy him penning a sonnet as grave as Milton's; while for Julie he cherished so deep, and at one time so unrequited an attachment, that had he lived in the nineteenth century, and at Holland House, instead of at the Hotel Rambouillet, in the 'Siècle Louis xiv.,' he might possibly have written to her verses of Byronic passion. All misanthrope as he was, he was not the less the man of his day; he fought in its fields,

lounge in its saloons, read its long-winded romances, and finally laid at Julie's feet a 'garland' of *vers de société*, a book still remembered, it is true, but unredeemed from the charge of being flat and stale, by the fact of its being a 'curiosity of literature,' and the work of all the frequenters of the brilliant circle which surrounded his mistress. Molière must have seen a great deal of all this love and letter-making, and probably it was not a rare event for the poet to be himself asked to supply to some M. Jourdain of the day impromptus long kept in hand, with which to pay unreal court to some unreal flame. Nothing, Molière felt, was real in the whole performance except its vanity and its self-consciousness, and the summing up of his satire is really the best of all criticism on *vers de société*, that when they become a habit, or articles of trade, demanded and supplied by fashion, and no longer produced by strong propensity, they lose all their value and their sweetness.

The two schools of verse we have distinguished, the licentious and the pedantic, remained in vogue till the Revolution, and the latest imitations of the inane style may be seen in a publication called the *Almanach des Muses*. The number for 1820 is on the table as we write, and it would puzzle even the most genial of critics to find in it one page of fresh and genuine poetry. Yet in speaking as we have done of the most correct school of French poetry of the second order, we are not deaf to much that is beautiful in that language. There, as in English, we think some of the oldest writers are the happiest. What, for example, can be prettier than these lines of Jean Bertaut's, still often said and sung in France, though their authorship and date (1552) is forgotten:

Félicité passée !
 Qui ne peut revenir !
 Tourment de ma pensée :
 Que n'ai-je en te perdant,
 Perdu ton souvenir ?
 'Hélas ! il ne me reste,
 De mes contentements,
 Qu'un souvenir funeste,
 Qui me les convertit
 A toute heure en tourments.'

Space fails us for illustrating by many examples the difference that exists between French and English *vers de société*, but the result of a careful comparison between the two will establish a diversity rather than a rivalry of merits. The French writers have much wit and finish, and their verse is always best when it most clearly follows the epigrammatic model. If they have not really more

tenseness of expression, they have at least the advantage of us in possessing a language more graceful, flexible, and perfectly adapted to the interchange of thought than any other European tongue. Purity and elegance of idiom are always found in French, and it would not be easy to compile from among their authors a volume of the inelegant and dislocated stuff which is in fashion now both in England and America; their rules are better kept, and if we are often intensely impatient of French verse, it is because we so infinitely prefer the great beauties and attractions of French prose. The passion of the nation for songs has, moreover, been hurtful to its drawing-room poetry. Take for example the productions of the 'Caveau,' and they may, we think, truly be declared inferior both in taste and composition to what their authors were capable of doing had not fashion compelled them to bring out a vast quantity of 'chansons.' It was for a short time only that Béranger was a member of this society; had he remained in it his style would have suffered; but he left it, and he lives the most beautiful example of the new school of French poetry, escaped from the trammels of both the old bad patterns. With Béranger's lyrics, immortal as his country, we have not to occupy ourselves; but he also wrote some pieces which deserve the very first place in any French 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' Such are 'Treize à Table' and 'Maudit printemps,' which we give as illustrative of modern French taste:

'Je la voyais, de ma fenêtre,
 A la sienne tout cet hiver;
 Nous nous aimions sans nous connaître,
 Nos baisers se croisaient dans l'air:
 Entre ces tilleul sans feuillage,
 Nous regarder combait nos jours,
 Aux arbres tu rends leur ombrage,
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !
 'Sans toi je la verrais encore,
 Lorsqu'elle s'arrache au repos,
 Fraîche comme on nous peint l'aurore,
 Du jour entreouvrant les rideaux
 Le soir encore je pourrais dire,
 Mon étoile achève son cours !
 Elle s'endort, et la lampe expire:
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !
 'C'est l'hiver que mon cœur implore:
 Ah ! je voudrais qu'on entendit,
 Tinter sur le vitre sonore,
 Le grésil léger qui bondit:
 Que me fait tout ton vieil empire,
 Tes fleurs, tes zéphyrs, tes long jours ?
 Je ne la verrai plus sourire;
 Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours !'

To any one anxious to pursue the analysis, we would instance many pieces, both humorous and pathetic. 'Bon soir la Compagnie,' by

Latteignant, and Désaugier's 'Diner d'Etiquette,' are unfortunately too long for transcription here; and in a different vein, there are Etienne's 'Le Point du Jour,' and the plaintive little 'Chemin du Paradis,' as well as the poems of Favre d'Eglantine, whose 'Je t'aime tant' has four verses so tender and so finished, that they may vie with Shelley's lines to an Indian air, or with his 'Goodnight—ah! no, the hour is ill,' which has a deserved place in Mr. Locker's collection. But it is an exception when the French masters approach the English in pathos or in tenderness. In those qualities we carry away the prize, perhaps also in a quality which is more difficult to define, in the art of being gay without being foolish, slight without being light, and mirthful without being ever so little indecorous. On this side of the Channel, we do not, for one thing, make such violent efforts to be cheerful; a very modest hilarity for the most part suffices us; and if we ever are gay, we flatter ourselves that, like Goldsmith's bear, we 'only dance to the very genteelst of tunes.'

In political poems, we have also been moderate. There was a time in our history when political feeling ran very high, and found a vent in the *Rolliad*, in the poetry of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' and of the 'New Bath Guide;' but all these are free from venom; and one of the best signs of the present day is the abundance of good-humoured squibs and rhymes which the events of every week call forth in the pages of *Punch* and the *Owl*. All these must astonish foreigners: for French political jokes are made and circulated under protest, and they generally take the shape of an epigrammatic *mot*, which is sometimes said to be the wit of one, while it so represents the feeling of the many, that no one can be really made responsible for it. Thus it happens, that at present England produces more and better *vers de société* and *d'occasion* than her wittier neighbour; and it is very natural that she should. We are very rich, and very free; and we have, or ought to have, scholarship and taste enough to know a good model from a bad. Our statesmen are still taken from the highly educated classes, though it may be that the next century will not endure ministers as cultivated as Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone; and that of Praed's muse, nothing will then be in fashion but her early liberalism.

In thinking of the authors who have written *vers de société*, or of the men of office and business who have occasionally produced them, one turns to Praed with a curious appreciation of his fitness for such a style. Witty, polished, and intensely metrical, his poems come up to the very ideal of English

drawing-room verse. Full of banter and of kindly irony, and with a lurking sense in them of the poet's latent feelings, they sparkle with wit and grace. Praed has not the many sudden turns from gay to grave which startle us in Thackeray, nor has he Thackeray's natural pathos and dry humour: neither has he that incessant play upon words which in Hood almost ends in being wearisome; he trifles, but it is only in manner; he banters, but he is never savage or personal. How perfect are some of the lines written after the close of the war, which he called 'Mars disarmed by Cupid:—'

'Aye bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Tho' dire the burden be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea.
The ruthless murderer swears and prays,
So let him swear and pray;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.

'We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
Huzzas and epaulettes.
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay,
That horrid Buonaparte's dead:
Yes! take the sword away.

'We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs,
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs:
We're quite content to rule the waves
Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave,
But take the sword away.

'Let Portugal have rulers twain:
Let Greece go on with none:
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun.
Let Turkey tremble at the knout,
Let Algiers lose her Dey:
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out:
But take the sword away.

'Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad:
Our farmers say with one consent,
It's all—immensely bad.
There was a time for borrowing,
But now it's time to pay:
A budget is a serious thing,—
So take the sword away.

'And oh, the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame;
The dread that o'er our heartstrings crept
With every post that came.
The home affections waged and lost
In every far-off fray,
The price that British glory cost!
Ah! take the sword away.

'We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach;
And freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day;
But till we know the reason why,
Take, take the sword away.'

Praed has a bewitching versification; more felicitous than any of his compeers or followers; and his work is in such perfect taste, that a quaint arrangement of syllables or an absurd idiom is never made to do duty as wit, a distinction which ought surely to keep up between genuine *vers de société* and *nonsense verses*. It is remarked that his writings are very popular in the United States, and we take this as a proof of the wholeness and soundness of his genius and style, that, all English gentleman as he was, seldom rising above the themes which the drawing-rooms, the club, or the lobby of the House of Commons supplied, he is felt to be a poet by readers alien to all his habits; and this appreciation we believe to be genuine, and not due in any way to his semi-American descent.

It would be interesting to collect and compare all the poems which have been suggested by *London*, from Dr. Johnson's sober lines, full of morality and many-syllabled words, to Luttrell's inimitable 'Letters of Julia', James and Horace Smith's clever verses, Mr. Locker's 'London Lyrics', and the pieces which constantly appear in our periodicals. The subject, of course, is simply inexhaustible, but each poet selects the aspect of the *town* which strikes him most; and as we turn over their pages, we too choose the subjects which are most sympathetic to us. Mr. Locker's 'Piccadilly' is one of the happiest things of the kind; but Luttrell is the man who has tried to draw a complete picture of the London of good society; and his clever well-bred verses are perfect models of *vers de société*, as opposed to the satire. His description of a November fog, of the sudden rise and eclipse of a London *fashionable*, and of the thunder-shower in Kensington Gardens, are among his best; and it is high praise to say, that in that pretty trifle, 'Boyle Farm,' Lord Ellesmere followed him very closely and very well.

We have paused before we approached the name of Walter Savage Landor, because we felt that this scholar differed much from the generality of writers of occasional verse, for he drank his inspiration at a different source, and his draughts were from the springs on Helicon. Yet Landor's occasional poems are his best ones; his longer pieces are but failures when compared with them,

and though through everything he writes we hear echoes of classical strains, yet we are dazzled by his versatility of styles, and surprised that this man, so full of pathos, so true to himself, is not only a poet, but an epitome of many poets. Might not this have been found in the old Anthologies?

'On the smooth brow and clustering hair,
Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine:
The daller olive I would wear:
Its constancy, its peace be mine.'

And is not this in Heine's best manner?

'Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day,
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved me;" then rise and trip away.'

Again, by some lines addressed to Michelet, we are reminded of Wordsworth; and indeed Landor resembles him in much, through the same deficiency in humour. Some pieces suggest the woodland, some the study, and some are full of personal feeling that cannot be mistaken; but where the passion is so subdued, and touched with such a light and fanciful hand, that it does not pass beyond the limits assigned to it in these the poems of elegance. Take, for example, the verses beginning

'No! my old love of other years,
No! it can never be;
Much rests with you that yet endears:
Alas! what rests with me?'

In this gift of brevity, and in the art of hinting at, rather than revealing the thought that fills his mind, Landor approaches more nearly to Heine than any English author. Touching as is Lord Houghton's 'They seemed to those who saw them meet,' he is more diffuse than Heine; but Landor, like the German poet, leaves all the details to the imagination, content that by one touch he has stirred it, and so stands unrivalled in his art. Sometimes he is not only terse, but epigrammatic; thus—

'Alas! how soon the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the lover,
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage;
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!'

We had kept this 'good wine' till the last, and were tempted here to take leave of the

subject, but we remember (to quote again from Landor)—

‘However rich and plenteous the repast,
Nuts, almonds, wafers, biscuits come at last,’

and modern *vers de société* seem to summon us to make such a selection for dessert. Shall we take the occasional *jeux d’esprit* which Mr. Hayward has permitted himself; or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe’s rather heavy wit; or Theodore Martin’s beautiful pieces, where we find a poet’s genius and a scholar’s care; or Mr. O. Wendell Holmes’s pretty poems, ‘Under the Violets,’ and the ‘Katydid;’ or Mr. Calverley’s clever ‘Ode to Tobacco;’ or, tired of the late Mr. Spencer’s effusions for Albums and Books of Beauty, shall we prefer the almost weekly displays of their talents made by Messrs. Shirley Brooks, Leigh, Collins, and others, who contribute to our amusement in *Punch*, *Fun*, and other periodicals?

Every grade of society now ‘keeps its poet,’ and there is but one fault to find with the arrangement,—that our drawing-room poetry grows more abundant than good. ‘J’ai vu les mœurs de mon temps,’ said the French philosopher, and so says many a clever telling verse! but it too often betrays at the same time haste and a spirit of competition. Of the poems we have analysed from Herrick to Landor, the greater number we are sure owed their birth to leisure, and it is because women are strangers to the best of all leisure, that which follows on manly, useful, and sustained occupation, that they seldom write, and perhaps hardly appreciate this kind of poetry. *Vers de société*, in the narrowest acceptation of the word, were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, but these ladies were exceptions to most rules, and exceptional even among authoresses, while on Lady Mary the well-bred philosophical air which should distinguish drawing-room verse sat ill, and beginning by being coarse she ended by being bitter. Of late, our lady writers, great as has been their success in fiction and in devotional poetry, have hardly attempted the poetry of elegance. Englishwomen in general have not that conversational ease and self-control which are requisite; they either express their feelings with great passion in their books, or they are modestly reticent: they never appear to trifle about the tender passion, and, considered as writers, are curiously devoid of humour, ‘George Eliot,’ standing almost alone in the possession of that gift. The absence of precise education and of scholarship makes women insensible to the artistic charm of highly-finished poetry: thus they are often taken with the weakly

religious, the sensational, or the unintelligible style, and the demand creating the supply, does real harm to poetry considered as an art. That which is of the highest order has other aims, and must, we know, be looked at from other points of view than the merely artistic; but as regards this, the lighter or secondary sort of poetry, which for lack of another or better name we have called the *poetry of elegance*, it were to be wished that writers and readers would go to school in the English undefiled of this *Lyra Elegantiarum*. They will find there the best of models when they want to banter or to flirt, or it may be to whisper into the ear of society a bit of good-humoured and not too tedious advice.

ART. III.—*Concilia Scotiæ—Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ Statuta tam Provincialia quam Synodalia quæ supersunt, 1225–1559.*
Edinburgi, 1866. 2 vols. quarto.

BEFORE noticing the remarkable work whose title is prefixed, we must say something of its author, who was dead before this last product of his learned industry was in the hands of the public. Thinking that such a man ought not to be allowed to pass away without some more lasting memorial than is afforded by the obituary column of a newspaper, we propose to devote a few pages to tell the general reader something of the life and qualities of one who stood alone in the department of letters which he cultivated.

JOSEPH ROBERTSON, born in 1810, was a native of Aberdeenshire. To speak more precisely, he was of a family of small tenants or yeomen, if we may use a word not native to us, settled in the Brae of Mar, between Dee and Don. The designation of the class to which his family belonged is of little consequence. Perhaps the English yeoman is not to be found in Scotland, or found only ‘with a difference.’ The well-to-do farmer of England, if, by some rare accident, he wishes to push his family fortunes out of his own sphere, looks to a shop in the neighbouring town, or gathers a little money and sends a son out to Canada or Australia. Some other channels may tempt him, if he is ambitious; but the last of all to be thought of, is the laborious and secluded life of a man of letters and learning, without even the Church for a remunerating object. Thanks to our cheaper education, thanks also perhaps to a traditionary feeling for scholarship among our people, this is different with us; and the education which

Robertson got at school and college is enjoyed by multitudes of his own rank who are never heard of for any learning or literary accomplishment in after life. His classical scholarship was in fact very homely, and amounted to nothing more than a power to read and write grammatically Latin prose, and to enjoy and quote with pleasure Virgil's *Æneid*. He had no more Greek than Shakespeare, and of modern tongues he was well read only in English and Scotch, with a grammatical knowledge of French. Such was the apparatus of arms with which he had to carve his way to reputation or fortune. We don't mean to follow him through the stages of his journey upwards, though not a step that he took but was honourable. At school he was the bold boy, renowned for feats of strength and daring; at college (Marischal College) a leader of the Burschen. On leaving the University he began the serious business of life in an Advocate's or law-agent's office in Aberdeen. He was not, perhaps,

'A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.'

He even derived some benefit afterwards from a little acquaintance with the language of law-process; but he did not relish his occupation in the attorney's office, and soon left it. However, he never for a moment lost courage, and turned without difficulty to each new means of living that offered. Like so many men who have run a literary course, Robertson first found a vehicle for his thoughts, and a shadowy hope of remuneration, in a local magazine. Then he was editor of a provincial paper in Aberdeen. These first occupations may have had some influence upon his after life. The editor of a provincial paper, if he is good for anything, and if he would please his readers, must dabble in local antiquities; and the antiquities of Aberdeen, town and county, soon obtained a foremost interest in the mind of Robertson. But there was from the beginning a bias to one pursuit, which gradually encroached upon the other occupations that he had recourse to, rather of necessity than choice. His mind from the first had been turned to history. The first *jeu d'esprit* of his magazine days was a historical squib, which he called 'The Last of the Pechts,' and wherever he found an opportunity he willingly overflowed into historical inquiry and discussion. That he was saved from the vagueness into which historical discussion had run in Scotland, was chiefly owing to the rare good sense that was innate in him, but partly to an occupation that soon filled a great part of his time.

When the Spalding Club was instituted in 1839, for the investigation of northern historical antiquities, Robertson took a large share in the editorial work. Several volumes of personal memoirs, and of Scotch history, were given to the world, with all the accuracy befitting historical works, and with the careful research and elucidation which were soon found to mark whatever Robertson put his hand to. But the work which was to give the best training to his own mind, and to prepare him for historical undertakings of greater magnitude, was a collection of parochial antiquities of the Northern Counties, begun under the direction, and at the expense of the late Lord Aberdeen, the statesman Earl of Aberdeen. The plan of the book was to class under each parish the extant charters and documents of any antiquity regarding it, and for this purpose private charter-chests, and chartularies of bishoprics and monasteries, were laid under contribution. One object was to abolish the race of fabling antiquaries and pedigree-mongers. Nothing was to be admitted but actual evidence, such evidence as the nature of the facts allowed. Accuracy was everything, and it required care and accomplishment of various kinds.* Such an occupation gave a definite direction and limits to the scope of Robertson's studies, a thing of much importance to every student.

It may seem to some, perhaps to most of our readers, a dreary enough occupation. The charters and law transactions showed little more than who gave and who got the land, with only a glimpse now and then of curious tenures and peculiar rural customs. There was one source of local history, hitherto quite unexplored,—vestiges of old tradition; and a mind like Robertson's, rating tradition only at its worth, still valued as facts the received traditions of each age. These he found in the breviaries and old church books, and ancient lives of now forgotten saints, compared and joined on to existing names of places, customs, supersti-

* First of all, the old charter must be read and printed correctly. It is a mistake to think that a knowledge of old hand is sufficient for this purpose. Many letters in old charters, like *u* and *n*, and *t* and *c*, are identical; many words in old charters are written in a contracted form, and require to be extended according to the sense of the sentence. The editor, therefore, must know Latin grammar, and be familiar with middle-age Latin, the language of charters. He must be acquainted with the names of persons and places of the district, the measures, money, customs of the age, as well as the antique phraseology of feudal law. Most old charters are undated, and to fix their periods is a mystery by itself, requiring a good library, much study, and continual practice.

tions, often unwittingly drawn from such old sources.

As they stand, these 'Antiquities of the Shires' contain the territorial history of the district. They show the transmission of land, the growth and succession of families, the settlement and history and antiquities of parish churches. They require nothing but to be cast into a narrative form to make excellent county histories, after the best manner of those delightful books in England. The qualities required for compiling such a collection, the education necessary, is only to be acquired, here in Scotland, by the laborious process of self-instruction. There are no teachers with us for such a study. Even books which abound in other countries are wanting with us. The dictionaries of Ducange and Carpentier, the mighty volumes of Mabillon; and the *Nouveau Traité Diplomatique*; the work which forms a little library of itself—*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, are not enough. Scotland has a law language and a charter language in many points peculiar. Our tenures and customs were different from France and England, and the first of all qualifications for a historical antiquary among us to know the manners of the people and their language. The accomplishment which costs so much study, so much practice, was unfortunately not much valued at first. Must we confess it,—the absolute truthfulness, the requiring of evidence for every step, the highest qualities in the editor of such a work, were not in great repute in Scotland. Our old historians, from Fordun and Boece down to Leslie and Buchanan, were great inventors, after a classical model, and were at no loss to supply facts to support their principles; and later writers of national antiquities were hardly more to be depended upon. Chalmers, the most industrious, is sadly wanting in accurate scholarship. Pinkerton, the most learned, is so full of prejudice, and so violent in expressing it, that truth is lost in the rage of words. Lord Hailes was a better guide, but his Presbyterian leaning and a somewhat foolish fear of being scorned as superstitious, kept him from working out and using the imperfect relics of Church history and law, from which Joseph Robertson has derived such important aids for history. All these things were against us when Robertson began his labours, and even in the present day we have writers making a gainful trade of family history, who are capable of colouring and even suppressing documents; and industrious and quite honest amateur collectors founding on 'family tradition'—which means the drawing-room scrap-book—and 'Abercromby's martial achievements'!

Leaving Aberdeen, Robertson spent some

years in Glasgow, still as editor of a newspaper—the '*Constitutional*;' but finding time to continue his Spalding Club works, and to edit for the Maitland Club some books of a similar nature, or requiring the same qualities in an editor. At Glasgow he found time too to contribute to the *Quarterly Review* a paper on the ecclesiastical architecture of Scotland, which greatly pleased the critical taste of Mr. Lockhart, the editor, and which is a good specimen of the author's style and of the careful way in which he arrays his facts and proofs and inferences. Like others of his works, this paper, now printed separately, has become the 'handbook' for the subject. Robertson was gradually becoming known even while cultivating studies so severe and little popular; and when he came to Edinburgh to take charge of the *Courant* newspaper, he was received very cordially among a little band of students and fellow-labourers in the field of historical antiquities. The meetings of the Society of Antiquaries were attractive to him, and gave him opportunities of bringing forward some of his rare learning and accomplishment. He had his recreations too, and he enjoyed the rare intervals of freedom that broke the hard work of everyday life as much as he had of old enjoyed a school holiday at Udney. It was in the fine autumn of '53 that he spent a week with some friends in the north, who were leading the rough half-pastoral life of a shooting-lodge. Robertson had not visited that part of the country before, but he soon showed that he knew its history well, and could enjoy its remarkable beauty. The youngest of the party were not too wild for him in their rambles in the old forest and in the rocky gorges of the river. He ran and climbed and swam with the most active. But when the seniors wanted quieter occupation, he was ready. They all knew the picturesque ruins of the Abbey of the glen, but what a charm was added to them when Joseph Robertson recalled the foundation and endowments of the monastery by kings and bishops, and taught his pupils to find the farms bestowed in their charters, and the pools where the monks had special grants of salmon-fishing! How genially he described the peaceful life of the old monks,—their labours of the field, the mill, the river; their building, their gardening, their studies, their church-service! He told how they had got a Papal Bull to give them the right, and then worked iron out of those hills, where none is found now, though there are traces of the slag round the smelting-pits of those old miners. The party returned with quite a changed idea of monastic life. Another day he led the same party away over some miles of heather

to a remote moorland loch, in the midst of which stands an ancient strength, once the head castle of a great earldom. It was known to be of Edwardian architecture, and that was one attraction for Robertson. While they ate their luncheon on the green bank of the loch, he told how the Countess of Athole had been besieged there by the Regent, Sir Andrew of Moray, and of Edward iii.'s marvellous march with men-at-arms—heavy cavalry—through the fastnesses of Athole and Mar to relieve her. But the castle had another interest, for it was shrewdly suspected to be built upon piles driven in the lake; and Robertson enlightened his friends with descriptions of cranogues and lacustrine dwellings, then little known. There was no time for the investigation that day, and when he was gone the spirit and interest flagged.

In the summer of '61, he was on a more exciting adventure. It was then that the tumulus of Maes-howe, beside the great circle of Stennes, was opened; and there, says Mr. Farrer, 'the keen eye of Mr. Joseph Robertson discovered the first of the Runic inscriptions.' So, a year or two later, he was of the exploring party that discovered the remarkable sculptures on the walls of the caves at Wemyss.

But we have gone too fast. As editor of the *Courant*, he discharged his duty with strict conscientiousness; but the labour of editing a newspaper three times a week bore heavily even upon his buoyant spirits; and when his friends saw a possible opening for him in the Register House, he caught eagerly at what had been one of his earliest wishes, although the emolument was much less than his editorial salary. Towards the end of the year 1853 he received the appointment of Searcher of Records for literary purposes, or as the office was afterwards authoritatively named, Curator of the Historical Department. The office was given him by Lord Aberdeen's Government, and indeed at his Lordship's personal suggestion. The duty was perfectly to his taste, and he took to his new occupation with all his heart. In a short time he had the good fortune to serve under a chief who appreciated his qualities, and knew how to turn them to account.

When Sir William Gibson-Craig came to the Register House as Lord Clerk Register, he was struck with the talents and learning of Robertson, and almost at once employed him in preparing his great scheme of Record publications. Now commenced the busiest and the happiest time of Robertson's life. In virtue of his office, he had to make the vast stores of original records under his custody accessible to all students, and this he did in

no formal or niggard manner. He sympathized with all intelligent study, and was delighted to serve as a guide to the right sources of information. He was free from the petty jealousy which sometimes makes a keeper of records unwilling to have his stores made public. He despised, and could hardly conceal his contempt for men who hide historical documents for fear they might lose value by being known. The new duties thrown upon him by the Lord Register were equally agreeable to him. He took pleasure in arranging the materials of a great collection of national mss., to be printed by Sir Henry James's process of Zincography,—a new and more intelligent *'Anderson's Diple-mata,'* and he planned and looked forward to superintending the publications which should illustrate from records all the great eras of our history. He gathered materials which should throw new light on the War of Independence; the constitution fixed by Bruce; the reigns of our Stuart kings, so full of noble designs seldom accomplished; the Reformation time, and his own peculiar era of Queen Mary, where every point is disputed, and waits the settlement of records. Later still, he had the whole field marked out, the records that would be most useful, the editors to use them. Collections were to be made for the great civil war under Charles I., which has been made history in England, but not here. He dwelt upon the growth and progress of political study, the definite shaping of the constitution, and social changes which mark that period. He had not much sympathy with the Covenanters and Puritans in church matters, and it was more as a Scotchman than as a religionist that he took pride in the resistance to Laud, which brought matters to a crisis in both countries. He was a hearty patriot and politician, though no partisan, and, with all his feeling for remote antiquity, he thought the living and earnest interest of political students should not be postponed indefinitely, while the scattered fragments of an earlier state of society are collecting for curious antiquaries. Robertson threw all his energies into the discharge of these double, but not inconsistent duties,—the assisting of the living student of history, the preparation of materials for the future historian. His temper was almost imperturbable; and the most exacting, even the most ignorant inquirer, never put him out of humour by his interruptions.

On the other hand, it often happened that two or three friends, working on kindred subjects, met in his room and communicated their difficulties. Then ensued pleasant disputes, and then shone forth Robertson's accurate knowledge and marvellous memory.

His precision was not offensive, there was so much gentleness and modesty in his manner. These qualities, with the ready use of the historical stores in his custody, soon reached beyond the circle of his friends, and made his room the haunt of most students of history and scholars worthy of the name. But indeed he had not been long in his office when his accomplishments were discovered by all sorts of people. He never went into questions of abstract law; and with some real and a little affected modesty, left them to the professed lawyer. But for disinterring an old historical honour like the dukedom of Chatelherault, the agent was fortunate who secured the assistance of Robertson. When Edinburgh and Dublin strove for precedence, Robertson arrayed the proofs of ancient sovereignty of his native capital with a zeal and affection that many might share, but with a learning all his own. If deer-loving lords disputed about their rights of forest, the learning of 'vert and venison,' not to be found in our law-books, was to be dug out of old charters by Joseph Robertson. Parishes, and even counties, having an ill-defined march, came to Robertson, who could point to a record that made matters plainer, and saved a lawsuit. In the vexed questions of *decimæ inclusæ*, or informal valuations of titles, many a poor minister sought his aid, and obtained it without a fee. The clergy of his own (the Episcopal) Church took counsel with him in revising their canons and constitutions.

According to his view of duty, Robertson's labours were not limited to mere office attendance. They involved extensive researches for English and Foreign scholars, and a correspondence of great variety. His correspondence, indeed, was getting only too extensive. If a local historian was at a loss for a bit of charter-learning, he applied without hesitation to the Curator of the Historical Department. Mr. Burton, the historian of Scotland, compared his views and conclusions with those of Robertson; and he himself has told us that 'if you had a casual discussion with Robertson on some obscure point, you were sure to receive from him next morning a letter full of minute and curious erudition concerning it. He was ever ready with his help.' The most learned antiquaries of the Celtic Church in Ireland were in constant communication with him about their common subject of study. If an English historian required to cross the Border, Robertson was sure to be his guide among the clashing factions of his country, which none but a Scotchman can quite understand. Foreign scholars, interested in the period when Scotch and French history run

into one, or in the antiquities of the Roman Church, which is not limited by national boundaries, applied to Robertson in their difficulties. While he was corresponding with the Dean of Westminster about the history of the Coronation Stone of Scotland and of Britain, and with the Comte de Montalembert about the early Christianizing of our islands, the most learned Dr. Reeves took his assistance for his history of St. Columba and the family of Iona; and such was his obliging nature, such his zeal for historical literature, so freely did his stores of knowledge overflow, that men of eminence in all departments who had once consulted him counted upon his friendship, and not in vain.

His official place of work in those days was that noble hall added to the Register House of the Adams in Mr. Thomas Thomson's time, who bestowed all his taste in its arrangement. It contains the proper historical records of independent Scotland. In one press are the original registers of Parliament, from the reign of Robert Bruce; in another, the records of Privy Council; a third contains the quaint antique rolls, and the books of accounts of the great public officers from the earliest period of such registers; a fourth, the register of the Great Seal, the foundation of our land rights, to which no other country has anything *simile aut secundum*.

It was there that Mr. Robertson used to receive visitors and all who wished his help and guidance among the records which he knew so well. It was there he was seen to advantage. There was never a crowd; but among the best and most learned of his own city were occasionally to be found distinguished English scholars and historians, and now and then a French or German *savant*. His own usual chair was directly under a picture of Mr. Thomas Thomson. It was impossible for one who knew both men not to think how the great record scholar, the historical antiquary of the last generation, would have welcomed and valued his follower, who walked in his steps, who imitated his accuracy, his respect for antiquity, his high views of the duty of an historical editor, but went beyond him in untrodden fields of Church antiquities.

His industry at this period must have been prodigious. After the formal Office business, the receiving of strangers and students, the answering written and verbal inquiries—none of which he slighted,—in the evenings, in the quiet of his own home, among his little library of choice books, he found time to throw off a quantity of well-considered, often elaborate papers, on civil and ecclesiastical antiquities: on the antiquities of the Celtic

Church, and its forgotten offices; on our ancient lacustrine dwellings, which the Irish antiquaries have taught us to call *cranogues*; on ecclesiology, and monastic and domestic antiquities; on palæography, and the diplomatic mysteries so little studied among us, of dates, and the art of ascertaining them; on pedigrees of our more historical families. Some of his valuable disquisitions he contributed to the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries. With others, he enriched the capital collection of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. Some of these insulated papers were the beginnings of study to be elaborated afterwards, and they are often to be traced, when his speculations had taken a more finished shape, in larger works. Others were mere chips struck off in some investigation in which he was engaged. The articles 'Date,' 'David I.,' 'Queen Mary,' the families of 'Douglas,' 'Gordon,' 'Hamilton,' 'St. Columba,' 'Palæography,' in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, and a large number of kindred articles, furnish specimens of both kinds. Some are examples and models of condensed result of study, others are valuable for indications of authors and materials from which the student can work out the subject for himself.

During all these years he was lending his zealous assistance in different departments to make *Oliver and Boyd's Almanac* what it now is, the most accurate and useful book of reference—the best general almanac—of Britain.

But the great and lasting products of the matured powers of Robertson were chiefly two,—the Canons and Statutes of which we are now to give an account, and an earlier work, which must not be passed unnoticed. In the first years of his Register House duty he edited for the late Marquis of Dalhousie, then Lord Clerk Register, the inventories of jewels, dress and furniture of Queen Mary, with a preface of illustrative matter drawn from innumerable records and contemporary letters and authorities of all kinds; so full that it serves as a personal chronicle of the queen, and gives a picture of her court, her servants and society, the books she treasured, the dresses and jewels she wore, the embroidery she worked, the familiar friends with whom she lived, all set forth so truly, with a minuteness of detail and accurate joining together of the parts, that, as a memoir of Mary and her time, it has never been excelled. In a subject that gives rise to so much party feeling, Robertson makes war upon no former writers, hardly expresses an opinion of his own, and yet sweeps away the errors that had beset the queen's history, and makes it impossible for his reader to come to any but the true conclusion.

Thus laborious and pleased with his labours, happy in the esteem and love of all he most valued, happy in a cheerful, joyous nature, Robertson, at the age of fifty-six, with a seemingly robust constitution, active and temperate in his habits, had the prospect of many years to be devoted to the objects on which he had fixed his ambition. But towards the autumn of last year he had an illness which alarmed his physician. He was sent to the Highlands, and seemed to rally, when he was struck down afresh by a dreadful calamity,—the loss of his eldest son, by an accident on the railroad, almost in his sight. He returned to Edinburgh, and returned to work courageously; but the disease recurred, and he soon discovered that the doctors thought it mortal. When he knew that he was dying, and that his time was short, there was no vain repining. He set himself to meet death as a brave soldier would. He gathered round his deathbed the chosen companions of his life and labours. He had his family round him. He had the consolations of religion from a prelate whom he revered and loved. His faculties were bright and clear to the end. When his strength allowed, he spoke of his great record designs, and went over all their details with the same precision of memory which had marked him in his best days. He was interrupted sometimes by his kind physician, sometimes by the Bishop's visits, but after such interruptions he would recur to the subject of his record plans, taking them up at the point where he had been stopped; and at intervals, for several days, he dictated notes and memoranda of materials to be used and of persons to be employed.

He died on the 13th of December 1866. Of the work he had laid out for his life's labour, he left much unfinished. But he had done more for disinterring and arraying the true materials of Scotch history—had made more rough places smooth, dark places light—than any previous labourer in that field. He himself would have said: 'Except Lord Hailes and Thomas Thomson.' But they were to be excepted only because they came early, and when there was more to do. In some things he had gone beyond those masters, with additional light from new studies. But in everything he preserved the traditions of that school of true honest history.

We have said that the collection of the Canons and Councils was one of Robertson's greatest works; and it was the more important from being in an almost unworked field. It must not be supposed, however, that the Canons of the Church of Scotland had attracted no attention from previous inquirers. Most of our historians, to be sure, have

despised such materials, but something had been done for preserving and illustrating the Scotch Canons by Thomas Innes, in his *Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*, and in his contributions to Wilkins's *Concilia*; Thomas Ruddiman, in his contributions to the same work; Lord Hailes in his *Scottish Canons of the Thirteenth Century*, and in his *Historical Memorials concerning the Provincial Councils of the Scottish Clergy*; and Mr. Cosmo Innes, in the *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis*. But no one had given a complete collection of the Canons, or a full and accurate account of the Councils by which they were enacted. This has been done for the first time in Mr. Robertson's volume.

The text of the Canons is printed from a careful collation of all the existing manuscripts and other copies; and that every one may be able to satisfy himself as to its correctness, the various readings of the mss. are given. The labour bestowed in this way must have been very great; but it was bestowed by one who was never satisfied with his work until he had done it thoroughly, and it effectually guards against those blunders which mar the usefulness of Theiner's otherwise valuable book. The general object may best be stated in the Editor's own words. It is—

‘to collect the Canons, whether Provincial or Synodal, of the Scottish Church, from the year 1225, when its clergy, although they had no metropolitan, were empowered by the Pope to meet in legislative assembly, until the year 1559, when the Provincial Council, which was called to arrest the advance of the Reformation, separated, never to sit again. The work, therefore, does not ascend beyond the beginning of the thirteenth century; and, indeed, there are scarcely any remains of the proceedings of Scottish Councils of earlier date. Of the six or seven centuries between the introduction of the Christian faith and the reform or revolution begun by St. Margaret and all but completed by her sons, the memorials which survive are few and scanty; and, such as they are, they may be claimed as Irish or English rather than Scottish.’—*Preface*, pp. xiv. xv.

The second volume, which was first printed, contains the Bull of Pope Honorius III. in 1225, alluded to in the above extract, certain ecclesiastical writs connected with the Councils, and all the existing Canons, whether of Provincial Councils or Diocesan Synods, from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. The Canons of the diocese of the Isles, which had been printed by Wilkins, and in the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, are omitted, because they were ‘enacted by bishops who were suffragans of Drontheim, for a diocese which,

although in part under the dominion of the Scottish king, was not yet within the pale of the Scottish Church.’ Neither are the constitutions of cathedral churches given, nor the ordinances for the direction of their canons and vicars-choral, as not properly falling within the plan of the work. The Appendix to the second volume contains various documents illustrating its proper subject.

The first volume contains the Editor's Preface, and an appendix of documents. In that appendix are inserted some diocesan statutes and other papers, which were discovered after the rest of the work had been printed. Among these are two curious lists of churches dedicated by David de Berhham and William Wishart, both bishops of St. Andrews in the thirteenth century, transcribed by the editor's friend, Bishop Forbes, from a contemporary manuscript in the Imperial Library at Paris. The period of these dedications was more distinguished for church building than any other till our own time. Witness the churches consecrated in one small county, the Mearns, within four years. These were the churches of Strachan, Nigg, Aberluthnot now Marykirk, Kineff, Ecclesgrig now St. Cyrus, Arbuthnot, Fordun, Conveith now Laurencekirk, Fetteresso, Dunotter, and finally, the chapel of Cowie, standing so picturesquely in its cemetery on the cliff, the resting-place of so many generations of ‘fisher-folk,’ and of one good gentleman who loved them and their burial-place, and chose to lie there.

The portion of the work most attractive to the general reader—perhaps not the least valuable in itself,—is the Editor's Preface, which occupies the greater part of the first volume. It is not so much a Preface, in the ordinary sense of the word, as a learned, minute, and most interesting history of Scottish Ecclesiastical Councils, and everything relating to them, from the earliest period to the Reformation. The text is illustrated by an ample array of notes,—not merely references, but quotations from the original authorities, and all collateral sources, frequently taken from books not generally accessible. All the author's rare erudition, all his great power of discovering truth amid obscure and conflicting authorities, is displayed here; and this Preface may be regarded, not indeed as the greatest work which he could have achieved, but as the greatest which it was permitted to him to accomplish.

And let not the student be deterred by the gravity of the subject. There is nothing of the ‘Old Almanac’ in Robertson's pages, no mere dissertation on stocks and stones, on dates and names, such as antiquaries in the

pages of fiction and in real life have too often wrangled about; the book is nothing less than the religious life of a nation during more than three hundred years, as exhibited in the rules of its Church. These records of the past are full of interest, even if they had no direct bearing on the present. But there is such a bearing. The ancient institutions survive in forms sometimes very dissimilar, and the men who moulded them have influenced minds of succeeding generations, no less than warriors and statesmen and poets.

We have first a sketch of the very early Scottish Councils; of the Synods held in the time of Malcolm Canmore and his sons; and of those subsequently convoked by the Papal legates, down to the date of the Bull of Honorius, which introduces the proper subject of his work.

The constitution of the early Celtic Church, both in Ireland and in Scotland, was a very peculiar one. It had bishops, priests, and deacons like the rest of Christendom, but it had neither dioceses nor parishes. The clergy were ruled by the heads of the monastic or collegiate body to which they belonged; and for two centuries, the Presbyter-Abbot of Iona, as successor of St. Columba, was primate both of Scots and Picts. The same system continued after the union of the two nations under one monarch, except that the seat of the primacy was for a short period at Dunkeld, and afterwards at St. Andrews; and that subsequently to this last change, the primate was a Bishop, bearing the style of *Episcopus Scotorum*.

It was in the time of Kellach, one of the early bishops of St. Andrews, and in the reign of Constantine, in the year of our Lord 906, that the first Scottish Council met, of which we have any account in our annals. All that we know of it is contained in a brief record, in the *Chronicon Pictorum*, which tells us that 'Constantine the king, and Kellach the bishop, swore together with the Scots on the Mount of Belief, beside the royal city of Scone, to keep the laws and customs of the faith, and rights of the churches and the Gospels.' This Council, no doubt, like other early synods, both among the Celtic and Teutonic nations, was composed of laity as well as clergy. The place at which it met was, in one sense, the metropolis of Scotland. Mr. Robertson dwells on its ancient glories:—

'The veneration which hung around Scone is remarkable. It was in vain that King Edward the First ruined its ancient abbey, cast its abbot into prison, made spoil of the Bachal and the Cloce, the crosier and the bell, of its unknown saint, and carried away the Prophetic Stone, to fulfil its fate on the banks of the Thames. No

outrage or desolation could make the people forget the traditions of the place, or cease to regard it as the seat and symbol of Scottish sovereignty. The English king, therefore, determined that it should be razed to the ground, and its very name blotted out. For this purpose he addressed himself to Pope Clement v., who commissioned the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Ely, to make inquiry whether the abbey and the relics of the saints by which it was hallowed, might not be removed to another place. The English prelates reported in accordance with the king's wishes, and he lost no time in despatching a messenger to Rome, to urge the transference of the abbey from the midst of a perverse people, to some spot where it would be less dangerous to the king and the realm of England. The king's death, six months afterwards, saved Scone for the time, leaving it to be swept away by Scottish hands, almost in our own day, but not until a king of Scotland had been crowned king of England upon its fated stone at Westminster; not until its own ruins had beheld the inauguration of his grandson, the last sovereign crowned in Scotland.'—*Preface*, pp. xx. xxi.

The long reign of Malcolm Canmore was the commencement of many changes in the Scottish Church and nation. As ruler of Lothian, he held under his sway a large body of English subjects; and his early residence in England, and his marriage with Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, endeared to him the language and customs of the south, and made him strive to introduce them among his northern people. His efforts were zealously encouraged by his Saxon queen, who herself reasoned with the Celtic clergy, and urged them to conform to the ecclesiastical usages of her native land, and of the Western Church.

After a brief interruption on the death of Malcolm, the reforms, both civil and ecclesiastical, which he had begun, were vigorously prosecuted by his sons, and were maintained till the extinction of the male line of his family. Scotland flourished under a line of able sovereigns, such as the country never again possessed, and it is now a familiar remark that its prosperity at the death of Alexander III. was greater than it was for centuries afterwards. The diocesan system, of which fragments still remain, and the parochial organization, which has never been lost, and which has proved so great a blessing, were introduced by these princes. They, not the bishops or councils, were the real ecclesiastical rulers. Malcolm and his descendants revered the great English primates, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Thomas of Canterbury, but they never yielded up the government of any portion of their subjects. The manner in which Alexander I. baffled the attempts of Eadmer the monk of Canter-

bury, whom he had invited to accept the see of St. Andrews, is one of the most amusing chapters in mediæval history, and not the less so than its narrator is Eadmer himself.

It forms no part of Mr. Robertson's plan to record the circumstances just referred to, or the still more important events which marked the reign of Alexander's brother and successor, David, a saint, yet neglecting none of his kingly duties, and worthy of comparison with the best of sovereigns, the English Alfred, or St. Louis of France. He refers to David's attempt to procure the erection of St. Andrews into an archbishopric, which was defeated by the influence of the see of York, whose prelates claimed metropolitan jurisdiction over the whole of Britain north of the Humber, and whose ancient rule actually extended to the Forth : and he gives an account of the Councils held during the twelfth century, and in the beginning of the thirteenth, by the Papal Legates. The first of these met at Roxburgh, then one of the chief towns of Scotland, in the year 1125, under the presidency of the Cardinal John of Crema. Others followed, one of the most memorable of which was that which met at Northampton in 1176, on the summons of the Cardinal Legate, Hugguccio Petreleonis. On this occasion, the Scottish prelates showed themselves true friends to the independence of their church and nation. Though urged to submit to the supremacy of York by the Legate, by the imperious English sovereign Henry II., and by their own King William the Lion, then humiliated by his recent captivity and the submission he had made at Falaise, they answered that their predecessors had never yielded any obedience to the English Church, and that they ought not to yield any. The Archbishop of Canterbury maintained that he himself, as successor of St. Augustine, was the Primate of Britain, and the rival claims of the two English Archbishops prevented a decision adverse to the freedom of the Scottish Church. In 1188, the independence of the Scottish Church was formally acknowledged by a Bull of Pope Clement III., which declared that no one, save the Pope and his Legate *a latere*, should pronounce sentence of interdict or excommunication against the realm of Scotland; that no one should hold the office of Legate in Scotland except a subject of that kingdom, or one specially deputed by the Apostolic See; and that no Scottish questions should be brought to trial before judges out of Scotland, unless on appeal to Rome. This Bull recites the names of the Scottish sees. They were St. Andrews, Glasgow, Dunkeld, Dunblane, Brechin, Aberdeen, Murray, Ross, and Caithness. Of the other four dio-

ceses included in the Scottish Church at the Reformation, Galloway was at this time subject to the Archbishop of York; the Isles and the diocese of Orkney were under the Archbishop of Drontheim, both being also portions of the Norwegian kingdom; and Argyle was not founded till the very close of the twelfth century.

In 1201, the Cardinal Legate John of Salerno held a Council at Perth, where various constitutions were enacted. The only one of these which is specially mentioned is a canon removing from their office all priests who had been ordained on Sunday. 'What was thus forbidden in Scotland,' Mr. Robertson remarks, 'seems to have obtained in England until the year 1163, when Pope Alexander the Third, in a rescript to the Bishop of Bath, declared that it was unlawful for any one but the Pope himself to confer holy orders on the Lord's day.' On this curious point some information may be derived from a canon of the Council of Clermont in 1095.

A Council was held at Perth in 1221 by James Canon of St. Victor at Paris, and Legate to Scotland, Ireland and the Isles, at which the young king of Scots, Alexander II., requested that he might be crowned by the representative of the Apostolic See. This affords an opportunity to Mr. Robertson of discussing the subject of the coronation of the kings of Scotland, and of explaining, in the compass of a few pages, all that is known about it. The subject leads him back to an early and famous passage in the history of Northern Britain,—the inauguration at Iona, by St. Columba, of Aidan, king of the Scots. He refers to the so-called coronation of Malcolm Canmore, and Malcolm the Fourth, and of Alexander II. himself, at Scone, seven years before the date of the Council, in all which cases there was no anointing, no crowning by a bishop. The application of the king was transmitted by the Legate to Pope Honorius III., and by him it was rejected. The request was subsequently renewed, but was again disregarded; the opposing influence at the court of Rome being that of the King of England, and the Archbishop of York, who maintained that the privilege asked for was inconsistent with their own claim to the civil and ecclesiastical supremacy in Scotland. Many years afterwards, when the victorious reign of Robert Bruce had satisfied the Roman Court as to the justice of his claim to sovereignty, this long-desired privilege was at last conceded. A Bull of Pope John XXII. conferred on the king and his successors the right to be anointed and crowned by the Bishop of St. Andrews; and although the grant came too late for Bruce to avail himself of it, his son

and the succeeding sovereigns received the unction and coronation in a form similar to that which was used in England. The Papal Bull had one condition annexed to it,—the officiating bishop was to exact an oath from the sovereign that he would extirpate from his dominions all whom the Church should denounce as heretics.

‘The oath failed to restrain Scotland from supporting the Anti-popes; but its intolerance, however fruitless, made it dear to a people whose perverted genius cherished the right of persecution as a duty of religion; and it outlived both the Reformation and the Revolution. It might have been cited to justify the doom of Wishart to the flames and of Knox to the galleys; yet Knox would have aggravated its terms, and they were ratified by the Parliament which established the Protestant religion. They might have been used to vindicate the severities of the reigns of King Charles the Second and King James the Seventh, yet the Convention which adopted the Claim of Right stamped them with its deliberate approval; and if the wisdom or the humanity of King William the Third revolted from their violence, the necessities of his position compelled him to profess with his lips what he abhorred in his heart. His successor, the last sovereign of the house of Stewart, took the oath without scruple or reserve; and the Union, by substituting a declaration more in accordance with the precedents of England, happily relieved all following princes from the wickedness and mockery of a cruel and impossible obligation.’—*Preface*, pp. xlvii.—xlix.

At the date of the Bull of Pope Honorius in 1225, the Scottish Church resembled in all respects the Church of England and the other Churches of Western Christendom, except that it had no metropolitan. The diocesan and parochial organization were the same; the constitution of the cathedrals was expressly formed on the English model; the Benedictine and Augustine monks had possession of the principal monasteries; the Dominican and Franciscan friars were introduced by the reigning sovereign, Alexander II.; and the breviary and missal of the Church of Salisbury already were, or soon were about to be, ‘the use’ of the whole realm of Scotland. The cause why such a Bull was necessary was that by the canon law a Provincial Synod could not be called except by a Papal Legate or by the archbishop of the Province, and Scotland had then no archbishop nor metropolitan. The bishops of St. Andrews had a certain pre-eminence of dignity, but they had no jurisdiction over the other bishops. It was to obviate these difficulties that the Bull was granted; at least the Scottish bishops used it successfully for that purpose.

Under the system thus introduced, the Scottish clergy were to meet each year in Provincial Council. The Council was at first composed of the bishops, abbots, and priors; it subsequently contained also representatives of the capitular, collegiate, and conventual bodies, and, later still, of the parochial clergy. Its members, like the great council of the Scottish nation, and, unlike the Parliament of England and the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, met in one house, undivided. It sat, if necessary, for three days, and was summoned by a writ issued by the Conservator, who was chosen for each Council by and from the bishops, the writ being sent to each bishop, warning him of the time and place of the meeting, and requiring him to attend with the prelates and others of his diocese.

‘In this,’ Lord Hailes remarks, ‘every one will perceive the office and duty of a Moderator of the General Assembly. Our forefathers at the Reformation were not disposed to condemn every salutary form approved by the experience of ages, merely because it happened to be Popish.’ And Mr. Robertson, referring to a document printed in his work for the first time, says:—

‘It is of importance to know, what is not disclosed by the ecclesiastical record, that the State asserted its right to a seat and a voice in the Councils of the Church. By a writ addressed to the bishops and other prelates about to assemble in synod, the King commissioned two doctors of the civil law to set forth and show to the Council what the King had enjoined them to declare touching himself, the state of his realm, and the state of the prelates and the Church of Scotland, and more especially to protest, and, if need were, to appeal, that nothing should be enacted by the prelates in synod which might prejudice the King’s royal majesty.’

He adds:—

‘There are no means of ascertaining the measure of obedience given to the statute which enjoined the annual assembly of Provincial Councils. If they met yearly, it was at least rarely that their proceedings found their way into record, or attracted the notice of the chroniclers of the time. We know only that within little more than half a century after the Bull of Pope Honorius, they framed or adopted fifty or sixty canons, which sufficed for the government of the Church of Scotland almost to the Reformation. It is not improbable that some of these canons may have been handed down from the Legatine Councils of the twelfth century; it is certain that they were not all enacted at one time; and equally certain that they borrowed largely from the general body of the Canon Law, and from statutes passed in English Councils of the same age.’—*Preface*, p. lv.

We have no formal record of the proceedings of any of the Councils previous to the fifteenth century, and no detailed account till a century later; but various collections of canons enacted at different periods have been preserved. The earlier canons published by Wilkins and Lord Hailes are valued by Scottish lawyers for the light they throw on portions of the law of Scotland, in connexion chiefly with the celebration of marriage, the rules regarding the erection of churches, and the designation of manse and glebes for the parochial clergy. Many other subjects are illustrated by the documents now published, and they frequently present curious points both of contrast and resemblance to the state of matters in our own day. Very trifling expressions will sometimes suggest the great changes which have taken place. Down to the latest period of these records, the *town* of Edinburgh holds a rank subordinate to the *city* of St. Andrews, the metropolis of the province and the cathedral seat of the diocese.

Mr. Robertson traces the history of the Provincial Council from its establishment to the first great change in its constitution—that which was made by the erection of the church of St. Andrews into a metropolitan and archiepiscopal see.

In 1227 Cardinal Otho held a Legatine Council at London, the constitutions enacted at which are well known to the students of Canon Law in England. According to Matthew Paris, Alexander II., King of Scotland, refused to allow the Cardinal to cross the Tweed, asserting that no Legate had ever entered his kingdom. This assertion, if made, was notoriously untrue; but the statement of the English chronicler is unsupported by any Scottish authorities, and is not to be relied on. The Cardinal came to Scotland in 1239, and held a Council at Holyrood, at which several of the constitutions promulgated by the Synod of London were received by the Scottish Church, and imported into its code of Canons. Thirty years subsequently, the Cardinal Legate Othobon of Fieschi was certainly refused permission to enter Scotland by Alexander III., after consultation with his clergy. The Legate did not attempt to pass the Tweed, but held a Council at London in 1269, to which he summoned all the Scottish bishops, with two abbots and priors, as representatives of the clergy. Two bishops, an abbot, and a prior attended the synod on behalf of the Northern Church. According to Fordun, the Scottish clergy refused to accept the constitutions promulgated at London. These constitutions are as famous in England as those of Cardinal Otho; and Mr. Robertson discusses the question whether,

notwithstanding the assertion of Fordun, they were not, in point of fact, received in Scotland, the Cardinal holding the appointment of Legate in the northern as well as in the southern kingdom.

In connexion with the tax for a Crusade, imposed on all church-revenues by the Council of Lyons in 1274, and the appointment of Boiamund of Vicci, a canon of Asti, to collect the subsidy in Scotland, Mr. Robertson examines a question familiar to Scottish antiquaries, and yet frequently ill understood even by them. The blunders on this subject began at an early period. Our writers, as Hailes mentions, converted Magister Bagimundus into Cardinal Bagimont; and an ecclesiastic, so well informed generally as Bishop Leslie, made the Italian collector of the thirteenth century a contemporary of King James IV. The valuation of Scottish benefices prepared by Boiamund was the rule for the apportionment of ecclesiastical taxes till the Reformation. It was at first unwelcome to the clergy, as containing a valuation more correct, no doubt, but higher than what was then known as the old taxation. When the real value became higher than Boiamund's reckoning, his valuation was in its turn appealed to by the clergy as the only authority, in their struggles with the income-tax commissioners of those days. We learn that 'no perfect contemporary copy of Boiamund's Roll has yet been discovered. The hope that one might be found in the Vatican has been disappointed by Father Theiner's publication of all that remains there,—a fragment of an account of the sums collected during the first three years.'

The great struggle for national independence which followed the death of Alexander III. was unfavourable to the prosperity of the National Church, and to all peaceful pursuits. The clergy of that day took their part in the contest, and with the exception of a few ecclesiastics of high rank, were faithful to their country. It is doubtful if any Councils met till near the end of the reign of Robert Bruce; and for a long time afterwards nothing of importance was transacted. The first Council of which a formal record exists is that which met in 1420 in the monastery of the Black Friars at Perth, the scene of several events famous in Scottish history, and one of the first of the ecclesiastical buildings to be destroyed at the Reformation. Six bishops, four abbots, one prior, and many deans, archdeacons, and others of the clergy were present. Four bishops and eight abbots appeared by their proxies, and the Bishop of Dunblane was chosen Conservator. The business was not historically important, being in reference to the confirmation of testaments, and the ad-

ministration of the estates of persons dying intestate.

Had the life of King James I. been prolonged, great reforms would probably have been made in the Church as well as in the State. Almost alone among the early Stuart kings, he had the learning and the good life which form the best qualification for an ecclesiastical reformer. As it was he urged on the heads of the Benedictine and Augustinian monasteries the discharge of their true duties, and sent two bishops and other ecclesiastics to the Council of Basle. The Scottish representatives took an important part in the deliberations of the great Council. Some joined in the deprivation of Pope Eugenius; and Thomas Livingstone, Abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Dundrennan, was one of three doctors intrusted with the power of nominating the Conclave for the election of a new Pope. But these acts were disowned in Scotland both by Church and State. Under the reign of James I., we have an interesting and very amusing account of the mission of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., to Scotland. It is almost the earliest occasion when we can see the impression made by our country and countrymen on a highly educated Italian. Everything is new and strange. 'On his way to Edinburgh he first saw coal, beholding with wonder what seemed stones joyfully received as alms by the half-naked beggars who stood shivering at the church doors.'

The record of a Synod held at Perth in 1465, implies that the Councils continued to meet regularly each year. Lord Hailes, quoting the words 'in festo Sancti Kynelini Martyris,' adds, 'I know nothing of this St. Kynelin, nor of the day of his festival. Keith has subjoined to his catalogue of Scottish bishops another list of names, under the title of Kalendar of Scottish Saints. In that list I find Macwolok, Macglastian, Molonach, Minnan, Finnan, Modan, Dodan, Marnan, Tarnan, Tigernake, Guinoche, Devenike, and Constantine King of Scotland, monk and martyr; but I find no Kyneline.' Lord Hailes is facetious with his jingle of Celtic saints, and holds them all too cheap to discover that 'St. Kyueline' was the well-known Kenelm, whose festival was the 17th of July.

The Court of Rome at last sanctioned the erection of a metropolitan see in Scotland. What the Scottish sovereigns in former times had vainly endeavoured to accomplish was obtained from Pope Sixtus IV. in 1472, in the reign of James III., at the suit of the King's kinsman, Patrick Graham, Bishop of St. Andrews. The documents connected with this important alteration were first printed in 1849 in the *Scottish Magazine*,

from copies preserved in the Norwegian archives, and made accessible through the late Professor Munch of Christiania. They have since been given from the original records in the Vatican by Theiner, and are now carefully printed, from a collation of both, in the present work. The Scottish Church had hitherto formed one ecclesiastical province, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope. It was now placed under the Bishop of St. Andrews and his successors, as archbishops and metropolitans, and its limits were extended beyond their former extent. Not only were the proper Scottish dioceses north of the Forth, and the independent see of Glasgow, placed under the new metropolitan; the diocese of Galloway, also, which ecclesiastically belonged to York, and those of the Isles and Orkney, which had been subject to Drontheim, were made subordinate to him. This led to remonstrances on the part of the English archbishop, and to formal proceedings in the Roman Curia by the Norwegian metropolitan, which were going on with the usual slowness when the Reformation brought them to an abrupt conclusion.

Pope Innocent VIII. added to the dignities of the see of St. Andrews, by making its archbishop Primate of all Scotland and Legatus Natus of the Roman see, with the same rights and immunities which were enjoyed by the archbishops of Canterbury in England. The privileges of Canterbury, thus referred to, were a model to other churches in Christendom. A curious correspondence, printed by Wilkins in the fourth volume of his *Concilia*, between Archbishop Sheldon and the Archbishop of Gnesen, primate of Poland, conducted by the two prelates in a style of stately courtesy and friendship, notwithstanding their differences in religious opinion, shows that even after the Reformation the ancient privileges of Canterbury were remembered by the Continental Churches.

But to proceed with the *Concilia Scotiæ* :—

'Scarcely,' says Mr. Robertson, 'was this new supremacy of St. Andrews established before it was challenged and invaded. The see of Glasgow, that "mother of many races," as she was called of old—the ancient bishopric of the principality of Cumbria, the kingdom of Strathclyde—claimed from the beginning to have been acknowledged as the peculiar daughter of the Apostolic see. She boasted that her prelates, the successors of St. Kentigern, the bishops of the Britons, had received the homage and were the lords of princes, had never been subject to any other prelate, were indeed vicars of the Pope. She numbered a crowned king among her canons, with a stall in the choir, and a place, a vote, a voice in the chapter of her cathedral. She had withstood York in

its best days, and would not bend the knee to St. Andrews now.'

At the request of the Scottish King, James iv., and the three Estates of the realm, Innocent viii., in 1492, erected Glasgow into an archiepiscopal and metropolitan see, with Dunkeld, Dunblane, Galloway, and Argyle for its suffragans. The Preface elucidates a point which previously was involved in obscurity. It was well known to all readers of ecclesiastical history that after the Reformation the three sees of Galloway, Argyle, and the Isles were under the Archbishop of Glasgow, all the others being subjected to St. Andrews. Those who had some acquaintance with the ancient records knew that the arrangement of the sees in the Bull of Pope Innocent was different. Former writers on the subject either took no notice of the discrepancy, or professed themselves unable to explain when and how the change took place. Mr. Robertson shows that Dunkeld and Dunblane were re-annexed to St. Andrews by Archbishop Forman, and that this was ratified by a Bull of Pope Leo x. Even his sagacity and research have failed to ascertain at what time the see of the Isles became one of the suffragans of Glasgow.

The conflicting privileges of St. Andrews and Glasgow gave rise to controversies similar to those which long prevailed between Canterbury and York, and Armagh and Dublin. Mr. Robertson, in his preface, and in his article in the *Quarterly Review*, refers to a memorable occasion, when, 'beneath the shadow of the rood-loft of Glasgow Cathedral, unrestrained by the presence of the patriarch of Venice, the primates of Scotland brawled and struggled for precedency amid the cries of their attendants, the rending of cope and surplice, and the crash of shivered crosiers.' The disputes between the two metropolitans appear to have prevented the meeting of any Provincial Council for nearly half a century. At the end of that period, under the pressure of the advance of the Reformed doctrines, and at the request or rather command of the King and Parliament, a Synod met at Edinburgh in March 1536. It was summoned by the primate, Archbishop James Beaton, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Glasgow. Little is known of its proceedings, except that the clergy continued obstinately to refuse redress of those practical grievances which were complained of not only by the maintainers of the new opinions but by all the laity. King James v. at this time gave the whole weight of his authority to those who were struggling for a correction of abuses, and exhorted the bishops to reform their lives, threatening that otherwise he

would take order with them as did his uncle of England. It would have been well for James and for the Scottish Church had he himself given a better example to the prelates in his own life and conversation. Some years afterwards the bishops showed themselves equally determined in another important point to resist the reasonable demands of the people. When the Parliament in 1543 gave permission to all persons to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue, the Archbishop of Glasgow, Gavin Dunbar, in most respects one of the best of his order, protested, on behalf of the prelates, against the passing of the Act, till a Provincial Council might advise and determine as to the same.

Various Councils were held during the primacy of Cardinal Beaton, but nothing of moment was transacted. A more important Synod met at Edinburgh in 1549, at the summons and under the presidency of Beaton's successor in the see of St. Andrews—Archbishop Hamilton. Of the proceedings of this Council we have fortunately a full account, derived from the *Codex Baluzianus* in the Imperial Library at Paris. It was communicated by Thomas Innes to Wilkins, by whom it was published in his *Concilia Britannicæ*, and it is here printed from a careful transcript, made by a valued friend and *collaborateur* of Robertson, M. A. Teulet, of the *Archives de l'Empire*, whose lamented death so shortly preceded his own. There seems no doubt that the ms. from which Baluze made his copy was one of the papers which Archbishop James Beaton of Glasgow deposited partly in the Scots College, partly in the Carthusian Monastery at Paris.

The Council met in the church of the Blackfriars on the 27th of November. Like the other later Synods, it included prelates and representatives from both the provinces of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and hence received the name of a Provincial-General Council. Many persons of note were present. Among the prelates were William Gordon, Bishop of Aberdeen, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Murray, and Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney. The first two had more need to be reformed themselves than to deliberate as to the reformation of others. The Bishop of Orkney was of a very different character. He was one of the most estimable prelates of the time, and is deservedly revered as the patron of learning, the second founder of the Cathedral Church of St. Magnus in his island diocese, and the donor of the earliest endowment to what afterwards became the University of Edinburgh. The see of Glasgow was vacant, but the dean appeared as vicar-general. First in rank among the monastic dignitaries was the

prior of St. Andrews, a youth of eighteen, one of the bastard sons of James v., and afterwards the famous Regent Murray. Among the other distinguished members were Quentin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, and Alexander Anderson, Sub-Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, men of ability and stainless character, who to the last defended a falling Church, and John Winram, Sub-Prior of St. Andrews, and John Greyson, Provincial of the Black Friars—good men, who after vainly struggling for reformation from within, lost heart and joined those who were forcing it on from without. John Mair, Doctor of Theology, the author of a History of Britain, the teacher of Buchanan and Knox, and in his own day famous as a school divine, who was unable to attend from infirm health, was allowed to appear by proxy.

Mass having been said in church, the members repaired to the refectory of the monastery and took their appointed places, after which a sermon was preached. The regular business then commenced, and sixty-eight canons were ratified or enacted.

'They were prefaced by a remarkable confession, that the root and cause of the troubles and heresies which afflicted the Church, were the corruption, the profane lewdness, the gross ignorance of churchmen of almost all ranks. The clergy, therefore, were enjoined to put away their concubines, under pain of deprivation of their benefices; to dismiss from their houses the children born to them in concubinage; not to promote such children to benefices, nor to enrich them, the daughters with dowries, the sons with baronies, from the patrimony of the Church. Prelates were admonished not to keep in their households manifest drunkards, gamblers, whoremongers, brawlers, night-walkers, buffoons, blasphemers, profane swearers. The clergy, in general, were exhorted to amend their lives and manners, to dress modestly and gravely, to keep their faces shaven and their heads tonsured, to live soberly and frugally, so as to have more to spare for the poor; to abstain from secular pursuits, especially trading.'—*Preface*, p. cxlix.

Making reasonable allowance for the strong language frequently used by Ecclesiastical Councils called for the reformation of abuses, the admissions made here show that the Scottish Church was in a deplorable state; and whatever differing opinions might have prevailed regarding doctrine, there could be but one, among all reasonable persons, as to the necessity for a thorough change in the life and manners of the clergy. It is right to add, that the Council also made provision

'for preaching to the people; for teaching grammar, divinity, and canon law in cathedrals and

abbeys; for visiting and reforming monasteries, nunneries, and hospitals; for recalling fugitives and apostates, whether monks or nuns, to their cloisters; for sending from every monastery one or more monks to a university; for preventing unqualified persons from receiving orders, and from holding cure of souls; for enforcing residence, and for restraining pluralities; for preventing the evasion of spiritual censures by bribes or fines; for silencing pardoners, or itinerant hawkers of indulgences and relics; for compelling parish clerks to do their duty in person, or to find sufficient substitutes, for registering the testaments and inventories of persons deceased, and for securing faithful administration of their estates, by bringing their executors to yearly account and reckoning; for suspending unfit notaries, and for preserving the protocols of notaries deceased; for reforming the abuses of the Consistorial Courts.'—*Preface*, p. cxlix.

This Council is also said to have gravely discussed the question whether the Paternoster could properly be addressed to the saints. The story is first told by Foxe, and is repeated by Spottiswood and others. The arguments said to have been brought forward, and the solution given by a servant of the Sub-Prior of St. Andrews, who, in consequence, was reported to have pronounced a wiser decision than all the other doctors had done with their distinctions, are as ludicrous and profane as anything told in the pages of Knox, and the silence of that reformer regarding them is a strong presumptive evidence against the truth of the narrative. Mr. Robertson is of opinion that the account should be rejected.

The proceedings of a Provincial Council which met at Edinburgh in January 1552, are remarkable for a canon ordering registers to be kept by the curate of every parish, in which were to be entered all proclamations of banns of marriage, and the names of every child baptized, and those of its parents, its god-parents, and two witnesses. In this canon will be found the commencement of that system of registration of marriage and baptisms, which continued afterwards in Scotland through all ecclesiastical changes from Popery to Protestantism, and from Prelacy to Presbytery, and which was finally confirmed by the sanction of the British Legislature. These registers the Council ordered to be preserved among the most precious jewels of the Church,—'*quæ quidem registra inter pretiosissima ecclesiæ jocalia conservari vult et præcipit.*' Mr. Robertson remarks, that 'the registration of deaths and burials may perhaps have been thought already sufficiently provided for by the synodal statute of St. Andrews,'—a constitution of the fourteenth century. He adds,

'At least one register framed in obedience to the Statute of 1551-2 is known,—the register of the proclamation of banns of marriages, and of baptisms, in the parish of Errol, in the rural deanery of Gowrie, in the diocese of St. Andrews, which begins in May 1553. It is in the Register House.'

The same Council also ordered the publication of a book containing an exposition of the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Seven Sacraments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Angelical Salutation, which was afterwards commonly known as Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism. Of this work, Dr. Cook observes, that 'it is written with much moderation; and although it was of course designed to support the peculiar doctrines of the Church, it abounds with very judicious and practical reflections.'

The last of the Provincial Councils was that which met at Edinburgh on the 1st of March 1559, and continued its sittings till the 10th of April. The record of this Synod is derived from the same source as that of 1549. The names of the persons present are not preserved, except that mention is made generally of the suffragan bishops of both provinces, vicars-general, abbots, priors, commendators, deans, provosts, doctors in theology, parsons, and other ecclesiastics representing the Scottish Church. The formalities of the calling of the Council are given, and are doubtless those which had always been used on similar occasions. Three illustrative documents are preserved. The first of these is a letter from the Primate to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in which the former, styling himself by Divine mercy Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate of all Scotland, Legatus Natus of the Apostolic see, and Legate *a latere* of the same see, summons a General Provincial Council to meet within the monastery of the Black Friars at Edinburgh, on the 1st day of March, and requires the archbishop to appear in person, and to cite his suffragan bishops, and the abbots, priors, commendators, deans, provosts, and other discreet members of the chapter, religious orders, and clergy of the diocese and province of Glasgow. The second paper is a mandate addressed by the Archbishop of Glasgow to the Rural Dean of Lanark, requiring him to warn the clergy of his deanery, and specially certain persons therein named, to attend the Council, which had then actually commenced. The third document is a mandate by Malcolm, Vicar-General of Galloway during the vacancy of the see, to his commissary, narrating the order of his metropolitan the Archbishop of Glasgow, and requiring the commissary to warn the clergy of the diocese to attend the Council.

One of the chief points brought before the Synod was the discussion of certain Articles of Reformation, which had been presented to the Queen Regent by several temporal lords and barons, and which, at her request, were laid before the clergy. These articles were thirteen in number. The most important were that there

'should be sermon in every parish church, on every Sunday and other holiday, or at least on Christmas-day, Easter-day, Whitsunday, and every third or fourth Sunday; that no one should be admitted to preach in public without due examination of his doctrine, life, and learning; that in future no vicar or curate should be appointed, unless he were sufficiently qualified to administer the sacraments, and to read the Catechism (no doubt that issued by the Provincial Council of 1552) plainly and distinctly to his flock; that expositions of the sacraments of the body and blood of Christ, of baptism, and of marriage, should be published for the instruction of the people; that the common prayers and litanies should be said in the vulgar tongue in every parish church upon Sundays and other holidays after mass; that evening prayers should be said also in the vulgar tongue in the afternoon; no change, it would appear, being proposed in the language of the mass itself.'—*Preface*, pp. clvi. clvii.

Mr. Robertson observes that the 'thirty-four statutes passed by the Provincial Council were, in great measure, answers, more or less satisfactory, to these Articles of Reformation. Only one point of importance was altogether evaded,—the request that the common prayers should be said in the language of the people. It was not for Edinburgh to speak where Trent had as yet been dumb.'

These Articles of Reformation are very important, as showing what was asked by the reforming party within the Church.

Among other points agreed to by this Council was the drawing up of brief declarations respecting the right use of the sacraments, which were enjoined to be read by the bishops and parish priests before the ministration. Only one of these has been preserved, the declaration before the Communion. From the price at which it was sold, it was called in derision by the reformers, 'The Twopenny Faith,' and by some has been confounded with Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism.

The last canon of the Council, which was passed on the 10th of April, appointed another Synod to be held in the same place on Septuagesima Sunday 1560. When that day came, Scotland was desolated by civil war. In the following August, the Estates of the kingdom abrogated the authority of the Pope,

proscribed the mass, and established the Reformed Confession of Faith. The primate, two bishops, and an abbot voted against adopting of the Confession, without venturing to enter on any argument. Two temporal peers gave as their reason for opposing it that they would believe as their fathers had believed. All others acquiesced.

Such was the inglorious fall of the Roman hierarchy in Scotland. Well might the Earl Marischal exclaim, as the Estates were voting for the Confession :—

‘Seeing that my lords the bishops, who for their learning can, and for the zeal that they should bear to the verity, would, as I suppose, gainsay anything that directly impugns the verity of God; seeing, I say, my lords the bishops here present speak nothing to the contrary of the doctrine proponed, I cannot but hold it to be the very truth of God, and the contrary to be deceivable doctrine.’

Well might the best and wisest of the Roman communion, then and afterwards, denounce the conduct of the bishops of that day. Thomas Iunes, who loved the truth better than he loved his Church, declines to speak in favour of any of the prelates, except Archbishop Beaton of Glasgow. Ninian Winzet, a priest who saw and deplored their folly and their crimes, and whose learning and goodness would have preserved the Church, could one man's virtues have been of any avail, thus indignantly addressed them :—

‘Gave the princes of the earth to you yearly rents to the end that every one of you might spend the same upon his dame Dalila and base-born offspring? And albeit it chance oft to the infirmity of man that he fall asleep when he should chiefly watch, and be given to pastime when he should most diligently labour, yet, O merciful God, what deadly sleep is this that has oppressed you, that in so great uproar, tumult, and terrible clamour, ye waken not forth of your dream, and in so great danger of death ye have not regard of your own lives or others? Awake! awake! and put to your hands stoutly to save Peter's ship; for He neither sleeps nor slumbers who beholds all your doings, and sees your thoughts, but shall require the blood at your hands of the smallest one that shall perish through your negligence.

Many years of civil and ecclesiastical misrule had prepared the way for the downfall of the Mediæval Church; but the chief cause of its utter and irretrievable overthrow was the wickedness of the priesthood, proofs of which, under their own hand, so to speak, are brought before us in these volumes. It was this which gave sharpness to the satire of Lindsay and weight to the sermons of Knox. Errors of doctrine might have been

corrected or excused, but clerical immorality had become so general and so inveterate as to admit of no cure. The sins of the clergy led to utter recklessness and most unclean living among the laity. Of the offences of both orders the chief causes were two—the ecclesiastical rules which enforced the celibacy of the clergy, and the laws prohibiting marriages within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity and affinity. Both abuses were common to the whole of Western Christendom, but the latter rule was practically carried out in Scotland with a shameless corruption exceeding that of any other nation. Dispensations from the canons could be easily purchased by those who were able to afford it; and the marriage tie, indissoluble in theory, was unloosed with the utmost facility at the bidding of the rich, on the pretext of some original nullity in its constitution. At the Reformation the artificial restraints of the Canon Law were set aside, and the degrees of propinquity within which marriage was forbidden were made conformable to those laid down in the Holy Scriptures.

One redeeming virtue may justly be claimed for the ecclesiastics. To the last they were good landlords, and their vassals and tenants found they had made a bad exchange when they were handed over to the new lay lords who grasped the possessions of bishops and abbots. A most faithful account of Scotland in this respect is to be found in the pages of the *Monastery*. In matters also of more importance the genius of Scott has preserved picture of the time. The Sub-Prior Eustace represents a class of ecclesiastics zealous for the Church, and zealous also for moral purity and goodness, but whose influence was of no avail against that of men like Abbot Boniface, and far worse persons than the indolent Abbot of St. Mary's, who filled the high places of the northern hierarchy.

We have endeavoured to show that Mr. Robertson's Preface affords, in fact, a consecutive history of the legislation and administration of the Church before the Reformation in Scotland. It is as full as the materials, whether of record or of chronicle, allow. It is as learned, as sagacious, as honest, as the most impartial student can desire. We have marked no omissions, and venture to assert that no critic will find authorities misinterpreted, or cunningly drawn to speak against their true meaning. Many points of the greatest interest are raised, which we have no space to discuss. The double marriage of Mary and Bothwell is given with perfect precision, and then a marginal note asks, ‘Was the marriage of Bothwell, a divorced adulterer, with Queen Mary, lawful in the

judgment of the Reformed Church of Scotland?' with all the history and law that go to the answering of that question.

Just there, too, the lawyer will find (so far as we know) the only account of the passing away of the old Consistorial jurisdiction of the Church—the courts, be it noted, which took cognisance not merely of church offences, and of heresies, but of marriage, of legitimacy, of *status*, of succession, and testaments and latter wills—of all the most important questions affecting family relations. He will find an absolute 'surcease of justice' in the Court of the Bishop and his official, or, as the author notes it on his margin, 'a cessation of consistorial jurisdiction' from 24th August 1560 to 8th February 1564, brought to an end, at length, by the establishment of the now defunct Commissary Court, whose powers have merged in the Court of Session.

A body of 'Notes' appended to the second volume is quite full of the most rare and curious learning.

The Council of Edinburgh in 1559 is, strictly speaking, the conclusion of Mr. Robertson's volumes. But in his Appendix, and in the notes to his Preface are found some papers which throw light on the relations of Queen Mary with the Pope and the Council of Trent. One other paper in the Appendix, of a somewhat earlier date, is a presentation and institution by James IV. to the Chapel-Royal of Kirkcubright, or St. Mary-of-the-Crag at St. Andrews. This document illustrates the right claimed by the Scottish kings, and by other sovereigns in the middle ages, to be the ordinaries of their own chapels. Such a claim was as repugnant to the principles of the great mediæval bishops as it was to those of the Scottish Covenanters; and the ancient ecclesiastics, to whom a scriptural quotation never came wrong, would have delighted in the ironical application made in an after age of the words of Amaziah to Amos:—'O thou seer, go flee thee away into the land of Judah and prophesy there, but prophesy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court.'

The last pages of the Preface contain a most interesting account of the Culdees—especially those of St. Andrews—a subject on which so much nonsense was formerly written. Their real history is not exhausted even by Dr. Reeves's valuable treatise, and these pages are full of that learning which no one save the author possessed.

On various matters discussed in these volumes, scholars may differ from some of Mr. Robertson's opinions; but they will hardly be able to point out a fact misstated

or not supported by his authorities. His acquaintance with everything bearing upon his subject enabled him to avoid those errors in minor details which writers of ability, but of insufficient information, are so apt to fall into. We have observed only a single slip of this kind, and he was led into it by copying Theiner, who had evidently misread his manuscript. We refer to a writ, said to be addressed to a Bishop of Oxford early in the thirteenth century, three hundred years before the foundation of that see.

Mr. Robertson quotes a remark of Lord Hailes, speaking of his edition of the *Scottish Canons of the Thirteenth Century*:—'They were lately offered to the public, with some explanatory notes. For the benefit of those who may be inclined to publish any tracts concerning the antiquities of Scotland, I must observe that *twenty-five* copies of the Canons were sold.' The taste for accurate history has somewhat improved since Hailes's time; but perhaps it is hardly to be expected that a book like Mr. Robertson's will ever become what is called a popular work. There is a large class for whom the subject possesses no attractions; and even of some of those who take an interest in it, the taste has been perverted by writers who indulge in a reckless prodigality of confident assertion and startling incident, a method entirely opposed to the accurate research and calm impartiality of the author of the *Concilia Scotiæ*. But with all who study history as history ought to be studied, Mr. Robertson's work will be both a treasure in itself and a key to open the stores laid up in the records and language of an earlier age.

ART. IV.—*Julian den Frafaldne*. Af CARSTEN HAUCH. Kiöbenhavn, 1866.

THERE are few intellectual phenomena in modern European history more wonderful than the sudden rise and rapid development of Danish literature. Before the time of Holberg, the Molière of the North, who flourished during the first half of the eighteenth century, Denmark could scarcely be said to possess any literature at all. She owned, indeed, her ancient heritage of the Eddas and the Sagas in common with the two Scandinavian sister kingdoms, and she could also point to a singularly rich and extensive ballad-poetry, forming perhaps her noblest legacy from the old mediæval times. But of literature, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, she was almost wholly destitute.

Holberg, at once historian, satirist, and dramatist—a man grandly endowed by nature, and who had sedulously cultivated the gifts bestowed on him,—was the true awakener of intellectual energy and enterprise among his countrymen. He it was who with trenchant sarcasm attacked the folly and stupidity—for in truth their character and conduct deserve no gentler epithets—of the so-called literati of his age, and by indicating the radical defects that vitiated the entire taste and tendencies of the period, paved the way for a thorough reform in sentiment, in manners, and in literature. We need not wonder, therefore, that the Danes still fondly revere Holberg's memory, and look back to his multifarious labours as indicating the real commencement of their modern literary annals. Yet, great as without doubt were Holberg's merits, it must not be forgotten that from the date of his death in 1754 until the close of last century, his influence and example seem to have been productive of comparatively little fruit. Throughout the course of those forty or fifty years, intellectual sterility as a rule distinguished the Danish people. We meet, doubtless, with names like Ewald, Wessel, and Baggesen—names that would confer high honour on the literature of any nation—but the general spirit of the period was dull, drowsy, and barren, and evinced slight promise of the better day which was to come. With the first years of the nineteenth century there dawned a new era for Danish literature. It was in these years that the earliest poems of Oehlenschläger appeared, and the power and beauty which pervaded them were soon fully recognised. Intellectual effort among the Danes burst simultaneously into the richest bloom. A whole host of writers arose, fired by Oehlenschläger's example, and all owing something, more or less, to the inspiration of his genius,—writers who gained for themselves renown in their own land, and even in certain instances acquired a European reputation. Grundtvig, Ingemann, Hauch, Heiberg, Hertz, Winther, and Paludan-Müller, may be particularly mentioned, as holding high rank in the band of poets, novelists, and critics who adorned the records of Danish literature during the first thirty or forty years of the present century. Thanks to their successful achievements, the literature of their native country is now recognised as an intellectual power in Europe. Formerly that literature was either ignored by the thinkers of other nations, or deemed a minor branch of the literature of Germany, a sorry little twig depending from the colossal Teutonic tree. Now, on the contrary, men's minds are awakening to the consciousness of the fact,

that in Denmark there does really exist an original, self-subsistent literature, not to be compared, of course, for a moment, in point of extent, with the German, yet characterized by wonderful vitality and beauty, and within its necessarily narrow limits displaying an opulent 'many-sidedness,' hardly less various and versatile than that of Germany itself. Even in Britain, proverbially slow to comprehend the phases of any foreign literature, the Danish authors are beginning to find those who can appreciate and admire them; and we may with reason expect that the number of such persons will continue to increase. For, to us, it is a hopeful symptom, that among many educated Englishmen and Scotchmen, the tide seems setting, at present, in the direction of the Scandinavian North. Scandinavian scenery, Scandinavian manners and customs, Scandinavian literature, have become to them objects of interest and attraction; and of the last of these objects we think we may safely affirm, that the more they know of it the more they will study and love it. A fresh, healthy breath of life pervades the whole of Scandinavian literature, and not least that branch of it to which we have been referring in the previous remarks. The slightest glance at the pages of any Scandinavian work of merit, whether Danish, Swedish, or Norwegian, will furnish ample proof of the assertion we have made.

In the present paper it is our purpose to give some account of a recently published volume, by the veteran Danish poet, Carsten Hauch. Hauch is one of the last surviving literary links that connect the new generation of Danish authors with their predecessors in the former part of the century; and the mere mention of his name leads us back to the period when Oehlenschläger was at the summit of his renown, and had gathered around him a phalanx of younger followers to imbibe his spirit and to emulate his genius. But Hauch, although now between seventy and eighty years old, has preserved in remarkable measure the freshness and vitality of youth,—as is proved, indeed, by his most recent production, which deserves to be set side by side with the best literary achievements of his earlier life; and thus, binding together past and present, he may be considered a type of Danish literature in its two successive stages of development,—that, namely, which was contemporaneous with the period of Oehlenschläger's celebrity, and that, again, through which the younger intellect of Denmark has passed during the course of the last twenty or thirty years. Hauch is therefore doubly a representative man; and apart altogether from his great poetical

endowments, he is in consequence a figure around which quite peculiar interest gathers in the history of Danish literature. At the same time, and singularly enough, his merits as a poet, especially a dramatist, at first received somewhat tardy recognition among his countrymen, although now gladly and universally acknowledged. Rightly to understand this fact, and also, in a broader sense, the nature of the position which Hauch assumes in the modern literature of Denmark, it appears indispensable that before discussing the latest of his poetical efforts, we should here enter a little more minutely into details.

In the first place, then, the *polemical* nature of the whole of Danish literature, from its commencement until the present time, should be carefully and constantly remembered. This polemical aspect, which it has invariably exhibited, and which forms one of the most remarkable features to be found in the literature of any European people, originates in the fundamental elements of the Danish character. All who know the Danish idiosyncrasy cannot fail to acknowledge that it ever oscillates, so to speak, between opposite poles. There are in it two elementary principles, which, in their development, as one who was himself a distinguished Danish poet has observed, 'are continually waging mutual warfare. These two principles are depth and a certain sanguine lightness, emotion and understanding, with a quick and mobile fancy at the service of both alike. The emotion may become mere visionary enthusiasm, and the understanding assume the guise of wit; and when each of these warring elements conflicts with the other, alternately struggling for the mastery, there arise the oscillations between idealism and realism, between profound earnestness and airy jesting, between the tragic and the comic, between what may be styled the positive and negative polarities of the soul, which have seldom been fully harmonized in the case of individuals, but which possess their point of union in that humour and irony, the result of deepest seriousness, which is more or less the peculiar heritage of every true Danish poet.* Whenever, consequently, any one of those fundamental features of the national character threatens to develop itself with undue predominance, a determined opposition sets in from the other quarter, until the last again, by its tyrannical one-sidedness, calls forth a corresponding reaction. The history of these perpetual oscillations, of this continued action and reaction, is just the history

of all Danish literature. For example, the culmination of the new spiritual life and fervour of religious inspiration that succeeded the Reformation period, in the noble hymnology of Bishop Kingo, found its counterpoise in the comic genius of Holberg during the following period, the first half of the eighteenth century. Again, in the very midst of that period, an earnest reaction was beginning to take shape, which almost developed into the rampant pietism of the time of Christian the Sixth, and found fittest, sweetest expression in Brorson's spiritual songs. The succeeding reaction in favour of the lighter element in literature evoked, in its turn, the reaction which culminated in the emotional poetry of Ewald, the triumph of his lyric muse, and the birth of tragedy in Denmark; yet by virtue still of the same fundamental law, the lighter, humorous element regained its lost ascendancy, and, with Wessel for its Coryphæus, waged stronger and stronger, until it reached its climax in the works of Baggensen at the close of the eighteenth century. The profounder element in the national character of the Danes was kept throughout the course of the latter period in the background; but with another century's commencement, there broke forth, as we have already indicated, that fresh spiritual life of philosophy and poetry, which awakened it once more to new struggles and new conquests. The natural philosophy of Steffens, and the half-romantic, half-reflective lyrics of Schack Staffeldt, inaugurated, in conjunction with the intensely Northern genius of Oehlenschläger, that new and nobler era in Danish literature, in which the two great principles of the nation's intellectual existence stepped out on an arena far broader than the old to pursue their several paths which so often crossed each other, and by the ancient course of continued collision and reaction to impart a zest to the literary history of Denmark, which is lacking in that of many European countries. Since the period of Oehlenschläger, there have been ranged on the one side such men as Grundtvig and Ingemann; on the other, such as Hertz and Heiberg. Now, it is to the first of these two classes that Hauch emphatically belongs. Few seem to have laid more to heart the injunction in Schiller's verses,—

'Flichtet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben
In des Ideales Reich.'

The realm of the Ideal has been Hauch's chosen home; and the majority of his writings bear the broad stamp of their author's favourite dwelling-place. His lyrics, but, in a peculiar sense, his noble tragedies, are just

* Ingemann's *Tilbageblik paa mit Liv* (Retrospect of my Life), p. 60, where the important truth above referred to is very fully and admirably illustrated.

the embodiments of that higher ideal striving, which despises, perhaps sometimes unjustly enough, the inferior elements and tendencies of our common nature, and labours to portray the sublime, the passionate, and the terrible, instead of the smaller joys and sorrows interwoven with ordinary existence. The very fact that this ideal striving has been developed in certain of Hauch's productions in a rather exaggerated form, constitutes one of the chief causes why his works should have somewhat slowly acquired the public favour. The lighter element in the character of his Danish countrymen arrayed itself in opposition to the ideal aspirations which it could not aright appreciate; and during a course of years Hauch had to contend with the hostility of men, some of them possessing genius equal to his own, but pointing in a different direction, who were the votaries and cultivators of that other principle, which as we have already seen, has never lacked its inspired champions in the field of Danish literature.

In the second place, however, it must likewise be remembered, as serving to elucidate Hauch's precise position in the literature of his native land, that the poetical genius of the Danish people is far rather lyric than epic or dramatic. What Lénström, in his *Svenska Poesiens Historia*, affirms, with a certain measure of propriety, of the poetical genius of Sweden, that it is confessedly neither epic, dramatic, nor historic, but essentially lyrical,—and that only in one department, yet in it predominant, namely lyrical realism,—may, although with less truth, be also asserted regarding the distinctive spirit of Danish poetry. In fact, the poetry of all the three Scandinavian nations exhibits in the clearest relief the feature to which we now refer; and even the student who has merely mastered the rudiments of Northern literature, cannot fail to mark how opulent that literature is in lyrical productions, as compared with epic or dramatic poems. We do not of course wish it for a moment to be understood that Denmark, Sweden, and Norway can show little in the shape of epic and dramatic poetry. On the other hand, the literature of the Scandinavian peoples is truly varied and extensive, and presents numerous specimens of poetic composition in almost every form. But the prevalent tone is neither epic nor dramatic, and beyond doubt it is in the field of lyric song that the Scandinavian poets have chiefly won their triumphs. Take, as illustration, the case of the greatest poet of Denmark, Oehlenschläger. Ever since Heiberg, now many years ago, subjected Oehlenschläger's tragedies to a searching yet impartial criticism, it has been generally

allowed that his dramatic works are very considerably inferior to many of his other compositions, just because his genius was undramatic, while intensely lyric or lyric-epic in its character. The tragedies of Oehlenschläger are, if you will, splendid poetic pictures, grandly conceived and grandly executed; but they are destitute of one essential ingredient in all true tragedies, we mean the life-like delineation of human character, and so, notwithstanding their many merits, they fail to fully satisfy the reader or spectator. Specimens of dramatic poetry they may perhaps be styled, but unquestionably they are not dramas. Epos and lyric, or rather the debatable ground between the two, which we have called epic-lyric, formed the royal domain of Oehlenschläger; and much of his epic-lyric poetry is among the most beautiful which can be found in modern European literature. Now, the national tendency of the Danes, like that of the other two Scandinavian nations, being so supremely lyrical, it is obvious that any writer, whose best works were not lyrical but dramatic, would be less likely to achieve success and favour, than others who appealed to the predominant element in the poetical genius of their countrymen. This was precisely the case with Hauch. Although the author of many fine lyrics, it is mainly as a dramatist that he excels; and hence, doubtless, in some measure, the earlier unpopularity against which certain of his works had to contend.

The chief facts of Hauch's life may be briefly summed up as follows:—He is by birth Norwegian, having been born at Frederikshald in 1791. His father being appointed diocesan civil magistrate at Bergen, the boy spent there the first years of his youth, and afterwards resided with a clergyman on the Hardanger-fiord, where the magnificent scenery of mountains, forests, and resounding waters early awakened his poetic fancy, and produced an impression which he has strongly retained during all his subsequent life. At the age of twelve he came to Copenhagen, and when the English attacked that city in 1807, he placed himself, as yet a schoolboy, in the ranks of its defenders. The year after he became a student, with the intention of pursuing a juridical career; but philosophy, and especially the natural sciences, possessed for him a much greater charm than law, while the poems of Oehlenschläger, the natural philosophy of Schelling, and among the writers of the romantic school, pre-eminently Novalis (who has so often given the first arousing impulse to undeveloped genius), opened up before his view a new and wondrous world. During the 'Tyltestride,'

or battle of the Twelve,* so famous in Danish literature, none of Oehlenschläger's champions was more active and zealous than Hauch; and indeed his enthusiasm for Oehlenschläger has been as conspicuous as it has been unchanging throughout the whole of his literary career. Hauch, however, doubted his own poetic gift, and instead of continuing to cultivate it, threw himself with characteristic ardour into the study of the natural sciences, and zoology in particular. In 1821 he went abroad. At Nice, when still engaged in prosecuting his scientific studies, he was attacked by an ailment in the foot, which, after causing protracted anguish, it was found necessary to arrest by amputation. In the time of pain and suffering he once more returned to poetry, and found in its pursuit his truest comfort. He wrote, among other works, a drama entitled *The Hamadryad*; afterwards, in his thirty-fourth year, the tragedy *Bajazet*; and when resident at Rome, *Tiberius* and *Gregory the Seventh*; and returned with those works to Denmark in 1827, at which time he was appointed Lecturer on Natural Science in the Academy of Sorø. His dramas, especially *Bajazet* and *Tiberius*, which were published in 1828, produced a powerful impression by their imaginative strength, and the 'mordant tragic satire' with which they depict human character and passion, as well as by the peculiar energy of their language; but these merits were, in the estimation of many, more than counterbalanced by the lack of dramatic elaboration and polished correctness of style. From historical tragedies Hauch subsequently passed to historical romances, in his *Vilhelm Zabern*, published anonymously in 1834—a work remarkable for its psychologic insight, and the life-like fidelity with which it reproduces the times of Christian the Second and his celebrated mistress Dyveke. Of Hauch's succeeding novels, none found greater popularity than *A Polish Family* (1839), with its scenes and figures from the death-struggle of unhappy Poland. After other dramatic and epic works, he published, at the age of fifty-one, his first collection of lyric poems, containing some pieces of much beauty.

* This memorable literary contest (1814–18), which may be described as in reality an inevitable warfare between the old and young Denmark of the period, chiefly originated in Baggesen's jealousy of the greater fame of Oehlenschläger. The latter was attacked by Baggesen in a series of violent hostile criticisms, which were responded to by twelve of Oehlenschläger's youthful admirers, who were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their distinguished master. All the cultivated mind of Denmark took part in this conflict, which terminated in Oehlenschläger's final and enduring triumph.

Besides his poetical productions, his academic activity was also in other respects fruitful for literature, especially in those branches which were connected with the chief pursuits of his existence. During two or three years, until the insurrection of 1848, he lectured at Kiel on the Northern languages and mythology, and afterwards in Copenhagen on the Saga literature; in 1851 he was appointed to the chair of *Æsthetics* in the University, and several volumes of selections from his lectures on these various subjects have been given to the world. For a new series of poems he sought his themes, as before, from the most dissimilar countries and ages,—wherever the intellectual or spiritual conflicts of the human soul arrested his attention; in *Thorvald Vidfôrle* he portrays the period of the Sagas, in *Robert Fulton*, the discoverer's excitement, in *Charles de la Bussière*, the revolutionist's; while, as dramatist, he now entered into closer relations with the stage. His tragedy *Svend Grathe* (1841), the dramatic merits of which Heiberg, its author's literary opponent, had warmly enlogized, was, as an acting piece, unsuccessful, and the older tragedies were scarcely designed for the theatre; but now there appeared from his pen dramas such as *Honour Lost and Won*, *Henry of Navarre*, and many others, which, when represented, were received with favour by the public. In the year 1864, so unfortunate for Denmark, Hauch sought refuge from his evils, characteristically enough, in the distant regions of poetry, recalling, in the *Story of Haldor*, his early companionship with nature amid the solitude of the Norwegian valleys. 'Thus,' to quote Professor Martin Hammerich's concluding words, in his recent short but admirable sketch of Hauch's career, 'he stands among a younger generation as the representative of that higher ideal striving, to which he has consecrated the whole labour of his life.'

How prolific has been Hauch's genius, and over what an extensive arena it has ranged, will be at once apparent from the preceding summary. It is of course impossible, within our present limits, to present the reader with anything like a lengthened notice of his principal productions. All we can do is to offer a very few observations on his lyric and dramatic writings, which form, however, the two chief branches of his poetical works. As regards the first, while we certainly cannot assign to Hauch so high a position as that occupied by Christian Winther—without doubt *facile princeps* of living Danish lyric poets—we are of opinion that he claims from all impartial judges no mean tribute of respect and admiration. He

has neither the glow of passionate emotion which pervades the poems of Winther, and gives them their peculiar charm, nor does he emulate the fiery strains of Ploug, some of whose lyric effusions vividly remind us of that noble burst of German patriotic song,—the battle-lays of Körner, Arndt, and Schenkendorf during the great War of Independence. But he has peculiar merits of his own notwithstanding. Many of his pieces are fine specimens of objective lyric poetry, partly in the epic-lyric form to which we have already alluded. Like most of his countrymen, Hauch does not excel in lyric composition of a purely subjective character; to find the latter, we must have recourse to German instead of Danish poetry. The investiture of any one object, or series of objects, with the living shape and living hues of genuine lyric song, is the kind of poetical composition in which the Danes, like the Scandinavians generally, delight; and the mere delineation of subjective feeling or of the shifting moods and emotions of the individual human heart, is, on the whole, antagonistic to their nature. Now, in Hauch's lyrics the objective element is largely manifest, even in some of those pieces which might, at first view, be considered to partake, from the nature of their themes, of the subjective character. As, for example, in the following verses,* when the poet embodies his sorrow over the fall of Poland in an external pathetic picture, rather than impassioned lamentations wrung from the depths of his own suffering and sympathizing breast:—

'Wherefore heaves the Vistula, and beats upon its shore,
Like the wounded bosom of some mighty king of yore?
Wherefore from its billows do lamenting murmurs rise,
Like the moan of war-horse on the battle-field that dies?

'Slowly winds the wailing water under Cracow's wall,
Whence a host of heroes marched at Freedom's trumpet-call;
Long the tempest lasted, and the battle-fires burned,
Not a single soldier from that fatal fight returned.

'Therefore sighs the river, as it darkly speeds its way,
Therefore from its billows comes the wailing sound for aye;

Therefore all along its margin, sorrow field and plain,
Therefore Poland's widowed daughters shed their tears like rain.

'Yet when weeping o'er the cradles where their babes repose,
Flash to life old battle-eagles through their night of woes;
And the lullabies they murmur take a grander sweep—
So to songs of fallen glory Poland's children sleep!

The following lines, again, have even a more thoroughly objective character:—

'THE MERMAID OF SAMSÖ.

'High roll the raging billows, the tempest wild prevails,
And fierce upon the Baltic beat the equinoctial gales;
The sharp south-wester hurls the wave on Samsö's dreary shore,
A little fishing-boat is borne the maddened waters o'er.

'Down to the stormy ocean the feeble mast has dipped,
While from the foam-washed yard-arm the riven sail is stripped;
The fisherman sits at the helm, his son beside the prow,
Keen is the glance with which they mark the boiling gulf below.

'Then loudly cries the fisher-boy amid the surge's roar,
"I see a snow-white water-fowl I never saw before;
It heeds not wind or billows, it cares not how they rave,
But sits, a tall and slender shape, upon the towering wave."

'Rang high the father's accents, "Thou blessed God be near!
It is a demon of the deep that sails beside us here;
Now it behoves to battle with the evil spirit's lies,
When, like a swimming serpent, the mermaid meets our eyes!"

'So spake the ancient fisherman, and on he urged his way,—
"God grant the baleful creature may not make of us her prey!"
His voice was drowned in tempest that drove them towards land,—
The boat's prow pointing bravely to Samsö's sullen strand.

* It is almost superfluous to say that this and the following translations only very feebly reflect the spirit and beauty of the Danish original. Their sole merit is that they render, with tolerable fidelity, its meaning.

'Yet nearer still and nearer the fatal woman speeds,
Her head with garlands crested of sea-drift and of reeds,

She shrieks like the sea-raven, when struggling
with the storm,—
Half-woman and half-serpent appears her
wondrous form.

'As light as flies a bird in air she flies across the
sea,
Now in the hell of waters she hides herself from
thee,
Now on the billow's summit thou wilt see her
wildly swim
With outstretched hand and fingers like sea-
eagle's talons grim.

'So fearless and so cheerless o'er the surges does
she ride,
And steers her course in safety, the ocean's
ghastly bride;
Flung on the gale, her tresses like a banner
wildly wave,—
Behind her, winds and waters with redoubled
fury rave.

Strange shows her visage, scarcely seen amid
the storm's eclipse,
And sunny smile and sullen frowns are blend-
ing round her lips;
As mobile as the billow that rolls and rages
there,
Sometimes she seems a sea-fiend, sometimes a
maiden fair.

'But when at last she neared the boat upon the
surge's hoar,
A wondrous sight was witnessed, a sight un-
seen before,
For in the twinkling of an eye had passed the
wild turmoil,
The tempest ceased to thunder, and the deep
was smooth as oil.

'Then, beckoning, the mermaid broke forth in
solemn tone,
While, o'er the hushed and silent sea, her voice
was heard alone;
All strangely gleamed the waters in the even's
lustre red,
And moss-grown shapes came peering out from
ocean's hollow bed.

'The sea-brood swift assembled when they
heard their sister's song,
The crowd of living marvels that to the waves
belong,—
In all unwonted harmony they gathered as the
sound
Of these strange notes an entrance to their
native caverns found.

"Women of all the loveliest," so rang the mer-
maid's strain,
"In deep abysses wander beneath the sounding
main;
No winter's cold is piercing, no icicle is seen,
Where dances ocean's maiden upon her floor so
green.

"And she has wondrous treasures, to the up-
per world unknown,
Along the emerald pavement of her palace they
are strewn,

Where lilies and anemones and pearly clusters
fair
Grow side by side with blossoms of the coral
rich and rare.

"But life pervades the lilies, and they move
like breathing things,
While round the rocks the sea-snake coils his
green and glittering rings,
And if I beckon with my hand his changeful
colours flee,
They pale and fade from off him, when he
tamely comes to me.

"The tempests only play upon the surface of
the deep,
But never reach the under-world where we so
safely sleep;
Like church-bells in the distance sound the bil-
lows rolling high,
Then seizes us a yearning strange,—we know
not whence or why.

"But when the blast awakens and on in fury
speeds,
I saddle in the moonlight the wildest of my
steeds,
And if amid the surf I see some stately fri-
gate's form,
Then loudly rings my laughter through the
thunder of the storm.

"Against the ship my raven locks I toss
athwart the gloom,
And if thy hear the trembling then, destruction
is thy doom;
For high in air I lift my arms above the warring
wave,
And from the deck I drag thee down into an
ocean grave.

"But if thy courage fail thee not, I smile upon
thy path,
The mermaid spares the sailor bold, nor lets
him know her wrath;
A hero-soul will trample down the fiercest foe-
man's might,—
I love the brave one who can gaze on death
without affright.

"Now shall a prince be born to rule the realm
of waters o'er,
None such has long been lacking on Denmark's
verdant shore;
He with the stormy billows his royal blood
shall blend,
And ocean shall bear witness, 'Thou art my
chosen friend.'

"Should fortune false elude him upon the land
at last,
He shall regain the fugitive 'beside the lofty
mast.'—
And wielding so the kingly power, his name
shall never die,
While on the shores of Denmark the Baltic
waves beat high!"

'Thus flowed the mermaid's melody till daylight
passed away,
And like a ghost she disappeared in misty
shadows grey

Then waked once more the sleeping surge and
madly lashed the strand,
In vain,—the rescued fisher-boat lay safely on
the land.

'But one short month thereafter, in an early
spring-tide morn,
O'er all the isles the tidings flashed, "A
monarch's son is born!"—
The boy was that fourth Christian, whose name
shall never die,
While on the shores of Denmark the Baltic
waves beat high!

Some of Hauch's poems bear, as might be
anticipated, strong traces of the naturalist.
We give the following quaint and somewhat
mystical verses as a specimen. They are not
without a certain suggestive spiritual beauty.
The title is *The Life of Plants*.

'MAN.

'Why dost thou sleep on the lap of earth?
Why wilt thou wake not to life and mirth?

'Tell me, O plant, thy aim divine,
For, poor weak blossom, no lips are thine,
Thou hast no wing, no foot,
Only the hidden root.
Nature to thee but a fetter gave
To bind thee fast to thy grave.

'And yet thou smilest with secret glee
In thy prison tomb,
So glows and sparkles thy starry bloom
As if to illumine
All nature free!

'What meanest thou so?
How shall we thy double mystery know?
Why spreadest thou not above and below
Thy branches like pinions?
O weak one, with *this* thy strength cannot
cope,—

Still fresh and verdant as hope,
Though springest from earth's dominions!
What goal's to thee given,
Thou striver in vain,
Poor grass of the plain,
By the breezes wantonly driven?

'Great nature, so rich, and lordly, and free,
Is not for thee;
For thee is the sunshine dull and poor,
And life is only a barren moor.

'Up thou risest with leaflets bending,
Now relaxing and now extending,
Until thy petals in beauty break;
Rainbow colours on colours awake,
How can *they* of the death partake
Whence they come, and whither they go?
Say, how can we thy mystery know?

'Who hath thee placed
Like a gleaming star in our earthly waste?
Thy foot is bound,—
How was thy path o'er ocean found?

Thine eye is sealed,—
Who has to thee life's door revealed?

'Thou art but mould,—
Who was it gave thee thy dowry of gold?
Death's in thy bosom,—
Who lent the glory of dawn to thy blossom?

'THE PLANT.

'I am that strange link enchaining
What is sleeping, what is waking,
Heaven's sunshine o'er us breaking
To the darkness 'neath us reigning.
Thus within life's centre resting,
All its rays to me are hasting.
Half in earth, and half in air,
Half a stone, half perfume rare,
Night-born, yet the child of light,
I unfold my pinions bright.

'MAN.

'Full many a mystery with meaning rife
Our wisdom solves, and yet we lack the might
To ope the secret of thy inner life.

'THE PLANT.

'When has passed the rose's splendour,
Faded all its blossoms tender,
Then the inner life is gone:
When the sun-rays overflow me,
Now a leafless skeleton,
First ye fancy that ye know me,—
In my broken, withered form,
In my dust so black and cold,
Groping for the life of old.

'MAN.

'Fair art thou doubtless, yet the loathsome
worm
May o'er thy leaves its winding path pursue,
And in thy beauty-cup be lost to view.

'THE PLANT.

'From God above the sacred hues descending,
Mingle in love's sweet flame to give me
birth,
The holy red, the green and blue, are blend-
ing;
In me they find a meeting-point terrestrial,
Then do I lift my head from mother-earth,
Though born of her, yet fresh with light
celestial.

'The eagle may ascend to highest heaven,—
The worm may deep below my roots be
gliding,—
To me a life of tranquil peace is given;
That which to them, till found, no rest
allows,
I have already gained,—for, near me biding,
I closely clasp my closely-clasping spouse.'

It is, however, in the department of the
drama that Hauch has gained his chief repu-
tation as a poet. Greatly inferior to Oehlen-
schläger in his lyrical productions, his dramas
are, at least in certain important respects,

superior to those which emanated from the illustrious author of *Palnatoke* and *Hakon Jarl*. When Mrs. Howitt says, in her *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*,—a book which, with all its faults, possesses many and remarkable merits, and must be cherished in the grateful memories of English students of Scandinavian literature as the first, and, until the present time, the only attempt made to communicate a complete account of that literature to our countrymen,—when she says of Hauch, that in his tragedies ‘there is a strong tendency to metaphysical philosophizing, to the tracing of the outward character to its inward springs, and to the representation of intense passion, and scenes of exciting peril and distress,’ she affirms nothing but what is true; and yet it is not the whole truth which is embodied in her words. She should have added, in order to convey a perfectly exact idea of Hauch’s tragic dramas, that in them he ever aims at the colossal, that he selects for his subjects great events as well as great characters, and that he appears to strive after a dramatic interpretation of the philosophy of history. In the fine tragedy of *Tiberius*, perhaps the ablest of his dramas, such an effort on his part is sufficiently apparent; and although we cannot assert that it has been crowned with perfect success, we may, at all events, allow that he has, in no slight degree, approximated to the goal he seems to have assigned himself. As there exists ‘pragmatic’ history,—the species of history which first appeared in the pages of Thucydides, and of which some of the old classical historians were the early cultivators,—so there is also what may be styled ‘pragmatic’ tragedy. Pragmatic history rests on a psychological basis, and endeavours to deduce the various events, whether small or great, occurring in the world around us, from the different developments of human character, and the conflicts of human passion and emotion. The pragmatic dramatist, as we have called him, does, only in more compressed form, the same; and thus the psychological insight with which Hauch has been so largely gifted, fits him in a peculiar manner for the delineation of momentous crises in the history of the human race—crises which, originating of course, in the first instance, in the providence of God, own at the same time, for secondary causes, the workings of a human heart, or of several hearts combined. Thus, in the very work which more immediately concerns us, *Julian the Apostate*, the great crisis in the history of humanity which the actor portrays, is the epoch of the full conversion of the Roman world to the Christian faith, and the charac-

ter which he makes the theme of his psychological analysis in a dramatic form is the complex and powerful character of Julian. Furthermore, another peculiarity of Hauch’s tragedies is, that the style wonderfully harmonizes with the subject. We shall best define his style by saying that it is *statuesque*, and not pictorial. There is about it no superfluous ornament, nothing in the shape of word-painting; although devoid of stiffness, and pervaded by sufficient warmth, it is on the whole calm and dignified, as befits language which is the interpreter of grand characters and mighty actions. In truth, the vice of undue word-painting, which is, in our estimation, one of the crying sins of modern European, and, not least, of English literature, should be a total stranger to the tragic drama. But the calm dignity and pregnant energy of Hauch’s style—reminding one of his great master, Tacitus—formed, and still will form, a stone of stumbling to many whose taste, vitiated by the ultra pictorial tendencies, as regards language, of the times, saw then, or now see, in Hauch’s simplicity and conciseness, a defect sufficient of itself to outweigh merits however great and numerous. Yet, as it is surely an elementary principle of all true æsthetics, that in any literary work of art the matter and the form should be accordant with each other, and so a noble tragic figure stepping forth arrayed in the tawdry finery of meretricious garments would be a living violation of this fundamental artistic requirement,—we must assign, among the excellences that mark Hauch’s tragic dramas, no mean place to the style of language which he has employed as the appropriate medium of his poetical conceptions.

In the Preface to his last work, Hauch informs us that its subject has been a favourite one with him from an early period—from the time, indeed, when he wrote *Tiberius*. And knowing, as we do, the distinguishing features of his mind, we need not wonder that such should be the case. At first sight, unquestionably, it might seem as if the character of Julian the Apostate could scarce offer any special attractions to a dramatist like Hauch. He loves to solve psychological problems, and depict a soul torn hither and thither by the force of contending emotions. Now, in the character of Julian there was no such struggle as this. Its single dominant idea, its one over-mastering tendency, was the desire to re-enthrono Paganism on the ruins of the new Christian religion, and give back, if possible, to their ancient place in the heart of mankind, the fallen deities of Olympus. Whatever opinion we may form, in other respects, of Julian, we must at least

accredit him with singleness of purpose as well as energy of will. But, although Julian's character is thus sufficiently simple, when contemplated in the light of its sole paramount aspiration, we must not forget that complexity was lent to its internal workings, and their embodiment in outward form, by the numerous and powerful influences to which, from without, it was exposed. Schleiermacher very truly observes that we are not to view the fact of Julian's apostasy as a mere personal matter, but as the historical reaction of heathenism against Christianity.* The era in which Julian lived was an era of vast temporal and spiritual ferment; it was also pre-eminently an era of transition, when the Old was passionately striving to regain its lost dominion, and the New, half-alarmed for its own marvellous conquests, was straining every effort to defend them. A hundred elements were at work, a hundred forces were abroad. The figure of Julian stands before us in the page of universal history as the centre of those warring powers, and the symbol of the last giant struggle of the dying Paganism with that new and purer Creed which was destined to regenerate the world. For one who, like Hauch, loves to interpret dramatically a great historical crisis, the whole of Julian's extraordinary career must possess a special fascination. What has been the result of this fascination, as exhibited in the present drama? Impartial readers will, we think, admit that Hauch's picture of the Apostate is strongly marked, clear, and life-like; and that, sometimes with a few master-touches, the grand religious conflict of the age, and the entire condition of the then existing Roman world, are admirably portrayed in many portions of the work. Yet truth compels us to add that, as an artistic production, it is defective. Goethe's golden axiom, that limitation is the true test of creative genius, and that law alone gives liberty,† has been too often before forgotten, either entirely or in part, by Hauch; and that forgetfulness is a little too painfully apparent in the drama under review. It is not a compressed harmonious whole, but rather a protracted series of living portraits—portraits now of characters, now of incidents. Nevertheless, a certain dramatic cohesion binds together the various portions of the poem; and we can afford to pardon its lack of perfect art, in consideration of its vivid psychological and historical photography. The drama opens with the following scene:—

'VIENNE IN GAUL.

(A large hall in Julian's palace. In the middle of the hall a table with scrolls and parchments; in the background, a curtain. Julian enters, closes and locks the door behind him, and approaches the curtain; at the same moment a knock is heard without.)

Julian. Cannot a moment's solitude be mine?

[Opens the door—Varro enters.

Jul. This is the time which to myself belongs. Thou knowest it.

Varro. Forgive!

Jul. What is thy errand?

Var. Bishop Aëtius, who has just arrived, Requests at once admission to thy presence.

Jul. It is too early, I can speak with none.

Var. But he is unaccustomed to refusal.

Jul. 'Tis true, I know that he can ne'er forget He was my teacher at a former time, But seldom recollects that heaven's orbs Have in their wonted course since then revolved For more than fifteen long and fateful years.

Var. He loves thee notwithstanding, still.

Jul. Because He hopes to guide me yet in leading-strings As one may guide the weak, unreasoning child.

Var. Thou art mistaken, prince; it is not so.

Jul. And even now has our imperial kinsman Sent him as chosen bishop here to Gaul, Which thing can scarcely, as thou mayest deem, Increase the confidence we cherish in him; Yet thou art right, he must not be refused.

(Varro opens the door. Bishop Aëtius enters, and Varro departs.)

Aëtius. Forgive my presence, if it cause thee trouble.

Jul. Has our imperial cousin, then, once more Intrusted thee with tidings to impart?

I know, he often sends thee letters.

Aët. Nay,

Another Master sends me hither now, Compared with whom the Emperor, in all His power and glory, is a withered leaf Seen in the splendour of the noon-day sun.

Jul. So, then, thy errand?

Aët. With complaint I come From the maltreated Bride of Christ, His Church, Groaning beneath the yoke of Gentile bondage.

Jul. Say, what has chanced?

Aët. Things wild and terrible; But He, who for the Church is ever warring, He from whose mouth proceeds the two-edged sword,

He will to judgment come, and crush His foes. Jul. Without a figure speak, and tell thy tale.

Aët. A brother-priest has lately come from Lyons,

Who yester-even visited my house,— And he relates that there a countless swarm Of heathens have destroyed the Christian church, That noble edifice, so newly built In honour of the holy martyr Stephen. With iron crows and axes first they broke The massy gate, and thronging wildly in, Dispersed the sacred relics of the martyrs, And opened the sepulchres, where pious saints Sought peace in death within these holy walls; At last they set on fire the house of God,

* *Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche*, p. 249.

† 'In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister, Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.'

And it is burned to the foundation, Cæsar !
 A stormy sea of flames, which echoes with
 The hideous cry of hell's accursed demons,—
 From the abyss a song of jubilee,—
 Has now engulfed it. Only blackened walls,
 And skeletons dragged from their resting-place,
 And heaps of ruin mark where once it stood.

Jul. (takes up a paper lying on the table.)
 A strange coincidence, in truth ! for newly
 Came hither lamentations from Marseilles,
 That differed not in kind but in direction.
 The rabble there, led by a Christian priest,
 Into Diana's temple forced their way,
 With iron crowns and axes, just as in
 St. Stephen's Church at Lyons,—they defiled
 And trod beneath their feet the sacred wreaths
 With which the shrine was richly decorated ;
 A priest was murdered at the altar's base ;
 The image of the Goddess, wondrous work
 Of Art's best epoch, hither brought from Hellas,
 Was broken into fragments and destroyed,
 Just like the bleached and mouldering martyr-
 bones

Whose fate seems to have touched thy heart so
 nearly,—

And yet, methinks, it were a harder task
 Now, when the ancient genius is forgotten,
 To conjure such a shape to life again,
 Than all the lordliness that passed away
 Amid the flames in Lyons.

Æt. Cæsar, pause !
 For language such as this is not for thee ;
 It gladdens me that all the olden Art
 And skill have perished,—they were but the
 slaves

Of heathen darkness and its lying idols.
 With *them* they rose to might, with *them* they
 sank,

And good it is, that such has been their doom.

Jul. Forget not that the larger portion of the
 people

As yet is cleaving to the ancient creed.

Æt. Neither forget that thou thyself art
 Christian.

Jul. The Cæsar of the Christians not alone,
 But likewise bound to guard against attack
 Those who the faith of former ages hold,
 Although in it myself no longer sharing.

Æt. Speakest thou thus ?

Jul. Let each who force employs
 Be punished, whether heathen, whether Chris-
 tian.

Æt. Is it not then a greater sin to storm
 The temple where the one true God is wor-
 shipped.

Than that in which an idol is adored ?

Jul. Justice must walk her stern impartial
 path

Regardless of opinion and of creed.

Æt. They say of thee that thou hast never
 chosen

A Christian man as leader in thy host ;
 Does also *this* with justice harmonize ?

Jul. As leader I must choose the man who
 owns

The gifts that fit him for a post so high,—

And *that* is not determined by his faith.

The most of Christians are for war unsuited.

Æt. They likewise say that those philoso-
 phers

Who disavow the sacred name of Christ,
 Thou dost select as thy peculiar friends.

Jul. I search for wisdom where it may be
 found,

Even although among the Gentiles hidden.

Æt. There is a wisdom, nathless, which is
 false.

Jul. This I deny not, neither do I choose
 To argue at the present time with thee ;
 For thou hast often borne with me in patience,
 Nor know I any in my earlier years
 Who treated me so tenderly as thou.

Æt. Already did I gather from thy boyhood
 That grand and regal faculties were thine.
 Such men are either born for the salvation
 Or ruin of the age that gives them birth ;
 Yea, they can hurry millions with themselves
 Down to the depths of wretchedness and woe,
 If they employ not, as they should, their gifts ;
 Therefore in thee I ever have beheld
 A spirit great—but also perilous,
 Which in the bands of prudence must be
 guided,—

And, Cæsar, I have borne with much in thee
 That I could never have endured in others.

Jul. (gives him his hand.)

I know that thou hast loved me formerly.

Æt. I love thee still ; but thou hast foes, O
 Cæsar !

And I have oft defended thee against them ;
 For some there are who doubt thee, and affirm
 That in thy heart thou hast abjured our faith,
 And certain is it, too, that now and then
 Thy language wakes astonishment and scandal.

Jul. Ye must not always trust to what is told.

Æt. That thou are doubted by the Emperor
 I know to be the truth.

Jul. The earliest thing

I can of him remember, is that I

Beheld my kindred and my sire himself

Die by a bloody death at his command.

Æt. Surrender vengeance to the Judge above ;

For He alone the secrets of the soul

Can read, and can pronounce the righteous
 doom.

Jul. That I have spoken thus, may clearly
 prove

That I again have confidence in thee.

Æt. Be sure, I never will thy trust betray.

Jul. (Contemplates him earnestly.)

Believest thou the Emperor is changed,

Or that his thoughts to me are friendly ?

Æt. (After a pause.)

No.

Jul. (In a friendly tone.)

I thank thee, Bishop, for thy openness,

And for the love which I shall ne'er forget.

Æt. Neither do I forget thy boyhood's prom-
 ise.

But listen to the Great Redeemer's voice,

Which ever calls thee on !

Jul. I understand not—

Æt. All deepest aspirations of thy soul,

All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,

Attuning thee to love and tenderness,

And rousing credence in a better land

Where earthly pressure shall be felt no longer,

And whither hate and discord never travel,—

See, that is Jesus' voice which calls upon thee,

And wakens memories of the Paradise

From which we fell, to which we rise once more.

Jul. (Aside.)

I know not rightly how to make reply.

Æt. And if such thoughts as these be not as yet

Wholly uprooted from thy breast and withered,
He has not lost the hope of thy salvation.
But now, behold!

(Takes a book from under his cloak.)

Receive at parting, Cæsar,

A gift from him who was thy boyhood's friend,
A book inspired by a mighty soul—
At home in all the wisdom of the heathen,
And yet a thinker of the school of Christ;
It shall console thee, when perplexed by doubt.
And now, farewell!

Jul. (Takes the book.)

Farewell, my ancient teacher!

Æt. Let those who burned the holy fane in
Lyons

Suffer the punishment the law demands.

[Ætius departs.]

Jul. (Lays the book on the table.)

The old and feeble man! he still believes
That I—it pains my spirit to deceive him,
And yet I must, for I am forced to this.
But if my steps be only marked by fortune,
So that I gain the army's confidence,
Ay then—the fulness of the time has come,
When I may throw the hollow mask aside.

Can any kingdom here on earth endure,
Where this strange sect has gained supremacy?
We must abjure the country of our fathers,
So do they teach,—abjure it, and for what?—
A pale and shadowy dreamland in the sky;
No warfare must we wage, no armour carry,
Unmurmuring submit to fell disgrace,
Nor struggle longer with the Empire's foes,—
As war, forsooth, is bloody, sinful outrage;
We must be neither Greeks nor Romans more,
But only slaves of Christ, indifferent
To all which earth calls beautiful and great!

(He draws the curtain aside, when three niches are seen, in each of which stands a statue—the first representing Zeus, with the lightning in his hand; the second, Pallas Athene fully armed; and the third, the Sun-god, with a halo round his head.)

Jul. Prostrates himself before them.)

Thou sacred Zeus, and thou
His mighty and strong-mailed daughter!
Thou, Helios Apollo,
With the golden wreath
And the shining tresses!
Ye heaven-circling, ye silent stars!
Though rich, all nourishing earth!
O give me power
For the deadly strife that awaits me!
So that the old, long-vanished days
May again be born,—
When life was still a reflection fair
Of heaven's glory,
When the gods came down to the sons of men,
When among them wandered the heroes,
Who now, far-gleaming, shine amid
The orbs of the nightly sky;
When in her earlier power
Rome rose and ruled, a queen,
Long ere the spirit of fear and thralldom
Had bowed our heads to the dust!

(Rises and contemplates the statues.)

Has then this Christian sect on us bestowed
Aught we can liken to those sacred visions
Which mighty masters drew from heaven down,
And bodied forth in such surpassing glory,
That all who gaze on them with living sense
Must be absorbed in wonder and in worship!

From this scene the reader will perceive that the drama opens with the earlier period of Julian's career, immediately before his victories over the barbarians, and while he yet wore the mask of external conformity to the Christian faith. In the first three acts, the steps are portrayed which led to his assumption of the imperial dignity, and terminated in his throwing aside the outward profession of Christianity, and stepping forth as the restorer of the ancient Paganism. During the course of these three acts we find ourselves sometimes at Vienne, and sometimes at Byzantium, in the court of Constantius, or in the camp of Julian. We come in contact with many characters—characters in which are skilfully exhibited the various types of Christian and heathen at that period of Roman history. Thus, Constantius and his courtiers represent the outward form of Christianity as distinct from its living power, and the monk Marcian and his youthful follower Deodatus represent blind unreasoning fanaticism, while Bishop Aëtius, the priest Eutyches, and Justina, the sister of Deodatus (one of the only two female figures in the tragedy, and surrounded by a halo of peculiar tenderness and beauty), represent the true faith of Christ, and the influence it exerts upon the hearts and lives of its earnest votaries. Again, the corresponding phases of heathenism are depicted in the worldly indifference of Julian's secretary, Sosthenes, in the fierce Pagan fanaticism of the soothsayer Kalkis, and in the conscientious zeal of Julian himself,—while on the boundary-line between the two opposing creeds we see the physician Oribazes, who, a sceptic, holds with neither, and inclines to pass an impartial judgment on both alike. This rich variety of Christian and Pagan character pervades the whole work, and forms one of its especial attractions. Anything like a laboured analysis of the progress of the narrative would be inconsistent with our limits here, and besides would serve no good purpose, as the entire drama is fundamentally a drama of character and not of incident. In the first three acts, Julian gains his wonderful Gaulish triumphs, becomes the idol of the soldiery, is exposed all the while to the machinations of his enemies at the Byzantine court, is surrounded by their spies in his camp and in his palace, finally foils their

efforts, and is elevated by his faithful army to the Imperial throne. His own internal religious convictions, and resolution to embody them in outward deed when the favourable moment shall arrive, remain, meanwhile, as firm as ever. True, indeed, he cannot quite shake off the recollections of his early Christian training, and the words of his former friend and teacher Aëtius persistently recur to his mind, but they do not for a moment cause him to waver in the great purpose of his life. The love he cherished, not merely for the new-platonic philosophy which had animated with such fresh vitality the dead forms of the old heathen creed, but also,—and especially after his assumption of the imperial purple,—for the external rites of Pagan worship (in which respect, according to the almost ludicrous account of Ammianus Marcellinus,* his zeal was carried to an excessive length), this love is still his one over-mastering impulse, and remains so to the close. A striking soliloquy in the second act, where he reads the book presented to him by Aëtius, well describes his state of feeling at the present stage of his career:—

‘It cannot be denied that some there are
Among the Christian sect who understand
To wield the pen with wondrous skill and
cunning.

Even the wisdom which is *ours*, the thoughts
Of Plato do they wrest to their advantage.
And though I surely know it for a dream
Of some sick fancy born,—methinks ’twere
well

I should forbid them to read Plato henceforth.

‘And yet I cannot but confess, it seems
As if home-voices, mild and friendly, dwelt
Within the book I hold, and spoke to me
Of early days, the years of long ago.

‘“All deepest aspirations of thy soul,
All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,
Attuning thee to love and tenderness,
And rousing credence in a better land
Where earthly pressure shall be felt no
more,—
See, that is Jesus’ voice which calls upon thee.”

‘Was it not thus to me the old man spake?
And reading now these lines, I feel return
Back to my spirit—all the words he uttered
And all the distant visions of my youth.

‘But I must write,—write to Libanius,
To Greece, and all the sages of the Empire;
And yet more strongly than before shall they
Prove that the Christian books are only filled
With false chimeras and with idle dreams.
We must defeat them with the very weapons

Which this man wields against ourselves,—
for we

Too long have shown a cold indifference
In matters of such moment. I have heard
That a magician dwells amid those mountains,
And long have I resolved to visit him,
For widely through the land his art is famed,
As is his hatred to the Christian sect.
Varro!’

We quote the first part of the scene, in which his nocturnal visit to the magician Kalkis is described:—

‘A WILD MOUNTAIN REGION.

(*Early twilight. A storm commencing. Julian and Varro cautiously advance, and occasionally stop to address each other.*

Varro. Hearest thou how the tempest rages?
Jul. Yes.

Var. Guard well thy steps,—stones from the
mountain fall.

Jul. They are not rocks,—slight are the
wounds they cause.

Var. The storm each moment gathers fury
new.

Prince, step with caution, firmly grasp the cliff,
If thou would’st not be buried far below.

Jul. I hear in the abyss the waters thunder,
And every brook is swelling to a flood.

Var. Tread carefully!

Jul. I love a storm like this,
When all the spirits of the hills are roused;
It is as if I then beheld the nymphs
Flit lightly o’er the summit of the mountains,—
And wondrous shapes I even now discern
In rocks and wildly-rolling waves. Methinks,
If faith in the majestic Nature round us
And its concealed divinity, were lost,—
Dead in the heart of a degenerate race,—
It would again in such a tempest wake.

Var. Fall prostrate to escape the hurricane!
The twilight deepens, and the night descends.

Jul. Loudly the vulture screeches through
the blast,

And down the mountain to the distant valley
An avalanche of earth is madly borne.

Var. Cæsar, I pray thee to retrace thy steps,
For lower on the hill the way is smooth
And there is better shelter from the storm;
Against the giant powers of the abyss,
When they break forth in such terrific fury,
In vain do mortals wage their feeble war.

Jul. Trust in my destiny, and bravely follow.

Var. Around thy head the livid lightning
plays.

Jul. It is a sign that Zeus is my protector.

Var. I hear the torrents rushing to the deep,
From whence they never can retrace their way
Back to the golden light,—for downwards
thence,

So it is said, there goes a path to Orcus.

Jul. The wind begins to fall.

Var. Believe it not!

Only a moment does’t rest to gain
Fresh strength, and recommence with double
vigour.

Jul. I tell thee that I love a night like this.
Such nights enticed me in my early youth

* ‘Superstitiosus magis, quam sacrorum legitimus observator, innumeras sine parsimonia pecudes macans, ut estimaretur, si revertisset de Parthis, boves jam defuturos.’—*Am. Mar.* xxv. 4.

To leave my couch, and drove me forth to
climb
Upon the precipice in wind and blast,
Where, had I slipped my foot, a fearful death
Awaited me,—and yet I ever knew
That I was guarded by Light's holy powers,
And trusted in the stars' divinity,
Whose radiance shone, so pure and pale, above
me.

Var. There stands a sacrificial stone, I see it
Through the red lightnings.

Jul. (Stands still.) I behold it also.

Var. They offered on that stone in ancient
days

Coal-black unfruitful kine to Hecate,
The Dian of the subterranean shades,
Who lifts on high her grim and ghastly brow,
Girt with the serpents of the under-world,
And drinks the flowing blood with greediness,
And in the victim's dying pangs delights,—
For she is evil and malicious, Cæsar!
Therefore it is not good to linger here
At such a time as this.

Jul. With reverence speak!
She is the goddess of the Moon as well,
Who in the presence of this stone appears
In all her earliest, austerest worship.
Remember that she rules o'er land and sea,
And in the magic land where dreams are born;
For all the children of the night beneath
Her sceptre bow and follow her command,—
And she it is, who by her twilight lustre
Betrays the treasures which the darkness hides,
And visions she beholds, which no one else
Although he were the wisest, comprehends.

Var. Again the storm breaks forth, and rocks
and stones
A fresh roll down the mountain's side; methinks
The earth turns round, and I can scarce distin-
guish
That which is standing still from that which
moves.

Jul. (Who yet remains at Hecate's altar.)
She is, I say, a friendly deity,
And when the ancient Pan at midnight hour
Sudden awakens from his dreaming sleep,
And high, as now, his voice of terror raises,
And lifts his head above the forest trees,—
Then she it is who knows to pacify
The bitter passion of the wrathful god,—
For o'er the moor and meadow she disperses
Odour from Hades, while in dew she bathes
them,—
And so he seeks his nightly couch again.

Var. Woe! woe! before my feet the light-
ning's flash
Reveals to me a gulf unfathomable,
And all things reel around. O voice of horror!
The bark of Cerberus I hear below,
Within the depths of Pluto's dreary kingdom;
From the abyss a giant shape ascends,
It drags me downwards,—woe is me! I perish!

[*Falls down the precipice. The moon emerges
from the clouds.*]

*Jul. (On the other side of the rock, and who
has not observed Varro's disappearance.)*
There does the mighty goddess shine at last;
The clouds she scatters, and the darkness flies

Whenever she appears. With pallid horn
High on the summit of the rock she stands,
For yet imperfect is her golden ring.
And bright with stars is also now the sky;
I see the Pleiades and great Orion,
And Perseus with his flaming sword unsheath-
ed,
And the twin-brothers, who deliverance bring,
By sea and land, and tame the tempest's rage.

While we could well have spared the death
of Varro in the preceding scene, as importing
into it an unduly sensational element, we can-
not but think that Julian's Alpine excursion
is limned by a powerful hand; and the inter-
est deepens during his interview with the
soothsayer Kalkis, which want of space, how-
ever, prevents us from offering, even in
abridged form, to the reader.

The Christian faith and hope of Justina,
along with her love for Julian,—a love which
she resolutely crushes, as conflicting with the
higher interests of her soul,—form the thread
of gold that binds together the first and larger
portion of the tragedy. Aëtius has been at
last imprisoned by Julian's orders, and in his
dungeon at Syrmium he is visited by Justina.
We give the conclusion of their interview:—

'Aëtius. How to the prison didst thou find
thy way,

For thou as yet hast told me nought of this?

Justina. I and my mother newly visited
The holy soil which our Redeemer trod,
And I have pressed my lips upon the Cross
Where hung in agony the Lord of Glory,
And I have seen the crown of piercing thorns
That wound itself around his pallid brow,
And I have knelt in dark Gethsemane,
And wandered through the shade of Cedron
vale,

And rested on the slopes of Olivet.
But in returning, when our pilgrimage
Was near its close, we heard with grief and
terror,—

For all around the tidings had been spread,—
That thou wast fettered as a prisoner here;
And then with prayers and tears I moved my
mother

To hasten hitherward, and so at last
I have discovered thee, my father dear.

Aët. Thrice happy thou, who hast the scenes
beheld

Where He that bled for us on Golgotha
Gained His eternal triumph o'er the grave.

Just. But I, alas, have also seen the dread
Apostasy that menaces the world,—
For idol-temples rise again in splendour,
And crowds of heathen hail them with delight;
It almost seems as if the evil spirits
Whose arrogance was foiled, whose power was
crushed,

Had gained once more dominion here below.

Aët. Fear not! the stars shall sooner be ar-
rested

Upon their course, than that triumphant faith
Now speeding through the darkened world,—
for He

To whom millenniums are as a day
When it is past, or as the fleeting night-watch,—
He heedeth not the puny power of man.

Just. Does Julian then in very truth com-
mand
That thou shalt die?

Æt. I know it not, my daughter;
But I must be compelled to bow before
His image, and in all humility
Crave pardon for my words that seemed too
bold.

And yet thou mayest well suppose, I will not,
I cannot,—for the servant of the Lord
May never bow before a sinful mortal,
And say that he has done him deadly wrong
Because on him the judgment he pronounced,—
A judgment which the Lord himself commanded.

Just. Such a refusal I can well conceive.

Æt. Yea! he is worse than even Maximin,
Or Decius, or Nero in his madness,
For these alone destroyed the body's life,
But he with cunning knows to tempt the soul.
So was it that of old the deadly serpent
Seduced our mother Eve to primal sin.

Just. And yet for justice he is eulogized,
For mildness and for tenderness,—they say
That never has there reigned a better prince
Since good Aurelius was emperor.

Æt. But it was this Aurelius who doomed
To death the holy martyr Polycarp,
Yea, Decius and Diocletian
Were for their justice by the world renowned,—
Because the thing which men deem beautiful
Is often loathsome in the sight of God.

Just. Thinkest thou, father, he can ne'er be
saved?

Æt. Scarcely, my child, shall he obtain
salvation;

And yet with God all things are possible.

Just. Too well I feel that I can never hate
him.

Æt. Nor I, and so the greater is my grief.
For if it was a foe that at me scoffed
And on me trampled, I could understand it;
But he in whom I only saw a son,
Whom I fostered, and of whom I hoped
He would become the Church's chief pro-
tector,—

That he should lift a traitor's hand against me,
That he should plunge the dagger in my bosom,
As yet I cannot rightly comprehend.

Just. (*Sinks at his feet.*)

Father, forgive thy daughter, for she bears
A great and grievous sin upon her heart.

Æt. And what, my child, has that trans-
gression been?

Just. Him have I loved, who is thy perse-
cutor,

Yea, I have loved him with a deeper love
Than we should ever feel for any mortal,—
But then I knew not his apostasy,
And I was only by his greatness blinded;
He was a mighty hero like no other,
The land's protector and the Empire's hope;
Friend-like he spoke to me, and drew my soul
To his with gentle, yet imperial glances,—
And even still, although his fall I know,
It seems as if I never could forget him.

Æt. And hast thou met him often on thy
way?

Just. Twice only have I spoken to him,
father!

Æt. And knows he then the secret of thy
heart?

Just. It is a sore which never can be healed;
But no one knoweth of it, save thyself.

Æt. So set thy love on Him, who ne'er
deceives

The human soul with glory false and vain.
In Jesus' name thy sin be thee forgiven!

In the third and fourth acts we are taken
first to Athens, then to Byzantium, and
finally to Julian's camp in Persia. Julian, in
despite of his own principles of tolerance,
and yielding to the suggestions of his evil
genius Kalkis, permits both Aëtius and Jus-
tina to be put to death in Syrmium,—al-
though after the deed is done, he bitterly re-
grets it, and banishes Kalkis from his court.
Ever since his elevation to the Imperial
throne, having flung aside the profession of
the Christian faith, he makes the most strenu-
ous efforts to restore the ancient worship, and
at Athens sacrifices, as Pontifex Maximus, to
the Pagan gods. His endeavours, however,
are but coldly seconded by the mass of the
people; and it is only in the ranks of his
faithful and admiring army that he finds un-
divided, or almost undivided, support. Yet
even there some are Christians, and it is to
this circumstance that he owes his doom at
last. Hauch has applied to dramatic use the
hint of the rhetorician Libanius that Julian
was slain, amid the confusion of battle, by a
Christian, and makes it the groundwork of a
brief but striking scene in the last act of the
tragedy. We pass on to the conclusion.
Julian has received his death-wound, and is
carried from the fatal field.

'JULIAN'S TENT.

Julian—Oribazes.

Julian. Leave me alone, for I require rest.—
But when I have regained a little strength
Then thou shalt read to me from Plato's Phæ-
don,
And of the nature of the soul will we
Thereafter speak, of its eternal future,
And of its kinship with the lofty gods.
—First lead me to the entrance of the tent,
That I may see the splendour of the sun
Once more, if I must die.

(*Oribazes conducts him to the door of the tent,
where he reclines, after which Oribazes leaves
him.*)

Jul. (*Lifts his head and gazes round.*)

Am I alone?
Immortal gods, I could not have believed it;
My living faith it was that ye would guard me
Until my giant task had been fulfilled.

Can it, indeed, be true that this despised
And visionary creed of Nazareth
Shall gain a triumph over all the greatness,
And hero-power and glory and renown
With which the ancient ages were adorned?
Shall life be now a blanched and hueless thing,
Grey as the spider's web, devoid of beauty?
—Nay, nay, thou mighty Nature, and of fate
Thou God unknown, such cannot be *your* will!

—Besides, the spirit said, which Kalkis called
From the abyss, that in eternal grandeur
Our gods the lapse of ages should outlive.

But he was evil and most likely false,—
It stood upon his gloomy forehead written;
And can I trust the spirit he evoked?

How strange it is that at the present moment
I must recall in thought my boyhood's friend,
Recall the words he once to me addressed.

"All deepest aspirations of thy soul,
All gentlest thoughts that stir within thy heart,
Attuning thee to love and tenderness,
And rousing credence in a better land
Where earthly pressure shall be felt no more,
And whither hate and discord never travel,—
See, that is Jesus' voice which calls upon
thee,"—
Was it not thus to me Aëtius spake?

Ha! what is that? surely the air resounded,
Trembles the tent, and sudden lustre gleams!
—Behold, he pauses at the door without,
Upon a high and snow-white charger throned
In the meridian splendour, while his robe
Rolls amply-flowing round his shape divine,—
A garment whiter, more effulgent far
Than is the sun in all his brightest glory.
Before his face the shadows flee away,
And nothing do I now behold but him
High on the snow-white charger—

Vision. Julian!

Jul. What wouldst thou with me?

Vision. All is truth He taught.

Jul. Whom meanest thou?

Vision. Him whom thou persecutest.
[*Vanishes.*]

Julian. (*Holds for a moment his hand before
his eyes, and then lifts his countenance once
more.*)

No, no, it was not true, it was a phantom,
A fever-dream; but, even were it true,
Although such cannot be, for 'tis a thing
Impossible,—but, even were it true,
So shall it not, at least, be true for *me*.
Far rather will I take my final flight
Unto that ancient and mysterious Power
Which beckons on me from the starry spaces,—
Far rather, at the limits of the world,
In air and water be dissolved, and driven
As is a cloud upon the tempest's breath,
Than bow myself before this Nazarene.

(*Oribazes approaches softly.*)

Jul. Now, art thou there?

Oribazes. I heard thee speaking loudly,
And so I entered.

Jul. Tell me, hast thou seen
A horseman, at the entrance, clad in white?

Orib. No, Cæsar—

Jul. Heardest thou the air resounding?

Orib. It must have been a dream, a fantasy.

Jul. Yes, thou art right, it surely was a
dream.

(*After a pause.*)

But say, how goes it with the battle, friend?
Regains the foe his courage?

Orib. Cæsar, no,—
The field is covered with the hostile chiefs,—
Among the slain lie officers and satraps
Of highest rank, no prisoners are made—
For thy victorious troops no quarter grant;
It is a great and unexampled triumph.

(*Julian does not answer.*)

Orib. Death is approaching now.

Jul. Methinks the triumph
Will be of small avail, because they know not
How they may reap its fruits.

Orib. Thy vision fades.

Jul. No longer Julian helps them.

Orib. All is over.

Jul. It is not true,—it was a fever dream!
(*Dies.*)

An able Danish critic,* in a recent highly
laudatory review of Hauch's tragedy, takes
exception to its conclusion, which he accuses
of feebleness, when compared with the rest
of the poem. We do not know that this
charge can be justly brought against it. Let
us give the critic's own words:—"The scenes
which chiefly claim the reader's interest are
Julian's different interviews with Aëtius, and
also with Kalkis; his appearance first at
Byzantium, where, by his eloquence, he con-
solidates the victories which his sword has
already won, and finally in Persia, where he
encounters mingled defeat and triumph. This
is, indeed, the very essence of the drama.
Julian does not fall as subjugated by the
Christian faith, but as the victim of insulted
Christian fanaticism. A vision points to that
higher Power which has nought to do with
fanaticism, except in so far as the latter,
like everything else, including Julian him-
self, must serve the purposes of Omnipoten-
tence. Julian has rendered to Christianity a
service by unveiling the defects and untruths
in the Roman Christendom of the period,
yet he has at the same time, by stepping
forth as its virulent antagonist, aided it to ac-
quire, over himself, a victory. But the rep-
resentation of all this lies beyond the proper
boundaries of the drama; and therefore the
conclusion, especially when compared with
the same author's earlier work *Tiberius*, ap-

* F. Helveg, in the *Nordisk Tidsskrift* for Novem-
ber 1866.

pears feeble and unsatisfactory.' Now, it may be quite true that the introduction of the vision in the closing scene is inconsistent with the highest requirements of true dramatic art; but it seems that, inasmuch as *Julian* purports to be an historical tragedy, an interpretation both of human character and human history, Hauch had to choose the least of two evils, and rather render disobedience in some measure to dramatic rules than omit to indicate, at the conclusion of his work, how Christianity, that new world-regenerating power, whose gigantic struggles he depicts, carried within itself the germ and promise of all future spiritual conquests. As regards the so-called 'feebleness' of the close, we confess that we fail exactly to perceive it. The ray of the supernatural which falls upon the final scene from that vision born of a higher and diviner world, which, although perhaps violating strict dramatic propriety, possesses a profound mysterious meaning of its own,—that ray is, in our estimation, needed to throw light upon the dark and troubled chaos of conflicting action and opinion which is presented to us throughout the whole course of the tragedy, irradiating alike the past and future, and supplying an element without which the drama would lose much of its historical significance.

We may be allowed, in fine, to express the hope that the venerable poet who forms the subject of the preceding pages, may still for years be spared, and that he may yet enrich the noble literature of Denmark with works worthy of his former fame.

ART. V.—M. GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE extraordinary popularity of Gustave Doré is one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern art, even though we use popularity more in the sense of publicity than of approbation. Go where you will, you will find his works. Their sale has been very great in Great Britain, astonishingly great throughout the world. What other French artist is employed to illustrate English books? What other artist of any nation stands, as it were, ready to illustrate anything and everything—the most sublime epics, the broadest farce, the Bible, or a fairy tale? And not only does he attempt everything, but he achieves a certain success in all. There is not one of these volumes that can be thrown aside as worthless. There is vigour, life, imagination in each of them. This extraordinary fecundity is in itself wonderful. To

most artists, on reading a passage, there will arise a clear and distinct vision of the scene described; the longer the mind dwells on it, the clearer it becomes, until it stands embodied in fullest detail before the eyes of others. But which of us could put forth four or five different sketches of the same scene? Doré seems to get possessed by an idea; he turns and re-turns it, he thinks about it on paper, and gives us half-a-dozen different views of it. For instance, in Dante there are three sketches of the suicides punished by being turned into trees; they fling aloft their distorted limbs, they are twisted and contorted as with pain, yet there is no repetition. There are three distinct representations of the same thought.

Such works must be worthy of attention; there is some reason for the popularity of everything, were it but a crinoline petticoat. So soon, therefore, as a thing is generally sought after and admired, it becomes an index to the taste or principles of a large portion of our fellow-creatures, and is therefore worthy of examination. Besides, every production of the human mind is the result of the man's whole character. He does it so, and no otherwise, because he is what he is. His features, his gestures, the shape of his head, of his hand, his walk, his writing, all reveal somewhat of the man's nature and character. There is truth in phrenology, in physiognomy, in the art of judging of character by the handwriting; the only difficulty is in deciphering the signs, and reading them aright. And if this is true of what we may call involuntary or passive manifestations of a man's inner self, much more so is it of active voluntary revelations of his nature—in poetry, prose, sculpture, painting, or music. The speaker, the author, or the artist expresses his thoughts, gives them to the public. We consequently know much more about him than we do of a 'mute inglorious Milton,' who never put pen to paper.

Again, what has made the man thus and no otherwise? In subordination to the overruling providence of God, he is the result of his race, of his nation and family, of his circumstances, his position and education, and, finally, of his own will working amid these complex influences. A great artist is a representative man, as truly, though not in the same degree, as a great statesman.

Only an epoch of passionate worship of beauty, and enthusiastic patronage of art, only a race and a climate eminently characterized by beauty of form and colour, could have produced a Raphael; while, in the severer genius of Michael Angelo, we may trace, not only the sterner character of the

man, but the influences of those biblical studies and that earnest search after truth which stirred the noblest portion of Italian society to its very depths. The friend of the high-minded, saintly Vittoria Colonna produces quite another Madonna from those of the lover of the Fornarina. He does not fear to represent Mary as an aged woman, bearing up the sacred body of her Son upon her knees, and gazing at it with mingled sorrow and resignation. To him there is a higher beauty in truth than in the youthful loveliness with which Raphael invests the Virgin Mother. The stout-hearted defender of Florence is revealed in the Titanesque grandeur of his famous 'Night,' as much as in the passionate lines in which he retorted in her name that it was well to be asleep, and better to be of stone in such a time of misery and shame!*

An artist and his works are characteristic of the nation that produced him, of the time in which he lives, and of the taste of those who admire him. We will therefore endeavour to learn what it is that is indicated by Gustave Doré and his works.

The very first quality which strikes us in them is the one we have already mentioned: the wonderful abundance, fecundity, and vigour of the images which arise before him, and his remarkable facility in expressing them. Where there is such a prolific production, it is impossible to obtain great accuracy; it would be unreasonable to expect it. But Doré's faults in this respect are generally from haste, not ignorance. You see that he has studied, that he knows the human form, but that, in many cases, he has not taken time to draw it correctly. His sketches are the random shots of a good marksman.

Here is a young man who has already illustrated the Bible and Dante, Milton and Croquemitaine, the Contes Drolatiques and Tennyson's Poems. If you expect all this to be done with classical purity of outline, like the studies Raphael made for his pictures, or even like those lovely drawings known to only a favoured few of the artist world, which the modesty of Edward Calvert, and his high standard of perfection, hid from the public, you expect that which you will not find. Why, the man is (we believe) under forty, and his drawings are numbered by thousands. He must do at least two or three a day.

By the Cenacolo of Raphael, in the old convent of San Onofrio at Florence, hang

two sheets of paper covered with original studies for the picture. Two of them are of Saint Peter's Feet, so carefully studied, so delicately and perfectly expressed, that you dwell on them with delight. There is more beauty of outline in any of the thirteen pair of feet in that picture, than in all of Gustave Doré's works put together. Look at the grace and elegance both of shape and of action of each of the hands; if you have the faculty of perceiving it, you will know henceforward what beauty of form is, and that beauty you will not find in Gustave Doré.

In rapidity and cleverness Doré is quite a typical Frenchman; he has all the dash, the vivacity, the *élan* of his race; he has also their hardness of heart, their want of sensibility, of tenderness, their total want of perception of beauty. As a people they do not know the meaning of the word. They understand effect, brilliancy, contrast of colour, elegance, prettiness, the attractive grace of Watteau, but pure simple beauty of form is a thing unknown to them. Ask the first sweet young girl you meet what she thinks of Doré, and she will unhesitatingly condemn most of his drawings as 'so ugly.' Her own glass shows her a fairer form every morning than any she will find in his works, and thus unconsciously gives her a higher standard of beauty than he has imagined. The plainness of French women is recognized in their own proverb: 'Quand une française se mêle d'être jolie, elle est fureusement jolie,' but it is very seldom they do meddle in the matter. The perfection of form among the ancient Greeks is considered the source of the perfection of their statues, and on this ground we might expect to find that British and Italian painters far surpass either the French or Germans in their perception and delineation of beauty. Delacroix, whose Martyre Chrétienne is one of the loveliest creations of the French pencil, had a lovely wife, the only and lamented daughter of Horace Vernet. We may lay it down as a canon that none but a beautiful race will have a keen sense of beauty, and, even though it should endanger the *entente cordiale*, we must maintain that the French are not a beautiful race. Their illustrated books are all ugly,—Doré's perhaps the least so. The Italians are a remarkably handsome race, and this beauty is reproduced in their pictures. Without vanity we may say the same thing of our own nation. Look at the difference between the distractingly lovely young girls, the handsome matrons, and charming children portrayed by Leech, and those in any French illustrated book you can find.

Here comes in another striking difference.

* 'Grato m'è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura.
Non veder, non sentir mi è gran Ventura,
Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso.'

In an avowedly satirical paper like *Punch*, there is not a line that a brother would blush to read aloud to his young sister, or a father to his daughter. Whereas such a paper in Germany would be dull, and occasionally coarse; in France it would be both coarse and immoral—for, generally speaking, there is the trail of the serpent over everything French, its valuable Protestant literature alone excepted. Even a French picture-dictionary for children will contain prints to be hurried out of sight. But on this side the Channel, we are scarcely prepared for the fact that their caricatures are not only objectionable, but dull. They take exaggeration of ugliness or absurdity for wit. Their caricatures fulfil the true meaning of the word, from the Italian *caricata*, something overloaded, enhanced to a preposterous degree; while our own modern caricatures, such as those of H. B. and *Punch*, are rather satirical pictures, the fun of which lies in the meaning, not in the distortion.

What can be more diverting than Leech's exquisite satire on our undue valuation of 'a son and heir,' when he shows the puny little boy in the midst of his five beautiful elder sisters, saying, '*If you count the girls, we're six. I'm one.*' Yet it would lose half its force if there were any trace in it of real caricature.

Both these characteristics of French drawings are connected with a defective perception of beauty. Milton tells us that 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and perhaps no better definition of beauty can be given than this, that it consists in the most perfect combination of *unity* and *variety*, in other words, in a complete subordination of parts to their whole. There must be a dominant form, but infinitely and exquisitely varied. If there is no variety, we shall get the straight line; if the variation is too great, it becomes abrupt, startling, 'loud.' The right angle is not more beautiful than the right line. There must be difference, not disturbance; contrast, not opposition. The most perfect contrasts of colour are those which, like red and green, blue and orange, contain the same proportions of the primary colours as the prism reveals in pure white. The most perfect concord is heard on striking one string. Everything ugly is out of proportion, out of harmony, out of bounds. Sin is styled 'transgression,' a stepping beyond or over the Eternal Law of right; and there is no doubt that ugliness has some affinity to moral evil. All grossness is ugly; all distortion or exaggeration unbearable to an eye accustomed to dwell on the exquisite perfections of form and colour which make up true beauty. It is like horrible discord to a musical ear. The

perception of beauty of any kind is in the first instance a natural gift, but it is one capable of being educated to perfection, or of being in a great measure perverted and overborne by false training. If we wish therefore to cultivate it either in ourselves or in others, we must resolutely refrain from becoming accustomed to its opposite.

What is true of the moral perceptions is true of intellectual ones:—

'Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

To keep the conscience pure we must refrain from a volunteer contemplation of sin; and to keep the taste pure we must refrain from dwelling on ugliness, especially before the judgment is formed and the taste fixed.

What can be more hideous than those French bronze figures of preternatural length and emaciation, like spiders on legs? Yet these are, or were, all the fashion in Paris!

The national hardness of heart and want of sensibility in the French nation comes out strikingly in Doré. Want of imagination often produces apathy. Kind-hearted people sometimes do not feel for suffering, because they cannot imagine it; but Doré, with a vivid imagination of suffering, has no feeling for it. On the contrary, he revels in depicting it. This is especially the case in his illustrations of Dante. The poet represents schismatics as cut in pieces,—their punishment for dividing the unity of the Church. Doré gives no less than four illustrations of these mangled bodies—some with the face cut off, some split in two, others with their mangled stumps turned towards the spectator. It is like a butcher's shop; all moral meaning is wholly lost sight of, and nothing but disgust excited. Dante's own descriptions are horrible enough, but they are generally brief, and there is a tone of judicial gravity about them which directs the attention rather to the punishment of the sin than to the torment of that punishment. We can read and approve of a hanging, though we could not endure to see either it, or an exact picture of it. Our sense of justice produces a feeling of satisfaction on hearing of the execution of such criminals as Burke and Hare, Rush or Courvoisier, but a picture of a murderer in his dying agony would be scouted as too horrible. The physical details of suffering are no fit subjects for art. Music might as well reproduce shrieks of agony, as painting the severing of limbs, the rending of the muscles, the pouring forth of human gore.

The object of art is to ennoble, to soothe, to raise the mind and thoughts beyond the cares and toils of every-day life. The wings of imagination carry us for a brief season above the dust and soil of our daily path, and we should return to it refreshed and strengthened :—

‘Plying our daily round with busier feet,
Because our secret souls some sacred lay
repeat.’

The merchant at his desk, or the statesman in his cabinet, lifts his eyes to one of Creswick’s deep brown pools, or Linnell’s ‘Early Spring,’ or Macculloch’s heathery hills (names taken at random, as specimens of the rich abundance of our national art-treasures), or he looks into the sweet face of such a wife as she whose loss drove Lord Lynedoch to the field of glory, or even at his faithful doggie or gallant bay, and forgets for a few moments the condition of Venezuela bonds, or the prospects of war between Prussia and France, and returns to his work with his heart cheered and his mind refreshed.

Many a noble scene in history has quickened the pulse and strengthened the patriotism of the spectator. Gallait’s *Compromis des Nobles* or his *Funeral of Egmont* and *Horn* are subjects that should be engraved deep in the heart of every Netherlander. There was a picture by Cosimo Conti, in the Florentine exhibition last year, of the *Massacre of the Cignoli family* by General d’Urban. They were a large family of peasants, whose sole crime was having in their house an old gun, which they kept to kill crows. The Austrians chose to consider all civilians who possessed arms as outlaws, whereas, even had they fought against their foreign foe, they should justly have been considered as in no worse a position than any other armed enemy. But in this case they had not fought, and there was no proof that they even thought of doing so; and certainly eight or ten persons could not have fought with one musket. Yet D’Urban condemned them all to death. The murderer is coolly sitting on horseback at a little distance; near him is a peasant covering his face with his hands, while the white-coated Austrians on the top of the bank are picking out their victims one by one with deliberate aim. Four or five men of different ages have already fallen, or are just hit. A father endeavours to shield his young son, a boy of fourteen; but in vain; the lad has got a ball through his heart. The whole are defenceless; there is no escape possible; there is no struggle: despair and manliness are expressed in the most natural and pathetic manner. This atrocity did

more harm to the Austrians than a defeat. It roused the whole population against them. It is good for a nation to have such pictures, however painful, that they may remember what they have to fight for, and with whom.

There is another more terrible picture, by Maccio, of *Fra Benedetto da Fojano*, a disciple of Savonarola, who, for his efforts to preserve the liberty of Florence, was starved to death by the vindictive Medici, Clement VII., in a dungeon of St. Angelo. Even this amount of horror is a legitimate subject for art, because of its purpose. No physical or mental pain can be too great which tends to promote freedom and overthrow spiritual tyranny; but unless for so noble an end, the contemplation of suffering only hardens and debases, and is therefore to be avoided both in reality and art.

When a painful subject is represented, it must be tragic, not horrible. The mind must be directed to the cause, and not to the physical details of the suffering. It is ennobling to think of the faith or the heroism of a martyr, but not to see his limbs torn and his flesh lacerated. A true instinct on this point prevented the greatest Italian painters from treating horrible subjects. Except the *Massacre of the Innocents*, we cannot recall any martyrdoms, or even a *Crucifixion*, by Raphael or Michael Angelo.

The Spanish painters, on the contrary, with the ferocity of semi-Orientals, gloat over the most repulsive details of torture and death. Doré’s representations of the *Crucifixion* are conceived in the very lowest Spanish or Dutch style; the dignity of the sacred Victim is wholly forgotten, and only the dreadful bodily suffering depicted. Our Lord falls fainting on the ground, according to Romanist tradition; is urged forward by blows. In one sketch the nails are being driven in. The whole series is most painful, and wholly opposed to the tender reserve and solemn simplicity of the Scripture narrative.

In one of the side aisles of a church at Antwerp is a small picture of the *Crucifixion* by Vandyke. No other figure is represented; clouds and darkness are around the cross. No heathen competent to understand a good picture could for a moment mistake Him for a malefactor. It is evident at once that He is some holy one dying as a sacrifice; and the effect is so powerful and so touching as to make one feel vividly how easily emotion might slide into worship of the symbol.

It is this want of deep feeling which makes the French theatrical where the Italians are dramatic. The one feels strong passion, the other acts it. Any expression of strong feeling is dramatic, but a representa-

tion of it is only theatrical. There never was a people who expressed their feelings so openly or with such simplicity as the Italians: they make no parade of emotion, they only let it burst forth. The Italian Chamber of Deputies is much more like an English than a French assembly; there is none of the flourish and the bombast of the latter; there is vehemence only when some strong emotion is aroused; though there is far more facility and fluency of speech and grace of action than with us. Between ourselves and the Italians there is strong feeling in common. They show it, we repress its manifestation as much as possible; but there is no gulf between the two, as there is between a man who has feeling and one who has little or none. Consequently the Italians and English, and especially the Scotch, amalgamate in a way which scarcely ever occurs between the Briton and the Frenchman. Great Britain is infinitely more popular than France with the Italians; there are not the same repugnances between the two nations.

As might be expected from their dramatic nature, Italian artists excel now, as they did three centuries ago, in historical pictures. There is one at Turin of the gallant Sergeant Pietro Micca, who saved the city by blowing up a mine over which the French were passing, and himself with it, which one can scarcely look at without emotion. The man knows well what he is about to do, he feels the full solemnity of the heroic act, but his mind is made up, and all alone as he is, he raises his eyes to Heaven for strength and pardon. Ussi's noble painting of the expulsion of Walter de Brienne from Florence has just received the gold medal or highest prize at the Paris Exhibition, an honour which it richly deserves, and which has awakened the most lively sympathy and delight of the painter's countrymen. The news was celebrated at Florence by a triumphal procession through streets dressed with flowers and banners. The awful picture of the death of Boniface VIII., by Niccolò Barrabini of Genoa, is one of the most striking of modern works. That furious old Pontiff, who did his best to establish the French dominion in Southern Italy, expelled the Colonna family from Rome. Philip the Fair of France protected the Colonnas, and seized the Pope at Anagni. He was delivered by the Orsini, but became virtually a prisoner in their hands. He died of rage. Having fastened himself one night into his room, his body was found lifeless in the morning. He has just expired, sitting in his chair, his cap and a missal flung at some distance on the floor, his grey hairs in disorder, the carpet under his feet all crumpled up, the feet stretched

out stiffly, as if with the last groan, his hands clutching the chair and the rich table-cover, the hour-glass and the crucifix both overthrown, time and hope being alike over for him, a lamp going out and the smoke slowly curling upwards, tell the tale of the last struggles of him who is said to have 'entered the church like a fox, ruled it like a lion, and died like a dog.' The face is painfully tragic and real in expression, yet not without dignity. Day is dawning, strong hands and halberds are forcing open the door, and every detail is admirable and suggestive. Italy may well be proud of her young painters. This is not the place to tell of her sculptors; those who have seen Pazzi's Dante, and Fedi's wondrous group of Pyrrhus, which would be a worthy companion to the famous Farnese Bull at Naples, need no other proof that her sons have not degenerated from their great predecessors. And there are other names worthy to stand by theirs.

We are far from doing injustice to Ingres, Delaroche, and other great French painters when we say that it is a characteristic of French art to be theatrical. At present their principal subjects are studies from the nude, and battle-pieces. As the *Times*' correspondent expressed it, 'they revel in nudity and blood.' Their low state of morals accounts for one class of subjects, their national history for the other. For the history of France affords few subjects for national pride, save victories. Up to the first French Revolution the progress of the nation was a downward one, in freedom, in morality, in all but luxury and politeness. Subsequent to Joan of Arc, what national hero have they except generals? The noblest characters among them, the Huguenots, the Jansenists, those of their magistrates and Parliaments who strove for freedom, were all losers, not winners. It cannot be said of them as of our own Covenanters,—

'They bought, stern rushing upon Clavers'
spears,
The freedom and the scorn of after years.' }

Our martyrs, both in Scotland and England, like Wishart at the stake, 'the reek of whose burning infected as many as it blew upon,' or Sir John Eliot dying in the Tower, or like John Brown of Kansas on the gallows, conquered by dying. To use a French term, their memory has been *rehabilitated*, and posterity now recognises the debt of gratitude due to them. But the French martyrs, whether for faith or freedom, did not purchase victory by the blood they shed. They sowed, but their country has not yet reaped. France has no Runnymede,

no Reformation, no Bill of Rights. And he who rescued her from anarchy, and raised her to the highest pitch of splendour, had not a drop of French blood in his veins! The Dutch and Belgians, on the other hand, struggled for national life and freedom, and having at length won both, can now look back on their ancient patriots as to the men who began the contest, who fought and who died for that which their descendants enjoy.

The Belgian historical painters are not surpassed by any living.

We would not be thought harsh in our remarks upon the French want of feeling. National character is the chief, but not the only cause of it.

The hardness of heart and immorality of the French in general are in striking contrast to the purity, nobleness, and depth of their Protestant literature. If the Swiss, being of the same race, are reckoned, scarcely any people can show such a phalanx of writers as Guizot, Vinet, Ganssen, Rochat, Merle d'Aubigné, and Madame de Gasparin, to which his English and Protestant tendencies authorize us to add the name of De Tocqueville.

This contrast guides us to the source of these national defects, viz., the thorough infidelity which has so long poisoned the national life of France. When a man has no faith in God, he loses all faith in goodness. 'The disciple is not above (or better than) his master.' He who sits at the feet of Voltaire cannot aspire to anything higher, or find anything above the reach of that mocking laugh. There is much infidelity in Spain; very much in Italy; the same cause produces the same effect, only modified by the material on which it works. But in Spain, in spite of Arab ferocity, and in Italy, in spite of depravity of morals, there is far more natural warmth of heart and power of affection than in France.

The French have a special talent for telling a story, and Doré has much of this national faculty. It is Daru who remarks on the difference in this respect between the Gallic and the Germanic races, and says that it is the Gael, whether of Scotland, Brittany, Ireland, or France, 'qui ont le plus longuement et le plus agréablement rédigé leurs anciennes annales.' In strong contrast with inarticulate Mr. Bull, whatever a Frenchman has to relate he will make a good story of. It may not be quite exact, but it is clever, amusing, and full of point. So Doré by no means enters into the characters he represents; he never seems to begin by studying his author, whether it be the Bible or Dante; he does not attempt to fill his own mind with

the spirit of the book. He snatches at the outline of the story, gives a sort of general notion of it, and then depicts the scene clearly, so that no one can doubt what is going on. But it is a very perfunctory idea of the real scene. However, if he does not tell the true story, he tells another which he thinks just as good.

There is a striking instance of this in his illustration of Francesca di Rimini. Either in ignorance or neglect of the famous line, 'La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante,'—the lover is kissing her cheek, while she turns away her head. The insulted husband glides up behind with a dagger in his hand. It is a striking scene, full of theatric power, but it is not what Dante describes,—two young lovers, separated by policy, and carried away by strong feeling into a momentary forgetfulness of duty. A similar scene, depicted by Sorbi, of Filippo Lippi about to kiss the young nun who was sitting to him as a model, shows how much better it might have been done. The action of Filippo is full of impetuosity; the poor thing shrinks away with her arms crossed on her breast, but her soft loving eyes betray that the nun loves.* In Doré's sketch Paolo looks more as if he were whispering in the lady's ear. There is no passionate ardour, which indeed is not compatible with that Narcissus-like adoration of self, so common to our Gallic friends. A Frenchman can flirt, but he cannot love. Perhaps they are the only people who have no true love-songs.

Coleridge's 'Genevievé,' the most exquisite love-song in any language, could not be expressed in French. No Frenchman ever sang,

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'

No Frenchman has ever made the lady of his love famous with sword or pen. They have no Beatrice, no Laura, no Leonora d'Este, no 'Dead Lucy,' no 'Divine Althæa,' no Mary Chaworth, no 'Mary in Heaven.'

Moreover, Doré does not even care to make his lovers beautiful. Even if not so by nature they would appear so to each other, and should be so represented to us. It was true philosophy which made Dick Tinto always give a lover a good leg.

Other nations, however, not only share in

* Her name was Lucrezia Buti. He carried her off, but she was poisoned, it is said, by her family, just before Filippo received the Papal permission to marry her, which had been procured for him by the powerful interest of the Medici.

this talent, but often to a greater extent than the French, from their self-consciousness being less strongly developed. The painter's nationality and individuality should disappear in his work. He must be more objective than subjective. The hearts of men are never so deeply stirred as by one who, like Shakespeare, makes the creatures of his imagination better known to us than himself.

The Italians manifest this power in the highest degree.

Gatti's picture in the Scottish Exhibition this year, of Leonardo da Vinci playing before the Duke of Milan and his Court, was not so much a picture of the scene itself, while the harmony of the colouring is equally remarkable. In our own country, omitting older painters, among whom Hogarth stands pre-eminent for the possession of this faculty, there are several of our modern artists who display it very strongly. The 'Eve of the Deluge,' by W. B. Scott, in spite of the tigress and her cubs looking as if they were badly stuffed, and of Noah and his family being more like figures who have been taken out of the ark, than the patriarch going into it, yet has extraordinary dramatic power. The 'excess of riot,' the mocking unbelief of the ungodly, the dawning fear on the smiling countenance of the girl with the fan, and the intense alarm in the face of the lad pointing to the waterspout in the distance, and seeing 'too late,' that the words of the preacher of righteousness are about to 'come true,' are most forcibly depicted. Another artist, William Douglas, with some faults of colour, and occasionally deficient grace, yet tells a story admirably in the 'Eve of the Execution,' and the 'Conspirators Surprised.' Possessing the first and greatest qualification for an artist, he should take a hint from the gorgeous painted windows which shed such a glow of mellow splendour over the old cathedrals. In them no one colour is predominant. The prevalence of yellow in his 'Conspirators' reminds one of the modern imitations of those jewelled panes.

The Norwegian picture of the sweet old grandmother displaying her bridal crown to the admiring eyes of her young grandchildren, is marked by great delicacy of expression, the countenance of the elder girl being full of sympathy as well as delight. She has a presentiment that the coming years may place such a crown on her own young head. The faces of the younger children are, rightly, made less intelligent,—the youngest of all showing simply round-eyed admiration of something bright and 'grand!'

It would be interesting to compare Doré's illustrations of Don Quixote with those of Leslie. The latter is tenfold more comic

from the absence of caricature. In them Don Quixote is the most chivalrous of gentlemen; the Duchess a lovely high-born lady; Sancho the most droll of clowns. In Doré all the refinement is lost. On shutting the book, the most prominent recollections are—some fine wild rocky landscapes, and that Don Quixote is being incessantly thrown from his horse, or beaten into a jelly.

The most important of Doré's completed works are his Illustrations of Dante, published about seven years ago.

The frontispiece is almost poetic. It is suggestive that the face, like the destiny of the poet, should lie so much in shadow. But when we look into it, we find that, as usual with Doré, the general effect is better than the design. It is more *effective* than true. How well it is executed! What definite shape is given to every shadow and to every mezzo tint! But the shading is better than the outline. There the delicate curves of the nostril and mouth are totally lost. The mouth is drawn down, yet the eye is widely opened upwards, like a bad drawing-school copy. All that can be quickly well done is well done, but it is not carefully studied. The execution of the dress is admirable. But how inferior is the expression to the pathetic, calm sadness of the original, as seen in the cast taken after death, and still preserved at Florence, of Dante's noble face, showing the lofty features worn by sorrow and care.

In the first illustration there is a grand wood, but the figure of the poet is not a noble one. It is not contemplative, like a seer, but like a timid monk looking over his shoulder in fear of being detected out of bounds.

The next is much better. There is a fine desert, the sea-fowl hovering low, the clouds drifting; Dante passing on his way in spite of the angry spiteful panther snarling at him. Exquisitely as he characterizes the hour or the scene in few but most apposite words, Dante gives no descriptions of landscape. Doré has invented the scenery of the poem, and nothing could be more appropriate than those lightning-blasted trees and the unclean bird poised above the heads of the poets as they enter the narrow cleft. The *facilis descensus Averni*—the entrance to the infernal regions—is very fine. The rocks are like no particular rocks; they are evidently 'evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness,' but the idea of leaving the light of the upper world for the yawning gates of hell is admirably given.

A little more study of nature would raise Doré to the rank of a true landscape painter. The time is passed when it was supposed that the dignity of historical painting forbade the

exact imitation of nature in the accessories of a picture. There was a confusion of thought between the ideal and the unreal, and this confusion still exists under another form. Formerly it was supposed that art was eclectic in this sense; that the artist was to select all that was most beautiful in nature, and then compose something more beautiful and perfect than anything to be found in real life. But the faithful student was soon compelled to acknowledge that he could by no means reproduce the real beauty that he saw, and which study taught him to perceive daily more and more. As the historical painter did study the 'human form divine,' he generally renounced the chimera of improving upon it, and came to acknowledge that there are men and women now walking on this earth not less but more beautiful than the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de Medici. His theory on this point then entrenched itself behind those things which he had not carefully studied, such as rocks and mountains, and in spite of the example of some of the greatest painters, as Titian and Rubens, it was thought beneath the dignity of the 'grand school' to show us real landscapes, and real horses, dogs, and other animals. At last the truth was recognised that nature is superior to art. Fashion and public opinion ran into an opposite extreme, and accepted the canon that reality could not be too servilely or too minutely copied and reproduced. All that could be seen by the most minute inspection was to be, as far as possible, represented. Two truths were forgotten—one that the object of Art is not to make a servile transcript of anything or everything in nature, otherwise the turnips and carrots of the Dutch school or the boozing boors of Teniers would be the perfection of art; but to select that which is most beautiful, just as poetry has been defined the best things said in the best words. So painting should reproduce that which is best in the human form, in scenery, and the visible world in general. The other principle is, that painting should strive to represent, not all that is there, but all that is really seen; not all that is visible to the naked eye, but all that the eye of the mind perceives; all which the thoughts dwell upon and are interested in. When we drink in the loveliness of one of our west-country lochs, the golden fringe of seaweed left by the retreating tide adds beauty to the scene; but we do not see nor think of each blob of the bladder-wrack which forms the golden hem of earth's garment. When we admire a beautiful woman we often do not know what she had on. We remember her dress only as part of the general atmosphere of

beauty which surrounded her; and if any portion of it has especially attracted our attention, it is because of its being peculiarly suitable and becoming to her, and not for its intrinsic excellence. The lover may worship the shadow of his mistress's shoe-tie, but he certainly does not remark the edging of it when he is permitted to gaze upon her face.

In other words, the painter should adhere faithfully to nature in all things, or he will not give a *true* representation, but he must give due prominence to the most important part of his picture, by what is technically called slurring over or subduing the less important part, not by doing it carelessly or badly, but slightly. Just as when we speak, we emphasize the most weighty words, and utter those which do not require such peculiar attention in a more monotonous tone of voice. We do not mis-pronounce or mutter them, but we do not accentuate them.

True art is eclectic, inasmuch as it selects only what is beautiful. It is thus opposed to the realistic school, which copies without choice, and to the pre-Raphaelite, which bestows equal time and pains on a lady's countenance and on the pattern of her dress. Now, as the latter, being the inferior object, is much easier to copy, the result is that we get a perfect representation of the lace and brocade, and an inferior one of the wearer. In Millais' famous picture of *Autumn Leaves*, the leaves are the real subject of the picture, and would be all the more admirable if our minds were not disturbed by the ugliness of the children who are collecting them.

In that which he has studied, *i.e.*, the human figure, Doré, like most of the French artists, is realistic. He makes no attempt to represent any higher kind of beauty than that which he meets with daily. His *Thais* is not a Greek beauty, but ordinary, and not very young. The resplendent *Beatrice* is plain, the angel is . . . stumpy!

He surely must be aware that there is in the world a higher type of form than any he has attempted to portray. His harpies are lean old Frenchwomen, with bats' wings and untidy hair; they are ludicrous and monstrous. The *Minotaur* is absurd. It is Bottom the Weaver with a bull's head instead of an ass's.

The vigorous sketch of furious old Charon is marred by the fault of the engraver, in making a hard black line round the limbs. The despair of the lost spirits is graphically represented. So is the apathy of the virtuous unbaptized.

'Only so far afflicted that they live,
Desiring without hope.'

They are strewed about in every attitude

of listless inactivity, like a party of shipwrecked seamen on a plenteous desert island, with no motive for exertion, no hope of release.

In this sort of general representation of a scene Doré excels; he prefers drawing a crowd moved by a common impulse, to interesting us in a few individuals. If he were a musician, he would excel in choruses and avoid recitative. Those who have sinned from passion are represented in a flock like a flight of cranes, and the idea of their being swept along by the blast is well conveyed.

But in another sketch of the same scene they look more as if they were floating on the water; and Francesca is like a reminiscence of one of Michael Angelo's fresco figures reclining at the side of an arch. How different from the pathetic drawing of Ary Scheffer, who singles out the hapless pair, as Dante has done in the poem, and awakens our deepest pity for them, which Doré, in his numerous sketches of this episode, totally fails to do. In seeking after variety of attitude, he only attains to contortion, and loses all clearness of expression. In the last sketch they might be falling down, or dragged up, or anything as well as borne on the air. Dante, overcome by emotion, falling as one dead (*come corpo morto cadde*), is perhaps the best figure.

Minos, but for his tail, might be Polyphemus saying to one among the crowd, who are supposed to be receiving judgment, 'Thou'lt be the last I'll swallow.' The drawing of the prodigal rolling great weights is good, though theatrical; so are the figures dashed against the rocks.

Doré gives a general view of the heretics, as of the cranes. Consequently it looks like a graveyard, or the Solfatara near Naples. The detached figure of Farinata is much finer, and more impressive.

The rain of fire inspires no awe. It is a sort of map of the scene, like the towns in old charts, whereas Prout shows us a street corner, and fixes the character of the city in our minds. The Simoniacs, plunged head downwards in flames, are absurdly drawn with their feet sticking out of round holes, which remind one of a cooking-stove. Doré has no better way of indicating demons than by furnishing them with enormous tails. He repeats them over and over again. There is a horrid sketch of their fishing up speculators with pitchforks out of the lake of boiling pitch. There is no beauty in men and women contorted and writhing in serpent folds, yet two sketches are devoted to this subject. Four more represent mangled bodies; two more, forgers dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice. The hypocrites with their

cowls of lead is a good procession of monks. A certain degree of repetition in so fertile a producer is to be expected. The desert place over which Dante is transported by the monster Geryon is very like the Sierras through which Don Quixote wanders. Compare it with Flaxman's noble outline of the same subject, where there is beauty in every line. Yet this of Doré has the merit of giving a lively notion of the *slithering* sensation one would doubtless experience on a scaly monster, who would perversely fly upwards, and would not keep his back straight when going over such an abyss.

On the whole, the illustrations of Dante appear to display the peculiar characteristics of Doré, his defects and his merits, more forcibly than any other of his works, always excepting Croquemitaine, which is perhaps the best suited to his style of all the works he has undertaken.

It is a legend of the times of Charlemagne, and gives full scope to his wildness of fancy, sense of the ludicrous, and exuberance of spirits, while the nearest approach to beauty he has ever made is in the sweet figure of Mitaine leaning upon her lion. His extravagances suit the tale; there is a marvellously vigorous drawing of Charlemagne's knights riding forth in pomp. Roland is really handsome, as a knight of romance ought to be, and he is mounted on a horse, breathing flames, far from beautiful, but with such a tail! sufficient to satisfy even a child's imagination of Roland's horse. There is indescribable fire and spirit in the whole sketch; and the unicorn's horn of wondrous length on the head of one horse, the buck's horns on the head of another, the clouds of dust, the spirited action, all add to the impression of warlike clang and splendour.

A similar drawing of Roland riding into space is marked by such fire and speed of action, that one forgives the conventional horse, with a horridly drawn head, open mouth, and small nostrils. But in Roland's descent afterwards, the demons are neither sublime nor terrible; not even 'fearsome,' only grotesque and queer. If there be only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is much easier made downwards than upwards, and very few French artists get beyond the lowest step.

Was there ever anything more ludicrous than Mahomet's approving smile? It makes one laugh only to think of it. Mahomet is represented by a fat fancy Turk, with an enormous turban, and preposterous crescent, lying on a cloud with his heels in the air like a Cockney on the grass, and looking down with a grin of most amusing absurdity on some misdeed of one of his votaries. The whole figure is a congeries of crescents.

In the other fairy tales the Sleeping Beauty is, at first, very pretty, and there is an uncanny malicious old woman by her, with admirably drawn bony stiff old fingers. He excels in old women. The old granny in Little Red Riding Hood is an excellent drawing, full of force. But there is great hardness of heart in the man who could depict the pretty little innocent darling, with terror in her large soft eyes, about to be eaten by the wolf. Why draw such a horrid subject?

Then, when Puss in Boots visits the Ogre, there is a dish of babies (whole) and spinach on the table!

The Sleeping Beauty has been often painted, but Doré admirably represents the lapse of time since sleep fell upon the whole court. The creepers in the court-yard have grown over the sleeping hounds, and twined round the horn that the huntsman had raised to his lip, while in another scene the same thing is indicated by an enormous crop of mushrooms, toadstools, and weeds in the doorway, and spider-webs all over the dinner-table.

Cinderella is also pretty in the first sketch, with a worthy old cook of a fairy godmother; but the best drawing of this set is the last, in which the delight of the old courtier when the slipper fits, and the almost adoring expression of his fat colleague over the pretty foot which reveals his future princess, is most divertingly given.

In his most recent work, Elaine, the fine mezzotint engravings are less harsh than the foreign woodcuts. Elaine's figure is very sweet, gliding on the quiet river under the walls of the palace. She is less lovely in face than an English artist would have depicted her, but the figure is full of grace; but when brought in dead before King Arthur, it is very bad, and it looks like a woman who has fainted in her chair. The bystanders are good, especially the men. Doré constantly represents the circumstances admirably, but fails in the principal figure—the heart of the story.

Lancelot, however, sitting remorsefully by the river and the reeds, is very fine.

Doré's illustrations of the Bible are perhaps his least successful work. This might be expected from his peculiar and national characteristics.

The French edition is magnificent—one of the most beautifully 'got up' books that can be seen—admirably printed in double columns divided by most lovely arabesques, exquisitely engraved by Giacomelli.

And yet, even here, there are signs of its being merely 'a commercial enterprise.' It is a Bible for rich purchasers, not for readers, for those who will turn over its pages carelessly, without studying the passages which are illustrated. This is evident from the man-

ner in which the prints are inserted at equal distances from each other, but without the slightest reference to the text opposite which they are placed. For instance, the Annunciation stands opposite the 14th and 15th of Ezekiel, and Jeremiah dictating to Baruch is in Ecclesiastes, and Susanna and the Elders in Jeremiah.

The illustrations being chiefly from the New Testament, they are stationed at regular intervals throughout the book, like troops lining a street in open order.

There is a story of old Lord Selkirk, in the days when symmetrical arrangement was considered the acmé of gardening, finding a boy shut up in a summer-house at the end of a terrace at St. Mary's Isle, and being informed by his gardener that it was for stealing apples. On reaching the other end of the terrace, where there was another summer-house, he beheld the gardener's son looking dolefully out of the window. 'Eh! John, what is this? has your boy been stealing too?' 'Na, na, my Lord,' was the answer, 'I just pit him in for *sec-metry*!' On this principle the French publishers have acted, thinking only of symmetry instead of suitability.

Baruch is a very graphic representation of a discontented, weary prisoner. An English painter would probably have tried to represent the patience and resignation of a saint, or the joyful confidence of one suffering for the truth; but the realistic Frenchman depicts the horrid bore and weariness of being shut up in a dungeon, and does it to the life.

There is great repetition in many of these pictures—Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Jonah cast ashore by the fish, are all on rocks by the sea-shore. Some of these scenes are, however, finely imagined; they only want some knowledge of real rocks. As we have said, a little study would place Doré at the head of modern French landscape-painters.

Jonah pleading with the Ninevites is very good, and the four chariots of Zechariah full of spirit and fire. So is Daniel's vision of the four beasts coming up out of the sea. The wild rough night is very grand—'the four winds of heaven striving upon the great sea.' Only it is a pity that the winged leopard and the bear are mere nameless monsters.

The firelight on the Three Children in the Furnace is admirably done; and perhaps no one else could have given such a representation of Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones. On the whole it is very fine. You seem to see bone uniting itself to bone, and the life coming into the dead bodies. One incomplete figure is gathering up his own head!

Doré depicts the scenic effect much better than the event itself. For instance, Judas Maccabeus pursuing Timothy would do just as well for Cesar crossing the Rubicon. By the way, the horses are shocking; they have generally a tortured look, with their mouths forced open by the bit. In the stable at Bethlehem the ox is more like a pig. A countryman of Rosa Bonheur ought to know better.

The Magi guided by the Star is a picturesque march of Arabs on camels; but, except the immense meteor in the sky, it would do for any other march of any other caravan.

The marriage at Cana is a good sketch of a wedding-feast in a courtyard, but too small to excite any special interest in the chief persons at it. The miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is another of these bird's-eye views. The Ascension is good, but the figures are again too small. The landscape and the beholders, in fact the *scene*, form the most prominent part of the picture.

Examples of Doré's carelessness and want of sympathy with his subject abound in his illustrations of the Bible. For instance, in the parable of the Prodigal Son, the father is fainting, the whole family in despair, more like the Jews weeping over Jerusalem; the son, whom the French style *l'enfant prodigue*, is represented as a boy of twelve or fourteen coming slyly round the corner and down some steps *pour faire une petite surprise à sa famille!* This is the more inexcusable, because in the next scene the reception of the prodigal, the great joy of the father, and the deep repentance of the son, flinging himself at his father's feet, is very good.

In the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, the latter is being beaten away from the gate. This is not said, and is not likely, being quite contrary to Oriental usage. He was doubtless allowed to lie at the gate, and probably 'fed with the crumbs' until he died there.

Again, in the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, it is expressly said the publican stood afar off and 'smote upon his breast;' but Doré places him close to the Pharisee, and prostrate, with his arms spread, in the attitude of one looking for a needle.

That the drawing of the Tribute Money does not tell the story is evident, for the figure of our Lord is exactly the same as in the scene of the Widow's Mite. How admirably it is possible to represent His asking, 'Whose is this image and superscription?' may be seen in Masolino's famous fresco in the church of the Santo Spirito at Florence.

The Massacre of the Innocents is a very poor *réchauffé* of Raphael. Our Lord on

the Mount of Olives is a reminiscence of Carlo Dolce. The Child Jesus among the Doctors in the Temple is preaching, and *not*, with the humility becoming his years, 'hearing them and asking them questions.' He was not denouncing or confuting them, for 'they were astonished at his understanding and answers.' The artist has totally failed in the principal subject of the picture, but the varied expression of the surrounding Jews is good. Most painters come short of even a tolerably adequate representation of our Lord in the days of His humiliation, but Gustave Doré does not even aim at a noble ideal. The Resurrection of Lazarus is very bad and careless. In the Healing of the Sick, the attitude is that of a magnetizer, not of a LORD. In his Walking on the Waters there is too much haste and want of composure,—as in the Cleansing of the Temple the action is too violent; it amounts to flogging out the sellers. In the Woman taken in Adultery, the woman is coarse, like a common beggar, and there is a want of nobleness in the Lord's face, but the quiet protecting attitude is good. Perhaps the best in the whole volume is the drawing of our Lord preaching to the multitudes. His figure does not satisfy us—but when does it? But the solemnity of the audience is very fine. They look like men pricked to the heart.

In Stilling the Tempest the story is not told. The daughter of Jairus, instead of being a little maid, is so badly done that she might be a stupid lad of twenty; and no gratitude, no joy, is manifested by her parents. The Death of Ananias is depicted on a steep hillside, whereas we are told that 'the young men arose and carried him out,' and that his wife Sapphira 'came in.'

Doré shines in scenes of violent action; the fury of the men who stoned Stephen, and the violence of the people when all Jerusalem was in an uproar and Clandius Lysias took soldiers and centurions and rescued Paul, are admirably rendered.

The Woman clothed with the Sun, and upon her head twelve stars, is of course interpreted to be the Virgin, and is just a small copy of any image of the Virgin and Child.

The Last Judgment is apparently the facsimile of a drawing in white chalk on a slate.

In approaching such subjects, an artist should at least remember what has been already done by way of representing them, and that, unless his persuasion of being able to perform something not wholly unworthy of being placed by the side of these masterpieces is well founded, he will be justly cen-

sured, not only for his failure, but for his presumption and stupidity in not being aware of it.

This rapid survey, founded however, on careful examination (a short account of a long voyage), brings us to the conclusion that Doré's works are not fitted to cultivate or refine the taste, or to do much beyond amusing the possessor. They are of more interest to the artist than to the public, because, in spite of their defects, they have also marked merits.

In one point he is worthy of being copied, and that is in the absence of scribbling, *i. e.*, of lines without meaning, in his works. They may be badly drawn, but if so, it is evident that it has been done on purpose, for there is a definiteness and precision in the execution which is too often absent in our own. The first requisite for an artist, as for a poet, is that he should have a precise meaning. If it be a wrong idea, it is better it should be clearly expressed, than that no one should understand what it is he means to say. In the first case the error may be corrected, in the second he talks nonsense. Take up some of our magazines, and it will be evident that there are many lines which are mere scratches, and indicate nothing definite. Some sketchers, even of considerable talent and experience, seem unaware that light, and consequently shade, have as precise form as the nose or the chin upon which they fall; that the most delicate reflected light has a clear boundary and shape; and shade, even on muslin, can never be represented by a few careless scratches.

It were well if the public were equally strict with a former noble Mistress of W——k Castle, into whose romantic grounds admittance to sketch-books was sternly denied, the porter asserting that 'My Lady will have no *sketching* here.'

But in other respects Doré's merits are not such as can be imitated. We cannot learn his fecundity of imagination; we may become satisfied with his low standard of taste. In his works there is nothing lofty; little that is beautiful. Some of our own artists show far too great a tendency to the realistic school, *i. e.*, to representing nature without discernment and without choice.

Two at least of our most able and popular magazines are remarkable for the ugliness of their illustrations, and yet many of these are by artists of no mean skill.

There is a striking sketch by F. Sandys, in *Once a Week*, of Cassandra denouncing woe upon Helen, well drawn, full of power and passion; it is wanting in beauty and nobleness. Cassandra is not the lovely prophetess who scorned the suit of Apollo himself,

but a vindictive scold. Helen, instead of the soft radiant Grecian beauty who led captive the hearts of men, is a great heavy sullen woman, too cowardly to express her rage. The very selection of the light upon the figures is most ungraceful.

With this tendency at home, it is a pity to import works which will only drag the public taste still lower.

If you want illustrations of Dante take Flaxman's pure graceful compositions; for the Bible get photographs of the old masters; for Don Quixote take Leslie; and if you want a specimen of Doré, buy *Croque-mitaine* and *Cinderella*.

To perceive beauty or goodness we require a subjective capacity for so doing. There must be the beauty and there must be the eye to see, the ear to hear, and the soul to appreciate it. This capacity is blunted and spoiled if misdirected. Cruickshank, by dint of drawing distorted figures, came to see all mankind with monstrous heads and noses and spindle waists. The landscape painter is most careful of his eyesight; we should be equally careful of our mental eyes.

Striking up Yankee Doodle after playing 'He shall feed His Flock,' would jar upon every nerve, and the performer would deserve to be turned out of the room. Not only so, but every time he played Yankee Doodle he would decrease his capacity for entering into the spirit of the nobler melody. If Art is to be anything beyond a toy—if it is to be a worthy sister of Poetry, and not a mere exponent of popular fancy and fashion, her votaries must practise total abstinence from all that is ugly or base or bad. Whether painters or the public, we must set before ourselves no lower standard for contemplation than 'WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE PURE, WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY.'

ART. VI.—*Life and Work at the Great Pyramid during the Months of January, February, March, and April, A.D. 1865; with a Discussion of Facts ascertained.* By C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.S.S.L. & E., &c., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. In Three Volumes; with Illustrations in Stone and Wood. Edinburgh, 1867.

THESE handsome volumes supply a tempting opportunity to the professional writers of a 'smashing' article. All honest hard

work does. In the listless, and socially useless, lavender-gloved exquisite, the horny hand of the 'navvy' produces contempt, if not nausea. And there is a feeble thrill of pleasure, a dim consciousness of power, when the critic can in a single evening's scribbling demolish, to his own satisfaction at least, the structure which has cost his victim years of steady labour. The present opportunity has not been lost, the mild lightnings of polished sarcasm and scorn have played in all their gentle violence around it, but Professor Smyth's book lives for all that.

And there is something more. This procedure is part of a system. 'Can any good thing come out of Scotland' is the constant cry of a considerable class of cockney critics, more provincial, in their complacent egotism, than is a genuine rustic. It is, indeed, remarkable that there is left any good thing in Scotland when we think how eagerly it is sought for abroad. Putting aside, as possibly of questionable value, metaphysicians and political economists, of whom there is no end, and passing by such unclassed specimens as Mill, Maine, Gladstone, Carlyle, and Macaulay, is not England wholly indebted to Scotland for at least her gardeners, her geologists, and her Governors-General; and has she not of late begun to import from us, among other necessities, even her Gaisford Prizemen and her Senior Wranglers? Is it a humiliating sense of obligation which dictates these outbursts, or do they indicate moral decay? Is England jealous, or on the wane? [There is here room for a fine classical allusion, but we forbear.] This constant carping at men and things merely because they are Scottish is perhaps intelligible, if not defensible; what we cannot account for is the singular fact that an Englishman who has the misfortune to live in Scotland is as much its object as the most unequivocal Sawney; while your Scottish (nay, even your Irish) humbug, if he but live in a London garret, at once becomes a cherished brother (sometimes a fellow critic), and all he writes is accounted excellent. It is painful to have to deal, even mercifully, with such a pitiable state of matters.

'Life and Work' are words which might form the text of many a stirring lay-sermon, for they embrace a grand moral truth, as well as a physiological necessity which are but caricatured under the more sounding title of 'Muscular Christianity.' Yet they are thoroughly appropriate in their present position, well indicating in more than one way the contents of the book before us; for it may be looked on either as a journal of travels, coupled with another of scientific observations; or as a description of a brief

but important period of a genuine working life, that kind of life which of itself suffices to distinguish the man of science from the charlatan.

The Astronomer-Royal for Scotland needs no introduction even to the popular reader, who must be acquainted with his graphic works on Teneriffe and Russia, and his successful labours in time-signalling, whether by Time-Balls, Time-Guns, or by Electrically-controlled Clocks. The scientific world remembers, amongst much other valuable work, the results of his Teneriffe observations, his gyroscopic telescope, and his improvements in photography. Whatever he takes in hand he works out exhaustively, details the most dry and measurements the most tedious are alike conscientiously gone into; we may perhaps differ from him in parts of his reasonings and conclusions, but we know that he gives us, honestly and without bias, the immediate results of his skilled labour. This last consideration alone is sufficient to stamp the value of his present work. No two previous visitors to the Pyramid agreed in almost a single measurement of its mysterious proportions, some were careless of accuracy, some were biassed, others (not excepting even the French *savants*) committed palpable mistakes. We now have the facts as to the actual dimensions of many of the more important parts of this colossal structure, whatever may be their value; and even if these were all that Professor Smyth's volumes contain, they must be hailed as a remarkably valuable contribution at once to History and to Science.

But these are not all. The sketches of Arab life and manners, and those of certain social and political questions in Egypt, which occupy a great portion of the first volume, are extremely interesting and instructive. A traveller who can use alike his eyes and his pen as Professor Smyth does, cannot spend a month anywhere without noting and recording much that is new; even where the ground has been so thoroughly gone over as in this case it has been by men like Wilkinson and Lane: for their very familiarity with Egyptian life could not but prevent them from remarking as singular much which would appear striking to a comparative stranger gifted with equal intelligence. In addition we have glimpses of the early history of Egypt, drawn from many sources both rare and curious; we have graphic accounts of Yankees and Anglo-Indians 'doing' the Pyramid and 'done' in their turn by the crafty natives; a meteorological journal, and a sketch of the geology of the district. Besides all this there is a general examination of the measurements, with a view to discover

the object of the Pyramid, leading to a disquisition on the 'metrical' system; with a very startling religious argument, bearing on metrology in general, which we fear could not properly be examined in an article like this, even if we had space to spare for it. In briefly reviewing the book we shall avail ourselves, as much as possible, of the persistently vivid and sometimes peculiarly grotesque language of the author.

The singular dedication of the work we shall extract entire, as it succinctly records the most important measurements and researches which had been made at the Great Pyramid before Professor Smyth's visit. We heartily concur in the selection he has made from the host of claimants to honour in connexion with this important inquiry; and believe that the addition of his own name to the three he mentions will complete the too short list of promoters of genuine observation (as distinguished from mere estimates and so-called theoretical anticipations) among all who have written upon the subject.

All that leads, however indirectly, to the undertaking of an important enterprise must be regarded as of some value; but we regret that we cannot sympathize with Professor Smyth in the terms in which he refers to the 'late John Taylor of London,' of whom he speaks with a sort of reverential awe. He seems to us to have been little more than an amiable enthusiast; of an order not much above that of the Quadrators, Trisectors, or Perpetual-Motionists, who are unfortunately becoming more numerous as smatterings of science become more widely diffused. We everywhere recognise, and highly value, Professor Smyth's anxious endeavours to acknowledge the priority of others, and his conscientious recognition of the claims of every one from whom he may possibly have derived even a hint. But this may be carried too far, and we think that in the present case it has been. Of a thousand wild and random speculations about the Pyramid hazarded by a dreamy stay-at-home, there is great *à priori* possibility, if not probability, that one or two should have some real bearing on its object or the designs of its builders; but what credit does the mere speculator deserve for that? If he makes every admissible guess about it, some must be correct; but can this be permitted to interfere, even to the slightest extent, with the claims of him who by laborious investigation on the spot has discovered what the truth really is? When Faraday made public his splendid discovery of magneto-electric induction, some philosophers are recorded to have said, 'Oh! that's nothing very new; ever since Oersted discovered the action of a current on a mag-

net we knew that a magnet must somehow be able to produce a current.' No doubt every one suspected the possibility, even the likelihood, of some such thing; but does this, in the least affect the value or originality of Faraday's grand experimental inquiry? Wherefore we shall say no more of John Taylor than that it seems to have been by means of his writings that Professor Smyth's attention was first called to the subject. That end attained, he disappears for good or evil, and Professor Smyth is really indebted, partly to the three inquirers named in the following dedication, but more especially to his own independent labours, for the results he has published.

'TO THE MEMORY OF

PROFESSOR JOHN GREAVES,

IN THE YEAR 1638,

AND

COLONEL HOWARD VYSE,

IN 1837,

Alike distinguished in their respective epochs, for honourable labours and faithful research at the Pyramids of Jeezeh;

AND MORE PARTICULARLY

TO THAT OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

REPUBLICAN GENERAL IN 1798,

Who earnestly sought to moderate the rigours of war upon the ancient land of Egypt, by causing his army to become most efficient means for introducing there, step by step in its victorious progress, the elevating influences of science, and amenities of literary learning;—on a scale so vast, and with an intelligence so many-sided, as not only to have far surpassed all the wealthiest Kings and Princes of the earth, either of earlier or later times,—but to have been crowned with discoveries in the Great Pyramid, both possessing crucial importance for that primeval monument's metrological theory, and bringing to clearer light things long since dimly alluded to in Holy Writ: this record of some further, though only private and individual, work performed on that foundation, is dedicated by,
C. PIAZZI SMYTH.'

That the Great Pyramid differs essentially from all the various structures of the same general outward form, which are to be found in great numbers in Egypt, and in scattered localities in other parts of the world, was soon obvious to explorers. That it is the earliest existing monument of its class is also now generally allowed. That its companions were designed as gigantic regal tombs, or rather mausolea, or at all events that they

were employed as such, was proved by the discovery, in their interior, of sarcophagi containing human remains. But they are, in many parts, covered with hieroglyphics and with representations of Egyptian animal-gods; while in the Great Pyramid not a trace either of hieroglyphics or idol-worship has been discovered; nothing, in fact, save the exquisite masonry and the builders' marks. Besides this, the interior construction of the Great Pyramid is much more complex than that of the others: and its external form is peculiar to itself. Of course these facts at once led to the question, For what purpose was the Great Pyramid built? and many ingenious, besides innumerable preposterous, attempts have been made to answer it. In all probability this question will some day be definitely and finally answered, if the monument itself be not hopelessly demolished in its significant parts, by specimen-hunters, before the answer can be given. A farther question, which does not to us at least seem to be of much consequence—By whom was it built?—has also led to many curious and often absurd speculations; but, so far as we are at present able to judge, it is destined never to be satisfactorily answered.

That the Great Pyramid was originally entirely cased with a species of hard white limestone, almost deserving the name of marble, each of its sides being a smooth steep plane, so that the summit was inaccessible, is distinctly related by Herodotus, and was confirmed by Howard Vyse's discovery, (in the *débris* at the bottom) of two of the original casing-stones *in situ*, and later by Professor Smyth's discovery of numerous fragments of the same hard white limestone, all cut with great exactness to one definite angle. The present staircase-like appearance of the exterior is due to the removal of these casing-stones to be used as building stones in the mosques and aqueducts near Cairo. It therefore appears that we may at once dismiss the supposition that the Pyramid was erected as an astronomical observatory, or for any similar purpose.

It remains then, at least so far as sane speculation has yet ventured to hint, to be considered whether this Pyramid was not designed as an almost imperishable record of metrological data, indicating, it may be, standard units of length, area, and volume alone; or possibly, as some have supposed, of mass and temperature also, perhaps even approximate representations of the dimensions and mass of the earth itself.

In this state of uncertainty the question stood when Professor Smyth's attention was accidentally called to it. He immediately

commenced to examine all the available records of actual measurements; and, indeed, in 1864, published a volume on the subject. From the comparison of these measurements it was painfully evident that almost all of them were excessively faulty, and it was by no means an easy matter to say, even generally, which were most to be trusted: so that, though we admire the skill with which he managed to extract from such a mass of discordances something very like the real dimensions of many of the most carefully constructed portions of the Pyramid, we must, for the present at least, leave this previous publication unexamined. The result of his inquiry had been, however, to convince him that something could yet be done to attain certainty where discrepancies were so glaring: and he determined to make the attempt himself. The whole narrative, though it records occasional intervals of comfort, and one or two brief moments of delighted surprise, is one of perpetual struggle against difficulties of every description. Official lukewarmness and imbecility, tempestuous weather in the Bay of Biscay, Arab indolence and knavery, crowds of vulgar sight-seers, promised instruments unsent, extortionate charges, and the fever of the country, form but a few units of the phalanx of opponents through which this dauntless explorer steadily fought his way.

When Professor Smyth, accompanied by his indomitable wife, arrived in Egypt, with twenty-seven large cases full of measuring and photographic apparatus, he found that a great deal of preliminary work was necessary before getting to the Pyramids at all. An interview with the Pacha, to whom he presented a memorial indicating the nature and extent of the State assistance without which he would have been unable to carry out his schemes of measurement, led to his introduction to Mariette Bey, a remarkable Frenchman, 'Officer in charge of the Antiquities of Egypt.' The following account of the formation of the museum at Cairo is not calculated to tickle the vanity of Europeans:—

'He had been distressed, and deeply, at seeing the remnants of ancient Egypt for ages ill-treated by the natives of almost every country. For years and years no one from Europe had visited the time-honored valley, but to see what and how many art-memorials he or they could carry away. Belzoni was a well-intending individual; but we are inclined to doubt his advanced position in ethics, when he expresses contempt for the fellahs of Egypt, because, merely, they ceased to appropriate statues and columns on finding there was no gold inside them. He, Belzoni, flattered himself that he belonged to a higher civilization; for, knowing

what golden prices the said sculptured remains would bring in the Parisian market, he carried them off in scores: or, he knew a reason for stealing, and stole accordingly. European Governments also competed in theft with private individuals, until from the largest obelisks down to minute signet-rings, the treasures of Egypt became scattered over the earth; and the "monumental land" itself seemed to be in danger of lapsing at last into the pre-monumental and entirely unlitrary condition of either South Africa or Australia.

'It was time, thought M. Mariette, that the pillagings of the ancient country should cease; and by first displaying his own collection of antiquities in the form of a Public Museum, and then calling the attention of the authorities in a variety of ways to the case, he got them both to adopt his Museum as the nucleus of a national one for Egypt, and at once to stop by law the exportation of native antiquities to other countries. He himself too was appointed to look to the safety of all the monuments, and also to conduct any excavations which the real interests of science might demand; in fact to carry out his own system in which the Museum formed a necessary part; for thereto were carried all the very small articles discovered, and which, if left at the place of their discovery, might be easily stolen. Nothing, too, but such portable curiosities were ever taken there, and no destruction of any large monument has at any time been made, in order that the Museum might have specimens to exhibit.

"How different," says M. Renan, who was in Egypt at the time of our visit, and has published his ideas on Egyptian antiquities in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1865,— "how different is all this from the Egyptian Museum at Berlin; for while that collection of the late Prussian king was formed by carrying the saw and the hatchet among precious monuments, which, since the passage of M. Lepsius, have offered nothing but the aspect of destruction, the inappreciable Museum of Cairo has never required the demolition of the least morsel of a building." It encloses, in fact, only loose, and in size minor subjects of antiquarian interest.'

Our author has, like M. Renan, a holy horror of all Prussians and their 'annexations.' Witness the calm concentrated scorn of the following passage, which is not the only specimen of the kind in the work:—

'Many therefore are the inscriptions, and inscriptions upon inscriptions,—for these inscribers are no great respecters of each other,—in this neighbourhood; yet none of their handi-works can compete in size with that of Dr. Lepsius, who has held forth at enormous length in praise of the virtues of the late King of Prussia, on the highest and westernmost of these remarkable blocks. That inscription is indeed noble in the space which it occupies, but the site of it must have been rather unhappily chosen by the courtly philologist; for, in the few short years that have intervened, there would seem to have been torrents of rain, "rain

less" though the region be generally termed, torrents that have brought vilifying streams of mud from the upper masonry right through the centre of the modern hieroglyphics; nay, worse still has happened, for certain obscene birds of night, for their own foul ends, have presumed to take a particular fancy to that neighbourhood; and, by a style of marking peculiar to themselves, have made confusion more confounded.'

Or the following:—

'Thus, as to where granite is first to be met with, a thorough read scholar may prefer Baron Bunsen for his deep German learning,* against the world of British observers; and will put every such mere mechanical man down at once with the well turned-sentence, from pp. 164 and 165 in volume ii. of the noble '*Egypt's Place in Universal History*,—declaring the whole Queen's chamber of the Great Pyramid, whose salt-bearing *limestone* we have already treated of, both from observation, touch, and taste,— "to be entirely built of granite."

The following neatly veiled sarcastic remarks on Humboldt are admirably introduced, and hit off to a nicety the scientific charlatanism of that otherwise notable man:—

'Let our readers only refer to the *Travels* of that excellent and most able man, Dr. Clarke, in 1800, the Cambridge Humboldt of his day and read his theory of the Pyramid.

'The worthy Dr. Clarke, then, not having seen *through* the rubbish heap, totally disbelieved any other entrance into the northern face of the Pyramid, than the one entrance passage proper; and, as that was in so strange a position to modern European ideas, being so high above the base, and so far east of the central vertical line, it could not have been hit on, he argued, by accident at the very first shot of the excavators. *Therefore* there were no excavators, and never had been any; and least of all, any ignorant fellows bearing the name of Khaliph Al Mamoon, son of the Khaliph Haroon Al Rasheed,—but the passage must have been left open by the original builders, or their immediate successors, and must have remained open ever since.

'But we need not follow any further the Doctor's argument, which, with the instability of an inverted Pyramid, or standing on its apex, rests entirely on the assumption of the non-existence of a certain second entrance, which any one whatever can now, without any learning at all, see does exist; and, in fact, may feel too, by the draught on a windy day.'

But enough of this, for the subject is not a pleasant one; yet it will be some consola-

* "Germans, who in all matters of research are immeasurably before the English: exhausting a subject." L. A. Brooke's *Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson*, vol. i. p. 321.'

tion to ruffled Prussian self-love to find that the French, and even the poor Danes, have their share in at least the general, if not the particular, denunciations of Vandalism.

The less extensive of two schemes of preparation for the examination of the Pyramid, which were submitted to the Viceroy, was approved by him, and orders were soon given for carrying it into effect. The scheme consisted of such items as Government permission to reside in tombs or tents near the building, loan of tents, protection to life and property, and a general cleaning of the interior of the Pyramid. The absolute necessity for the latter condition is abundantly evident from the amusing details with which we are furnished as to the immense accumulation, not merely of sand and stones, etc., but of an almost impalpable dust which was raised in clouds by the slightest disturbance, and remained for a long time suspended in the air, interfering almost as much with comfortable breathing as with precise measurement, or even photographic processes. In addition to these favours, the Viceroy granted conveyance for the whole party, instruments, etc., to and from the Pyramid, and ordered the villages in the neighbourhood to furnish constant supplies of food at the usual market prices. This last piece of attention appears to have been found of especial value. In Egypt, generally, during the period of Professor Smyth's work, cotton seems to have become omnipotent; every one dabbled in speculations connected with it, to the sad neglect of ordinary agriculture, and with the almost certain result of aggravating to a fearful extent the ravages of cholera, when, a few months later, it broke out in the country. The expense of living in Cairo while waiting for Government assistance, the miserable squalor and filth of a city which has been lauded for its loveliness and its delights, the ignorant rudeness of the greedy cotton merchants, are all described in lively terms. The hiring of servants to work at the Pyramid, paying them wages and 'baksheesh' as a retaining fee, for weeks, while nothing was being done, and the decamping of the scoundrels just before the work commenced in earnest, seem thoroughly Oriental; so unlike are they to anything that would be tolerated in the West. Equally so is the mode in which the servant takes the pay, and in complacent idleness watches his younger brothers doing his work for him without any wages at all. There is much here that we are tempted to extract, but we must refrain, as we are yet hardly over the threshold.

Our travellers were delayed at Cairo for some days after they were finally prepared to start, by the descent from the upper coun-

try of the reserve inundation water, and the consequent flooding of the plains. Professor Smyth is thus led to make some shrewd remarks upon the properties of the Nile mud, and the Egyptian soil, showing how it is enabled to bear copious crops, in a country where no rain falls, by its thorough saturation once a year. In connexion with this subject there are some curious observations on the number of wells in Egypt, and on the temperature of the water raised from them, which deserve attention.

Here is the first glimpse of the Pyramids:—

'Something else too could be said in favour of Egypt, wet, as we saw her then, viz., the colour and force of the landscape in a picturesque point of view. How frequently do we in many travellers' books meet with Egyptian views, characterized by being hard and red; or all red and yellow, in light tints too that weary themselves with sameness, and are flat, flat without air or distance. But now to the north-west, what a scene! The Pyramids of Jeezeh on their far-off desert-hill; the Great Pyramid fully revealed with its confusion of sepulchres on the steep below, and underneath that again, on the flattened plain, a few thin fretted lines of distant villages with their beloved date-palms just showing their crowned heads. The second Pyramid is also visible, but half-concealed by large palm-trees in the middle distance; and the third, conspicuous enough with an undulating Libyan background, but too small to interfere with the notability and majesty of that one of the three which all the world has long agreed to call the Great Pyramid. How far off through a tenderly illumined atmosphere are all these monuments of the past; and how much farther by the aid of the tinted hills, and intervening plains and distant villages hardly to be made out but by telescopic gaze. And then came the strangely pronounced forms of the waving fronds of lofty palms in middle distance, with the sun's light striking full amongst them,—eclipsing some in rays of golden splendour, and again eclipsed itself in their deep purple shadows below; while, lower and nearer still, the eye wanders over long reaches of the dark-brown wetted plain; dark almost to intense blackness, yet always in some rich tint of Vandyke brown or chocolate-colour, that gradually lightens and brightens up to the more immediate foreground, with its tumultuous river of yellow waters and sentinels of snow-white, crane-like birds; reminding one of the mediæval traveller's description,—that "about this Ryvere Nyle ben manye briddes and fowles, or S konyes that thei elepen Ibes;" for this fair bright egret is the nearest living representative here of the ancient ibis, and is equally a friend to, and confiding in, man.

'On the opposite side, again, or to the south-west all gorgeous with the rays of the setting sun falling full in its direction, what force and power are given to all the nearer and middle distances by these mellow browns of the overflowed land; and then beyond them comes the end of a village into the view, its mud-hovels

illuminated so resplendently on one side, and throwing shadows so pronounced on the other, as to look like some natural fortifications improved by ancient kings. Beyond still, and south of these forms again, what distance is expressed in the dark green plain, where woods of date-palms rise behind woods of date-palms; each mellowing gradually into the far off air, like the successive elm rows of the more fertile parts of England, when seen from an occasional height. But here the vision does not finish yet with these faint small forms; for beyond all the distance that mere tree-covered slopes and leafy vales can make manifest, rise to view, on the eastern or Arabian side of the Nile, the exquisitely aerial lilacs and blues of the Mokattam Hills. From their gaunt and serried sides were brought, four thousand years ago, the most compact of the blocks for building the Pyramid, and still they furnish the corner-stones and pavements for modern palaces in Cairo; and we can distinguish even from this spot the square and more determined angles of their composition over all the other hills, and see too the warrior faces of many a noble cliff, which lighten up for a moment into a golden glow with the last look of the sun upon them; and then only blues and aerial greys are seen encompassing their forms, while evening hastens to fall over the whole valley.'

The celebrated Sphinx does not seem to have excited much admiration, perhaps on account of the engrossing interest Professor Smyth felt in the Pyramids; aided, no doubt, by his belief that the Great Pyramid is the only non-idolatrous structure of ancient Egypt.

The following is almost contemptuous:—

	Feet.
Head, height of from bottom of chin to top of forehead, . . .	= 19
“ horizontal diameter on level of forehead, . . .	= 23
“ circumference at, do., . . .	= 72
“ horizontal diameter near broadest part of wig, . . .	= 29
“ circumference at, do., . . .	= 91
Neck, height of, . . .	= 5
“ horizontal diameter, . . .	= 22
“ circumference, . . .	= 69
Breast, height of portion visible above sand, . . .	= 13
Whole height at present above sand, . . .	= 37

“How much in depth is beneath the sand, of course our photographs tell not, but it may be nearly as much as what is above, or, judging from Mr. Salt's drawings, taken at the time of Captain Caviglia's notable excavations down to the fore-paws, it may be somewhat more. Such therefore must have been the height of the original limestone cliff which was chiselled out, as it stood, into this leonine monster; for it is reported to be all firm rock, except the two horizontal fore-paws, each fifty feet long and constructed in masonry.

Why and wherefore many travellers will go on calling this Sphinx “she,” when there is nothing feminine about it, and when every large Sphinx yet found in Egypt has been an

‘It is what we had been noticing for some time past, but could hardly believe in its paltriness and complete distinction from the Pyramids. It is vertically under the Great Pyramid certainly, but so far under, as to be three times nearer the base than the top of that long table-formed hill, on whose summit not only the Great but all the other Pyramids of Jeezeh, are situated. In fact, the Sphinx appears to us to be vulgarly shoved in at the base of the hills, merely to be away from the cultivated land, just like any trifling modern tomb! The head and face are visibly reddish, the neck and line of the back white, on the yellow sand; while a clump of plane-trees and a group of date-palms close in front of it, add another proof of how far below the eternal drought and solitude of the Pyramids, the said Sphinx must be.

‘At length, after heading the “Southern Causeway,” and passing the trees with a dervish's well amongst them, we reach the man-monster, the andro-Sphinx as it has always been, though some writers will still call it “she;” . . . the Horem-hou, the biggest, if not also the oldest, idol in the world.’

Although, to all appearance, the Sphinx belongs to a different age from the Great Pyramid, yet as they are generally associated in the minds of Europeans, it may be interesting to quote some further remarks upon the monster, especially since we now obtain something like accurate information regarding its enormous dimensions.

‘Having taken two photographs of the Sphinx from different quarters, with measuring-rods placed up against it to give the scale, I find they indicate the following numbers rudely,—

“andro-Sphinx,” or, according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, “an emblematical representation of the king, uniting intellect and physical force,” we cannot conceive. Yet they still persist; and the last Scottish minister who described his gallop through the Holy Land for the benefit of his parishioners, and had of course taken Cairo and the Pyramids in the grand tour, uses the expression roundly; as likewise does the last appointed United States consul to a Syrian station, who equally, or still more of course, must go the prescribed circle,—and then write out the impressions acquired, to enable his not yet travelling countrymen, while improving their lands in the new West, to realize mentally the decayed scenes of the

ancient East. Still more remarkably, a French author of genius, whom we recently fell in with, perpetually raves of the beauty and seductive air of the "*fille*," and "*demoiselle*," who sits at the foot of the Pyramids in mystery sublime,—proposing to the men, who are enchanted by her charms, impossible problems, and then making them feel, when too late for escape, the sharpness of her cruel claws.

'George Sandys also, two centuries earlier, was under much the same error, describing the "Colossus, as wrought into the form of an Ethiopian woman, the face something disfigured by time, or indignation of the Moores, detesting images;" wherefore the present sad breakage and flattening of the nose is by no means a very modern mischief. "Colossus" was the usual name in Sandys' time, though he admits that some men "do call it a Sphinx," and Pliny "gives it a belly; which I know not how to reconcile unto the truth, unless the sand do cover the remainder;" but of that Sandys must have assured himself afterwards, as he confidently speaks of the upper part of the Sphinx representing a "maide," and the lower a lion, in order to "defigure the increase of the River, then rising when the Sunne is in Leo and Virgo."

'The fact is, we must dismiss from our minds entirely all classic prejudices, and no more think of explaining this great Egyptian Sphinx, by the long subsequent Greek successor at Boeotian Thebes, than by means of the talking seal at Mr. Barnum's show in New York; for they belong to totally different ages, and diverse-minded peoples. If, too, this colossal andro-sphinx has no kingly beard now, that is because what *was* there originally, has been broken off amongst other modern dilapidations; but the sculptured blocks which formed it, have been found in the sand; and the accompaniment is given complete in the hieroglyphic *views* of the Sphinx, discovered by M. Caviglia on the tablets forming the small temple between its paws. But over and above that testimony, the massive build of the jaws bespeaks not only a man, but a very powerful one; while the lamentable protrusion of the lower part of the face, combined with the low forehead, and large, as well as badly-placed ear, show a decidedly evil and animal-minded disposition, to which the huge wig adds no idea of fine æsthetic perceptions.'

Having made a general reconnaissance of the Pyramid Hill and its neighbourhood, the party selected for their temporary abode certain tombs in the eastern side of the hill, which had thirty years before been occupied by Howard Vyse. With various necessities, and even luxuries, brought from Europe, a good deal of extemporized carpentry, and careful stopping up of possible snake-holes with clay, a comparatively cool and comfortable residence was prepared. Other neighbouring excavations served, one as kitchen, (wherein the grave old Ibraheem concocted wondrous dishes, and perpetual coffee),

another as workshop and storehouse for instruments. This dwelling being about half-way up the cliff, and accessible from above or below only, was guarded at night by three firelock-men at the top of the cliff and three at the foot, whose constant talk (usually about money, and the mighty things they would do with a fortune when they got it) seems not to have been peculiarly adapted to soothe their wards to slumber. These men were, however, along with all the inhabitants of the district, suddenly deprived of their guns by the Governor of Jeezeh, who was of course delighted to seize the opportunity furnished by an accidental shot which unfortunately killed a young girl, one of the guests at a wedding-dance. How his guards were armed in future, Professor Smyth tells us:

'So then there was still much grumbling at East Tombs: and Reis Atfee came again and again to groan out disconsolate sentences as to its being a very bad affair; that no guns were left in the village; and how could he go out to shoot wild-ducks for the lady, when his gun was in the Governor of Jeezeh's strong room?

'But to all these remarks, we offered only moral-philosophy forms of consolation; and were indeed, in our secret minds, extremely glad that an end had been put to that eternal firing of guns, that had gone on every night, and almost all night, in different parts of the plain, ever since the close of Ramadan, and up to the evening of Smyne's ill-starred dancing-party. The men of the night-guard, too, contrived to furnish themselves with some sort of weapons; and one big, long-armed man brought a huge knobbed stick, with rusty headless nails driven purposely only about half way in, forming one of the most diabolical-looking weapons that ever savage wielded; and the wretch described, gloatingly, what the effect was, when the jagged knob brought round with a great swing, which he showed us how he was in the habit of delivering upon a man's head in the dark,—playing havoc and destruction with that realm, wherein nature has enclosed reason and placed her on a throne, but whence a wild Arab is ever ready to let her out.'

Thus established, the party proceeded at once to work, but were sadly interfered with during almost the whole of their stay. The first important difficulty which occurred was the great Mohammedan fast, or Ramadan, which seems to tell with considerable effect on these poor savages, putting them into a state of chronic discomfort, and disqualifying them from steady work by the 'tyranny of a fixed idea,' as well as by bodily torture. There are many curious observations on this subject well worth reading; but our limits prevent a quotation here, though we had marked more than one passage for the purpose. Another terrible difficulty, and one

which might have proved of serious consequence, to the value of all the results obtained, was caused, it seems, by a great optician at home. Names are not given, and we have not the slightest means of conjecturing who is referred to, but we fancy that he can hardly feel very comfortable when he reads this manly though plaintive protest. We give it at full length, for Professor Smyth deserves not merely credit for what he has done, but sympathy for the painful discouragements under which he did it:

'This complete reference system was what was intended; but alas for the man of small means who requires any original instruments of his own, to be made by a great optician! There may be, and indeed there are, some opticians whose word may be taken, and performance trusted, as well as those of any other class of business men; but in dealing with your very great opticians, all ordinary ideas are transcended. He was a notable optician of whom the story is told, that when he had on one occasion sent home a telescope ordered by a customer,—he was complimented as being true to the day, but wrong in the year,—though the story does not say how many years he was behind his promised date. And of greater opticians, still more extraordinary stories are told; so that even Royal Observatories must consent to wait until "*los grandes artistas*," of a recent Spanish bulletin, may be pleased to redeem their promises.

'Something of this characteristic doubtless arises, from the peculiar demands of the optical profession for almost superhuman mechanical accuracy; or certainly for greater truth and refinement of work than was ever attained to before, by any man under the sun. Though whether it is to be the greatest also that ever *will* be obtained, is the practical problem to be solved; and in deference to which, all ordinary attention to common punctuality, appears to sink into nothingness; and a peculiar state of mind is developed, dissatisfied with a shade; and either recommencing *de novo*, just when a structure was thought by others to be complete; or apparently idling over unfinished work, but really thinking how the next step is to be accomplished, and in some manner, perhaps, never before realized by mortal hand, or brain either.

'With the splendid living practitioner, however, in fine metals, to whom application had been made for the finishing off of our Pyramid-measuring apparatus, I had believed that where his mind was excited with the scientific importance of a subject, he would struggle to keep his appointments,—and had therefore sent him a copy of *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid* in the summer of 1864, before detailing the orders for what was required. He had taken to the project, too, very kindly; even to twice visiting Edinburgh, where he had discussed by day the instruments to be made, and by night the probable history of the Pyramid. Time however passed away after that, time long

enough to have made the whole apparatus again and again; and when, with everything else duly prepared and packed up for the voyage to Egypt, I wrote to him to send me his contribution that it might be examined at home,—he replied that he would go across the country with it the following week and give it to me at Liverpool when embarking: concluding his letter, though, by asking a question about the microscope beam-compass, which showed it had not been begun, in fact never thought about during all the interval.

'But then this man was a born genius among opticians; and where genius is concerned, no one else must presume to say what its flights may not attain to; and I still hoped that in presence of the practical necessity of the case, the gentleman concerned would outdo even himself, and successfully finish everything in a manner that would make his name favourably connected with Pyramid mensuration. And sure enough he did come to Liverpool with three boxes of apparatus, which I was asked in the haste and inconvenience of a railway station to examine, approve of, and there and then accept as a fulfilling of the long previous order.

'A number of the articles certainly were remarkably well got up, and moderately charged; but when we came to the reference scale, some doubtful features began to appear; and by the time the stone standard and microscope-compass were reached, I was compelled to take formal objection; for the order had been entirely departed from, and something produced which would not work. But the good ship "*Thessalia*" delayed her sailing for several days, in order that she might load up some hideous big iron boilers on her deck; both to the consternation of her captain and sailors,—who, in the ensuing voyage, were nearly sent to the bottom thereby,—and to the utter straining of every iron plate in her frame; to an extent also, which it is devoutly to be hoped the good people at Lloyds' will find out, and charge the wealthy owners with treble insurance rates ever after,—receiving in return the thanks of "all who travel by sea;"—during these few days therefore of grace to him, our first of modern opticians promised to rectify the microscope-compass. But again he brought it up imperfect, and saw it was imperfect, and that the stone scale also was not the sort of stone scale I had intended to be guided by during Pyramid measures; so there was nothing for it, at the last moment of setting sail for Alexandria, but to hand him back that part of the apparatus, with full instructions how to alter it; appoint him a month to alter it in, and then send it out to Egypt after me,—under penalty of ten shillings per day for every day's delay after the month should be expired. Paid, therefore, for the instruments he *had* finished, and finished well, the full amount charged,—the great optician, after a little wincing, signed the deed, and took home both stone standard and microscope-compass; promising again and again, to have every desired alteration performed upon them; and then to get them sent out so speedily, that they would

arrive in Egypt before I could well have reached the Pyramids, or been inconvenienced to any extent by the absence of such important apparatus.

On this faith, therefore, it was that my wife and I had set sail in November 1864, without the veritable keystone of our measuring system; but in such full trust of immediately receiving it, that we never for one instant paused in our onward progress of occupying the ground at the Pyramids, and beginning whatever measures were locally possible. But we did not know fully, what it was to have to deal with a genius. For into whose mind except that of a genius, and indeed a most magnificent one, of the optical instrument-making class, would it ever have entered,—after those trying scenes in Liverpool, and with a copy of the one-month penalty paper in his pocket,—to return innocently to his Downshire home, and not look at the instruments concerned, for three whole months!

Yet such was the case; and there were we, at East Tombs,—week after week, and month after month, in a rising temperature, and with our wooden measuring-rods altering in length,—writing frantically to our agents at Alexandria to inquire everywhere, and from all the Liverpool ships in particular, if no instrument-box had arrived for us, marked for immediate despatch. But of course there was nothing of the sort; and from the time we had left the Mersey and plunged into the stormy seas beyond,—rolling in the troughs of the waves at the mercy of those big boilers on deck,* and in the midst of some of the very worst of weather of all that autumn and winter,—we had been cut off from the whole British world by an impervious bank of more than Cimmerian darkness; and might as well have drifted out on the ocean in an open boat, for any help received from whence it had been expected, or sympathy from those amongst whom it might have been demanded. But fate eventually was kind; and the Arabs, under the wholesome control of a strong Egyptian Government, were a sufficiently respectable, though not very instructed, set to be amongst for a time.

Among those who are fastidious about accurate measuring scales, though not to the very highest requirements of science, there is a great appreciation of wood when used in the direction of its fibre, and that fibre straight, dry, and well-seasoned; wherefore they find that good sound deal is about as trusty a substance as can be employed; and the question is only, among different examples of it, to pick out the most shapely in grain and thoroughly seasoned. Now a friend in Manchester, who had taken a special scientific interest in this proposed visit to the Pyramid, had advised me last autumn of certain old organ pipes, recently taken out of an organ, dating from the reign of good Queen Anne; old enough therefore to have

dried most thoroughly: and composed of such admirably straight-grained wood, that one of his friends was making measuring-rods of it; and found,—that when they had been covered with copal varnish, they were “unchangeable.” My kind friend, moreover, did not stop here, but procured a slice, one hundred and five inches long, five inches broad, and three-quarters of an inch thick, wherewith to construct the important reference scale for Pyramid measuring in 1865. This precious example, therefore, dating from England’s Augustan age, was duly handed over in the rough to the great optician; and re-appeared under his auspices with many fine fittings, at Liverpool, when the long bar-box was opened there.

“It looks very dark?” said I.

“Oh, that’s the drying oil,” replied he, “which has been rubbed into it.”

“Oil!” I exclaimed, with a pang of anticipated horror; “what made you think of rubbing in oil, when you were asked to coat it with copal varnish?”

“But what,” he persisted, “could be better than oil; when, mark you, it is drying oil?”

“That may be,” was answered, “but it is not dry yet; and oil has the effect of moisture in revivifying vegetable fibres: nullifying therein, too, all the good effects of age for mensuration purposes. Just as when you take at the Cape of Good Hope, the old, dry, and closed-up head of seed-vessels belonging to a certain plant, dip it into water, and lo! in ten seconds it softens, swells, twists and presently expands into what,—though scentless, brown, dead, and no flower,—they prettily call the *rose of Jericho*.”

At the time,—I concealed most of my grief and apprehension; but on afterwards finding,—even in the shaded recesses of the instrument tomb,—that the oiled scales were still sticky, and the Queen Anne’s organ reference scale was not only curling up like a shaving, but had in a few weeks become twisted in the very plane of its breadth by a whole inch-and-a-quarter,—I could no longer think of using it for its original destination; and even ventured an idea, for indulging in which I trust to be forgiven, respecting the greatest genius of modern opticians,—and to the effect that his future portion may be amongst the roses, of that ancient and celebrated city which has just been mentioned.

Finally, and worst of all, the Travellers. They must have been a frightful nuisance, for over and over again in these volumes we read of them, their vulgar ignorance, their offensive curiosity,—in a word, their utter snobbishness. Swarming in crowds into the narrow passages of the Pyramid, each gaping idiot pushed or dragged along by a couple of Arabs, they knocked over cameras and measuring-rods, laid hold of Professor Smyth’s exquisite clinometer to steady themselves, and finally drove him out of the Pyramid for hours at a time every day of his stay. In-

* ‘A species of cargo unknown in Utopia; and in any other state where the lives of seamen are valued by Government and the people more highly than a few £ s. d. of freight.’

side and outside he found the Pyramid littered with broken bottles, greasy scraps of paper that had held 'desecrating' luncheons, and 'incredible quantities' of other refuse of 'gormandizing operations.' Inside, the floors of the passages are covered with candle-grease, the roofs grimed with smoke, and the walls 'cut, carved, hacked, painted and marked in various ways' with innumerable names. Britons and Yankees seem to be equally numerous and equally disgusting. But there was one party of Yankees whose snobbishness seems to have exceeded anything that Professor Smyth observed among the European visitors. We quote his description, not because it is pleasant even to read of such things, but because it shows that the favourite form of petty spite against the gallant Confederates, which was regarded by some Yankees as a piece of genuine smartness, is in reality as old as it is contemptible. Besides, by an odd transition, it leads us to one of the most singular of Professor Smyth's ideas about the Pyramid.

'Suddenly, about day-break or soon after, when, too, the thermometer had gone down to 49°,—the clouds quickly cleared away, the moon was seen setting red and disk-like just over the northern foot of that far-off western Pyramid (?), which we will venture to call, until a better claim be established, "Dr. Leider's Pyramid,"—a round of azimuth angles was hastily taken; the sun's level rays began to strike in our eyes; and, in a moment more, "the travellers" were upon us,—one party indeed arriving after another in almost endless succession.

'Their attendant Arabs all came up to shake us very powerfully by the hand, as being old friends of theirs, and long since free of the Pyramid; but alas! to see the so-called "travellers!" The same genus of men who used to cut such mad pranks within the four walls of the King's chamber below, and delighted to bang the coffer so mercilessly, and insult "King Cheops' gravestone;" now, they were as quiet as mice; just looked faintly round for a minute or two; turned pale on going near the edge of the platform; a weaker-stomached brother brought up his breakfast or last night's supper,—and then they were gone again; but only after expressing many fears, as to how they were ever to be able to make the descent. They might, therefore, have afterwards described their experiences most truly in the words of Dr. Veryard, A.D. 1701, who writes,—*"We descended from the top of the Great Pyramid the same way, but with far greater hazard than when we came up; as well by reason of the bad way, as the Terror with which the precipice struck us."* The *Sieur du Mont* has likewise hit off the feelings of many of these travellers, when he says, "But he who can look to the bottom of the steps without amazement, may justly boast the strength of his head; for my part, I must confess I was

struck with so much *horror* when I cast my eye downward, that I was hardly sensible of any pleasure in viewing so great a variety of objects."

An enthusiastic party of Americans was, however, capable of more work, though they did not stay up much longer. But in that short space of time, they had arranged themselves into a meeting on constitutional principles of Anglo-Saxon derivation, with a chairman, secretary, and audience; wherein a resolution was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, to the effect,—*"that whereas this here pile whips everything in the way of building we've seen in all our grand tour through the used-up, worn-out world,—yet we calculate King Cheops, its builder, must have been such a horrid old tyrant and cruel oppressor of the people, that it is hereby resolved by us free and independent citizens of the United States,—that, 'we won't give him a cheer.'"*

'After which expression of most decided opinion, and offering the thanks of the meeting to their excellent chairman, for his well-balanced conduct and impartial attitude on his very elevated seat,—the gentlemen liquored up, the ladies, as they bashfully expressed it, "consented just to take a swallow," and the whole party disappeared down the steep slope of the Pyramid much more quickly than they had come up;—every man of them, though, with little Confederate flags picked out on the soles of their boots, so that they might have the pleasure of trampling on the hated ensign of the South wherever they went.

'A Yankee notion this, with a vengeance; and it had been reckoned, we were afterwards informed, when first produced in Boston two or three years previously, to be not only "considerable 'cute," but "decidedly ahead of anything that had ever been invented in the Old World in such a cause." Yet Sir Gardner Wilkinson writes, at page 366, vol. iii. 3d edit., of his *Ancient Egyptians*, touching certain royal sandals from Thebes, that they "were frequently lined with cloth, on which the figure of a captive was painted; that humiliating position being considered suited to the enemies of their country, whom they hated and despised,—an idea agreeing perfectly with the expression which so often occurs in the hieroglyphic legends, accompanying a king's name, when his valour and victories are recorded on the sculptures: 'You have trodden the impure Gentiles under your powerful feet.'"

'In still more ancient times too, than those of the above extract,—which probably applies to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasties,—is it described of King Shofu, or Cheops, of the Great Pyramid itself, that he caused to be engraved on the public roads the figures of the gods of Egypt, "in order that they might be trodden under foot both by man and beast."

'Yet why that primeval king-wished them to be so trodden, has never been fully settled. The world, indeed, content to take his character from his enemies only, has for thousands of years gone readily enough into the damning sentence,—that it was because he, Cheops,

was an *atheist*; and have even added latterly, that if the temples of Thebes are to be looked on as monuments of idolatry,—the Pyramids of Jeezeh, where no sculptured figures of any species, of either gods, saints, or demons, appear,—are to be held as demonstrations and durable records of the *infidelity* of the kings under whom they were built!

‘Yet the open-mouthed world has not been always right, on momentous questions of religious faith; and it may be, following the improvement inaugurated by the late John Taylor, viz., the method of considering all the facts from a Christian point of view, that the real reason was,—that King Cheops, being no atheist, but on the contrary, a zealous, and Elijah-like worshipper of the one true God in spirit and in truth—took every method which was open to him, for trying to wean his besotted subjects from their degrading animal-worship; and for showing them practically that their gods, in whom they trusted, were no gods.’

We must make one more somewhat lengthy extract before we proceed to examine the strictly scientific portions of the work. But the reader must not on any account fancy that we are picking out the best parts of the book. On the contrary, where there is so much that is fresh and racy, the difficulty is to refrain from quoting. Had we printed all that we had marked as well worth quoting, there would have been no room left us to enter on the real work of the expedition. In fact the first of the three volumes, with its 563 pages, is a charming medley of travels, science, and politics, of history ancient and modern, and above all of gossip: throughout expressed in singularly lively and occasionally grotesque language. We have met with very few books of its kind which can be compared with it for general interest and readability. But, as we have given some of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal’s well-deserved animadversions upon the conduct and opinions of certain Prussians, it is only fair to show that when he finds cause he deals quite as rigorously with his own countrymen. We do not care to inquire whether he is fully borne out by facts; every man will judge the question according to his own views and sympathies: we wish to show that Professor Smyth having, rightly or wrongly, formed an opinion for or against his own, or any other country, comes manfully forward and states it in his own forcible language. Through the whole of this work, and, we may add, in all his writings, this is most abundantly evident. How painful the contrast when we read the works of almost any other author, whether British or foreign! It is curiously suggestive to find cherished historical and national recollections dealt with as follows:—

‘When they therefore arrived at the Pyra-

mids, and began to observe for themselves in a more accurate manner than had ever been attempted before,—soon one discovery followed another, and high scientific ideas began to be entertained touching what other men had looked upon only as tombs. Thus too, the world might have arrived long since, at a full knowledge of the meaning of the most remarkable work of ancient men,—had not the British Government rushed in perfectly needlessly; confusing all those learned researches; and doing so, at an expense of many millions of money, as well as thousands of lives of Britain’s sons who could ill be spared and whose unaccomplished careers upon earth will never be made up to their nation.

“But was it needless,” does any one ask, “to send our great military expedition to Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby, when Britain was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France, and therefore bound to oppose that power in every possible manner, and especially to check each movement of her rising chieftain, Bonaparte?”

“Yes, perfectly needless,” we reply, after hearing local particulars, and feeling some of the climatic circumstances. Because, the two warlike ends quoted above, would have been served infinitely better by our not having sent out a single soldier, and merely letting matters in Egypt alone, and keeping them so. For how stood the case?—the French army was at the time completely cut off from its parent country by our command of the sea; its stores exhausted, its arms and uniforms all in ruin, daily harassed and thinned by more or less fighting with the Turks, who were continually increasing in numbers as those of the French were decreasing; sickening also with a desire to return home that could not be gratified, and growing daily in hatred against the general who had brought them to such a country, and then deserted them. In fact, if they had been simply left there for many years more, the majority would have been killed or died off, and the few survivors,—become rabid anti-Bonapartists,—would have taken peaceful service in British ships, or accepted any sort of occupation to escape.

‘Even as it was, when we had been slaughtering them in battle, and they killing too many of our soldiers in return, and we engaged to take them back to their own country in our ships,—it is recorded by Dr. Clarke that the detachment of French troops, ragged and miserable, sent on board his brother’s man-of-war, the “Brankel,” would do anything to ingratiate themselves with the British officers and men; and amongst other voluntary demonstrations, got up a band, which used to play night and morning, “God save the King,”—George, of course; and all who could speak any English, would make a special point of giving the line, “Send him victorious,” with extraordinary enthusiasm, for it was in fact their only hope of getting out of Egypt.

‘Perfectly needless, therefore, even for its expressed purposes, which may be considered patriotic, but not very philanthropic, was the English Government’s first murderous expedition to Egypt; and then it was besides, ob-

structive to the cause both of science and local social improvement. For the French army had been engaged all the time in giving the most important and deeply required lessons on respect for Europeans, to the overbearing Orientals of the most anarchical country on the face of the earth,—while their *savants* were unrolling the history of the land's primeval days.

England interfered with the progress of both these subjects, and took up neither of them herself. Not the scientific,—for though we did plunder the French of the “antiques” they had collected; the doing so, while the objects were on Egyptian soil, and then carrying them off to London,—can only be considered as an unrighteous plundering of Egypt herself; as well as a fatal entangling of ourselves with a peculiar thing of spoil, which brings us no blessing from any nation, while it excites against us the most revengeful feelings even still of our nearest neighbor. And not the social problem either was served,—for our dismal defeat on the second English expedition to Egypt at Rosetta, with the beheading there of whole lines of English soldiers by Turkish scimitars, and the carrying away of others to slavery or forced Mohammedanism,—went far towards removing in oriental minds that grand lesson which the French had given them, when they overthrew the more powerful cavalry of the Mamelukes, even at the very epoch of their greatest strength and impetuosity; and made their battle of the Pyramids both a watchword of triumph to the soldiers of European training, and a classic reference in military annals and the literature of war for all future time.

Had the French army indeed occupied and ruled the country some time longer in their own manner, it is probable that the Osmanlees would have looked on Europeans with even august respect; and our expedition to Rosetta in after years need not have taken place, or the losses our troops sustained there been incurred. What these were precisely, it is difficult now to estimate, as sufficiently evidenced by the following almost chance paragraph in Colonel Howard Vyse's first volume:—“Amongst other undertakings, a company of Greeks was employed in 1837 to weigh up a number of guns in the Bay of Aboukir, many of them English, and most probably lost in the unfortunate expedition under General Fraser, of which no detailed account was ever published. It was probably thought by the Ministry then in power, that the result of the expedition to the Dardanelles was sufficient to gratify public curiosity.”

We now propose to give a short, but pretty complete, account of what is to be seen at and in the Pyramid—taking our facts mainly from Professor Smyth, but occasionally from Vyse and from the French *savants*. It is difficult to give, without figures, an intelligible description of an interior, but we hope our readers will be able easily to follow us. At present we have nothing to do with the object or design of the builders, we are merely concerned with what they actually did build.

When this is made intelligible, we shall say a few words about the purposes which the Pyramid was probably intended to serve. And we hope that we shall not allow ourselves to be carried away by the opportunity of being virtuously indignant, and then vulgarly sarcastic, if we find that Professor Smyth's views on this subject since he has worked at the Pyramid are not precisely the same as those he advocated before he went to Egypt. To some minds an honest recantation appears pusillanimous.

The general process of Pyramid building, as described by Lepsius (who coolly claims it as his own, though we now know that it was explained to him for the first time by an English architect of the name of Wild, who accompanied his expedition), is somewhat as follows:—Immediately on his accession, an Egyptian king, having finished off, as will presently be explained, the sepulchre of his predecessor, proceeded to construct his own. A narrow gallery, dipping due south, and terminating in a subterranean chamber, is hewn in the solid rock.

The inclination of this gallery is such that the sarcophagus, finally to be inserted, will easily (but not violently) slide down, for which purpose the most effective angle will be a little less than the angle of repose for the two materials of the sarcophagus and the rock. This subterranean work completed, the work above ground commences. Beginning above the tomb-chamber, but usually a little to the west of it, huge squared blocks are gradually accumulated during the reign of the king, keeping always nearly to the form of a pyramid, with its base-side almost in, and perpendicular to, the meridian. If the reign be a long one, and these blocks extend beyond the entrance to the sloping passage, the passage is carried on, at the same angle, through every successive course of the masonry, and may thus, at the finish of the pyramid, have its entrance raised considerably above ground. The king dies, the sarcophagus is slid down into the subterranean chamber, the passage is ingeniously blocked by a stone portcullis, or perhaps by several, the new king dresses flat the protruding edges of the mass of masonry, and, having thus finished the interment of his predecessor, commences his own tomb.

We may regard this as a pretty accurate account of what took place, although there are one or two points open to considerable question, such as the final dressing of the exterior, etc. But as these are not at present supposed to be of any consequence, so far as regards the theory of the Great Pyramid, we shall not here enter upon a discussion of them. The point to be observed is that, with the single exception of the Great Pyramid, all the

chief Egyptian structures of that class are built on this type. There are, no doubt, cases in which a king has prepared the pyramid of one of his ancestors for his own interment, usually making a new entrance through the solid masonry. But the *single, subterranean* chamber is in general the leading feature.

Even the Great Pyramid, in old times, was supposed to contain nothing but this. There is sufficient evidence that the subterranean chamber there, with its long sloping entrance gallery opening high up the north face, and considerably to the east of the centre, was known in Roman times. But the passage was gradually choked up, or its entrance concealed by sand or *débris*, so that when, more than a thousand years ago, Khaliph Al-Mamoun, the son of Haroun-al-Rasheed, excited by absurd legends of wondrous treasures said to be concealed within the building, determined to examine the interior, his workmen had to push their way slowly and laboriously through the solid stone. Day and night they wrought without intermission, till they had got a tunnel of nearly a hundred feet pierced; yet nothing was found. Heartily discouraged, and remembering the current story of an old king who was reported to have said that all the wealth of Egypt could not destroy one of the Pyramids, they were about to desist from their apparently hopeless task, when a most singular accident occurred. They heard distinctly the fall of a huge stone somewhere near them, and within the pile of masonry they had begun to fear was solid throughout. This encouraged them to persevere, and they soon broke into the old passage which had been, as we have seen, known to the Romans. So far, they had merely achieved with immense toil what could easily have been accomplished in a short time by removing the rubbish which concealed the original entrance; and, but for a peculiar combination of circumstances, they would have discovered no more about the Pyramid than had been known long before, and was to be seen in every other Egyptian Pyramid. But the stone whose fall they had heard, and which had thus led them to the old passage, had done more. It must have been seriously shaken by their frantic exertions in piercing the solid masonry, for there is abundant evidence that it was supported so that nothing but extreme violence could have displaced it. It was one of the roofing stones of the lately described continuation (above ground) of the subterranean passage, and the particular stone on which abutted the granite portcullis which had been let down like a stopper to close entirely the entrance to the upper chambers of the Pyramid. Professor Smyth has discovered, in the peculiar

flooring of the entrance passage, indications which would probably have been sufficient (as they were no doubt intended) in time to point out to a careful observer the fact that there was thereabouts some novelty to be inquired into. Be this as it may, accident too soon revealed the secret. Al-Mamoun's people, not being able to push back the granite stopper, continued their excavations so as to pass round and above it, and entered (for the first time in a pyramid) an *ascending* passage. Their disappointment and rage, when they found what they found, we need not describe. It was such that the Khaliph, despot as he was, was obliged to bury secretly a large sum of money, and allow his workers to find it. It was declared to be exactly the sum which had been spent on the excavations; so having, as they thought, neither gained nor lost, they gladly left the Pyramid to itself.

We must now endeavor to describe, as well as we can without drawings, this novelty in pyramid construction. Rising, still due south, from the granite portcullis, at an angle of inclination almost exactly the same as that of the entrance passage, the first ascending passage is of workmanship, materials, and dimensions not very different from it, and leads to the second ascending passage or Grand Gallery, which is broader, seven times as high, and of more careful and exact workmanship. The direction is still due south, and the incline the same. From the upper end of the Grand Gallery we pass (still south) horizontally through a low passage to a small room called the Antechamber, whose peculiarities we shall presently describe, and thence finally to the so-called King's Chamber, a magnificent apartment constructed of polished granite. The sole contents of this chamber consisted of an immense chest, coffer, or sarcophagus (for it has been called by all these names and more), constructed of a single granite block. Though there is no record of its ever having a lid, it is obvious, even in its present shamefully chipped condition, that its western side was lower than the other three, and that they also are bevelled to the same level, so that a flat lid might be slid on from the west. But whereas the grooves in which the lid of a sarcophagus runs are such that, when the lid is clamped by sliding pins in its lower surface to one of the edges of the vessel, it is absolutely immovable; in the Pyramid coffer, the lid, if there ever was one, could at all times be raised vertically. It is singular that such men as the French *savants*, whose measurements were made with extraordinary care, and in general with great accuracy, should not have noticed this peculiarity, and should have described and figured

the coffer as having all its upper edges on the same level. Professor Smyth was evidently quite unprepared to find this peculiarity, though he afterwards recognized that it had been noticed by Howard Vyse. Had he been (as has been recently asserted in so many words) a determined supporter of a theory, prepared to go all safe lengths in the way of making evidence for it, instead of a scrupulously honest and accurate observer, what a chance was here! One or two additional chips from the edge of the coffer, and no trace of preparation for a lid would have been left. Howard Vyse's drawing would have been easily explained as an inadvertence, and the testimony of the French drawing and description would have been decisive of the point. Which of his sneering critics would have had the firmness to resist such a temptation? To the doings of Bunsen, Lepsius, and such like (as well as to those of scientific thieves and plagiarists of every degree), let us leave the application of the awful words of their countryman—

‘Weh dem der zu der Wahrheit geht durch Schuld,
Sie wird ihm nimmermehr erfreulich seyn.’

The flooring of the Grand Gallery is not continuous with that of the first ascending passage. From the gap there proceeds (southward) a *horizontal* passage leading to a limestone chamber of peculiar shape, known as the Queen's Chamber. Its peculiarities will be presently alluded to. But from this same gap, on the west, there is a rough and crooked shaft called the Well, which descends to the lower portion of the entrance passage, where it is cut in the live rock. There is something connected with this well, whose explanation, though probably simple enough, we have not been able to make out from Professor Smyth's works, nor indeed from any others we are acquainted with. How was this well discovered? He speaks of it as known a thousand years ago, and also of its having been opened by pushing a ramp stone into the Gallery. If it was not hit upon by accidental excavation at its upper end, all the elaborate preparations for secrecy must have been useless; for if its lower end had been left open it would have given entrance to the Grand Gallery at once. In Vyse's work we find a trace of a suggestion that it formed the passage by which the workmen escaped from the chambers of construction (shortly to be mentioned) at their completion. This notion seems scarcely to require contradiction, as these chambers would obviously and necessarily be finished from above.

The only other large known feature demanding notice is the disposition of the ma-

sonry just over the King's Chamber, where, apparently with the view of relieving the pressure on the magnificent granite blocks which form its roof, there are five *chambers of construction* arranged vertically above one another; the roofs of the four lowest being horizontal, that of the highest formed with a ridge. The lowest was discovered last century by forcing a passage from one of the upper corners of the Grand Gallery, the others by Vyse in 1837 by vertical excavations. A singular discovery made in these chambers will presently be noticed.

The King's Chamber is rectangular, the lengths of its sides being almost exactly as two to one, the longer lying east and west: and the coffer is near the western end. The walls, all the way round, except above the small entrance passage, are formed of *five* layers of granite blocks, exactly equal in thickness. But the flooring blocks are inserted so as to hide 5 inches of the lowest of the five courses. The mean length of the chamber (east and west) is 412·55 inches, its breadth 206·3, and its height about 230. It is curious that the breadths of the entrance, and the first ascending passages, as well as the breadth of the floor of the Grand Gallery, and of the other smaller passages, are almost exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ th or $\frac{1}{10}$ th of the sides of this chamber. Various other curious and simple numerical relations are obvious from Professor Smyth's measures. The ceiling is composed of nine gigantic beams of granite laid from north to south, two of them partially hidden by the east and west walls respectively. They are not of equal size, but their dimensions are something like 5 feet by 7 by 27, giving a content of nearly 1000 cubic feet!

Some of the most curious of all the contents of the Pyramid are to be found in the Antechamber, a small room whose length is about 116·5 inches, its breadth (at the ceiling) about 65, and its height somewhat over 149. It is constructed partly of limestone and partly of granite, but the details cannot be made intelligible without the aid of a diagram. There is, however, what Professor Smyth calls a granite wainscoting on the east and west sides, extending to *different* heights above the floor, and cut into vertical grooves opposite to each other, evidently for the insertion of sliding slabs of stone. Three of these, which have either never been inserted, or have been entirely removed, must have descended to the floor; but the fourth, and most northern one, which is still in its place, and consists of two slabs superposed and cemented together, *does not reach the floor*. It leaves, in fact, a space of nearly 44 inches depth beneath it, the grooves not having been

cut farther down. On the northern side of the upper of these slabs (which, together, form what Greaves called the 'Granite leaf') is a very curious sculptured projection, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, and suggesting the handles attached to some of the later sarcophagi. This feature is unique in the Pyramid, and Professor Smyth seems inclined to believe that it hints at some grand discovery relating to the mystery of the Pyramid, which would be effected by simply raising the upper slab of the granite leaf from the lower. He could not undertake this himself, as he had strictly bound himself over to do no damage whatever to any portion of the building. Surely so intelligent a man as Mariette Bey will not long leave this possible key to the object of the whole structure uninvestigated, especially as, with modern mechanical means, the upper part of the leaf may easily, and with perfect safety, be raised and replaced. Had Vyse thought of it, he who hewed recklessly in all directions, as his fancy prompted him, might possibly have solved the Pyramid problem thirty years ago. The other curious peculiarity consists in the division of the south wall into five spaces by four deep, straight, vertical grooves, which extend from the ceiling to the top of the entrance passage to the King's Chamber.

The Queen's Chamber is nearly square (205 inches from East to West, and 226 from North to South), but its roof is angular, the ridge running east and west—so that the east and west walls are pentagonal, the other five sides of the chamber being rectangular. The masonry of the limestone lining of this chamber is exceedingly good, some of the joints, cement included, being finer than a hair, but it is now much defaced by an incrustation of salt. The floor, singularly enough, is rough and undressed, like the general masonry of the mass of the Pyramid. The peculiar feature of this room is a very curiously shaped niche, resembling very much a transverse section of the Grand Gallery, which is excavated in the East wall to a depth of about 41 inches, its height being 186. This niche is placed excentrically, its middle line being about 25 inches south of the middle line of the wall.

The determination of the original dimensions of the Pyramid is by no means an easy problem, at least as regards the important element of its height. The dimensions of the original base, however, are still capable of being measured with absolute freedom from uncertainty, for during the last day or two of Professor Smyth's visit he was enabled, by the assistance of Mr. Inglis, a young Scottish engineer, in the employment of Mr.

Aiton, one of the contractors at the Suez railway works, to uncover at once all four of the original corner socket holes: only two of which, discovered by the French *savants*, had been seen since the Pyramid was stripped of its limestone casing. Unfortunately the mounds of rubbish, the *débris* which has fallen during ages from the sides of the Pyramid, and which has, of course, accumulated in greatest quantity at the middle of each side (above which there is the longest stretch of crumbling material, and where the limestone is not so hard as at the edges), prevent any direct attempt at measurement of the lengths of the original sides. Mr. Inglis, with his railway practice, by levelling (and reducing) over these heaps of rubbish, arrived at the following (merely approximate) results as the distances between the corners of the original structure, which are fortunately still perfect:—

North side	9120 inches.
South "	9114 "
East "	9102 "
West "	9102 "

He also ascertained that, taking the north-east socket floor as datum plane, the

South-east is . .	13·6 inches low,
North-west . .	4·2 " low,
South-west . .	5·6 " high.

The floors of these sockets are all carefully cut and levelled; the north-east one, which is considerably the largest, presents the curious result that its diagonal from *n. w.* to *s. e.* is *exactly* 200 inches, while the semi-diagonal (from the middle of the former diagonal to the *n. e.* corner of the Pyramid) is almost exactly 100 inches. The other semi-diagonal cannot be measured, as the inner corner of the socket floor is bevelled off.

The *present* height of the Pyramid, above the plane of the surrounding pavement discovered by Vyse, is 5445 inches. To correct this for the amount which has been removed from the top is a rather difficult business. Professor Smyth has adopted several processes; for instance, a determination of the probable amount of thickness of casing and backing stones together which have been removed from the outside near the top. Measurements also of the angles of elevation, or depression, of the edges of the Pyramid as it at present stands, these edges being, as before remarked, built of more enduring material than the rest of the exterior. Again, Vyse's measurements of one of the gigantic original casing-stones supply a very valuable

datum, and its result is corroborated by the measurement of the angles of the various fragments of casing-stones (from all the four sides) picked up by Professor Smyth among the *débris*. The results, generally, give for the inclination of the faces of the Pyramid, values lying between

$51^{\circ} 50'$ and 52° .

As a verification, it is easy to calculate from these numbers that, if the Pyramid's base be square, the inclination of its edges should be from

42° to $42^{\circ} 10'$.

Actual observation gives it a little over 42° .

Herodotus tells us that he was informed that the Pyramid was constructed so that the area of one of the sides should be equal to the square of the height. Calculation from this gives for the inclination of the sides an angle a little below

$51^{\circ} 50'$,

namely, the angle whose tangent and cosecant are equal.

The view advocated by Professor Smyth, viz., that the circumference of the base of the Pyramid is to its height in the ratio of the circumference to the radius of a circle, gives for the angle in question a value slightly above

$51^{\circ} 51'$.

Between rival theories which give such excessively close results, it is obviously impossible to decide by means of data so rudely approximate as those which we can now obtain from the Pyramid itself. It is quite possible that both are correct, and that the discovery of the fact that, when the sine and cotangent of an angle in the unit circle are equal, either is very nearly equal to an eighth of the circumference (a fact which may be expressed in various other simple forms, all, however, involving the division of a line in extreme and mean ratio), is due to the early inhabitants of Egypt.

Corroboration of these values of the original angle of the Pyramid is derived from certain trenches in the rock to the east of the building. These trenches obviously radiate from one common centre, and appear (though pronounced by Bunsen and others, who never saw them, to have been excavated for the purpose of making mortar in) to have been designed for such preliminary work as laying off a meridian line, and the angles to which various important stones were to be cut.

The measured angle of these trenches appears to differ by only a few seconds of arc

from the value calculated from the hypothesis advocated by Professor Smyth. The following extract shows the origin of the hypothesis, and the shifts to which even Germans may be driven when they wish to prove that which is not:—

'This view of the matter is owing certainly and solely to the late John Taylor. He derived it originally from the measures published by Colonel Howard Vyse, giving the angle of his two celebrated casing-stones *in situ* at the northern foot of the Pyramid, as being between $51^{\circ} 50'$ and $51^{\circ} 52' 15''$. This result was by two different methods of measurement, but the latter slightly better than the former, so as to raise the mean rather above $51^{\circ} 51' 8''$: and he, John Taylor, held to his view therefrom, notwithstanding that a host of diverse mathematical theorems were advanced by other investigators, as having probably regulated the proportions of the Great Pyramid. Notwithstanding also that Colonel Howard Vyse's friend and assistant in Egypt, Mr. Perring, subsequently fell away from his own original measures; and having lost by death the Colonel's friendly and honest guidance, committed the fatal mistake,—applauded though it was by Chevalier Bunsen,—of remodelling all the measured proportions of the Pyramid, according to a pure hypothesis as to even numbers of the Egyptian cubit having been employed on the principal lines. Whence resulted the angle $51^{\circ} 20' 25''$, for the inclination of the sides of the Great Pyramid; a quantity which has therefore been boldly, even brazenly, printed as being the actual fact, in the second volume of Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History*.

'Now, if the question had rested still, where Colonel Howard Vyse left it, I would not have presumed to interfere. For although my angle-measuring instruments were superior to his,—there is not now any feature accessible about any part of the Pyramid, which can approach in the remotest degree to the admirable facilities for correct measure which his large casing-stones *in situ* afforded,—or which can pretend to bring the question within the very small range of uncertainty, which his two perfectly independent methods of measuring the same thing, ultimately resulted in. But when some one else in London, subsequently alters the quantity at will, by more than half a degree,—I have then no compunction in bringing out whatever I may have actually observed in Egypt; and in thereby allowing all men to see for themselves, whether there is any probability of $51^{\circ} 20'$ being nearer to the fact of the Great Pyramid, than $51^{\circ} 51'$; for the odd seconds are not worth noting in the presence of more than half a degree of defalcation.'

All the processes (unfortunately most of them are rather indirect) which Professor Smyth could apply to the determination of the azimuth of the sides of the base and of the passages, lead to results showing that the sides of the base of the Pyramid are set al-

most due north and south, and east and west: and that the entrance passage runs due south. The same is, in all probability, true of the Grand Gallery and of the other interior passages; but, while the granite portculis remains *in situ*, or unbored, it will be impossible to settle their azimuth decisively.

Various instruments were employed to measure the inclination of the several passages,—a pocket sextant, a fine clinometer, and a large alt-azimuth instrument. The final and most probable results are—

Entrance Passage, . . .	26° 27'
First Ascending Passage, .	26° 6'
Grand Gallery,	26° 17' 37".

The latitude of the Pyramid, as observed with the large circle, is

29° 58' 51",

and this, of course, is also the apparent altitude of the pole of the heavens. It is an old and a very plausible idea that the entrance passage was adjusted to such an elevation that the pole-star, at the time of construction of the Pyramid, would just be seen along its axis when on the meridian; and, as we see from the above angles, at its *lower* culmination. But this supposition requires that the pole-star (which must of course be a sufficiently marked star for popular purposes) should be about $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the true pole. Now, within the extreme limits of time which have been assigned for the building of the Pyramid, but one conspicuous star has been at that distance from the true pole. That star is α Draconis, which may be easily found in the sky by using as 'pointers,' not the two stars of Ursa Major which are employed to indicate the present pole-star, but the next two of that conspicuous group of seven. They point to the star in question, which is situated nearly opposite to the middle of the tail of the bear, and which was the pole-star during the third and fourth thousand years before the Christian era. It was an angular distance of about $3^{\circ} 40'$ from the true pole on two occasions during that period, viz., about 3400 B.C. and about 2200 B.C. If the supposition be correct that the entrance passage was built to point to this star, one of these dates must be that of the construction of the Pyramid. How are we to decide which? Professor Smyth's reasoning here is very ingenious indeed, and gives us something more than a bare suspicion that his results are not mere coincidences, but that he has really hit upon the means of finding the exact date of the building. His argu-

ment is, briefly, as follows. The *lower* culmination is not, especially in low latitudes, so marked or so important an event as the upper. We must look out for something else. When α Draconis was passing its lower culmination, was there, at either of these dates, any remarkable object passing the meridian *above* the pole? At the former date there was nothing very notable; at the latter the Pleiades, a remarkable group of stars which have been superstitiously regarded in all countries and from the earliest times. Even in modern days there have been found genuine men of science who have endeavoured to prove them to be the Central-Sonne, the chief attracting mass about which revolve the separate items of the Visible Universe. Moreover, at or very near to that period, say about 2170 B.C., we find that the Pleiades were at zero of Right Ascension. Thus at the completion of the Pyramid, at the instant when α Draconis culminated below the pole, the Pleiades and the intersection of the ecliptic and equator were (close to each other) on the meridian above the pole. Of course these calculations are not exact as to date, for we are not thoroughly well acquainted with the true value of the constant of Precession, and still less with the amount and direction of the proper motions of either of the stars involved in the present question. Still the conjunction of such phenomena forms a cogent argument.

We have already mentioned that we could not here discuss the religious argument which, among many others, Professor Smyth has introduced into the question. Nor do we think it at all unworthy of our critical function to acknowledge that we are entirely ignorant of hieroglyphics, and even of high-flown modern Egyptology—matters which are made to appear to be at the finger-ends of at least one class of London reviewers. But we may notice that Professor Smyth brings forward many reasons for his assertion that the Pyramid, though actually *built* by the idolatrous Egyptians, was built under the direction of some one supernaturally inspired, not merely gifted with genius or intellect surpassing his fellows. The names of hieroglyphic 'ovals' of the Kings Shofa (more familiar to us as Cheops) and Non-Shofa, in whose reign it was built, are found roughly marked in red on several blocks in the chambers of construction. These appear to be mere quarry-marks, as they are built in all positions, and as they occur only on stones which have obviously been brought to the Pyramid from a distance. It is very curious to inspect in Vyse and Perring's work the facsimiles they give of these rough yet expressive scrawls of four thousand years ago,

fresh as when they were just written. Professor Smyth, here mainly following an Egyptologist of the name of Osburn, gives his reasons for believing that these kings, in no way connected with the country, migrated thither to build the Pyramid, and then left Egypt for ever.

The idea that the Pyramid is a record of standards of length is of old date: and Professor Smyth has reprinted Newton's very curious *Dissertation on Cubits*, from a translation which appeared in Greaves' collected works. Newton's principle is that, knowing approximately the length of a unit, as of course we know (from its very nature) that of a cubit, we may assume that the principal dimensions, say of the base of the Pyramid, the height of the Grand Gallery, a side of the King's Chamber, etc., are integral multiples of that unit, whence its exact length is easily found. Another somewhat similar principle he introduces as follows:—

'If any person shall hereafter exhibit in this manner the dimensions of the remains of the old buildings of the *Babylonians* and other nations, it will not be difficult to determine from thence the antient Cubits of those countries. In the meantime I shall produce one instance, which occurs, as a specimen of this calculation. Mr. Purchas informs us, that there is still extant between the antient *Babylon* and *Bagdad*, a vast rude structure of brick; the bricks of which his friend Mr. Allen found to be one Foot long, eight Inches broad, and six Inches thick; he means Inches of the *English* Foot. These proportions shew, that the bricks were regularly formed, and consequently, that in the making of them regard was had to some particular measure used by the *Babylonians*, which was of great use, to enable the workmen from the number of bricks to determine immediately the dimensions of the walls with respect to the length, breadth, and thickness, and *vice versa* to compute the number of the bricks necessary to the building of the wall agreed upon. As the *Babylonians* therefore measured their buildings by Cubits, it follows, that the bricks according to their length, breadth, and thickness conjunctly must compose the measure of the Cubit. Now two bricks according to their length, three according to their breadth, and four according to their thickness, form the same measure; and consequently the measure is that of a Cubit.'

Professor Smyth takes a somewhat similar course. But as he is seeking what the Pyramid standard is, not knowing it approximately, as Newton did his cubit, he assumes that a side of the Pyramid's base is such a multiple of the standard as to record the number of days in a year. Avoiding fractions, let us take 366. From Mr. Inglis' measurements, already referred to, we see that the $\frac{1}{366}$ th part of a side must be some-

thing very near to 25 British inches. Now, five and all its powers are essentially Pyramid numbers; witness, for instance, the number of corners of the Pyramid itself, the markings in the Antechamber, and the courses in the King's Chamber. Hence the *inch*, very nearly, as we still have it, is the true Pyramid unit of length. Into this part of the question, we think, Professor Smyth has entered with needless labour, considering our present uncertainty as to the exact length of the Pyramid base. Besides, the true question seems not to be so much, Do we retain the Pyramid inch with extreme accuracy? as Does the Pyramid embody a standard unit, and, if so, is that unit at all nearly of the length of the British inch? We have already noticed the remarkable feature of an exact length of 200 inches in the north-east socket. Other such coincidences are mentioned by Professor Smyth; and he then proceeds to argue that this inch, as recorded for all time in an almost imperishable monument, was intended to be, and is, the exact 500,000,000th part of the earth's axis of rotation. That it is very nearly so is apparent from the most recent geodetic operations; that it was meant to be so belongs to that aspect of the question which we cannot here consider. But the mere fact of the coincidence which, though to us it appears to be purely accidental, is yet as close as that attained by the French astronomers when they set to work to make their mètre from a definition connecting it with the earth's circumference; this coincidence alone, we say, *gives greater value to the inch*. It is curious to think that, had the earth been spherical, and had the French and Pyramid standards been, the one, what it was destined to be; the other, what it is supposed by Professor Smyth to be; their ratio would have been that of the circumference of a semicircle to its diameter.

We may confess that as we are quite prepared to believe that the inch may be as old as the Pyramid, and imperishably recorded there; so are we not unprepared to accept the idea that our British 'quarter' is connected with a capacity measure also recorded in the Pyramid. From a standard or unit of capacity we may, of course, by filling it with water, derive a unit of mass,—commonly but erroneously called a unit of weight. We can also conceive that a standard temperature may have been aimed at in the massive construction of the Pyramid, so that the unit mass as there measured should always be of the same amount. And, granting these things, we can sincerely admire the practical science and sense of these ancient builders in choosing for the material of their standards

a substance which had for ages uncounted settled down into a permanent state.

But when Professor Smyth takes the farther step of attempting to show that not only are the earth's dimensions recorded in the Pyramid, but its mass, or at least its mean density, also: we at once join issue, and refuse to follow.

The idea that weights as well as measures were the object of the Pyramid seems to have been due to Greaves: though it appears to be improbable that the curious work entitled '*The Origin and Antiquity of our English Weights and Measures discovered by their near Agreement with such Standards that are now found in one of the Egyptian Pyramids,*' which was published in London in 1706, and which has his name affixed to the title-page, was really written by him.

The importance at the present time of such a work as this of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal cannot easily be overrated. There is a frantic outcry, by a small but pertinacious section of the community, for the adoption of the French Metrical System, to the exclusion of everything else in linear, square, cubical, or mass measure. Such people are as pestilent as the Permissive Bill, or the Ballot and Manhood Suffrage agitators: they are the blustering and useless drones among the quiet but powerful workers in the hive. But just as Parliament will some day be pestered into granting the demands of these people, merely with the effect of giving them the trouble of seeking a fresh subject for their clamour, so it is to be feared that the 'metrical' agitators also will sometime succeed. Were it conclusively proved that our present standards, at least one or two of the chief of them (for no sane man will attempt to defend our twentyfold varieties of important measures,—varying in the most arbitrary manner with locality, etc.), have been in existence, and in comfortable use, for more than four thousand years, we might perhaps be allowed to keep them. A yard is bad; but a *mètre* is preposterous, being a great deal too long to be handy, while handiness is the main virtue to be desired in a standard. Even in France they practically acknowledge our system to be better than their own. Moderate purchases by weight are almost invariably spoken of in *demi-kilos* (nearly pounds English), the kilogramme being about twice too large to be handy. A great deal is said of the advantages of the decimal division. For scientific men of every description it is of course indispensable. But the decimal division has nothing whatever to do with the unit; and can be applied to the inch and grain quite as easily as to the centimetre and gramme. We hear it said that the adoption

of the decimal division would greatly facilitate the teaching of arithmetic in schools. We utterly deny it. Subdivisions into quarters, eighths, and twelfths are much more easily seized by the mind of the less intelligent and less educated of the people than tenths and hundredths; and all the decimalization that can be effected on the pound sterling will never do away with the demand for half-crowns. If Professor Smyth's book but calls attention to the evils likely to arise from the introduction of the 'metrical' system, it will be, in sober earnest, a blessing to the country.

A word or two in conclusion. We have always had an extremely high appreciation of Professor Smyth's talents and acquirements, as well as of his scrupulous honesty and laborious devotion to his work, an appreciation which almost every page of the volumes tends to increase: but we fear that in some cases he does mischief by giving the rein too freely to his wonderfully fertile imagination: as, for instance, in his speculations about the symbolic meaning of the proportions of the Queen's Chamber; which appear to us to be excessively forced, and utterly unworthy of a place beside so much that is of real excellence. We may illustrate what we mean, by taking as an outrageous instance any one of those recent works in which Teleology, already erected by men of genuine science, and giving promise of the evolution of a vast deal of valuable truth, was seized upon by ignorant but cunning enthusiasts and ridden to desperation, to the disgust of scientific men and to the arrestment of its progress. We need hardly tell the reader that we do not mean, by employing such an illustration, to imply that there is any possibility of instituting a comparison between the brains (such as they are) of these quasi-Teleologists and those of the Scottish Astronomer-Royal; we merely wish to show what harm may be done to a good cause by trying to carry it farther than circumstances warrant.

But, having instanced the results of one of the worst conceivable specimens as a warning, let us see how Professor Smyth defends his own mode of proceeding:—

'We would ourselves, previous to our experience of the Great Pyramid inquiry, have looked rather suspiciously on any book or person found either attributing to an ancient people a higher degree of acquaintance with astronomy and terrestrial physics than what is certainly known and generally practised in the present day,—or finding something amongst them totally alien to all their acknowledged manners and customs throughout their whole historical period. But any one so doing would be acting

to a certain extent under the influence of prejudice in favour of what he knew, or supposed he knew, before; and would be only justified therein, if his old beliefs were established on very firm data, and the new ideas rested on no additional or certain, or sufficiently numerous facts to allow of chance coincidences being eliminated, and something approaching to proof established.

'So far, however, is the Great Pyramid from being in this latter questionable condition, that it possesses infinitely more facts capable of close and accurate measurement than does any other subject of equally long standing on the surface of the earth; and we have now before us a greater number of, and more refined observations as to, those facts than have ever been seen in print before. Hence we have considered ourselves not only allowed, but pre-eminently called on, to drop all past prejudices as to what early nations might be supposed able, or not able, to do; and try what the measured features of the Great Pyramid, taken merely on their own inorganic merits, can say for themselves.

'If, then, having long followed this, in principle, unexceptionable course, certain all the while of the unrivalled closeness of our measures,—we find developed before our wandering gaze a consistent, continuous, and most philosophic system of metrology; explaining far more of the measurable lines and angles about the Great Pyramid, than any other theory has ever done or attempted to do,—what answer shall we return to the sweeping judgment enunciated by Chevalier Bunsen, on p. 658 of vol. iv. of his *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, and religiously believed in, we are told, by a vast majority of the heads in the literary world,—a judgment pronounced, indeed, originally upon Sir John Herschel's and John Taylor's researches, but more applicable now, if at all, to our own? The words are, in the authorized London edition of 1860 A.D.—

"The groundlessness of the fancies which have been again very recently indulged in about the astronomical purposes of the Pyramids, and about a hidden symbolic system of astronomy, is demonstrated by that thorough conviction which is forced upon us by a view of the monuments and the reading of the hieroglyphics."

'The following is all the answer we propose—simply to examine the alleged demonstration of Chevalier Bunsen on the same principles we have been testing the Great Pyramid by, or with little beyond plain common mechanical sense. On which understanding, let us inquire, first, what monuments these are, so undefinably alluded to; and, second, what sort of a view of them is it which is required to be taken?

'If a material view of any of the standing monuments of the land, we believe the Chevalier Bunsen was never in Egypt to enjoy that important and instructive sight; and if a literary view of them only, through the works of other men, what were the monuments viewed? For if they were not the Great Pyramid, they can hardly be received as being more weighty in a question of and about the Great Pyramid than the Great Pyramid itself! We fear, too,

that the mention of "the reading of the hieroglyphics" shows that the monuments which the scholarly Chevalier preferred for explaining the Great Pyramid by, were not even other Pyramids of any kind or degree, but merely small buildings or excavations, like the tombs—things of no sort of resemblance to the Great Pyramid, and not unfrequently of a very different age.

'Chevalier Bunsen's knowledge of the Great Pyramid's wondrous mass of building, "in number, weight, and measure," appears to have been confined to his copyings from Howard Vyse, and to some unfortunately manipulated contributions by Mr. Perring; the Chevalier's statement, too, of these, is accompanied with so many slips or misrepresentations of his own, that in the course of ten pages (155-165 of his vol. ii.) we have marked twenty notable errors of facts and features of mechanical construction.

'We do not detail each and every one of these errors here, partly because to find out mistakes in a copyist when the original authority can be referred to, is rather supererogatory for the advancement of science; and partly because, in charity, we remember how very difficult it was in our first Pyramid book of 1864 to realize all the facts of the Pyramid, on other persons' mutually contradicting descriptions alone. But there is one of the faults of the eminent German author of too serious a nature, and too wilful on his part, to be passed over in silence, and it is this,—after having profited his own volumes most largely, both in the plates and descriptions from Howard Vyse's labours, Chevalier Bunsen indulges in successive ungenerous animadversions on the laborious and successful explorer he has been borrowing from.'

We repeat that we have had great pleasure, not merely in the sense of gossip and amusement but in that of sustained scientific interest, throughout our perusal of these very remarkable volumes: and we must express our conviction that steadily as the author confesses himself to have worked, their pages contain evidence of far more extensive and laborious work,—of every description,—than is detailed for the reader's information. The amount of time spent, merely in the reading, and comparison, of the different and non-accordant descriptions of facts or fancies of a score of authors, must have been immense. And the high purpose, visible throughout, which renders some passages more like prophetic warnings than ordinary scientific advice, shows that Professor Smyth has all along been actuated by a feeling that he was engaged on a work which was to be important to the welfare of his country. Besides, although we cannot agree to all the conclusions at which he has arrived, considering (as we do) some of them to be extravagant and unwarrantable, we feel that he deserves no common credit for his remarkable investigations; and we think he has fully made out

a case for further inquiry. This, however, ought now no longer to be left to private means, but developed by the resources of a powerful State; especially if that State be one which is about to change, without adequate consideration, its ancestral standards (which may prove to be older than any existing records) for an extremely artificial system of, at best, doubtful utility. Modern mechanical devices are capable of easily lifting, and replacing without injury, the hugest stones in the Pyramid; and until that is done in the interior, and until the original sides are measured with Ordnance Survey precision, there will always be a strong feeling that important attainable knowledge is being allowed to disappear gradually from the earth for want of a little liberality and decision.

ART. VII.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled under the direction of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. By LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. C. GREY. London, 1867.

CONSIDERATIONS of some weight seemed at first to recommend that any notice of this book should be postponed. The public has been made so familiar with it by the extracts which appeared in almost every newspaper immediately after its publication, that much of what we have to say can hardly fail to be a twice-told tale. Moreover, we have before us only a small portion of what we are promised; the portrait is yet incomplete. On the other hand, the book affords ample material even for gleaners coming so late as ourselves; and, although the character of the Prince is not traced through the action of his whole life, enough is here revealed to justify the attempt to form some estimate of that character, inadequate as such an estimate must doubtless be. Lastly, we feel that it is almost a duty at once to greet this remarkable publication, so far as we can claim to do so, with the cordial welcome which it so entirely merits, and that it is more becoming to bring without delay our tribute, howsoever slight and unworthy, to the memory of the noble nature here portrayed, than to defer longer the expression of our admiration and reverence.

In this volume we have recorded the boyhood and youth of the Prince, his marriage, and his married life till the birth of the Princess-Royal. The most striking characteristic of the book, and that which gives it a peculiar charm, is an unwonted and ad-

mirable frankness. More reserve is usual even in the memoirs of persons of no extraordinary rank; such perfect openness with regard to the domestic life of royalty is, so far as we know, quite without parallel. This frankness has been well advised; no one could have blamed some reserve; but the absence of it gives the book a tenfold power. As regards the Prince himself, the utter disregard of concealment proves that there was nothing to conceal, thus adorning his character with the dignity of virtue far more convincingly than any laboured panegyric; while as regards the details of growing affection, and of domestic life, there is a simplicity and a beauty in this unreserve which imparts to the record a peculiar interest, and which, coming from the heart of the Sovereign, will reach directly the hearts of all her subjects.

The execution of the book is on the whole good. Here and there we have noted a remark by the compiler which had been better away, which, being mere surplusage, tends only to weaken. But these instances are rare, and as a rule General Grey has executed his delicate task with remarkable success.

‘The first circumstances of a man’s education, as the deepest and richest, bear all the rest which time heaps on him.’ Hence we do not regret the minuteness of detail in which the narrative of the early years of the Prince occasionally indulges. With a single exception, his home seems to have been unusually happy. The exception was an important one: when only five years old he was deprived of the care of a mother. That lady, we are told, was full of cleverness and talent, witty and accomplished. But we are given to understand, from hints rather than explicit statements, that she was not the wisest of women; and hence an ‘incompatibility’ between her and her husband, which ended in a separation. The most minute description of her is given by M. Florschütz, the Prince’s tutor:—

“Endowed with brilliant qualities, handsome, clever, and witty, possessed of eloquence and of a lively and fervid imagination, Duchess Louise was wanting in the essential qualifications of a mother. She made no attempt to conceal that Prince Albert was her favourite child. He was handsome and bore a strong resemblance to herself. He was, in fact, her pride and glory. The influence of this partiality upon the minds of the children might have been most injurious; and to this was added the unfortunate differences which soon followed, and by which the peace of the family was disturbed: differences that, gradually increasing, led to a separation between the Duke and Duchess in 1824, and a divorce in 1826.”

She never saw her children after the separa-

ration, and died seven years later, at the age of thirty-one. There is something, to our minds, very interesting in the character of this unhappy young Princess, slight as are the glimpses we get of her. A few of her letters, in which, with all the pride of a young mother, she dilates on the perfection of her sons, win our sympathy by their liveliness and genuine affection. We are assured by the Queen herself that the Prince, young as he was when he lost his mother, never forgot her, and always spoke of her 'with much tenderness and sorrow.' 'One of the first gifts he made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her in childhood.' Of the Prince's father we learn little which interests us, and have no materials for forming any judgment on the merits of the domestic quarrel.

The loss of a mother, however, was the less felt by the young Princes owing to the loving care of their grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg, and their step-maternal grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Gotha. The Dowager-Duchess of Coburg must have been a woman of a rare character, combining tenderness and gentleness of disposition with a vigorous and energetic intellect. The Prince lost her guidance when he was about the age of twelve; but the Dowager-Duchess of Gotha continued to watch over him with more than a mother's affection till he left Germany for his English home.

The Prince spent his winters at Coburg or Gotha, his summers at the Rosenau or Reinhardtsbrunn. The Rosenau, the place of his birth, was, and throughout life remained, an especial favourite. Not only did he love the place for itself, but he valued highly the undisturbed leisure for study which he could there most securely enjoy. There is often a good deal of exaggeration in pictures of the temptations to which those born in a high rank are exposed. Princes brought up and cared for as were Prince Albert and his brother, are, in fact, guarded from much danger. But it must be hard for them to resist the inducements to idleness and self-indulgence. This difficulty Prince Albert successfully overcame. His boyhood was that of a student; and he was never so happy as when he could lead a student's life, secure against gaieties or ceremonial, amid the beauties of Rosenau. M. Florschütz gives a programme of study drawn up by the Prince for himself in his fourteenth year, which gives an average of eight hours' work a day. The subjects of study are not unworthy of attention. There is less of the classics than would be required from an English boy; on the other hand, modern languages are embraced, of which an English schoolboy is

generally ignorant, and accomplishments, to which he is uniformly a stranger.

In 1836 the Duke of Coburg and his two sons came to England. The Prince was then in his seventeenth year; but even at that early age he won golden opinions by the sobriety and decorum of his demeanour, and by his unaffected interest in subjects of real importance. Nor could any one fail to remark his liking for the society of men of culture and eminence, and his distaste for the amusements of fashionable life,—a distaste which he never lost. To the last, he went into ordinary society as a duty rather than a pleasure.

The Royal party were lodged at Kensington Palace, where they remained for four weeks the guests of the Duchess of Kent. The Queen then saw Prince Albert for the first time; and, though nothing was settled, the possibility of marriage must, after that visit, have been present to the minds of both. To the minds of their relatives it had been present long before. When they were children it had been the cherished hope of the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg; and the idea had been always warmly encouraged by the late King of the Belgians. Nay, it had been among the anticipations of the nursery. The Queen herself tells us how Prince Albert used to relate that 'when he was a child three years old, his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that, when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her.' Immediately after this visit, the brothers, by the advice of King Leopold, set off on a tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy, the object of the sagacious King being to divert public attention from Prince Albert for the present. During this expedition the Prince seems to have entertained a constant recollection of his cousin,—sending her views of the various places he visited; and from Fernex an autograph of Voltaire. The letter which the Prince wrote to the Queen on her accession to the throne has been often quoted; but it is so characteristic of him in its dignity of tone, and in the view it takes of the fitting ambition which should inspire earthly greatness, that we must give it here:—

' "MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be

rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you.

"I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

"ALBERT."

From this time forward, during his student life at Bonn, during his subsequent travels in Italy, the prospect of being the husband of our Queen seems to have been kept steadily before him. It was well that it was so. For the contemplation of such a future could not fail to have an invigorating effect on the mind, to form and steady the character. 'A prince,' says Richter, 'can never contemplate soon enough the Tabor of the throne, so that in after years he may be gloriously transfigured upon it, and not hang as a cloud on the mountain.' Two years were spent in hard work at Bonn, under such Professors as Fichte, Perths, and Hollweg, at the close of which the brothers were separated for the first time,—Prince Ernest going to Dresden to enter the Saxon service, Prince Albert setting out to complete his education by a tour in Italy. What the Prince thought foreign travel should be made as a means of culture, and how conscientiously he endeavoured to realize his ideal, may be gathered from the following description of his mode of life at Florence and Rome :—

"He rose at six o'clock. After a light breakfast, he studied Italian under a Signor Martini, read English with me for an hour, played on the organ or piano, composed, sung till twelve o'clock, when he generally walked, visiting some gallery, or seeing some artist. He returned home at two to a simple dinner, which he hurried over as much as possible, giving as a reason that 'eating was a waste of time.' His drink was water. After dinner he again played and sang for an hour, when the carriage was announced, and he usually paid some visits. The visits over, the carriage was dismissed, and the great delight of the Prince was to take long walks in the beautiful country round Florence. This he appeared heartily to enjoy. He became at once gay and animated. 'Now I can breathe—now I am happy!' Such were his constant exclamations. He seldom returned home till seven o'clock, his hour for tea; and, if not going to the Opera or an evening party, he joined in some interesting and often amusing conversation with Baron Stockmar, when the latter felt well enough to come to tea. At nine, or soon after, he was in bed and asleep—for he had been accustomed to such early hours in his own country, that he had great difficulty in keeping himself awake when obliged to sit up late."

'During the time the Prince remained in Rome, he devoted himself assiduously to seeing all that was best worth his attention. "He rose," Mr. Seymour says, "at daybreak, wrote his letters, and at nine o'clock began his visits to the different galleries and studios, returning only to partake of a hurried dinner; after which he again set out and spent the time till sunset in visiting some of the interesting remains of ancient Rome."

In 1839, the Prince, equal, as the result proved, even at that early age, to all the difficulties of the position which awaited him, came again to England. Though nothing, we are told, up to this time, had passed between the Prince and the Queen themselves, yet in the spring of the previous year the idea of such a marriage had been proposed to the Queen by the King of the Belgians. The idea was favourably entertained; but there was some proposal of delay for two or three years, to which the Prince naturally enough objected, and for suggesting which the Queen severely condemns herself in more than one passage of this volume :—

"Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her, that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot be well imagined, than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

"She thought herself," the Queen says in a memorandum on this subject written in '64, "still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."

It may well be that an earlier marriage, or at least an earlier engagement, might have saved Her Majesty from some of the perils which surround a youthful queen. But, so far as the Prince was concerned, we are not so clear that the delay was disadvantageous. Great as were his prudence and self-control, his perfect avoidance of all youthful errors or follies, surprising at any time of life, could hardly have been possible at an earlier age. A short delay was not in vain if it enabled the Prince to work out for himself the principles by which his conduct should be regulated, as he states them in a letter to Baron Stockmar:—

“I have laid to heart (*recht beherzigt*) your friendly and kind-hearted (*wohlwollenden*) advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately (*im Stillen*) framed for myself. An individuality (*Persönlichkeit*), a character which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions; and even should mistakes (*Missgriffe*) occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character: while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

“If, therefore, I prove a ‘noble’ Prince, (*ein edler Fürst*) in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings (*segensreicher*).”

How at last the engagement came about is told in some very charming letters by the Prince and the Queen to various relatives. These letters, as also an extract on the same theme from the Queen’s journal, have been everywhere quoted, and have been read with delight by all. Nothing can exceed the frankness and straightforward simplicity which marks every line. In a different style are two letters from the King of the Belgians to the Queen, one written before he had heard of the engagement, and the other immediately afterwards. We give these, because they have been less universally quoted than the others, and because they are very characteristic of the good old King, full of affection and kindly wisdom, enlivened by an easy yet graceful familiarity of style:—

“MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—I was greatly pleased and interested by your dear letter of the 12th, which reached me yesterday evening. . . . The poor cousins had all sorts of difficulties to encounter” (during the journey to England). “It was, however, a good omen that

once, when they were in danger on the Scheldt, the ‘Princess Victoria’ came from Antwerp to their assistance. To appear in their travelling dress was a hard case, and I am sure they were greatly embarrassed.

“I am sure you will like them the more, the longer you see them. They are young men of merit, and without that puppy-like affectation which is so often found with young gentlemen of rank; and, though remarkably well informed, they are very free from pedantry.

“Albert is a very agreeable companion. His manners are so gentle and harmonious that one likes to have him near one’s-self. I always found him so when I had him with me, and I think his travels have still improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly. I am glad to hear that they please the people who see them. They deserve it, and were rather nervous about it. I trust they will enliven your séjour in the old castle, and may Albert be able to strew roses without thorns on the pathway of life of our good Victoria. He is well qualified to do so.”

“MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. I had, when I learnt your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon: ‘Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be the best for your happiness; and just because I was convinced of it, and knew how strangely fate often changes what one tries to bring about as being the best plan one could fix upon—the maximum of a good arrangement—I feared that it would not happen.

“In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable ‘intérieur.’ And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

“You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say *all*, will depend on your affection for him. If you *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this.”

We have no inclination to discuss at any length the conduct of the Opposition of that day with regard to the Prince. The subject is not a pleasant one, and we feel no disposition to rake up old disputes. But we must protest against the opinion expressed by General Grey, that the Government were to blame for what occurred. He ascribes the miscarriage to their ‘want of management, and of a conciliatory spirit.’ Lord Melbourne was never deficient in either quality; but

party-feeling was then so high that no 'communication' with the Opposition would have had any chance of leading to a satisfactory arrangement. The 'Bed-Chamber Plot' had in the previous May foiled the expectation of the Tories; the leaders of the party preserved a certain decorum; but the rank and file permitted themselves to hold language, not only of Ministers, but of the Sovereign, which recalled, as Lord Macaulay said, the style of Hugh Peters. With men in such a temper there could be no hope of coming to any amicable understanding. The spirit which urged the Tories in the Commons to reduce the vote for the Prince was ungenerous enough, but might on some grounds be defended; but nothing can even palliate the petty jealousy which was exhibited in the Lords on the question of precedence—all the more inexplicable on any good ground, because the only person whose interests were practically involved was the King of Hanover, about whom no one thought or cared. Well might King Leopold write, that it 'seemed to him incomprehensible that the party which professed to "uphold the dignity of the Crown should treat their Sovereign in such a manner," and that too on an occasion "when even in private life the most sour and saturnine people relax and grow gay and are mildly disposed." This miserable nonsense went on some time. Not without some indignation can we read the Queen's statement that, at the first prorogation of Parliament after her marriage, there were people 'who pretended that the Prince could not drive with the Queen in the state carriage or sit next her in the House of Lords.' Even more contemptible intrigues were directed against him:—

'Nor were there wanting those who would gladly have kept him permanently estranged from it; and not only so, but who would have denied him, even in the domestic circle, that authority which, in private families, properly belongs to the husband, and without which, it may be added, there cannot be true comfort or happiness in domestic life. The Prince himself early saw the necessity of his asserting and claiming that authority. "In my home life," he writes to Prince Löwenstein, in May 1840, "I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house."'

Shortly after his engagement, the Prince had written to his grandmother, 'With the exception of my relations towards the Queen, my future position will have its dark sides, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded.' At this time he might have cause to fear that his sky would be but rarely serene.

Fortunately, however, for himself, for the Queen, and for the nation, the exception he mentions enabled him to overcome all difficulties. The anticipations of King Leopold were fulfilled. Secure in the affection and confidence of his wife, the wise firmness and dignity of his character had full scope, and speedily vindicated his position beyond the power of the meddling or malicious to disturb. And to his lasting honour he never showed the slightest trace of resentment towards any one who had been concerned in proceedings which could not have failed to annoy him at the moment.

Our principal concern with this volume, for the present, is as it illustrates the character of the Prince-Consort, and as it portrays the domestic happiness of the early years of the Queen. But the book has a wider scope than this. It is interesting as a record of the inner life of the Court; and in this point of view will be valuable to the future historian. And it is especially interesting from the sketches of character which it contains, novel to the great majority of readers, and from the additional insight which it gives us into characters of which the public knew something already. It is impossible by means of extracts to give the reader an adequate idea of the variety of the book, any more than of its frank simplicity. Among the family portraits, if we may use the expression, are those of several members of the Coburg family, especially of the two Dowager-Duchesses above referred to; and of Baron Stockmar, the chosen friend for many years of the Prince and the Queen. Among those eminent men with whom we gain a more intimate acquaintance than we had before, Lord Melbourne and King Leopold are conspicuous. In Lord Melbourne we see not only the accomplished gentleman, but one of the most independent and large-minded of our modern statesmen. He was persistent in urging on the Queen the propriety of overcoming her prejudice against the Tories. He gained entirely the confidence of the Prince, who speaks of him as 'a very good, upright man;' while the Queen expresses towards him feelings of regard unusual in their relative position; 'Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection.' The wise and kindly man of the world seems to have entertained for his youthful Sovereign not merely the loyalty of a confidential Minister, but an almost fatherly affection; and it is pleasant to see that this feeling was reciprocated in full measure. Her Majesty's journal records, with evident gratification, how, when she announced her marriage to the assembled Privy Council, she

'saw Lord Melbourne looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me.' The public will now be more firmly persuaded than ever that this country was fortunate in a Premier during the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. In a not less attractive aspect is the character of the late King of the Belgians displayed. Of his letters we have already spoken. Besides these, we are given, in the Appendix, 'Reminiscences' by the King, containing an account of his family, and of his early life, especially so far as connected with England, down to the date of his refusal of the crown of Greece. These reminiscences are exceedingly interesting, and are written with all the vigour and vivacity which marks the King's correspondence. George IV., as might be expected, comes out very badly. His mean vindictiveness seems to have been beyond what we could have believed even of him; and certain of his satellites, such as the late Lord Londonderry, appear to have been in all respects worthy of their master. And we cannot here refrain from the remark, that the frankness of these reminiscences brings out in a strong light the absurdity of those over-loyal critics who objected so warmly to Mr. Thackeray's delineation of George IV. The sarcastic lecturer said nothing too severe for the facts of the son-in-law.

There are three 'studies,' as it were, of the Prince's character in this volume; one by his tutor, M. Florschütz, a second by his cousin, Count Arthur Mernsdorff, and a third by Prince Löwenstein, a fellow-student at Bonn. The best of these is that by Count Mernsdorff—at once the most vigorously written and the most effective as a delineation of character. But all agree in essentials; the pictures they present are in every important respect the same. To the intellectual powers of the Prince, the quickness and originality of his mind, his extensive knowledge, his varied accomplishments, his love of music and art, we have in these 'studies,' as indeed throughout this whole volume, the amplest testimony—if, indeed, any such testimony were needed after the publication of his 'Speeches and Addresses' five years ago. As to his character otherwise, so much has been lately said, and said so well, that no words of ours can extend or enhance the universal recognition of his worth. Yet we cannot refrain from adding our testimony, slight and unneeded as it may be. The oftener we recur to the pages of this book the stronger becomes our conviction, that he was a great and a good man—great in his wisdom, self-knowledge, and self-control; good in his purity, benevolence, and truth. In a nature so rich in excellence, it is diffi-

cult to say which quality most imperatively demands our respect; but perhaps this volume illustrates with peculiar force the benevolence of the Prince—his deep and unresting desire to benefit his fellow-men. When his cousin ascends the throne of England, the first thought he suggests to her is, 'that in her hand lies the happiness of millions;' when he takes his place by her side in that high eminence, the chief support on which he relies in view of the troubles awaiting him, is the 'consciousness of using his powers and endeavours for an object so great as that of promoting the happiness of so many.' By a nobler spirit can no man be animated; and by that spirit Prince Albert was animated throughout life.

His sagacity in the conduct of affairs was almost unailing. That quality, indeed, he owed to no common training. From his earliest years he had been little addicted to mere amusement; and even in a ball-room the occupation most agreeable to himself was conversation with some eminent statesman or man of letters. When he was but nineteen years of age, the Grand Duke of Tuscany remarked this preference during a ball at Florence: 'Voilà un prince dont nous pouvons être fiers. La belle dausense l'attend—le savant l'occupe.' A writer in the *Saturday Review* has quoted this anecdote in order to laugh at this characteristic, remarking that a boy of nineteen at a ball would have been better employed in dancing than in conversation. There could have hardly been a better instance of our insular narrowness and coarseness. An ordinary English boy would probably have thought that, in such circumstances, dancing was the only possible occupation; therefore, according to this reviewer, a Prince destined in a few years to fill one of the most arduous positions in Europe, had no right to prefer anything else. Not so had Prince Albert been trained. Rather would his instructors seem to have borne in mind the words of Richter:—

'Let German philosophy show him in his high station something different from what the persiflage of French philosophy, and that of worldliness exhibits; which endeavours to represent the throne as the highest heritable place at Court, or as a regency with a handsome income, and the country as a vast regiment at once ridiculous and useful. Ah! verily the ancient error of regarding princes as the sent and anointed of God (which, in fact, every man is, only in different degrees—the man of genius, for instance, or every rational creature, as compared with the beasts), is much nobler, and more efficacious for good, than the modern error of declaring them only to be the ambassadors of selfish extortions, that is, of the devil. And let German earnestness of heart

show the young eagle-prince, his wings, his mountains, and his sun."*

Owing to his careful education, and the natural seriousness of his disposition, the Prince's character was formed at an unusually early age. Nothing could have been more fortunate for one who was at the age of twenty-one to be the husband of our Queen. Hence his wonderful prudence, his unexampled success in avoiding all indiscretions or blunders. Yet with all this gravity and early thoughtfulness, there was nothing in him of the 'old head on young shoulders,' in the ordinary sense of the saying. On the contrary, he excelled in all the manly exercises popular among his countrymen, was fond of fun, a good mimic and caricaturist, with a strong liking even for practical jokes. He thought, and in our humble judgment wisely thought, that in his peculiar position these dispositions should be kept under restraint; but though restrained, they were still there, giving a completeness to his nature, and preventing earnestness of character from degenerating into formality or narrowness. Add to all this, deep religious feeling, not limited by any reverence for forms, but a profound conviction, giving a colour to his whole life, in the light of which all his actions were done; and, flowing from this, a capacity to live undazzled among all the splendours of the world, to enjoy its pleasures without undue elation; and we have a character such as has seldom adorned a throne.

'O how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than *some* inheritance
Of such a life!—a heart—a mind—as thine,
Thou noble father of our kings to be!'

The thought of the poet can bear a wider application than he has given it in these well-known lines. England can hope for *all* her sons some inheritance in such a life. For it is the property of virtue like his to extend its influence beyond all limits of rank or station; any one, however lowly, can share in this inheritance by following his example.

That such a man should have been at any time unpopular seems strange. And it is the more so because Prince Albert spared no pains to acquire a knowledge of the English people, and to study even their prejudices. Nothing could have been more judicious and more dignified than his refusal of the command of the army, most unwisely urged upon him by the Duke of Wellington—who, indeed, never understood the British public at all. Yet it is true that the Prince had occa-

sionally to contend with much misconception and considerable unpopularity. The grounds of this were singularly ill-founded. It rested mainly on an apprehension of the Prince's undue influence in political affairs. That apprehension was quite imaginary. From the first, Lord Melbourne desired that the Prince should share the counsels of the Queen as her best friend and adviser, a desire which was entertained by all her subsequent Ministers. This he was always willing to do; more he never did. The view which he took of his position was marked by a rare nobility and self-forgetfulness, and cannot be better expressed than in his own words to the Duke of Wellington, when declining the office of Commander-in-Chief:—

'This requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife,—that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself,—should shun all ostentation,—assume no separate responsibility before the public,—but make his position entirely a part of hers,—fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her royal functions,—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment, in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal.*

To this idea of his duties we now know that he steadily adhered. How noble in self-denial must have been the man who could conceive that idea,—how perfect in self-control must have been the man who could maintain it throughout the varied contingencies of more than twenty years! And those, too, the years during which, in the case of most men, the passions are strongest, and the judgment not yet matured; and during which, therefore, the temptation to break through such stringent rules must have been often strong. For it is always to be borne in mind that the Prince died at forty-two; seldom has any man gained such a reputation for sagacity and prudence at so early an age. It is no disparagement to the living to say that the glory and happiness of the reign of our Queen has been owing, in no small degree, to the line of conduct so faithfully observed by the Prince. Why then his unpopularity? It arose, so far as it really existed, from various causes. The English people are not generous to strangers; they cannot comprehend any difference from their own tastes and habits; they even resent such difference. Hence their foolish dislike to foreigners as a rule; a dislike not easily overcome by any

* *Levana*—Translation, p. 307.

* *Speeches and Addresses*, p. 77.

individual foreigner. Moreover, by a certain section of the aristocracy, Prince Albert was with reason disliked,—by those, namely, who regretted the license of previous Courts. Even such a feeling as this (the motive being unknown) had some effect on the public, increasing the prejudice against the Prince. But at the worst, his unpopularity with the body of the people was never more than temporary. It was only roused at times of strong political excitement—such as the outbreak of the Crimean War—when the public were misled into some ridiculous belief that the influence of the Prince was opposed to the wishes of the nation. And it has long passed away :—

‘Now thy brows are cold
We see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.’

Years ago, *Perthès* foretold that the Prince was ‘sure to become the idol of the English nation, silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe.’ Doubtless the English nation now cherishes his memory with a grateful affection; probably, had he lived longer his influence as an able and trusted statesman would have greatly affected Europe; what he has done for the English aristocracy we cannot tell; but we do know what he has done for the English monarchy. It is startling to reflect—and it would be well did those in high places reflect often and seriously—on the change which has taken place within the last seventy years in the feeling of the English people towards the monarchy. We are loyal as ever, when a Sovereign—like the present—justly commands our loyalty; nay, we are even more so; for our loyalty is founded upon rational conviction and regard. But loyalty, as an unreasoning instinct, has passed away. It is not too much to say that it would be hard for a king like *George IV.* again to reign in this country. Prince Albert saw and understood this change. He rendered no slight assistance to our gracious Sovereign in resting the throne upon new and more lasting foundations. On these foundations—rectitude of life, earnestness of purpose, self-denying pursuit of duty—the throne will stand firm; but should their support be withdrawn, the days of monarchy will be evil, and, it may be, few.

In concluding this notice, necessarily hasty and imperfect, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of recalling to our readers the words with which Mr. Thackeray closed his ‘Roundabout Paper’ for December 1862—words which, when first written, came

home to our hearts with a great power of appealing, and which we now know, as we then believed, to be not more pathetically beautiful than strictly true :—

‘Wise, just, moderate, admirably pure of life, the friend of science, of freedom, of peace and all peaceful arts, the Consort of the Queen passes from our troubled sphere to that serene one where justice and peace reign eternal. At a moment of awful doubt, and, it may be, danger, Heaven calls away from the wife’s, the Sovereign’s side, her dearest friend and counsellor. But he leaves that throne and its widowed mistress to the guardianship of a great people, whose affectionate respect her life has long since earned, whose best sympathies attend her grief, and whose best strength and love and loyalty will defend her honour.’

The nation sympathizes with the loss of the counsellor; it sympathizes yet more deeply with loss of the husband and the friend. Nothing lies so close to the hearts of the English people as a reverence for domestic happiness. And when they know that those of the highest station in the land have enjoyed this happiness as truly as it can be enjoyed by any, their feelings are stirred with a vehemence of sympathy strange to the usually impassive English nature. Perhaps the greatest merit of this book consists in the simple frankness of its appeal to this feeling: one touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and never was Sovereign made kin with her subjects by a purer and truer touch of nature than is here. ‘It is this,’ said Lord Melbourne at the first, ‘which has made your Majesty’s marriage popular, that they know it is not for mere State reasons;’ and so it continued to the end. The people knew that their Queen enjoyed that felicity which ‘is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that; he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it.’ And as by the publication of this book a fuller knowledge has been given, so a heartier sympathy will be yielded. Whatever of public duties can be performed by the Sovereign only, the Sovereign, we feel assured, will continue to discharge. But in the face of the greatness of the loss which this volume makes clear to us, and of the reality of sorrow which every page reveals, who could join in the cry (let this brief notice suffice for a topic so distasteful) that such grief should be disturbed by idle gaieties for the amusement of a frivolous aristocracy?

ART. VIII.—*The Achievements and the Moral of 1867.*

THE year 1867 will always be memorable in British history, both for what it has done and for what it has revealed. It has witnessed a collapse of principle and a disintegration of party far beyond anything that has been seen in our own time or in our fathers',—a weakness in what was considered strong, an instability in what was considered firm, a fluctuation in what was thought established, a melting away of what had been regarded as permanent and almost eternal, that are a little short of bewildering. It is not so much that old landmarks have been removed, and new principles and modes of action have been avowed, and vast constitutional changes introduced, and political steps taken of enormous and uncalculated magnitude;—but that these things have been done by some of the very last men we should have expected to do them, that they have been done, half unconsciously, half unintentionally, by most of the doers, in a manner in spite of themselves, and that they appear to have been done from no adequate motive, and under the pressure of no discernible or absolute necessity. People have drifted rather than been driven; they have groped and swayed about as in a sort of somnambulism; they have not succumbed to any irresistible force so much as yielded helplessly to some invisible, unintelligible, feeble fatality. We venture to affirm, that no one who opposed the Reform Bill of 1866, or introduced that of 1867, had the least anticipation of what the Reform Bill under which we shall elect our Parliament in 1868 would be; and even now we greatly question whether any one can predict with the least approach to accuracy what the operation and results of the new law will prove to be. All we know is, that statesmen and parties have curiously changed places, and appear to have changed views; that we have lived for six months as in the phantasmagoria of a dream, and have been treated to a series of dissolving views, so rapid and startling as nearly to take away our breath; that our confidence both in the wisdom and the integrity of public men has received a shock from which it will take it years to recover; and that we no longer know where to look for guidance, or whence to expect resistance and stability. It is not too much to say, that the predominant feeling left on the minds of all thinking and observant men by the session of 1867 is one of mingled surprise, shame, mortification, and vague uneasiness, sometimes rising almost to dismay, when we look forward to the future; and the

impression is pretty nearly the same whether the spectator be Liberal or Conservative in his opinions. No party can be proud of its conduct or its achievements, and none but the Radicals, and they only with misgiving, can rejoice at the result. Whigs and Tories have been alike shortsighted, unwise, unstable; blunders, in which morality has been as much in fault as intelligence, have been shared between them in nearly equal measure; partly in their blind hostility, partly in their common weariness, they have joined in a work which neither wished for, and which neither can in their heart approve.

There has been nothing like it in our history so far as we can remember; certainly not in our recent history. The great conflicts of 1832 and 1846 had nothing in common with it. The former inaugurated a new political era, the latter a new commercial and financial policy; but the action in both cases was specific, deliberate, and designed. In 1832, the entire party of progress was arrayed against the entire party of resistance; the first knew what they wanted, the other what they feared; both parties stood to their guns to the end of the fiercest and most obstinate struggle of our day, and the Tories,

'Though vanquished, still retired with strife.'

A sort of crisis in our national annals had arrived; abuses of all kinds had accumulated till the irritation and indignation they excited had become dangerous and mischievous, and the state of the representation was at once the worst of these abuses and the cause of most of them. The apparent were out of harmony with the real facts of our political condition; legislative supremacy no longer lay in the same classes which possessed the ultimate practical power; the constitutional garment of a former age had ceased to fit the altered circumstances of the time. A claim was put forth, the essential justice of which could not be gainsaid, and it was backed by a strength in the claimants that could not be withstood. The result of the change proposed was honestly, and might be intelligently, dreaded by those who regarded mainly all that was good in the past, and whose fancy exaggerated all that was perilous and uncertain in the future, and their predictions of ruin were scarcely more extravagant than the golden age anticipated by their adversaries. Still, both parties believed in their principles and in their prophecies; both fought out the fight gallantly and honourably, and there was nothing to tarnish either the victory of the one or the defeat of the other. Neither the conquered nor the conquerors had anything to be ashamed of: the first yielded to the rising tide, and the second rode into

power upon it; but both parties came out of the conflict compact and unbroken, with their relative position unaltered and their cohesion unimpaired. The contest which reached its culminating point in 1846 was of a different character. It was a contest between two economic doctrines, with each of which the fancied interests of the combatants were so mixed up that the mixture at once exacerbated the struggle and rebated something of its dignity. The Reform battle of 1832 was a simple trial of strength; the Free-trade battle of 1846 was in a considerable measure a process of conversion. Statesmen, and with them the rank and file of parties, modified their opinions and changed their positions and their sides, discussion spread enlightenment and wrought conviction in a fashion and with a rapidity perhaps never before witnessed, and the final result came less in the shape of a victory won than of a concession made and an argument admitted. The inevitable consequence of this peculiarity was a certain disintegration of the Conservative party, analogous to that which Catholic Emancipation had wrought among the old Tories seventeen years before; the unconverted country gentlemen separated themselves from their old associates on whom economical enlightenment had dawned, and felt conscious while doing so that differences had sprung up between them on other than commercial questions, and that these differences lay deeper than mere discrepancies of opinion, and had their origin in ineradicable sentiments and dispositions. Sir Robert Peel and his followers edged off more and more towards the Liberals, and ultimately became fused with them, and occasionally even *plus royaliste que le roi*, while the Protectionists and the residual Tories formed the new Conservative party under Lord Derby. But in this disintegration there was nothing that honourable men need blush for; it was caused by a distinct and sincere change of convictions in the minds of the seceding politicians; they quitted their party in order to adhere to their principles; they never dreamed of abandoning their principles either for party or for power.

But the scene exhibited this year in Parliament bears no similarity to either of those we have sketched out; and even on the most indulgent view that can be formed, it seems impossible to deny that the Conservative leaders have displayed a disingenuousness, and their followers a mingled shortsightedness and cynical laxity of principle or feebleness of character, for which no decent explanation or creditable excuse can be alleged. In saying this, we are looking at the matter as purely philosophical observers, not as

Liberals or party men of any description; for we agree with Mr. Disraeli's dictum at the outset of the session, that the Reform question had arrived at such a position that the ordinary rules of party proceeding had in a great measure ceased to be applicable to it. There is no doubt that the Conservatives were in a very difficult dilemma,—a dilemma of which the perplexing character was intensified both by their taking office and by their late course of action when out of office. Every allowance should be made for them; and every allowance would have been made, had they acted up to their convictions, and in conformity with their natural vocation, in their really embarrassing position of politicians reluctantly but irresistibly compelled to bow to the will of the country, yet without retiring from the country's service,—a position not unnatural nor unfrequent under a constitutional *régime*, and one that, if honestly avowed, may be accepted without humiliation. Reform, which as a body the Conservatives disliked, had become inevitable. According to one view, the nation was resolved to have it; according to the other, statesmen on all sides had so acted that it could not honourably or safely be withheld. It matters little in what way we express the imperious necessity which all recognise, or in what manner we conceive it to have been brought about. The Conservatives knew that they could not hold office unless the Reform question was settled; and they were in no way called upon to acquiesce in their perpetual exclusion from office. Under a popular Government statesmen must bow to the deliberate and persistent will of the people; they are the servants of the people; and though no doubt they may not carry out the people's will where they believe it to be noxious, and though they are bound to warn the people of this fancied noxiousness,—yet, on the other hand, they are not called upon to thwart this deliberate and persistent national purpose beyond a certain point or for too long a time: nay more, they have no right, and would be unwise, to do so. The Conservatives, moreover, might and must have felt that the continued agitation of this question was extremely mischievous; that it not only disturbed the public mind, but stood in the way of much urgently needed legislation; that to get it disposed of was about the most patriotic service and sacrifice a statesman could offer to his country; and even that an undesirable settlement might perhaps be more desirable than no settlement at all. They may, too, have entertained a rooted conviction that on many subjects at least as vital as Reform they were more in harmony with the national feeling,

and more fit to guide the national action than their opponents; and that this harmony and fitness would become apparent as soon as this one irritating and unsettling question was removed out of the way. Of course the practical conclusion which ought logically to have followed from this—which we believe to have been the true state of mind of the Conservative leaders, if not of the majority of their party—was that they should have permitted the late Government to deal with the question, and have exercised all their power and all their tact to make them deal with it in a safe manner, and, as far as it might be, not in an anti-Conservative direction. We are by no means convinced that this was not their design last year; but if it was, they failed in their object, either because they pressed their opposition too far or too unskillfully, or because the leader of the Liberals was too intemperate and unyielding. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that if Mr. Gladstone had shown in 1866 one quarter of the flexibility and cold patient determination to succeed which Mr. Disraeli displayed in 1867, the measure of the late Government would have been passed, in a modified and mutilated form probably, but still in a form incomparably preferable in all substantial points to that which has now become law. But to imagine this 'if' is to fancy that the granite pillar could have become a willow wand. When Mr. Gladstone resigned because he could not have his way, and because he believed that his way was more important than a Bill, the Opposition naturally succeeded to office and its obligations, and a Reform Bill became a necessity of their position and the condition of their existence. It was no doubt a misfortune, and possibly their fault, that they should have had to deal with the question as inaugurators, and as a Government; but still they might have done so boldly and ingenuously, in an honourable fashion, and on Conservative principles. It would have been difficult, we admit; it would have required the union of great tact, intrinsic honesty, and that courageous plainness of speech which is the best ally and the most convincing indication of honesty of purpose; it would have needed a frank and generous concession of such popular demands as were undeniably reasonable and not undeniably unsafe, and resolute firmness in refusing to be made the instrument of any enactments on which sound and true Liberals, as well as moderate Conservatives, were not agreed. The party might have given up their prejudices without abandoning or gainsaying their convictions, and effected a creditable compromise by surrendering a portion of their prospects and

their power, and taking their stand only on what belonged to their essential, intimate, and hereditary sentiments and doctrines. Our indictment against them is that they have done the very reverse of all this; that, under the tortuous and bewildering guidance of a most subtle and incurably indirect tactician, they have deserted the ancestral principles in order to subserve the immediate interests of their party; that half blindly, half madly, half wearily, half meanly, they have bartered character and consistency for power; that, to gain an official future, they have done that which in their hearts they believe or fear will prove injurious to their country; that, in a word, there is an utter and irreconcilable antagonism, such as no ingenious sophistry can conceal, between the ground they have always taken on this question and the work they have now consummated. Their most precise type is to be found in La Fontaine's fable of the Dog and the Sausages. The dog was in the habit of carrying home his master's dinner, and had performed his function for many years with exemplary fidelity and courage, defending his basket *à l'outrance* against the assaults of all the hungry dogs who met him. But on one occasion he was assailed by overwhelming numbers, and finding himself on the point of being overpowered, he resolved, as he could not avert defeat, at least to profit by the spoils of victory, so fell to work, and devoured the greater portion of the sausages himself.

The sin of both followers and chiefs in the Conservative party has been, in our judgment, about as grave as a political party could commit. The sin of the followers is, that they have accepted at the hands of their leaders a measure which they would have denounced with unfeigned indignation, and rejected almost without a hearing, if it had been proposed by their opponents; that they have enfranchised indiscriminately, and in overwhelming numbers, those classes whom they defeated and ousted the late Government for wishing to enfranchise in a far more measured and moderate degree; that, theoretically and potentially, and, as far as we can foresee, actually, they have transferred preponderating electoral power to those hands which they had always pronounced and believed to be peculiarly unfitted for the exercise of that power; that, by their own votes, and without any imperious or irresistible necessity, they have brought about that especial modification of the Constitution, which they were in the habit, in all sincerity, and apparently with sound reason, of regarding as in the last degree dangerous and unpermissible; and that they have thus abandoned their principles and falsified their

antecedents for the sole purpose of defeating their antagonists, and regaining or retaining office. Either they believed that the great body of those on whom they conferred the franchise would in fact and in time come upon the Register, or they did not. If they did, they were guilty of the parricidal crime of handing over the future destinies of the country to those whom they knew to be wholly incompetent to dictate or to mould those destinies. If they did not, they were guilty of the disingenuousness of professing to give a large measure of enfranchisement, which yet in their hearts they believed would prove a very small one. The sin of the Conservative leaders, or rather *leader* (for on Mr. Disraeli alone must be concentrated all the active credit, though his colleagues share the grave responsibility), lies in this, that they not only participated in, and advised the deliberate abandonment of principle involved in the enactment of the measure which has been adopted, but that,—aware that if first presented in its naked monstrosity and its full undisguised inconsistency to the rank and file of their supporters, the yet uncorrupted instincts of the whole Conservative party would revolt at the proposal,—they concealed its real bearing and the form which it was ultimately to assume under a number of temporary draperies and accessories, and, as Mr. Lowe described the process, treated their followers as a skilful rider treats a shying horse, leading it round and round the dreaded object, and closer and closer to it, and gradually accustoming it to the unwonted sight:—

‘Till, bolder grown, familiar with its face,
They first endure, then study, then embrace.’

It is impossible for any one who has followed day by day the whole details of the contest as conducted by the leader of the House, and the indignant revelations and remonstrances of Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, to evade the conviction that Mr. Disraeli practised on his party a deliberate and most daring system of blindfolding, management, *education*, deception—call it by whatever name you like,—and that he pursued his purpose with a degree of flexibility of stratagem, of readiness of resource, of audacious and cynical courage, which would command our highest admiration,—if success in an evil aim, achieved by discreditable means, could ever be greeted with applause, till all the nobler sentiments and emotions have died out of the nation’s soul.

Of course the motive of the Government in proposing, and the defence of the party in accepting, an extension of the suffrage so much larger than that which they had pre-

viously denounced as intolerably extravagant and wild, are now obvious enough, though far too cynical and shameless to be proclaimed, or, we believe, to have been plainly avowed in the secret sittings of the Cabinet. Still there are those to be met with here and there who are sincere enough to call a spade a spade, even to themselves. ‘What we want,’ said one of those, ‘is to give votes, not to the most intelligent of the working classes, but to those on whom we can best bring *our* intelligence to bear.’ Mr. Disraeli’s theory has long been known to be the same as that thus cynically indicated. He believes that the lowest and most ignorant portion of the householders, both in town and country, are the most amenable to influence, the most likely to be managed and *exploit* by the Conservative party, most under the control of those above them, most dependent, both in circumstances and in mind, upon their employers, their landlords, their superiors. He thinks, too,—and to a great extent he is right,—that their native sympathies, and mental habits, and old prejudices, will dispose them to side with the Conservatives, with the old families, with ‘the land,’ with the proprietors of great estates, and the inheritors of venerable names. He believes, moreover,—and here again he is, for the present at least, probably correct,—that even the ignorance and incapacity of the lowest class of new electors is of a sort that will be more malleable by their betters than by the demagogue; that they are too stupid to be much inflamed by oratory, too dull to be much affected or misled by political enticements, too timid to be easily induced to oppose those in whose cottages they live, on whose soil they labour, from whose hands they receive their daily wages. In a word, recognising their utter inability to form any political opinion, and their unfitness to influence any political movement, he perceives a special capacity for the franchise in this very inability, a fitness precisely in this very unfitness, inasmuch as they may be expected to adopt the opinions of those above them, and to exercise their franchise obediently as these direct. In giving votes nominally to the poorest class of ratepayers, he fancies that he is giving them in reality to gentlemen and men of property, and in a preponderating measure to the gentlemen and men of property of the Conservative party. He knew that the *élite* of the artisan class, those intelligent and politically-interested working men, who lay immediately below the present electors, and whom a £6 or £7 franchise would principally place upon the Register, were almost invariably Liberals and Radicals; but below these, and more numerous than these, he dis-

covered the mass of householding labourers too stupid to be anything but Tories, or too poor to be in a position to resist Tory influence in whatever material, social, or moral shape it might be brought to bear upon them; and in this 'residuum,' which even Mr. Bright dreads and despises, Mr. Disraeli discerned a mine of Conservative wealth and strength, which might yet restore the sceptre to Israel. He called a new electoral world into existence to redress the balance of the old. In a word, he and his party have deliberately, and of malice aforethought, placed political power in the hands of a class which they know to be incompetent and unworthy, under the conviction that they will be able to wield and direct the action of that class at their pleasure. It was an immoral calculation, and an unsafe one. The result may for a time justify their expectation, but gradual progress, or sudden excitement, may utterly overthrow their estimate; and in any case the *power* to guide and govern the fate and policy of England has gone from the upper classes; they hold it, *while* they hold it, only on sufferance, and at the mercy of happy accidents.

The crime has not gone altogether without punishment. No one who during the late session has watched the demeanour of the gentlemen, and especially the country gentlemen, behind the Treasury bench, as at the bidding of their chief they dealt this backhanded blow at their principles and their country, could be left in doubt as to the bitterness with which they felt and resented their humiliation. As they listened to the savage sarcasms of Mr. Lowe, and the hard home-hitting of General Peel, and the grave, dignified, but merciless denunciations of Lord Cranborne,—feeling that they must bear them all in silence and echo them all in the secret recesses of their conscience,—conscious that these things

'Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli;—

as they saw their own leader, the leader of the great Conservative party, bringing in the Bill of the leader of the Radicals, and forcing it upon them by the eager aid of the leader of the Liberals; as on vital points of this, most vital question, Mr. Disraeli was found voting with Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone in the same division against the old lights and landmarks of the Tories; as their recognised commander and their most detested foe, Righteousness and Peace, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the member for Birmingham, exchanged the kiss of reconciliation and co-operation before their face,—they must have experienced a sense of self-inflicted ignominy, discomfiture, and suicide,

that might almost be accepted as an expiation. The great matter for surprise is, that Englishmen should have been found in such numbers and of such position willing to encounter such mortification for any object, or at the bidding of any master. The man who could lead and goad them to such a leap must have been a captain of no ordinary skill and resolution; and, let us add, of no ordinary scorn for the intellects and indifference to the feelings of those he led.

Many individuals in the party must in justice be excepted from this sweeping condemnation. There were a few who promptly and resolutely refused to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror even though he conquered in their name, who drew off from the *cortège* and resigned their commands as soon as they perceived whither he was leading them, and had the manliness openly to protest against, and in no stinted language to denounce, the unnatural course of action, in the name of public morality and of their own honour. Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, spoke out with the plain indignant earnestness of men deeply sensible of the responsibility imposed upon them by their social as well as by their political position. Too independent to be coerced, too clear-sighted to be hoodwinked, too honest and too wise knowingly to do certain evil in order that uncertain good might come, with consciences too upright and too sensitive to be drugged by any of the ordinary opiates 'for such cases made and provided,' they discerned the snare, and resisted and resented the temptation. And let us here recognise that the temptation was a great one, especially to the two noblemen we have named. It is no light matter for men who fill high positions and are conscious of great powers, who have just obtained the object of their long ambition, who have the opportunity of proving and of exercising those capacities for administration and for statesmanship which they believe themselves to possess, and of rendering those signal services to their country which they believe it is in them to render,—who have 'warmed to their work,' have grown profoundly interested in it, and feel that they are doing it well,—it is no light matter for such men to throw up their opportunities and lay down their task. Both Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon were winning golden opinions, though in a somewhat different manner, and the former in particular was rapidly earning, in the estimation of those best qualified to judge, the reputation of a first-rate administrator. He had a magnificent field of usefulness and fame before him. He was virtually the ruler, almost the

dictator, of the most extensive portion of England's extensive empire. The prosperity, the happiness, it is scarcely too much to say the destinies, of more than a hundred millions of his fellow-subjects lay in his hands and waited upon his decisions; and he felt at once capable of wielding this mighty authority and deeply sensible of the solemn responsibilities which it imposed. Yet he resigned all this simply and unhesitatingly rather than become a party to a stratagem which he deemed unworthy and a policy which he deemed dangerous and immoral, rather than be false to the traditions of his order or the principles of his antecedent life. How keen must have been the temptation and how great the sacrifice we may divine from observing that others of his colleagues, able and honourable men, found themselves unequal to make it. Sir Stafford Northcote could not withstand the fascinating bait of the Indian Secretaryship, and Lord Stanley could not find it in his heart to abandon the Foreign Office and the career in which he was beginning to taste the sweets of success and adulation. Yet the language of both in the earlier part of the Reform discussion, and their silence during its later stages, prove, with a significance that cannot be mistaken, how little they approved the tortuous and inconsistent policy of their chief, and how futile they felt any attempt must be to reconcile it with either their opinions or their promises. We are not disposed to judge them with extreme severity, for their resignation, along with that of the other Ministers, might not only have interrupted their own career, but might have overthrown the Government and postponed the Bill; but it is possible also that it would have compelled their leader to alter or modify his course, and while, perhaps, giving us a wiser measure, would at least have involved a far smaller sacrifice of political integrity and public confidence.

A few passages from the final dignified protests of Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon ought not to be unrecorded, and will spare many words of our own. Lord Cranborne says :—

‘Remember that the history of this Bill is quite peculiar. I venture to say that there is no man in this House of Commons who can remember any Bill being treated in the way that this Bill has been dealt with. No man in this House of Commons can remember a Government who have introduced a Bill of this importance, and who have yielded in committee amendments so vitally altering the whole constitution and principle of the Bill as has been done in the present instance. I venture to impress this upon this House, because I have

heard it said that this Bill is a Conservative triumph. If it be a Conservative triumph to have adopted the principles of your most determined adversary, who has just come into the House—the Honourable Member for Birmingham; if it be a Conservative triumph to have introduced a Bill guarded with precautions and securities, and to have abandoned every one of those precautions and securities at the bidding of your opponents, then in the whole course of your annals I will venture to say the Conservative party has won no triumph so signal.

‘After all, our theory of Government is not that a certain number of statesmen should place themselves in office and do whatever the House of Commons bids them. Our theory of Government is, that on each side of the House there should be men supporting definite opinions, and that what they have supported in opposition they should adhere to in office, and that every one should know, from the fact of their being in office, that those particular opinions will be supported. If you reverse that, and declare that no matter what a man has supported in opposition, the moment he gets into office it shall be open to him to reverse and repudiate it all, you practically destroy the whole basis on which our form of government rests, and you make the House of Commons a mere scrambling-place for office. You practically banish all honourable men from the political arena, and you will find in the long run that the time will come when your statesmen will be nothing but political adventurers, and that professions of opinion will be looked upon only as so many political manoeuvres for the purpose of attaining office. In using this language I naturally speak with much regret. The Conservative party, whose opinions have had my most sincere approval, have, to my mind, dealt themselves a fatal blow by the course which they have adopted. This question will not always occupy our attention. Other questions will arise, other institutions will have to be defended, and no doubt Conservative members will go down to their constituents and profess the strongest sentiments in support of those institutions. But they will meet men who will say to them, “Oh, yes; we understand all that. We are aware that so long as you are in opposition you will defend those institutions stoutly: but we also know, if past history be any guide to us, that the very moment you get into office you will propose measures to abolish them more extreme than any brought forward by the most extreme of your opponents.” I, for one, deeply regret that the Conservative party should have committed themselves to such a course. I regret that I should be precluded from following any line of policy which they may pursue. Against that, however, on which they have now entered, I deem it my duty to protest, because I wish, whatever may happen in the future, to record my own deep and strong feeling on this subject. I desire to protest in the most earnest language which I am capable of using against the political morality on which the manoeuvres of this year have been based. If you borrow your political

ethics from the ethics of the political adventurer, you may depend upon it the whole of your representative institutions will crumble beneath your feet. It is only because of that mutual trust in each other by which we ought to be animated, it is only because we believe that convictions expressed and promises made will be followed by deeds, that we are enabled to carry on this party government which has led this country to so high a pitch of greatness. I entreat honourable gentlemen opposite not to believe that my feelings on this subject are dictated simply by my hostility to this measure, though I object to it most strongly, as the House is aware. But even if I took a contrary view, if I deemed it to be most advantageous, I still should deeply regret that the position of the executive should have been so degraded as it has been in the present session. I should deeply regret to find that the House of Commons has applauded a policy of legerdemain. And I should above all things regret that this great gift to the people—if gift you think it—should have been purchased by a political betrayal which has no parallel in our parliamentary annals, which strikes at the root of all that mutual confidence which is the very soul of our party government, and on which only the strength and freedom of our representative institutions can be sustained.'

Lord Carnarvon says :—

'For thirty years the Conservative leaders have denounced in constitutional language that most dangerous and fatal doctrine that there should be a transfer of power to any single class, and that property and education should be swamped by mere numbers. They have denounced it in the name of the Crown, the Church, the House of Lords, and every great and venerable institution of the country; but now we are told by a very eminent authority in the House of Commons that the Crown, the Church, and the House of Lords never were safer than they are now—that democracy in England is a bugbear and an impossibility; and that household suffrage has always been the esoteric faith of Conservative Cabinets. Whatever others may say or do, I repudiate and protest against this statement. I protest against it, not only as being inconsistent with the fact, but as being a gross and palpable insult to my understanding. I am no convert to this new faith. I will not stultify by any act or word of mine the very existence of a conservative party, because if household suffrage be the secret faith of Conservative Cabinets, and the Conservative faith in years past—if during all that time we have been opposing Reform Bills successively as they were introduced; if we denounced last year a £7 rental as leading directly to revolution, I put ashes on my head and acknowledge with all humility and sincerity that the whole of that party to which I thought I had the honour to belong was nothing but a mere organized hypocrisy. My Lords, it would be far better, because it would be consistent with fact, to admit at once that there has been a change of opinion.

We are told that all things are allowable in love and war; better say at once, "All things are allowable in politics, and don't scan motives too closely." My noble friend (Lord Derby) might ask in lines with which he is no doubt familiar,

"Mutemus elypeos, Danaümque insignia nobis
Aptemus; dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?"

God forbid that I should preclude any public man from changing his opinion; but I say this, that the character of public men is not private property—and that when these great and violent and abrupt changes are made, it would be well, as in the case of Sir Robert Peel, they were marked by some evidence of personal self-sacrifice, some unquestionable proofs of disinterestedness and sincerity of motive. My Lords, dangerous as I believe this measure to be, I think the mode by which it has been brought before Parliament is far more dangerous and far more full of evil auguries for the future. Where are all the securities, where are all the principles, where are all the asseverations which Her Majesty's Ministers so freely made at the commencement of these discussions? They have disappeared; and I wish they had gone to "the land where all things are forgotten." I fear extremely, however, that they will survive and be henceforth cited by those who are less friendly to the Government than I am, as monuments of their weakness or of their dishonesty. My Lords, it is well to consider the position in which we are placed. We have slipped down between broken securities, specious principles, and ministerial inconsistencies into what I venture to call an abandonment of all principle, and a total confusion and demoralization of all party. I do protest against this most earnestly. If there is to be a race between two great political parties which can outbid the other, it is clear that the Constitution, or what remains of it, cannot survive even a few sessions. He must be very blind indeed who does not see the result of this measure. The foundations of political faith are broken up."

For those among the party—and no doubt those were many—who, disliking the Bill, and deeply regretting its necessity, yet honestly believed it was the best that could be done under the circumstances, and that to pass it would be a less evil than to reject it and prolong the agitation, with all the hazardous possibilities of future discomfiture; and who, while fully alive to the reproaches to which they would justly expose themselves for inconsistency and instability of purpose, fancied there was no alternative and no escape,—we can but say that their view of the matter appears to us both shortsighted and erroneous. In public life many mortifications must be swallowed, and many hopes surrendered, but never pledges or convictions. Politicians may often be forced to submit to much which they deem wrong and danger-

ous, and to *acquiesce* in it when accomplished or inevitable; but they need never, and should never, *do* it. There is something yet more important than the measures of statesmen,—and that is their characters. We are not now condemning the Conservatives of whom we speak as wanting in sincerity, but as wanting in logic and in wisdom. Their error, to use some forgotten words of Sir James Mackintosh, has been ‘that of too easily allowing of exceptions to general rules; of too ready a sanction to the use of doubtful means when the end seemed to them good; that of believing, unphilosophically as well as dangerously, that there *can* be any scheme or measure as beneficial to the State as the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public advantage. It was said of Andrew Marvel, “He would have died to *serve* his country, but he would not do a base thing to *save* it.”’

To the unexpected and unsatisfactory results of the Parliamentary session the mistakes and faults of the sincere friends of Reform have contributed almost as much as the sins of the Conservatives, though in a different mode. They suffered themselves to be betrayed into many blunders, and they were face to face with an antagonist before whom no blunders could be committed with impunity. In the heat of argument, under the pressure of difficulties, from the incantation of enthusiasm, they had made admissions and used arguments which Mr. Disraeli used against them with merciless adroitness. Moreover Mr. Gladstone's tactics during the previous session, whatever we may think of their propriety or necessity, had undeniably caused an amount of dissension in the Liberal ranks which placed him almost at the discretion of a ready and unscrupulous opponent, and of which the Government leader did not fail to take full advantage. The main error committed by the phalanx of Reformers—and we are speaking here of the main body, who were sincere and earnest as well as moderate in their advocacy of the cause, as distinguished from mere Whigs like Earl Grosvenor, or mere Radicals like Mr. Bright—was that there was a marked want of harmony between their premises and their conclusions, between the arguments by which they urged Reform and the measures by which they proposed that Reform should be carried out, between the principles they laid down and the Bill in which those principles were to be embodied. This inconsistency placed them at once in a false and an indefensible position, and laid them open to the most damaging home-thrusts. In fact, as we view the matter, their plea for Reform was irresistible, while their plan of Reform was

inadmissible. They demanded a large extension of the franchise to the working classes, on the ground that there were vast numbers of those classes earnestly desirous to possess it, and every way qualified to exercise it,—and both the assertion and the inference were undeniable;—and then they stultified their argument by proposing to extend it to countless thousands whom no one pretended were either anxious for it or deserving of it. They pointed to the sober, intelligent, well-educated, thriving artisan of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, profoundly instructed in political questions, and able to discuss them with a sagacity not always shown elsewhere, too clever to be cajoled, too independent in his circumstances to be tempted by a bribe, and far too high-minded and conscientious not to scorn one; and they asked if it was not monstrous, unjust, and foolish to refuse the suffrage to a class like that. And when the soundness and cogency of the plea was admitted, they brought in a Bill to enfranchise not these men only, not these men principally, but a class of men resembling them in not a single quality or a single condition,—the ordinary unintelligent, dependent, corruptible labouring man of Warwick, Reigate, Bridport, Dover, and Totnes,—of every small borough where the lower classes had no political principles and no social strength or independence, and regarded votes only as property to be disposed of to the best advantage. They insisted on the theoretical propriety of enfranchising the competent and the pure, and then in the strength of that argument practically set to work to enfranchise the notoriously incompetent and corrupt—and to do this in about double numbers. They commanded the assent of all men when they maintained that the constituencies would be enriched, and the House of Commons enlightened and improved, by the admission of the *élite* of the working classes; and they then showed how little they respected their own claim or understood its real strength, by proposing to impoverish the electoral body and degrade the House by placing on the Register, in indiscriminate and swamping numbers, the poorer householders throughout the kingdom, who in two boroughs out of three have nothing in common with that *élite*, except the mere fact that they live on weekly wages. If the friends of Reform, when in office and in the ascendant, as was persistently urged upon them at the time, had demanded votes for the working men *because* they were fit, and for those only who *were* fit, the demand could neither have been rejected nor abused. But as it was, their inconsistency made their measures assailable and weak, and the indis-

crimineness of their own proposal made them helpless to resist the still more reckless indiscrimineness of the Tory leader. Their arguments in favour of Reform were, as we have said, irrefragable, and the mode of giving practical effect to those arguments would have been by adopting a low qualification in the great manufacturing and commercial towns, where alone large bodies of intelligent and independent political artisans are to be found, and to maintain a restricted suffrage in those older and smaller boroughs, where the lower you go the more you come upon corruption and incompetency. But this was a direct and simple way to their end too novel for official Liberals to venture on.

Their second error was that in the course of the Reform discussions they had laid down principles far wider than the ground they were required to cover, and in order to obtain or defend a special claim, had advanced doctrines logically involving claims which they never dreamed of either preferring or admitting. Many of them, and some even whose experience in Parliamentary warfare ought to have saved them from the blunder, had talked of 'our own flesh and blood'; had made light of the danger to be apprehended from conferring political power upon uneducated masses, so long as those masses were Englishmen; had urged and exaggerated the danger of resistance to popular claims, and more than half accepted the inference that whatever the people wished for must sooner or later be conceded; had even seemed to adopt the creed that every man had a sort of *primâ facie* right to a vote, and that the onus of proof lay with those who would withhold it. All this made it difficult for them to oppose any extension of the franchise, however sudden or extravagant, when proposed by their antagonists, or to withstand the artillery of their own unwise and extreme arguments when turned against them. The peculiarity of the question, moreover, involved them in another difficulty—a difficulty no doubt which they shared with their antagonists, but which always tells practically most against those who, as a party, are least compact and powerful,—that no Reform Bill which either side cared to bring forward could be based upon or defended in conformity with any general or abstract principle. Neither Whigs nor Tories dreamed of rectifying the distribution of seats in any distinct ratio to property or population, or to both combined; both alike, indeed, disavowed any such design or wish, yet both proposed to go some way in that direction, and the only question between them was how far to go,—a question obviously to be determined by preponderance of party power, and not of logical force. Neither Whigs nor

Tories were prepared to accede to manhood suffrage, or taxation suffrage, or even household suffrage, as a principle; yet both leaned a little to each notion, and were ready to make up their constitutional prescription by a selection, more or less, out of these several ingredients in the political Pharmacopœia; the more or less was in fact the only matter in dispute between them. When any orator attempted to defend or to object to a distinct proposal on any plea of principle, he was at once answered by the retort that his argument would lead him further or less far; so that the discussion necessarily degenerated into a mere affair of compromise, of expediency, of splitting differences,—of voting strength, not of harmonious development,—of what could be carried, rather than what could be justified,—a lowering of tone necessarily fatal to all high achievement, and all creditable or permanently satisfactory legislation.

But the main fault of the Liberal party,—the moderate and rational Liberals, we mean, of whom Mr. Gladstone is or ought to be the leader,—was, as it so often has been, want of moral courage. They had not, as the French express it, the courage of their convictions. They wanted nerve to repel the caricature of their own doctrines, the travesty of their own scheme, which the Conservative leader had the audacity to propose. On the one hand, they had so frequently, when advocating a moderate extension of the franchise, made use of arguments and maintained doctrines which would amply cover a very immoderate extension, that they lacked the candour to avow the fault, and to decline to be bound by its logical results. On the other, having so long been, and considering themselves to be, *par excellence*, the friends of a wider suffrage, they shrank from the apparently, but only apparently, false and inconsistent position of the opponents of extension. They did not choose to be forced into it, and they had not the manliness to adopt it of their own accord. They disliked the awkwardness of the position, and they dreaded its unpopularity. They either did not clearly perceive, or were not logically and morally bold enough to proclaim, that an indiscriminate and extreme lowering of the suffrage was not a larger and more liberal application of their principle, but its opposite; that to admit the fit and to admit the unfit involved a difference not of degree but of kind. They had been rationally and unanswerably advocates for conferring a substantial amount of political power on the independent and intelligent portion of the working class, and yet they suffered themselves to be made the auxiliaries of those who proposed to neutralize the gift by bestowing it in still larger measure upon the

dependent and unintelligent portion; and in acting thus they were, it cannot be concealed, unfaithful to their doctrines and their trust. They practically, and in a double manner, betrayed the interests of the educated and steady artisan; they permitted him to be forced to share his new privilege with two others who did not deserve it as he did, and would probably use it adversely; and they ran the almost certain risk of thus discrediting that enfranchisement of the working classes which was the banner they had raised and followed. There can be little doubt that the *élite* of the operatives in the great manufacturing and commercial centres of industrial and intellectual activity would have exercised the franchise on the whole creditably and beneficially. There can be just as little doubt that the new and poorer electors in small boroughs and in county towns will not do so. Yet scarcely a single member was to be found in the Liberal ranks who dared to say distinctly and unreservedly to the Tory leader: 'We will not be made either the tools for your insidious designs nor the slaves of our own rash expressions; we will not, because we are the advocates of popular privileges, be forced into the position of recognising the claims of an unqualified democracy; we are prepared to undertake the defence of the entrenchments which you abandon, and to stand forth as discriminating supporters of the limitation and dignity and value of that suffrage which you are seeking to depreciate and discredit by your lavish squandering.' Several individuals indicated that they would have liked to say this; but no one said it.

Another mistake, and a far more unaccountable because a purely intellectual one, was committed by the Liberal party in their rejection of Mr. Lowe's proposal for the adoption of the cumulative vote. It would have established a principle to which the most philosophic thinkers on all sides had signified their adhesion, which every fresh advance of reforming measures, whether of extension or redistribution, endangers, which the progress of democratic power renders more essential and imperative,—the fair representation of minorities. It would have offered a security to property and education, and a bulwark against the oppression of mere numbers, that would have enabled us to look at the advancing tide of popular encroachments with far less anxiety than it must now excite. It was irrefragable on the score of justice. It was vehemently opposed only by Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli, and their respective analogues and votaries,—that is, by men who were determined, as far as lay with them, to establish the tyranny of the masses over the cultivated intelligence of the few; the one

set fancying that these masses would be swayed by demagogues; the other trusting that they could be managed and controlled by landlords and by millionnaires. In a word, it had everything to recommend it,—reason and expediency, the politicians by whom it was advocated and the politicians by whom it was denounced. Yet neither Mr. Gladstone, nor the late Government as a whole, nor even the leading men of the Whig party, could be made to perceive the vast importance of a scheme which emanated from the thinkers, and had only slowly made its way among the statesmen; and of the 170 who voted for it, a very large proportion were Conservatives, and not a few were mere outsiders. It was reserved for a legal lord to propose, and for the Upper House to adopt, in spite of the opposition of the Government, a scheme identical in point of principle but inferior in its scope and operation. If the Liberals in the House of Commons had been sagacious and united enough, they might, with the aid of the Lords, have carried the cumulative vote, and created a sufficient number of three-membered constituencies in which to introduce it, to have made even Mr. Disraeli's Bill almost innocuous. It remains to be seen whether in future years they will recognise their blunder and retrace their steps.

Let us now endeavour to ascertain what are the provisions, and what is likely to be the operation, of this singular outcome of the apostasy of one party, and the shortcomings of another,—this new Radical measure which the Tories have passed, with the assistance or connivance of the Whigs. In the first place, it certainly is what Mr. Disraeli said at the opening of the session it ought to be,—the production not of any Government or of any party, but of the House of Commons itself, acting as a sort of republican assembly, with no commander, with little guidance, in a chance-medley of miscellaneous activity; each man, eminent or obscure, doing that which seemed right in his own eyes, and now and then stumbling upon a most unexpected and important victory. The underlying idea and object of the measure was no doubt conceived by Mr. Disraeli, if not avowed, and was steadily kept in view by him throughout; the main outline and the chief provision of the scheme are clearly Mr. Bright's; Mr. Gladstone added a few finishing touches; Mr. Laing extended materially the scope and range of the second portion; while for the two most significant and largely operative clauses, the abolition of the Compound Householder and the Lodger franchise, we are indebted to two independent members whose names had scarcely been heard beyond the limits of their

respective constituencies. Never before had there been so much cross-voting, so many divisions in which inveterate foes found themselves in the same lobby, in which dogged Conservatives voted against the Ministry, and hereditary and eager Liberals supported a Tory Cabinet. The Lords have been just as lawless as the Commons; the two signal defeats sustained by the Government in the Upper House were on proposals made by the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Cairns; and Lord Derby was all but beaten a third time among the Peers, whom he used to command with an almost absolute sway, on a motion to extend his own redistribution scheme in a more liberal direction. Never were old landmarks so extensively broken up, or a compact party more thoroughly disintegrated.

The next remark we have to make is, that no one knows, or pretends to calculate, or has ventured to predict, what the scope or effect of the enfranchising clauses of the measure will practically prove to be. The most experienced politicians and electioneers are in doubt, or differ in their estimates. Mr. Disraeli, we believe, expects one result; Mr. Forster, a wholly opposite one; and Mr. Bright fears and is perplexed. Whether the proffered extension of the suffrage will turn out to be enormous, or will in reality be very trifling, it is impossible to foresee. If all are put upon the Registry who have a legal right to be there, and legal means of placing themselves there, the borough suffrage would be next door to universal. If only those who really value the privilege, and are willing to pay in trouble and in money for it, and care for political questions on their own account, and are honestly desirous of a vote which yet they do not intend or expect to be able to sell, then the number of new electors in most towns will probably be unimportant. All that we can say with any certainty on this head is this, that the *potential* effect of the measure is absolutely revolutionary—*i.e.*, it amounts, if fully acted on, to a possible transfer of electoral preponderance to the lowest and the newest class of voters. Accepting the estimate, or rather the guess, made by Mr. Disraeli, and indorsed as probable by the Duke of Argyll—*viz.*, that the *actual* addition to the Register will be just half the *possible* addition—the total number of borough household electors (leaving out the Metropolitan constituencies) will be 700,000, of whom 450,000 will belong to the working class, and 250,000 to all other classes together. *Potentially*, therefore, this result—and observe, this is not the extreme *possibility*, but an estimated *probability*—would give to the new electors, *plus* the working men already on the Register, the command of the majority

of the borough members; and as the borough members are 62 per cent. of the whole number, it *might* give them the command of the Representative Chamber. How far will the actual correspond to the potential result? We will not even attempt to conjecture, and we do not believe that any one can ascertain till we have had two general elections. Some persons, many of them officially well qualified to form an opinion, expect that such large numbers will lose their votes from change of residence, or from non-payment or exusal of rates, if no active committees are at work to pay them for them or if such interference be effectually prevented, that the number of new electors will be far fewer than we anticipate; that only in times of great excitement and on questions of specially class interest will the main body of working men seek to be on the Register; and that these times and questions will usually not be foreseen or provided for soon enough to enable them to substantiate their claim. It may be so. Others, on the contrary, fancy that the stake has now become so great, the issue so grave, and the result so questionable, that all parties will make stupendous efforts to swell the electoral lists by urging and facilitating the registration and ratepaying; that Radicals and demagogues will feel that they must exert themselves to utilize to the utmost the weapon which Mr. Disraeli has put into their hands, and that Conservatives and men of property will make corresponding exertions, on the other hand, to maintain their political preponderance and assert their influence over the new electors. Some expect that the ratepaying condition will be found so onerous and so disfranchising that popular pressure, 'an ugly rush,' will soon sweep it away. Others are of opinion that it will be found to operate so equally against all parties, that by common consent no objection will be raised in the registration courts on this head, and thus that the condition will be virtually ignored and abrogated. This also may be so; we cannot tell. Another supposition, and not an unlikely one, is that some way will be contrived for evading the tremendous inconvenience sustained by the parochial authorities in consequence of the abolition of the compound householder; that landlords will, by private arrangement, pay the rates for and collect them from their registered tenants, who will thus be entitled to their votes,—exercising them, it may be, at their landlord's suggestion, out of compliment or in gratitude for the little accommodation he affords them. This appears to us highly probable; and we do not know that it would be very easy or very desirable to forbid such an arrangement. In this way an enormous number of the very lowest class of household-

ers may be *registered*, yet not *enfranchised*—may become possessed of votes, but not of the liberty of exercising them independently. All these results are possible; what we are now concerned to point out is simply that we cannot at all say which of these results will follow; we are taking our leap in the dark.

Nearly the same remark may be made in reference to the Lodger franchise. No one has made any calculation—none, at least, on which much reliance can be placed—as to the probable numbers whom it will enfranchise, and the conjectures are very vague as to the class of which those numbers will mainly consist. For ourselves, we look upon the clause as one of the most important, just, and beneficial in the whole Bill. We believe it will have a very wide, and, on the whole, a decidedly Conservative, that is, anti-democratic operation. It does not seem perfectly clear what the £10 limit will prove to be, and much may depend upon the interpretation put upon the words of the Act by the revising barristers. But we are assured by competent parties that ‘lodgings which would let for, or are of the value of, £10 *unfurnished*,’ are usually, if not invariably, provided with water and gas, which raises their rent considerably, so that few persons will be placed upon the register by the Lodger clause who pay less than five or six shillings a week for their *empty* rooms. If so, the law will confer votes upon very few lodgers of the working class in the metropolis, and upon almost none elsewhere; while, on the other hand, it will swell the electoral list by an incalculable number of the educated classes everywhere—‘rising young men,’ too ambitious to encumber themselves with a family, mercantile clerks, Government *employés*, embryo engineers, curates, barristers, clubmen, and the like, who may have often very Radical or very narrow views, but whose sympathies will usually be on the side of property and order, and who, at all events, whatever vote they give, will be fully qualified to give a reason along with it. The lodger is often a very superior man to the householder under whose roof he resides; far richer, more influential, and more instructed. It not unfrequently happens in London that gentlemen live in dwellings belonging to and nominally occupied by their own servants; while numbers of semi-educated and not very independent persons make a living by renting houses, which they let out in suites or separate apartments to persons much above them in the social scale. Under the old system the uncultivated landlord had a vote, and the cultivated tenant had none. Yet so little does the proposed change appear to be understood that it has been dreaded and op-

posed on the one hand, and warmly advocated on the other, as mainly a measure for extending the suffrage to working men. The Peers seldom made a more foolish or needless blunder than by endeavouring to raise the limit to £15. They showed a superfluous *animus* in favour of restricting the suffrage, even when its liberal extension could not practically or in any material degree operate against their views.

The working of the new county franchise of £12 rating is, we apprehend, just as unpredictable as that of the other two franchises, and no reliable estimate as to numbers even has been framed. That the operation of an occupancy reduction from £50 to less than £20 must be extensive, we cannot doubt; in many counties, as Lord Carnarvon pointed out, the constituencies will be doubled, and more than doubled, by the change; while the £50 tenants will be left in a small minority. But of what class will the new electors consist? What is their character, and what are their political leanings? These questions no one seems able to answer. Farmers rated at £12, and therefore holding from fifteen to twenty-five acres of land, are not likely to be a very intelligent nor a very independent set of men; and though they may strengthen the landed interest at elections, will scarcely do much to enrich or ennoble the electoral body. But the urban and suburban residents, the comfortable middle class, retired tradesmen, half-pay officers, clergymen, and others, paying a rent of £20 for their houses and paddocks, who are virtually and in their ways of thinking more townsmen than countrymen, and are county voters only because the towns in which they live have no borough representation, constitute a very different class. To a certain extent, no doubt, they will be under the direct material, and to a larger extent under the moral, influence of the magnates of their district; but to a much greater extent still it may turn out that they are both qualified in intelligence and independent in character. Everything, however, in the matter is conjectural. ‘All that we know is that we know nothing.’

The redistribution clauses of the Bill are obviously and glaringly inadequate to the requirements of the crisis. They only most imperfectly correct those inequalities of representation between north and south, between large towns and small, which were among the strongest arguments for Reform. The following tables, which we take from a very intelligent pamphlet by Mr. Ewing, show the present anomalies of the representation,—anomalies which Mr. Disraeli’s measure, even as modified by Mr. Laing, only rectifies in the scantiest proportion:—

I.

Divisions.	Population, 1861.	Total amount of Property assessed under the Income Tax Schedules, A, B, D.	Total amount of Direct Taxa- tion levied.	Number of Representatives in the House of Commons.
I. Northern,	5,569,802	£60,752,868	£3,291,590	98
II. Midland,	5,754,814	66,847,701	3,541,419	163
III. Southern,	5,249,305	55,562,908	3,146,616	189
IV. Middlesex,	2,206,485	46,156,122	3,937,521	14
Totals,	18,780,406	£229,319,599	£13,917,146	464

II.

Divisions.	Borough Population in 1861.	Taxable Wealth.	Male Occupiers.	Number of Members.
I. Northern, . .	2,647,066	£31,296,731	480,469	71
II. Midland, . . .	1,679,595	13,757,768	317,101	96
III. Southern, . .	2,098,615	19,119,054	304,352	140
IV. Middlesex, . .	1,838,061	42,877,402	201,416	12
Totals, .	8,263,337	£107,050,955	1,303,338	319

There will be another result of the new Bill, the extent and *ultimate* consequences of which may be very serious, but can only be briefly suggested here. It will probably be years before their full operation can be discerned. By the double process of giving borough members to a number of new towns, and of extending the Parliamentary boundaries of existing boroughs, Mr. Disraeli has succeeded in gutting the counties to a great extent of their *urban* element, while at the same time he has materially increased both the positive and relative amount of the county representation. The boroughs will become more exclusively urban, and the counties more exclusively agricultural and rural, than before; the two elements of national life will be more than ever severed and opposed; and the active and energetic spirit of progress which we find in towns will find itself arrayed against the stationary and conservative temper which reigns in country districts,—an antagonism the *possible* mischief of which cannot readily be over-estimated,—especially as the latter must in serious conflict prove the weaker of the two, both in numbers and in vigour.

One result which nearly every one seems to anticipate as certain, and we apprehend with good reason, is a vast increase of the two greatest evils connected with our system of popular elections, viz., electioneering and corruption. Contests will become even more costly, and less pure and genuine, than they have been,—and yet, Heaven

knows, we needed no aggravation of these evils. A considerable change will come over the practical details of canvassing and management. Large and small constituencies require very different manipulation, and under the new *régime* large constituencies will become the rule. Electoral bodies of 10,000, 15,000, and 20,000 will be comparatively common. Canvassing must alter its character; only in rare cases will the candidate be able to come into close communication with his constituents, make personal acquaintance with them, or indeed be known to them at all except as a kind of abstract entity that makes speeches at district or ward meetings. The management of contests will fall more and more, as it has done in America, into the hands of professional electioneers, who will, in a manner, *contract* for the candidate's return, and will deal in their turn, not with individual voters, but with sub-agents and contractors, the secretaries or managers of various district organizations, who each of them can command the aggregate votes of their respective cliques or unions, and will promise, and bring up to the poll (for adequate considerations, material or moral), the Baptists, or the Methodists, or the Bricklayers, or the Grinders, or the Teetotallers, or any of the various sections into which the constituency may be parcelled out. A new era will dawn for the Spofforths and the Cop-pocks, and their profession will acquire a development hitherto unknown. Sometimes

no doubt, a great popular orator, or an eminent and tried statesman, may rise superior to these contrivances, may dispense with them or override them; but there can be little doubt that in the majority of cases they will be paramount, will be indispensable, will be irresistible, will be demoralizing, and will be very costly; and whether the price be paid in principle or in money, in distributing hard cash or in deferring to popular cries and sectional crochets and prejudices, is a question which involves rather the kind than the degree of mischief to be wrought. But in no case is it easy to over-estimate the amount of political deterioration which must ensue if these fears are realized,—the extent to which the independence of candidates will be compromised, to which they will be degraded from the position of representatives into that of delegates; to which the command of elections, and therefore of the tone and course of public affairs, will be given over to some of the shallowest, meanest, corruptest elements of the political arena. The danger will be greater of course in towns than in counties; but it may well happen that the election of a great proportion of our borough members (who are nearly two-thirds of the whole number) may virtually depend upon a few score of unscrupulous electioneers, not one of whom any high-minded candidate would recognise as an equal or associate; and for whose political convictions, or capacity of forming a political judgment, no one would entertain the least respect. If the day ever comes, and it seems very near, when candidates for power and Parliamentary position have to canvass contractors instead of constituents, the degeneracy of the House of Commons will have set in. In the smaller boroughs the effect of the change will be far simpler; there the enlargement of the constituencies will merely have extended the area of the corruption; the new electors will be more indigent, without being in the least degree purer than the old ones; and either the purse of the candidate must open wider than before, or the tariff of voters' value will be reduced. We have little belief in the power of any mere legislation to put an end to bribery, or do anything but put certain impediments in the way of particular forms (and those not the worst forms) of it: we have still less faith in either this Parliament or the Parliament of the future dealing with the matter in that resolute and trenchant temper which alone can render legislation effectual; and least of all do we expect that the new and lower constituencies we are about to create will be more anxious for purity of elections than the existing ones. Not only will corruption take new

shapes to meet the altered circumstances, but it is probable that a new class of bribers and bribees, or at least a new form of corrupt influence, will be created, viz., that of *town landlords*,—the owners of cottage property and of large blocks of the poorer class of houses, the rates of which have hitherto been compounded for, but which must now, legally and formally at least, be levied on the occupier. It is more than probable that in these cases the landlord will in some shape make himself answerable for the tenant's rates, will advance them to the tenant, or collect them from him when he pays his rent, and will thus acquire a virtual and understood, and never disputed command over his tenant's vote. Wealthy and powerful candidates; indigent and dependent electors; rich men anxious for a seat; poor men hungry for a bribe;—and the result inevitably is that 'union of the millions with the millionnaires' (as the *Spectator* well described it), which is supposed to have been the deliberate vision of Mr. Disraeli. Such at least would appear to be the prospect before us, if the new law shall be found practically to place upon the Register all, or nearly all, to whom it concedes the franchise theoretically.

We do not anticipate that the *personnel* of the House of Commons will be materially altered by the new electoral law, or indeed by any one which there is the slightest chance of seeing in England. We doubt whether, even if members were paid, and well paid, as in America and formerly in France, any but the 'easy classes' would find entrance into Parliament, unless indeed *all* expenses at elections were abolished. The rich, the leisurely, and the noble will always be anxious to govern the country, will always have superior facilities for governing it, and for persuading the constituencies to let them govern it; while the respect for rank and family, reasoning or unreasoning, feudal relic or simple snobbism, which prevails so widely and goes so deep among our people, is certain to secure to the great and long-descended an inalienable and cheap advantage over all competitors. There will always be a sufficiency of candidates belonging to the class we are accustomed to term 'gentlemen,' able to spend, willing to work, independent by means if not invariably by character, zealous for distinction, and qualified by talent and by education, who will seek the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, to leave little room or prospect of success to those who have no extraneous recommendations, and who have to toil for a living. We therefore believe that the House of Commons, as a rule subject to few exceptions, will continue to be recruited from the same classes as have hitherto fur-

nished our senators, viz., country gentlemen, scions of noble families, rising and ambitious lawyers, wealthy bankers, merchants, and railway magnates, with a sprinkling of popular orators and demagogues, and here and there a stray philosopher who has accidentally wandered into that eminently unphilosophical assembly. We confess that we wish it could be otherwise. In our judgment the greatest boon that could be conferred at once upon Parliament and upon the people, that which would at once most enrich the Representative Assembly and enlighten and serve the represented masses, would be the introduction into the House of Commons of some genuine specimens and delegates of the working classes, some of those honest, hard-headed, intelligent, self-educated artisans, who exist among them in considerable numbers, who thoroughly understand their wants and wishes, who share their feelings, who reflect their prejudices, who are imbued with their class opinions and modes of viewing the opinions of others, and who would be quite competent to expound and defend their convictions with a cogent logic, and a racy and straightforward eloquence that could scarcely fail to command respect. Such men would soon make the working class *understood* in the House (which, without some such infusion, it never will be), and if they did not convince their hearers, would assuredly be largely both modified and moderated themselves, and would in turn materially qualify and enlighten the views of their constituents. The self-elected leaders and spokesmen of the people, those who now take up their cause and harangue in their name, and arrogate to themselves the title of their representatives, cannot perform any of these functions; they are not working men, and cannot enter into working men's minds; they can speak *for* them but not *from* them; and we fear that the new electoral law will do nothing to rectify this deficiency, or to supply it. Even if the working men are able to command a majority at the poll the man they send may be the man of their choice, but will not be the man of their hearts; he will, five times out of six, be a declaimer, not a workman—an agitator, not an artisan—a trades-union secretary, manager, orator, or jobber, a Beales, or a George Potter; not really and one of themselves—one who could show the gentlemen at St. Stephens how little the Bealeses, and the Potters, and the Bradlaughs, or even the Hugheses and the Taylors, give them an idea of what the real working man is and thinks and feels.

No; the future members will be in person, probably, nearly identical with the present ones; the same, yet not the same; personally

the old chameleons, but modified by feeding on a different leaf. They will neither be working men, nor the *bonâ fide* representatives of working men; but representatives of their own class returned by and amenable to mixed constituencies, which, therefore, according to the best of their abilities, they must modify and travesty themselves to suit. They will be the same men as now, with warped principles, damaged independence, and lowered position. They will have taken the artisan orders with more or less compromise, but will neither be able to expound the artisan mind, nor impersonate the artisan character. They will be more than ever delegates, but delegates from a body whose views and feelings they do not in sincerity reflect, and only imperfectly and unsympathetically understand. There is something comparatively noble and honest in the position of a nominee who belongs to and has imbibed all the prejudices of the class that nominates him; there is something almost ignominious in the position of a representative who can neither enlighten his constituents nor cordially and unfeignedly share their darkness, of an aristocrat who becomes the delegate of the democracy, of an educated man who condescends to become the spokesman of the uninstructed populace,—who consents or aspires to become the aconstic tube through which their commands are blown to the Legislative Chamber. It is difficult to believe that under the *régime* which threatens us, the House of Commons will be able to escape the insidious influence of a double degradation; the degradation of accepting principles of policy and lines of action dictated by the less qualified and instructed classes in the nation, and of accepting them against the conviction and in spite of the protest of its better sense.

‘I do not believe much,’ said Lord Cranborne, ‘in the influence of rank and wealth. I believe it will operate in quiet times and on ordinary questions. I believe it is very likely that for ordinary purposes you will find members of the upper and middle class returned to this House, and that where no pressure exists they will be governed by the feelings of the classes to which they belong; but if ever any crisis arises—if there is any stress which draws men into violent action, I believe that then you will find that the upper and middle classes will no longer vote for the class to which they belong, and that those who are elected will care more for their seats than for their class. Why, Sir, there is nothing which is more remarkable in history than the instinct with which the lower classes have always selected, or tried to select, for the purposes which they desire to carry out, members of the classes against whom they were acting. Depend upon it, if any storm arises, if there is any question of labour against capi-

tal, any question of occupation against property, it will be no protection to you that you may have men who belong to the class of proprietors or the class of capitalists in this House; it will be no more protection to you than it was to Louis Seize that a Philippe Egalité was found among the French Revolutionists. You will see, what has been seen a hundred times, that men will rather vote against their class than peril their own position with their constituents, and will care too much for their own political future to fly in the face of those who elect them. What I believe is, that the members of Parliament who will be returned under this Bill will be *wealthy men with Conservative instincts, and steeped to the lips in Radical pledges*. We know from the example of this session how much Conservative instincts will avail with men who are acting under the fear that they will lose their seats. These defences are admirable when there is no attack; they are strong when there is no storm to blow them down. But there is no trust more fatal than that which is reposed in the fact of a representative belonging to a particular class that he will not carry out, when they firmly and violently demand it, the wishes of his constituents.'

'You, again, put your trust,' said Lord Carnarvon, 'in another security. You trust in the great influence and force of wealth. Now, I tell you I have no faith in wealth. I never heard of wealth saving a State. I believe, on the contrary, it will fail you at a particular pinch. I admit it is quite true you will have rich men returned to the House of Commons. But how returned? That is the question to answer. They will be returned committed to further and deeper pledges of democratic extension. They will not be the less delegates of the public will, because they happen to be millionnaires. . . . Suppose the very same men are returned that now sit in the House of Commons, I contend that their course of conduct must be different, because, though they may sit for the same seats, they will be returned by constituencies of a very different nature. There will be all the difference between these men now and then, that exists *between an actor who speaks to the boxes and an actor who speaks to the gallery*.

What amount of real ground there may be for anticipating all those fearful consequences of class legislation which were hinted at by Lord Cranborne and vividly depicted by Mr. Lowe, it is as yet simply impossible to judge. There is an immense degree of friction in the operation of all human agencies. No law is ever so beneficent, or so noxious, or so wide and powerful in its effects as it theoretically might be. A thousand modifying influences come in to mitigate and perturb its workings. We do not know, in the first place, whether the artisan classes *will* come upon the Register in the overwhelming proportions which the new franchise makes feasible. We do not know whether they

will obtain their votes under such conditions as will leave them practically free to exercise them according to their own discretion. We do not know what leaders they may choose, nor what amount of hidden sound sense and right feeling may be prevalent among them. We do not know whether, on the whole, they will follow demagogues or landlords. The only thing we can say with absolute certainty is that by our new electoral law all the mischiefs predicted by the honourable member for Calne have become *possible*,—that the working classes *may*, if they choose, obtain the command of the representation,—that they *may*, if they act together and as a class, direct the whole legislation of the country in favour of their own order, and that if, being able to do this, they abstain from doing it, they will display either greater stolidity, or higher intelligence, or nobler unselfishness than any ruling class ever yet has shown. Our own belief is not that the evils and errors prophesied by Mr. Lowe will come either as speedily or in as perilous a measure as he fancies, but that the general tendency of our legislative and executive action will be forced in *that direction*,—and that whereas our policy heretofore has gone too much in favour of the propertied class, it will go henceforth too much in favour—or rather according to the fancies—of the proletariat. The lower classes in this country have happily no wrongs to avenge; but they have much mismanagement to rectify; they have generations of neglect to redeem and compensate; the duties of the State towards them have not been adequately discharged, and their true interests and wants and feelings have never been fully understood. All this it must be expected they will now proceed to remedy, or put pressure upon those whom they elect to remedy; and it is possible they may set about their work in hot haste and in sad ignorance. But that they will set about it we cannot doubt, and shall not regret,—everything depends upon the spirit in which they enter on the task, upon the guides they choose to direct them on the way, and upon the cordial willingness or the suicidal reluctance which may be shown by the upper classes to assist them. If the artisan and labouring poor practically acquire that predominance at the polling-booth which potentially it cannot be concealed that we have put into their hands, then we may expect that the obstacles in the way of universal and cheap and good education which religious or social prejudice has hitherto maintained, and which seemed so insuperable to a middle-class Legislature, will vanish like snow before the just will of a purely popular one; and if so we shall have

reaped at least one great gain from Parliamentary Reform. Then, we may fairly anticipate that our wretched system of municipal government, with its monstrous ineptitude and inadequacy, will not long be endured by citizens who feel its shortcomings and stupidities in every detail of their daily life and comfort, in a way the easier and wealthier classes never do. They will *insist upon* air and water in ample supply, upon an adequate police, upon decent workhouses, upon sanitary securities, upon fit and habitable dwellings within reach of their daily work. They will not dawdle, as we have done, over the rectification of urgent and recognised abuses, and grievances which they feel as well as see. The people, our new sovereigns, will be prone to pursue their objects with an unwonted directness of aim, with no great deference to general principles, and with no sufficient respect for individual liberty of action. They value leisure and recreation and morality in their way;—and we must therefore be prepared for such mixture of wisdom and folly as lies in anti-Sabbatarian legislation, in ‘Permissive Bills,’ in eight-hours labour enactments, and the like. The people are not Jacobins or Proudhonists, or foes to property in the abstract, nor would they be able to find decent leaders to head them in any crusades against social law or order; but they have some queer notions—quite unsound, but by no means unplausible or without a grain or two of truth at the root of them—about the distribution of wealth and the incidence of taxation;—and we may therefore be pretty certain that land will be made easily and cheaply saleable (which probably will be no evil), and that great efforts will be made to substitute direct for indirect taxation, and perhaps even to pass a graduated income-tax, so that the rich shall contribute the revenue which the poor will vote and spend. There will be no economy either in war or peace expenditure; but justice, while costing more to the country, will be made cheaper and speedier to the individual; and both in the army and navy the interests and feelings of the private will be more considered, while the rank and connexions of the officer will grow less and less influential, and the shortcomings, blunders, and incapacities of those in high command, and especially in official quarters, will be visited with a now undreamed-of severity. All which will be clear gain. It is too probable, on the other hand, that the power which trades-unions derive from their organization, and the mingled ignorance and timidity of those they lead and bully, may be turned to political ends; that, in the perpetual contest or competition between capital

and labour, labour may insist upon legislation taking up its side of the controversy, and sanctioning if not assisting the oppression it desires, in its passionate blindness, to exercise both over its employers and its members, till its economical blunders, sooner or later, but possibly too late, shall bring their own punishment, teach their own lesson, and work their own cure. Finally, *absit omen!* it may be, as the democracy learns its own power, and acquires that impatient and despotic temper which the exercise of power teaches to us all, and to none more surely than to those least qualified to wield it, that the people, here as in America, intolerant even of impartial and solemn legal decisions, when those decisions are adverse to their passions and pretensions, may insist upon the periodical election of the judges, and thus seek to render them mere nominees and instruments of the popular will. If this time should ever arrive, the decadence and dishonour of England will have indeed set in.

Where, now, are we to look for security for the possible good and against the possible dangers which we have thus briefly sketched out as looming before us in consequence of the daring Reform Bill we have passed,—of this measure, which even Lord Derby acknowledges to be a ‘leap in the dark’? We confess we can point out no security, though no doubt we may suggest certain aids and mitigations. The common cry, alike among those who are proud and those who are frightened at what they have conspired to do, is ‘educate the constituencies’;—now that you have given them political power, your only safety lies in making them fit to exercise it. ‘It is absolutely necessary,’ says Mr. Lowe, with grim irony, ‘that we should prevail upon our future masters to learn their letters.’ Do not let us deceive ourselves with idle words: a more futile security could not be devised, a more delusive anodyne could not be administered to our well-grounded misgivings. No education within the reach of the working classes of this country, no *school* education, no education beginning at six and ending at thirteen or fourteen, no education that does not continue and supplement itself in after life, no education, in a word, but that of practice, circumstances, and comparative leisure applied to self-culture—can ever render the great majority of those of whom our new constituencies will consist competent electors, qualified, that is, to form an independent and grounded opinion on political questions, or to weigh the relative merits of public men, scarcely even to decide between the recommendations of rival candidates. Peasants and artisans, if sensible and honest

men, even if almost uninstructed, may be quite able to judge which of two gentlemen whom they know is the kinder landlord, the more considerate employer, the worthier and more useful neighbour, and therefore likely to prove the better member; but elections, as we all know, are not decided on such considerations, but by reference to the political creed rather than the personal character of the competitors. Now most questions of policy are intricate and difficult, and involve many matters of collateral consequences and remote or hidden expediency, and have two sides sometimes pretty equally balanced; and such questions task all the faculties of the most trained and vigorous intellect. Other public controversies—and several of those most likely to come up in our time—involve considerations of justice between class and class, in which the capacity of looking at the subject from your antagonist's point of view as well as from your own, and of exercising some of the highest qualities of the *judicial* intellect, is requisite to arrive at a sound decision; and this capacity is about the last and rarest attainment of the ripened mind. Others, again, and these among the gravest and most critical, embrace some of the deepest and hardest problems of economic science, and cannot possibly be understood or determined safely without its aid and guidance; and the ideas of working men on political economy are at once singularly misty, obstinate, and shallow—naturally enough, however, and by no fault of theirs. Now, what is the sort and amount of education attainable, or that can be made attainable, by the mass of those whom our new electoral law has called to the exercise of the franchise? Grant that we make primary education compulsory; grant that we establish good national schools in every district, that we maintain them by a rate, and thus bring them easily within the means of every family; grant that we somewhat enlarge and improve the curriculum of subjects, so as to include more of the practical and useful: still how much of actual mental training and sound intelligence shall we be able to have engrained into the agricultural labourer or artisan at the age of twenty-one, when he takes up his franchise? From the age of perhaps eight to that of thirteen or fourteen at the outside, he will attend school every alternate day; he may in that time learn to read with ease and to write and cipher decently; he may gain a smattering of history, geography, and mechanics, certainly not more; it is possible that he may acquire a taste for knowledge and self-improvement, and if he does he is a made man. But from this age onward his whole day is occupied

with the toilsome earning of his daily bread; Sunday-schools and evening-schools are thenceforward about the only means accessible to him for carrying on his inchoate and interrupted education, and bodily fatigue, social temptations, and the habits of those about him, will prevent any but exceptional men from making much use of these means; as a rule, by the age of manhood most of what he learned at school will have grown rusty or have been forgotten, and his school-teaching, we must bear in mind, did not include, and perhaps could not profitably at that early age have been made to include, any of that knowledge which is peculiarly requisite for forming an opinion on political questions. In large towns, indeed, mechanics' institutes, reading-rooms, the habit of political discussion with his fellows, public meetings, penny newspapers, and other agencies, will do much to enlighten and qualify the artisan; and thousands of electors may there become (as indeed many are now) perfectly competent to form and give effect to their own convictions. But granting, as we do, the general and remarkable shrewdness of these men, granting their prevalent fairness and just intentions, granting even that the natural racy vigour of their intellect, especially in the manufacturing towns, will often stand instead of culture, and give them a quick insight into truth, wherever passion and prejudice do not blind them, still they will be exceptions among the new constituencies, and even their sagacity will often be at fault. We will, however, go yet further in our admissions; we admit freely, indeed we entertain no doubt, that great numbers of the freshly enfranchised working men will be incomparably better qualified, both by intelligence and independence, than thousands upon thousands of the old electors,—far more sensible, far more right-minded, far more incorrupt, far more likely to form rational opinions and to give honest votes. But, and here lies the essence of the whole matter, the incompetent and unworthy of the *present* electors are in the minority, they are merged and lost in the vast mass of the educated and superior classes, they are a mischievous and degrading ingredient in the constituencies, no doubt, but they are a comparatively insignificant, and at least not a predominating one. Whereas the incompetent, the unqualified, those whom by no attainable education we can render competent or qualified, those whom, with all the unfeigned respect and esteem we feel for them, we will not flatter or delude by telling them that they can ever become *as* competent or qualified as men of leisure and of training, *will form the majority of the new electoral*

body. Those who leave school at fourteen will be able to overpower the votes and neutralize the convictions and reverse the policy and control the destinies of those who remain at school till twenty-four. Those who toil will, in the last resort, be able to govern those who think. Those whose intelligence and moral perceptions have been disciplined, enlarged, strengthened, and purified by all the influences that culture, leisure, and the most finished wisdom can bring to bear upon them during the whole of life, will be liable at any moment to be outvoted by those who have snatched a most imperfect instruction in early youth, and whom the hard necessities of their lot have almost forced to pass their later years in forgetting what they then learned. And yet we talk of neutralizing what we have done by 'persuading our future masters to learn their letters!' Under no democratic pressure, we have inaugurated, *volunteered*, a democratic revolution; in the passion and blindness of party strife, in the hot contest for victory, popularity, and power, we have done what few demanded and what fewer still designed; and now we propose to undo our work, to disarm or emasculate or humanize our Frankenstein, by a school-rate.

As we said just now, let there be no self-delusion. Much we may do and must do to control and guide the power we have conferred, to qualify the new constituencies for their functions, to prevent them from doing mischief, and instruct them in doing good; but it cannot be effected by school-teaching, or by any of the narrow agencies to which we usually confine the phrase, *Educate the people*.* Our upper classes have set themselves a task harder, heavier, and more unremitting than they dreamed of, or than any they have undertaken yet,—one which the responsibility of their high social position lays upon them, one which their own safety as well as the interest of their country alike binds them under the most solemn obligations to discharge to the utmost of their power. Schools may do something to *prepare* the minds of the labouring classes for the political training which other influences must bring to bear upon them. The Press, now easily accessible to all who can read and who care for public things, will do its part, and on the mode in which it does it, will probably in the main depend the future direction in which

English policy, internal and external, will move. But the Press has a thousand organs, and among these thousands there are certain to be some that will arrogate to themselves in an especial manner the function of leaders and teachers of the masses, that will reflect and foster their prejudices, and seek influence by studying their feelings and delusions rather than their interests. On the whole, of course, the balance of its influence must be on the side of equity and enlightenment, for it must be conducted by men of intellect and culture, and intellect and culture can seldom go altogether wrong, or at least their *tendency* will always be to go right. Still, as we may learn from the history of our neighbours, and as the instances of such men as Mr. Congreve and his school warn us even here, the cleverest minds may take the wildest views and pander to the saddest ignorance and the poorest passions; so the Press, acting on half-educated masses, may do much mischief amid a preponderance of good. The upper classes, on pain of forfeiting their position as chiefs and guides, will have to put their own shoulders to the wheel, to descend into the rough municipal as well as into the more dignified political arena, and toil as they never toiled before. They must mingle with the masses, educate them by personal intercourse, convince, persuade, and influence them by face-to-face discussion wherever men congregate for action or for controversy, and assert their right to be still their governors and leaders, by showing thorough comprehension of all questions which concern them, and unselfish devotion to whatever measures are truly salutary and beneficent. They must gain or recover the command of the mind and heart of the new constituencies by beating mere demagogues and agitators at their own weapons, by showing, as they easily may do, a truer sympathy and a juster insight in all that most stirs the popular nature, by sounder reasoning, by deeper knowledge, by a finer moral sense,—in a word, by proving equal sincerity and superior fitness for the influence they claim. Gentlemen must cease to despise vestries and boards of guardians, and if they will, they may soon supersede those who are not gentlemen. They must take part in local contests and local government, and prove to the people that municipal affairs can be placed in abler, and, above all, in purer hands than those of the noisy declaimers who are the favourites of the mob. They must resist the poor temptations and the petty disgusts which would induce them to stand aloof from public controversies and public functions because they can no longer be easily supreme, and on the contrary must seek them more

* Something may be done, possibly a good deal, by teaching the elements of political economy in schools, and making the subject imperative upon all schools aided by the State or supported by a union rate. And the fundamental truths of political economy are quite capable of being made both intelligible and attractive to young minds.

than ever. They must withstand the besetting sins of an unworthy aristocracy, indolence, and pride, and, instead of withdrawing from an *agora* in which the wrestling is rough and some of the combatants are dirty, must go in and win, and boldly assert their preferential claim to leadership and office as the most cherished portion of their birth-right. Thus, and thus only, and thus surely we are satisfied, can the battle of our day be fought and won. We do not say that the educated and the leisure classes, the men of rank and property, are still sure to exercise their old supremacy over those to whom they have now committed the *legal* political preponderance, or that they will be able to exercise it through the old instrumentality; but we honestly believe that it is still within their grasp, and that, if they fail to secure it, the fault and the punishment will both be theirs.

In expressing our conviction that the working classes, from the very circumstances of the case, never can become fully competent, nor as competent as those above them, to form sound judgments on questions of policy, government, or law, we by no means wish to be understood as believing that education may not, and by degrees will not, render them *more* competent than they are at present. On the contrary, we think it ought, and we hope it will, and we are sure that all the efforts of the State and of the superior ranks ought to be concentrated upon seeing that it shall. But the work must be accomplished not by schools merely or chiefly, but by education in its widest sense, by sedulously bringing to bear upon the people *all* the influences, social, hortatory, and circumstantial, which can be enlisted in the cause. This is, in fact, the especial task which lies before us as soon as this terribly interfering question of Reform is cleared out of the way. We can only give the briefest intimation of our estimate of the magnitude and multifariousness of the work. Independently of school teaching, of such as can be given in evening classes and by mechanics' institutions, two conditions appear to us to be indispensable before the artisan and labouring classes generally can be made able to exercise the franchise sensibly, soberly, with benefit to themselves and with safety to the country: they must have some leisure for thought and recreation, and they must be in such a position of comparative ease and comfort as to relieve them from that grinding anxiety and irritating want which render quiet and equitable feeling on social and political questions impossible. As long as their whole life is one unrelaxing hurry, one wearing toil, one monotonous succession of days from early

dawn till late evening, spent, and necessarily spent, in providing for the mere material wants of the present, they cannot judge wisely and they cannot think calmly. And as long as their dwellings are scanty and unwholesome, insufficiently provided with the first necessities of air, light, and water, so crowded and wretched that the intolerable discomfort drives them to the alehouse or the ginshop, it is impossible that envy and irritation should not mingle in their doctrines and pervert their views. Now, how are these two great vital faults in their actual condition to be remedied? The second may, we believe—nay, we are confident—be in a great measure remedied by a blending of judicious legislation and of well-directed private enterprise. We cannot enter into the subject here; but having studied it practically and pretty extensively, we have satisfied ourselves that it is feasible to provide in every city, suitable, comfortable, wholesome, and well-appointed dwellings for the poor, within reach of their work, at such rents as their earnings will enable them to pay, and on terms which will yield a fair remunerative return on the capital expended; and to do this without transgressing any single principle of sound legislation or economic science. This part of the task the State can undertake and secure; and as soon as the influence of the masses is truly and rationally brought to bear upon Parliament, this part will be done. The other part—the obtaining of reasonable leisure, and the using of that leisure well—the people must mainly manage for themselves, with such aid and guidance as their friends and superiors can render. It cannot be done by striking for higher wages, or by enacting shorter hours of labor, and endeavoring to obtain equal payment for these shorter hours: these are futile and suicidal schemes, suggested by ignorance of economic laws, and recommended only by blind guides. On the contrary, waste no money in turn-outs; as little as may be in contribution to union funds; turn a deaf ear to all leaders who advise limitation of productive industry, or artificial curtailment of a labourer's faculty and freedom in any shape whatever; but ponder well two facts, which every one cognisant of the working man's life will recognise as general, and draw the full practical inference from them. The *first*, that from ignorance of household management, of culinary skill, of such housewifely qualities as are not ideal, but quite attainable—for the French and Swiss peasant and peasant's wife possess them—the earnings of the artisan do not go as far in the production of comfort and adequate nourishment as they ought to do in the proportion of at least one-third,—*i.e.*,

if our working classes were clever managers, eight hours' work would make them as well off as twelve hours do now, and the extra four hours might be given to leisure, or to increased comfort, or to provision for the future. Then reflect and trace out whence this want springs in the last resort, and set about to supply it. The *second* undeniable fact is that the working classes of this kingdom spend every year in drink, in tobacco, in sensual indulgences, either 'needless or noxious'—in 'self-imposed taxation,' that is—more than £60,000,000 sterling, a sum equal, it is calculated, to one-fourth of their entire income, a sum equal to 50s. a head, or £12 per family, a sum, therefore, that, if saved and laid by for twenty years, would render every head of a poor man's household a capitalist, with a balance at his banker's of at least £300 on an average.* Here surely is opened to us a wide, almost an unlimited field of usefulness, and to the labouring class a boundless vista of hope and advancement. And every step forward in this direction, while it makes the new elector more comfortable and more prosperous in his domestic circumstances and his social position, will make him at the same time more competent to exercise his political function, and more likely to exercise it righteously.

So many and so urgent are the *agenda* that lie before us, and so entirely did the Reform question, as long as it remained unsettled, preclude any adequate attention being paid them, that we should be inclined to rejoice in the passing of Mr. Disraeli's Bill, unsatisfactory and mischievous as we deem its provisions to be, if we believed that it would really close the controversy for even half a generation. But we have no such belief. The franchise part of the question may, indeed, be set at rest in all but a few practical details, for it is not easy to descend much lower; but the same cannot be said of the redistribution of seats. In our judgment the Tories never showed less sagacity or foresight than in resisting the efforts made by the Liberals in both Houses sufficiently to enlarge the redistribution scheme as to render it a final settlement. If the proposals of Lord Grey and Mr. Laing had been accepted, there would have been a general agreement to regard the subject as shelved and arranged, and a nearly unanimous determination to silence and discountenance any one who for years might attempt to re-open it. But the case is very different now; the schedules of the Ministry have been passed under protest,

and the first session of the new Parliament will probably see a vigorous attempt greatly to extend them, an attempt sure to be supported by all the fresh popular ingredients which it is believed the new electoral law will introduce. Nothing can be more deplorable; we shall have paid a great price for the sake of getting Reform out of the way, and we shall find it in the way still. Had it not been for this fatal and foolish blunder, the Conservative party might perhaps have enjoyed their victory for an indefinite period, and have turned it to good account both for strengthening themselves and for serving their country; they might have used well the power they had acquired ill, as we have seen done elsewhere, and thus have earned forgiveness or forgetfulness of their strange lapse from political principle and old traditions; they might have aroused and allied themselves with those Conservative instincts which still lie so deep in the heart of the community, and have reigned by virtue of what is sound in their doctrines and national in their sentiments and sympathies. It is not easy to exaggerate the amount, or the urgency, or the difficulty of the work to be done. It will need all the new energy which democracy will infuse into our institutions, and all the old ability and experience which it will leave, to do it. We have to reconstruct our old system of municipal government, especially in the metropolis, and suit the outgrown garment to the altered times. We have to provide decent dwellings for the families and decent education for the children of 'our new masters.' We have to remodel our army organization on a scale and with a thoroughness in some degree adequate to the magnitude of the subject and the seriousness of the emergency. We have, if possible, to govern, to cure, and to content the Irish. And lastly, we have to *grapple with* the great question of the relations of Capital and Labour, at which hitherto we have only *nibbled*. This to all appearance must be our first task; it will brook no delay and no half-heartedness in our fashion of entering upon it.

This subject has been so recently and fully treated in our pages,* that we should not have done more than briefly refer to it now, had it not been for the flood of light thrown upon it by the facts elicited by the Trades-Union Commission, and the startling magnitude it has in consequence assumed, and had not the revelations made rendered it the second great topic of the year, scarcely inferior in interest, and not at all inferior

* See *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1859: 'British Taxation; Porter's Self-imposed Taxation of the Working Class.'

* *North British Review*, No. xci.: 'The Policy of Trades-Unions.'

in intrinsic importance, to the Reform question itself. It is true that little has been brought to light that was not long ago known to the initiated, or at least confidently guessed; but now the public have learned for the first time at once how deep and difficult the question is, how critical its actual position, and how beyond measure mischievous the dawdling neglect and incapacity with which it has been hitherto regarded. In what way we are to deal with the two elements of the controversy, so that henceforth Capital shall not defraud or oppress labour, nor Labour rob and hamper Capital; how we are to emancipate the artisan from the tyranny of his fellows, and yet leave those fellows free to combine and to act in compact organizations; whether employers and employed cannot wisely and righteously be fused and blended in one grand co-operative conception, in place of being arrayed angrily and foolishly in antagonistic, or seemingly antagonistic ranks; whether order and justice cannot be enforced without liberty being violated; in what manner, in short, those who ought to be auxiliaries with an *entente cordiale* between them, can be hindered from mutually defying and injuring each other, to the common detriment of both;—these are the problems we have to solve in the coming years as we best may.

Meanwhile a few things seem certain in the matter, and are of a significance by no means yet adequately comprehended. The first is, that these organizations have reached an extent of ramification and of power at which they become a true *imperium in imperio*,—the *imperium* being often practically stronger and more implicitly obeyed than the *imperio*,—and that they lay down arbitrary laws, and impose obedience to those laws by arbitrary penalties, often reaching to the extreme of violence, in a manner which no government can for a moment tolerate without guiltily abnegating its primary functions of controlling and protecting its subjects. The revelations brought to light by the Commission for inquiring into the Sheffield outrages have too much superseded in public attention the disclosures made before the other investigators as to the operation of the trades-unions generally; yet, in truth, what occurred in Sheffield, monstrous and startling as it was, was nothing more than had occurred elsewhere in somewhat less extreme forms; nothing, in fact, beyond the ripe consequences of a system which was bearing and must bear similar fruit wherever it exists. The murders which so shocked us at Sheffield, however we may seek to disguise the conclusion, were but the culminating point, the logical and ultimate outcome of the very princi-

ple on which trades-unions are founded, of the object they have in view, and of the measures by which they believe themselves entitled to carry out their rules. A few minutes' reflection will make this clear. The trades-unions have for their aim to raise wages, and one of their chief contrivances for doing so is to render labour comparatively scarce and scanty, to forbid artisans to work more than a limited number of hours, to prevent unusually skilful or unusually industrious artisans from working as energetically and efficiently as they might and would, and to forbid them to work at all when, in the judgment of the officials, it is for the interest of the trade at large that they should strike work. Now, it is obvious that this system cannot be carried out—even when it is carried out in the main sagaciously and without passion or caprice—without curtailing the free action of all workmen, without reducing the earnings and fettering the ambition of superior workmen, without inflicting terrible privation, and often utter ruin and starvation, upon poor workmen, without in many instances enforcing compulsory idleness upon outside and competing workmen. All these things press heavily upon those who are subject to them, sometimes are most unwelcome, often are absolutely intolerable, involving occasionally, and for long periods, the extreme of privation to the families of diligent and willing workmen, who might be living in comfort if they were let alone and suffered to follow their own devices. Regulations of this sort, and entailing these results, cannot, it is clear, be enforced without strong measures of coercion; and the moment coercion steps in and is exercised by a tribunal and under an authority which are not among the recognised tribunals and authorities of the land, then tyranny begins; coercion must succeed in what it attempts, or the trades-union falls into powerlessness or contempt; coercion, therefore, must go on *crescendo*. If persuasion, moral pressure, menace, are not found sufficient, then 'picketing,' 'rattening,' waylaying, beating, 'laming,' shooting, blowing-up,—*Broadheadism* must be resorted to. It is sure to be so:—no organization, based upon the principles and aiming at the objects of trades-unions, can afford to be set at defiance either by its own members or by outsiders; its rules and orders must be enforced; and onerous rules can only be enforced by adequate penalties. If mild penalties prove insufficient, severer ones must be inflicted; and when starvation is the consequence of obedience, no penalty short of death or mutilation will be found adequate to prevent disobedience; and death and mutilation will therefore be resorted to as surely as men's

passions become exasperated by opposition and conflict, and men's consciences seared by the consciousness of irresponsible power and the fanaticism of 'a cause.' It is impossible it should be otherwise; and no one cognisant of the facts of the case will assert that it ever is or has been otherwise.

The *second* point is, that the operation of these organizations is, and must be, in the main and in the long-run, injurious to the workmen themselves. It is said that in the great and constant if silent struggle between capital and labour for the division of the profits resulting from their combined exertions, capital has an unfair advantage, inasmuch as capital can *wait* and labour cannot, and that nothing except trades-unions (which virtually make the men, *i. e.*, the union, capitalists too) can neutralize this advantage. This is in a measure true, but it ignores another and a qualifying truth. The capitalist is bound over in heavy recognisances to come to terms with his workmen if he can and if their demands are not exorbitant, inasmuch as his capital, usually *fixed* and often *borrowed*, remains unproductive if he can find no labourers, and as a rule, and for a permanence, he can no more live without profits than his men can live without wages. No master with £50,000 engaged in his business will let his works stop, if the demands of his workmen are such as to leave him a fair return, and are not inadmissible in themselves, or urged in an intolerable fashion. But passing over this matter,—which, however, well deserves to be expounded at much greater length,—our position is that trades-unions to raise or maintain wages are, except in very rare cases and for short periods, noxious to the workmen's interest. In the first place, if they are successful in raising the rate of wages, they do this at a heavy cost,—at the cost, first, of the artisan's weekly contribution to the union funds; and, secondly, of the strikes needed to extort the increased rate. The contributions are often heavy, sometimes a shilling in the pound; in exceptional times and great emergencies still more. An unsuccessful strike is of course a dead loss, and a terrible one; and most strikes are unsuccessful. A successful strike, for a ten per cent. advance (say), often lasts for months; if it lasts only for ten weeks,—ten weeks, be it remembered, of severe privation and of the incurring of burdensome debt,—it will take a hundred weeks, or two years, of the increased rate of payment to repair the loss. And wages thus artificially raised seldom remain thus artificially high so long as two years. As a rule, we believe it may be said that if trade is tolerably brisk, and workmen are comparatively few and in demand, wages are sure

to rise without trades-unions: if trade is dull and men abundant, no operation of trades-unions can permanently raise them.

Our position, then, is, that trades-unions, even if they raise the *rate of wages*, do not raise the *net aggregate earnings* of the workman; and this is the only matter that at all concerns him. Before he can fairly enter to his credit the supposed gain, he must deduct what he loses when on strike, what he pays to the union fund for ordinary expenses, and what is spent *for buying off or maintaining in idleness* all competing labourers whom he cannot drive away by menace or by force,—an item of expenditure which the few glimpses afforded us by the Sheffield inquiry showed to be sometimes enormous. But this is only a part of the case. There can be no doubt that trades-unions must, as a rule, raise prices wherever they raise wages; and they do this by a double operation,—they enhance the cost of production, by paying the labour employed in it higher, and they limit production by strikes and shorter hours, and so concentrate the necessary profits of capital on a smaller quantity of the article produced. In a word, they make both capital and labour less productive. If, therefore, the action of trades-unions be confined to one or two branches of industry, it is unfair, and cannot last; if it is extended to all trades or to most, it enhances the price of the articles which the artisan has to buy with his *not* enhanced earnings; that is, as a summary result, trades-unions raise his *rate of wages*, do *not* increase his *net* total earnings, and leave him to pay more for his house, his coal, his clothes, and (if these organizations could be extended to agricultural labour) would make him pay more for his beef and bread and beer. It seems to us difficult for any one trained to even the elementary reasonings of economic science to evade or much to invalidate these conclusions.

The *third* point is, that the operation of trades-unions is mischievous and dangerous to the whole community. The objects of these organizations are at variance with the interests of the country. Even if we have to admit, which we cannot, that they benefit their members, there can be little doubt that they injure those much larger numbers of the labouring class who lie outside them. They do this in several ways, which we can only indicate in the briefest fashion. *First*, They entail great suffering and privation on the *unskilled* labourers who are subsidiary to the skilled ones, and usually far exceed them in numbers. The evidence taken by the Commissioners both from British and American witnesses brings out this point in remarkable

relief. In the case of the puddlers and other workers in iron, among bricklayers and other branches of the building trades, and formerly and still to a considerable extent in cotton-spinning, every skilled artisan has two, three, or more common labourers attached to him, or dependent upon his operations, who are not members of his union, who do not profit by his rise of wages, who are destitute when he is idle, and who are remorselessly sacrificed without compensation when he chooses to strike. This branch of hardship and cruelty deserves far more attention than it has yet received. *Secondly*, The rigid *cordon* with which most skilled trades fence round their members constitutes a strict monopoly, which acts most injuriously and unfairly upon the rising industry of the people, rendering it difficult and even perilous for young and energetic men to get into new occupations when their own are overstocked, or when they wish for any reason to better their condition; and harshly excluding women from many occupations for which they are excellently fitted, and in which they could earn an honest and ample living, lest they should reduce men's rate of wages. The tyranny of the commercial and manufacturing guilds of the middle ages rarely exhibited more oppressive or more selfish features than these industrial monopolies of the nineteenth century. *Thirdly*, The jealousy with which each trade guards its special province from invasion, and punishes any one who, even inadvertently, trenches upon it, hampers industry and curtails the demand for it to a degree that no one who has not examined details can fully estimate. Many persons who would willingly pay one man, and pay him well, to get a job done, or to add to the comfort and convenience of their dwellings, shrink from the nuisance and the cost, when they find themselves compelled to call in at once a mason, a bricklayer, a carpenter, a plasterer, and a painter, to suffer under their mutually vigilant susceptibilities. And, *lastly*, the extent to which these senseless fetters and interferences injure trade, augment prices, hamper enterprise, encourage foreign competition, and bid fair in the end to destroy our manufacturing supremacy and drive capital and energy abroad, and so curtail and menace that demand for labour on which the remuneration of labour must depend,—can only be appreciated by those whose avocations have brought them into contact with the facts, but we may hope will be in some measure made public and intelligible by the labour of the Trades-Union Commission. We shall be surprised if it does not turn out and become evident that these organizations, devised by the working men for their own

interests, are the worst back-friends the working men ever had.

To discuss how they ought to be dealt with would lead us too far from our present purpose. The state of the public mind at the present moment is favourable for dealing with them, and the opportunity should not be suffered to slip away. With the utmost liberty of action and combination for any allowable and not clearly criminal or dangerous purposes the artisan may desire to promote, must be united the sternest prohibition and the most effectual repression of all limitation of the free action of others, of all coercion, under whatever plea or in whatever disguise. Dismissal from a union, 'sending to Coventry' of obnoxious individuals, refusal to work with non-unionists, are permissible and cannot be prevented; they come within the limits of every man's right of free action, and no remedy can be found for their abuse or injudicious use, except men's own good sense, good feeling, and practical experience. But the least attempt to threaten, to coerce, or physically to injure those who do not choose to belong to their association, or submit to their dictation, must be watched with the utmost vigilance, and punished with the utmost severity. When once trades-unions are directed to legitimate objects and confined to legitimate weapons they will become harmless, and possibly beneficent; for they will no longer be able to oppose violence or tyranny to the natural operation of economic laws.

We have spoken of party disintegration as one of the principal achievements of the session which has just closed, and certainly never in our time has it been carried so far or effected so fast. It is by no means the first operation of the kind that we have seen, but it is the completest and the least creditable. Three great political chiefs in the course of the last forty years have dissolved or disorganized the party which they had led; but under widely different circumstances. In one point only was there a striking analogy: in all three cases the leader was, by nature and character, out of harmony with the rank and file of his followers; he disagreed with them in some notable essentials; he was not (so to speak) their chosen leader; the command had fallen to him collaterally and from accident, not devolved upon him by direct inheritance and natural right. Sir Robert Peel became the Parliamentary leader of the Tories after Canning's death, because in an age of progress and political enlightenment he was the only man of superior ability among them to whom insight came so slowly, and on

whom knowledge told so gradually, that he could continue conscientiously to hold and defend opinions which for the most part had been abandoned to the intellectually stagnant or the impenetrably prejudiced. He was a Liberal and a reformer by instinct and at the root; but his Liberal and reforming disposition operated so languidly, ripened so slowly, and was so curbed and overlaid by consummate caution, that he was able to retain his accidental and hereditary position as a Tory longer than any one of equal mental powers. If he had been a Whig, his temperament would have held his party back; being a Tory, his sincerity and intelligence dragged them forward. But the time came, as it was sure to come, when the inherent discrepancy between himself and his followers became apparent and irreconcilable, when a severance was unavoidable between a chief who only wanted to move cautiously and safely, and an army that did not want to move at all. He could yield to conviction and expediency—or rather he could not help yielding. They could not so yield. On two occasions he insisted upon acting in opposition to their instincts and traditions, and in each instance he carried only a portion of them along with him. A few left him because he conceded Catholic Emancipation, a far larger number tailed off when he consented to repeal the Corn-Laws. That second apostasy, as they deemed it, effectually split up the old party; and of the smaller section of it who followed Peel, nearly every man of note joined the Liberals, and soon became eminent among them. In that party disintegration there was nothing in any way discreditable; it was the inevitable operation of the advance of political science, leaving those behind who could not share it, and naturally severing them from the able men who could.

In the course of time Mr. Gladstone, after the death of Lord Palmerston, succeeded to the leadership of the Liberal party,—but succeeded to it by right of transcendent administrative and oratorical ability rather than by natural succession,—less because the mantle of Lord Palmerston had fallen upon him, than because Sidney Herbert and Cornwall Lewis, on whom it would have fallen, had been taken from us. It is not easy for any leader more completely to have disintegrated his party than Mr. Gladstone has done in the two last sessions. The explanation is easy, and the fault was not altogether his. He has always been (to use an expression of Charles Lamb's) in a state of 'imperfect sympathy' with his followers. The party was not a homogeneous one to begin with; being composed of two rather incon-

gruous sections, the Whigs and the Radicals,—the Whigs being both the more numerous, and, in Parliament at least, the more powerful of the two. With that more numerous and powerful section, Mr. Gladstone had almost less in common than either with his opponents or with those followers who sat below the gangway. He had in him something of the Conservative and much of the Radical, but little or nothing of the Whig. He did not *like* aristocratic Liberals; their tone and character were alien to his; and he is not especially tolerant of what is alien and discrepant. He is fitter for the leader of a people than for the manager of a party.

Mr. Gladstone's name is a word of power throughout the country, and a tower of strength to his adherents at all election contests. It is so even in remote and unsuspected districts. It is so in small and corrupt boroughs as well as in great cities and commercial counties. It is so in Bridgewater as well as in Manchester and West Riding. Electors who have no strong or well-defined political opinions have a rooted conviction that Mr. Gladstone is the man of the day, and ought to be in office. Electors who exact no other pledge from their candidates insist upon their supporting Mr. Gladstone. Men who believe neither in Whigs nor Tories believe in him. No public man for many a long day, unless it be Mr. Cobden—certainly no Minister since Mr. Canning—has taken so curiously firm a hold on the imagination of the people. The fire and finish of his eloquence, the intensity and fierceness of his emotions (which few politicians have ever shown so strongly), his singular mixture of the scholar and the tribune, the daringness and brilliant success of his finance, his vehement popular—or rather human—sympathies, and perhaps more than all his intellectual power of belief, and his moral courage in acting up to his beliefs, have actually *fascinated* the usually unimaginative English nation; and by the great mass of the community he is regarded with a degree of sanguine confidence which amazes mere Londoners and Parliamentarians, among whom even the heartiest admiration is tempered with a sort of fearful expectancy which is almost mistrust. The people *rely* upon him; political people feel chiefly that they cannot *calculate* upon him. They are only certain that he will do whatever he chooses, and that he can do almost anything he likes.

But though he has thus written his name on the heart of the nation, Mr. Gladstone has not been equally successful as a party leader; and the reasons for this are not far to seek, nor do they detract from any of the essential qualities of his character. Passing over the

one great defect which lies upon the surface; his imperious and impatient temper, his dislike of compromise, his irritable and sometimes too suspicious abhorrence of a job,—his other disqualifications may be stated in two words,—they may all be traced in the last resort to the *richness* and the *progressiveness* of his nature. It is not exactly that he is too good or too great to be a first-rate parliamentary commander, but that he is too uncommon, too varied, too many-sided (to use a common but expressive Germanism). The gold of him is not coined into the ordinary mint standard shape; and therefore the ordinary mind looks at it with a sort of ineradicable doubt, bites it, rings it on the counter, shakes its head at its unwonted features, before it will accept it as sterling money; and after all never feels as secure about it as about a regular sovereign or bank-note. The pure Whig is not quite sure it is a legal tender. The pure Tory, like the pure Radical, sees marks and mysterious letters upon it which he cannot recognise; and both wish that it had belonged more completely to themselves, and wonder that it does not. Then, again, Mr. Gladstone lacks one especially indispensable qualification for a consummate or favourite party chief—a quality which Earl Russell never approached, but which Canning and Palmerston had in perfection. He is not *social*. His nature, deep, rich, and susceptible as it is, is passionate and affectionate rather than genially companionable. His sympathies are too strong and too profound to be as ready, as prompt, as generally available, as more superficial sentiments can be. He feels too keenly to feel as expansively, as laterally, as *panoramically*, as a leader of party should. But after all, when we have given due weight to every minor explanation of the fact in question, we recur to the main cause: he fails because his nature is too rich and his mind is too progressive.

More than a quarter of a century since, Macaulay, in reviewing Mr. Gladstone's youthful treatise on 'Church and State,' wrote of him that 'half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes.' Something of the same sort might now be said of his political position and career. Half his genius and sagacity, with narrower sympathies, shallower insight, fewer and poorer aspirations, a more flexible conscience, and a more meagre mind, would have saved him from nearly all his errors. In England generally, in English political life especially, we are too like bricks; we are cast in too few and too monotonous moulds. There are three or four regulation patterns of opinion, of character, of thought, *quos ultra*

citraque nequit consistere rectum—from which no man may differ, out of which no man may step, under pain of becoming unintelligible, of being pronounced crotchety and 'unaccountable,' and of being condemned to ineffectiveness and isolation. No people are so ready as the English to condemn and 'stamp out' any departure from the established type of thought, anything to which *use* has not affixed its *imprimatur*, and to serve a *ne exeat regno* on any public man who threatens the least divergence from the usual routine course. You must be all one thing or another. You must wear the uniform, exact in all its facings, of some recognised corps; you must fight under some registered flag,—or you are liable to be strung up to the yardarm as a buccaneer. If you go over from one camp to the other, you must go over altogether; you must 'cast no longing, lingering looks behind,' or you will share the fate of Lot's wife; you must burn all old love tokens and souvenirs; you are guilty of treason if you retain the slightest tender recollection of former days, the faintest tincture of the affections and opinions of the past. Now, only poor and narrow natures can thus wholly shut themselves up in one set of sympathies and doctrines, least of all if they have passed through many. Herein lies at once the misfortune, as well as the attraction, of Mr. Gladstone's character, and the explanation of one of his disqualifications as a party leader. He has sympathies with every section into which the world of politics is parcelled out; he has points of agreement and points of difference with all; all have something that attract and something that repel him, and he is therefore never in perfect and universal harmony with any. His mind, too, like all minds of the loftiest order and the finest grain, is progressive, and in consequence is, at times and in places, out of keeping itself. Thorough consistency is given only to stagnant or at least stationary intellects, and is achieved only by those which have completed and closed the cycle of their march. Other working and striving minds—and no mind is so incessantly groaning in travail as Mr. Gladstone's—have the inconsistent views of the past and the present at once within them—the opinions of their youth and those of their maturity—the doctrines they have inherited alongside of those they have formed for themselves—the beliefs they have not yet examined and discarded as well as those which, after infinite agonies of thought perhaps, they have substituted for the ancestral ones.

Now, it seems to us that in some respects the mind of Mr. Gladstone is in this transition state—a state too philosophic, and too commendable from a philosophic point of view, to

be fitted for signal success in the arena of party conflict in a country where party conceptions are so narrow and intolerant as in England. The Tories cannot understand that a statesman trained in their school, and still clinging to so many of their most cherished creeds, so deeply imbued with the chivalry and poetry which half unconsciously underlies, inspires, and sometimes ennoble their political sentiments, should yet have gone so far in the direction of democracy, and have given the sanction of his words to some of the most questionable doctrines of the extreme popular party. They cannot quite forgive either the thorough-going comprehensiveness or the signal success of his free-trade policy, or his utter and merciless negation of traditional *principles* as well as practice in this matter. They feel that he belonged to them by nature and of right; that if he had remained with them, his genius and his oratory would have cast a halo of beauty as well as an entrenchment of logic round their favourite prejudices and convictions; while his administrative powers and his practical sagacity would have kept them abreast of the new discoveries and achievements and irrefutable theories of the day. And they cannot pardon the progress which has carried over such unrivalled abilities and splendid rhetoric to the opposing camp, and turned what should have formed their lustre and their guide into their sharpest scourge and their most formidable danger. The idea of an Oxford scholar and an enthusiastic Churchman leading and embellishing the hard, cold, fierce, narrow, swelling, advancing ranks of the Radicals, is at once intensely bitter and perplexing to the country gentlemen, and lies at the root of much of that personal animosity and wish to inflict gratuitous defeat and wounds which has shone out conspicuously during the past two sessions, and which is one of the most dangerous feelings a party leader can excite in the breast of his opponents.

The difficulty of Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Whigs arises in part from the same causes, and in part from others less creditable to the party. He is necessary to them, but he is not of them. He carries away too much of the spoil, as well as too much of the honour, of victory, and has too predominant a voice in the decision of the details and the purposes of the campaign. Moreover, they distrust him, and naturally cannot help doing so. His sympathy with the people is different in grain as well as in depth from theirs; it is more essential; it is less formal; it is both more passionate and more practical. He is at once more zealous than the purest Whig to confer real political power upon the mass-

es, and more anxious than the most benevolent of the most feudal Tories to ameliorate and soften their material condition. His creed has nothing of the *woodenness* of the old Whig formularies, and they feel that in the day of conflict his heart will be rather with their auxiliaries than with themselves. Hence they can never fairly abandon themselves to his guidance or follow his lead with enthusiasm or with faith.

As for the Radicals, he alternately excites their devotion and their fury. He is too large and too wide to be quite intelligible to them. They perceive, too, that they cannot coerce him; and Radicals will never steadily or cordially obey any leader whom they cannot bully. They, believe, however, that they shall have Mr. Gladstone some day, but they are aware that they have not got him yet. The poetry as well as the philosophy of his nature has still too much hold on him for their purposes. Moreover, he has far too much of the old Adam still lingering about him to command the full and frank allegiance of several among the elements of which their party is composed. The orthodox Dissenters, so powerful among the men of advanced opinion, cannot endure the proclivities of the High Churchman. The thoroughly religious Liberals—we mean those whose religious views are thoroughly liberal, and whose sense of justice is revolted by the bare shadow of intolerance—cannot forgive his opposition to Mr. Coleridge's bill for throwing open the universities to men of all creeds. His progressive mind has not yet reached *this* stage of progress. The philosophic as well as the iconoclastic Liberals are disgusted with his *arrière* and somewhat country-gentleman views on primogeniture and the descent of intestate property, as shown in his speech and vote on Mr. Locke King's bill last year. On the whole, the Radicals will look upon him as a great card, but not a sure one.

In fine, then—and we may rejoice that it is so—Mr. Gladstone is more qualified to serve his country than any one of the recognised *corps d'armée* into which politicians are divided. He must always be the real soul and inspirer of any party or parliamentary combination he may join, but a more skilful, because a more temperate and flexible, leader in the field might easily be found. Meanwhile, we are all proud of his genius and full of attachment and admiration for his character; a character the faults, quite as much as the grandeur, of which have contributed to its singular hold upon the popular mind.

Of the disintegration of the Conservative party at the hands of Mr. Disraeli we have

already spoken, and need say no more. The time has scarcely come for an analysis of the character and career of the ministerial leader. The sage of old said, Let no man be pronounced happy till his death. The sage of to-day may say, Let not Mr. Disraeli be considered known till his career is closed. Meanwhile, it seems clear that in securing to his party its present temporary lease of power, he has effectually destroyed its cohesion and virtually sapped its strength. He has damaged its prestige and impaired its self-respect to a degree which it will take some years to make fully manifest. If it is ever to recover its position in the nation's confidence, it must be under some other chief. Some of its ablest and noblest men can never serve with him again. Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel are alienated for ever; and Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Dukes are poor compen-

sations. Lord Derby has declared that he will never take office again, and Lord Stanley does not belong to the Conservatives at all. What will be the future of parties in this country no man can foresee. Meanwhile, for the first time for two generations, *the nation* is without a leader. Hitherto we have always had some one whom the people as a whole looked to as their guide, one whom they especially trusted and admired, were willing to obey, and regarded as a refuge in the day of perplexity and trouble. For a time it was the Duke of Wellington who filled this great place in the nation's eye; then Lord Grey in a measure; then Sir Robert Peel; and after him Lord Palmerston. Now there is no one, and in the trying times before us the want will be severely felt. Can we, as Mr. Carlyle suggests, make a Queen Bee?

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ART. I.—1. *The First Age of Christianity and the Church.* By JOHN IGNATIUS DÖLLINGER, D.D. Translated by HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M.A. Second Edition. 8vo. London, 1867.

2. *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ: An Introduction to the History of Christianity.* From the German of JOHN J. I. DÖLLINGER. By N. DARNELL, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1862.

3. *The Formation of Christendom.* Part First. By T. W. ALLIES. 8vo. London, 1865.

4. *Address on the Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World.* Delivered before the University of Edinburgh, November 3, 1865. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. 8vo. London, 1865.

WHEN the publication of Tillemont's *Church History* in its first projected form was stopped by the interposition of a hostile censor, the author evaded this opposition by casting the work into two divisions, of which the first, now known as the *Histoire des Empereurs*, was held exempt from the supervision of the censorship, being regarded as unconnected with theology. The "History of the Emperors," therefore, was freely permitted to appear. But the second, and much more important division, the *Histoire Ecclesiastique*, fell immediately under the censor's jurisdiction; he still interposed against its appearance without correction a stern and immovable *obstat*; and probably there are very few out of the many writers and scholars who have drawn their stores from this vast repertory of original historical materials, who are aware that it is only to the indirect

expedient adopted by the Chancellor Bucherat, in appointing a new censor, that the world is indebted for the publication of the immortal work of Tillemont.

This diversity of treatment pursued in regard to what are in reality but portions of the same work, was of course founded upon a principle, which at that time, and afterwards, found general acceptance, namely, that there is in human affairs a sharp and distinctly defined line of demarkation between the sacred and the profane, on either side of which it is possible to collect and marshal the facts and incidents of the two several spheres, and to deal with each as involving a separate interest, guided by a distinct class of motives, and directed towards an independent object and aim.

In point of practical policy, this principle is easily intelligible in that age of conflict of the Church and State jurisdictions, and as a part of the system of the Grand Monarque, the great assertor of the independence, if not the supremacy, of the latter. It followed in fact, almost naturally, from those relations of the two powers which it was the object of the practical portion of the so-called 'Gallican Liberties' to define and assert; which the higher Roman Catholic school of later times regards as scarcely disguised Erastianism, and which even the most colourless mind can hardly consider other than an incongruous combination of two mutually repellent elements.

On the other hand, intellectually considered, it is difficult to conceive how such a principle could ever have been accepted in the age that received with applause Bossuet's *Discourse on Universal History*, which is by its very essence the exponent of the opposite principle. The leading idea of that memo-

rable discourse is not merely the oneness of all history, divine and human, but even the providential subordination of the latter throughout all time; and its object is to exhibit, as if in one vast panoramic picture, the scheme of the interwoven destinies of the world; to point out the marvellous 'unity in variety' with which, through every age, circumstances the most opposite, motives the most conflicting, characters the most irreconcilable, have worked together into one balanced and harmonious whole;—sacred and profane, philosopher and barbarian, the rude Scythian and the cultivated Greek, each in itself, yet each for all the rest:

'All things with each other blending,
Each to all its being lending,
All on each in turn depending.'

It is strange to meet in the same age, and almost side by side, with this grand, though occasionally overstrained, conception, a theory like that of the French censorship, which draws so sharp a line between political and religious history, that it even regards as a thing quite apart from the general narrative of the later fortunes of the Roman Empire that Christian element which was so soon to revolutionize its entire inner life, and eventually to overthrow all its oldest and most honoured institutions.

This fallacy is gradually losing its hold; not indeed in the world of Statecraft, where, for the most part, either the old Erastianism still holds its ground, or, if anywhere the spiritual be not directly held in subjection to the temporal, it is seemingly because the former is ignored altogether; but in Science, throughout its most important relations. For a time, during the recent rapid development of several branches of natural science, which to many appeared to threaten the foundations of revealed religion, a desire arose to regard this dangerous region as separated by an impassable gulf from the kingdom of theology, governed by different laws, and to be judged upon principles entirely independent. But such a theory could not long maintain itself against that instinct of the human mind which recognises as an axiom the unity of truth, or at least the necessary compatibility with each other of all truths, of what kind or class soever. Men have come to feel that in the domain of knowledge no such partition is logically possible; and, in the happy phrase of the Duke of Argyll, that "every one truth is connected with every other truth in the great universe of God."* The spiritual and the intellectual world may diverge from each other in countless ramifi-

cations, but they must also meet in innumerable points of contact; and although in each realm speculation may range freely, and work out its problems to their legitimate solution, yet, if we believe in one great Orderer of both, we must also believe that their teaching is uniform, and that between all the legitimate deductions from that teaching a harmony must ever subsist, even if it be obscure, and at times almost undiscoverable.

This seems to be especially true in History. And in the post-Constantinian period of the Roman Empire, all attempt at maintaining the distinction of civil and ecclesiastical has long been abandoned. The interest of the reigns of the first Christian emperors is admitted by all to lie far more in their relation to the Church than in their purely secular proceedings. In the English literature of the last century, it is true, that subject, with one memorable exception, was a complete blank. Ecclesiastical history, unless Mac-laine's translation of Mosheim and Jortin's *Remarks* are to be dignified with the name, there was literally none: and down to our own generation it was a standing reproach of orthodox divinity in England, that if a student desired information as to the ecclesiastical affairs of the fourth, fifth, and later centuries, he was driven to search for it, not in any received history of the Church, but in a work which not only professed to deal with the general history of the Roman Empire, but was actually the production of an avowed unbeliever in Christianity. Still, as bearing upon our view, there was much significance in the regret expressed by a well-known Anglican author, that the best English writer on Church History should be an Infidel.

But if this be so for the post-Constantinian period, it is very different for the popular writers on the history of Rome during the first three centuries of the Christian era. This is less to be wondered at in the last century writers upon Roman history. But one can hardly help being struck, in an author so recent and in every respect so estimable as Mr. Merivale, by the utter absence, we do not say of the Christian element of the history, but even of all allusion to its possible relation to the fortunes of the Empire; and this not merely in the time of Tiberius and Nero, but even so late as the age of the Antonines. No one will, of course, suspect, in such silence upon the part of Mr. Merivale, even a shadow of indifference, much less of hostility, to the Christian faith. It is simply *ignored* by his school as a subject which has no place, whether absolute or relative, in the history of the still Pagan empire of Rome. They write as though from the stand-point of Tacitus or Suetonius.

* *Reign of Law*, p. 54.

On the other hand, the older ecclesiastical historians, strictly so called, of early Christianity, have, as a general rule, been equally exclusive in their view of their own branch of the subject. To them, for the most part, Christianity, like Paganism to the other school, has been a thing apart and independent: a new institution growing up under exceptional and indeed super-human influences, and if not entirely without antecedents in the existing condition of the world, certainly so little controlled or modified thereby in its development, as to render any minute consideration of them unnecessary and even embarrassing. In fact, almost the only relation towards the infant Church in which the Jew and Gentile appear in the pages of the Church historians, is that of persecutors; and hardly any influence of theirs upon the fortunes of the young institution is recorded, beyond their long-continued but abortive schemes of repression and extermination. The original ecclesiastical historians have told little directly of the relations between the Christian Church and the contemporary religions except the story of their wars; and many of the more modern Church histories, even those which took the form of special essays, like Fleury's in itself admirable *Mœurs des Chrétiens*, might almost have been written on the supposition that Roman Paganism, as a living system, had already disappeared from the world.

The first consciousness of the falsehood, or at least the unphilosophical character, of this mode of treatment, is observable in that division of the history of the Church into 'external' and 'internal,' which was introduced by Mosheim, and perfected by the later Germans, especially by the rationalistic school. But this division confined itself, under the head of "external," chiefly to the consideration of political causes and results, and dealt but little, directly, with the social and moral, and still less, with the doctrinal, influences which may be supposed to have been brought to bear on the Church from sources external to her own evangelical constitution. And it is not a little remarkable that, while views such as we have described prevailed among those writers who were generally looked to as authorities on the subject of Church history, two schools, separated from one another by an interval of nearly a century, and at once the most opposed to each other, and the least accepted by the common voice of historians—the ultra-orthodox and the sceptical—should have concurred in a more just appreciation of the true relations which subsisted between the old religions and the new in this momentous conflict. No two things can well be more opposite than

the point of view from which the Comte de Champagny, the latest historian of the Roman Empire in the French Catholic school, regards the position of Christianity, and in that which it was considered by the unbelieving author of the *Decline and Fall*. And yet both these writers, although of course in different ways, are equally alive to the Christian idea in all its bearings on the history; nay, it may even be doubted whether Gibbon does not, in his hostility, exhibit a keener sense of the silent but all-pervading and ever-growing energy of the young institution, whose progress he explains away even when he chronicles or foretells its successive stages, than is evinced in all the reverential enthusiasm of the brilliant Frenchman, who can discover in every alternation of the fortunes of Imperial Rome, whether adverse or propitious, some providential disposition of human affairs for the accomplishment of 'the mystery which hath been hidden from ages and generations.' We might point out many pages in Gibbon, in which, even though there is no direct mention of Christianity, it is easy nevertheless to detect an unavowed sense of its presence, and a shaping of the narrative or colouring of the view, which can only be explained by the perhaps unconscious bias thence imparted to the mind of the writer.

In the more recent progress of the study of history, the subject of the historical relations of Christianity was too important to be overlooked; nor is there any modern historian of note who has not framed his narrative with at least a general reference to it, while not a few scholars of name have addressed themselves to particular branches of the subject. By far the most remarkable among these is the author named at the head of these pages, a divine of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, but well known beyond the range of his own communion, not alone in Germany, but in this country, by his great learning, and by the temperate and philosophical spirit which characterizes all his writings. Dr. Döllinger, although a large and frequent contributor to general theological literature, may almost be said to have devoted his life to historical studies, having commenced his literary career as the continuator of a compendium of Church history formerly in use in Catholic colleges in Germany, and soon afterwards engaged in the publication of an original Ecclesiastical History, which he has since continued to publish in detached portions. The two works to which we refer in our present notice may be said to belong to the same general series, being intended as an introduction to the detailed history of Christianity, and

being presented as in truth necessary to a complete and philosophical view of that history. The first indeed is purely introductory; the second forms the first serial, as it were, of the actual history. We shall consider them separately; but it will be seen that, even as a whole, they form but the first chapter of this great subject.

The author's design in the former of these two works is strikingly, although perhaps fancifully, conveyed in the somewhat characteristic title which he has chosen. Dr. Döllinger entitles* his book *Heathenism and Judaism: † the Vestibule of the History of Christianity*; and its general purpose is to investigate the important problem, whether and how far these two religious systems served, in the hidden designs of Providence, to prepare the way for the teaching of our Lord;—how far it is possible, amid their clouds and darkness, to discover foreglimmerings of 'the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.'

The work is a protest against the unphilosophical method of treating the history of Christianity which had long been prevalent, and in which, practically, the progress of the Christian religion was discussed as though it had, at its first origin, found the human race a complete *tabula rasa*, and had had no antecedents in the history of culture, spiritual, moral, or intellectual. The author of *Heathenism and Judaism*, on the contrary recognises the great fact that Christianity, when it first arose, found the ground everywhere pre-occupied by some ancient and powerful religious system, whether the Jewish or some one of many forms which prevailed throughout the Gentile world; that the advance of Christianity involved the displacement of its predecessors; that its early history must, in the main, be the record of its contests with the various forms of thought which it found established among men; and that a full and satisfactory investigation of the manner of its triumph necessarily presupposes an exact knowledge and a careful appreciation of them all.

It is needless to point out the infinite variety of inquiries, intrinsic and extrinsic, which such a treatment of the history involves. Unless it be assumed that the success of the new religion was entirely and immediately supernatural, not merely in its origin and causes, but even in its manner—that it excluded altogether the action of human instruments, human motives, and

human modes of thought,—there opens out for the philosophical student a vast range of speculation, and especially in what concerns the Gentile world. Was it all, considered in relation to the common Christianity, entirely and irretrievably hostile? Was it at least an utter void, affording no point of contact, much more no basis of superstruction? What were the special obstacles which its errors and its prejudices presented? Were there any of its forms of thought with which the new doctrines might claim affinity, and in which they might find countenance and support? Were there any of them, on the other hand, which might possibly react upon the new teaching, and which might have a tendency to modify and even to pervert it?

But preliminary to these and many kindred speculations is the investigation which forms the direct subject of Dr. Döllinger's book; that is the actual condition, doctrinal, ritual, moral, intellectual, and social, of the Gentile and Jew worlds at the advent of Christianity; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the learning, the patient calmness, the luminousness, and above all the philosophical unity of view, with which he presents the results of his inquiry. Every form of worship throughout the known world at the date of our Lord's coming is passed under careful survey; not merely the elaborate mythology of Greece, and the cruder paganism of early Rome, but the whole cycle of religions which were eventually gathered into that vast empire:—Egypt with its solemn but perverted ritual, and its creed, a compound of the grotesque with the sublime; the picturesque symbolism of Etruria; the mingled materialism and spirituality of Persia; the Median dualism; the consecrated prostitution of the Chaldean Mylitta; the rival impurities of the Syrian worship of Astarte; the blood-stained altars of Carthage; the Druidism of Gaul; the sterner and more simple rites of Germany,—are all subjected to a most careful historical survey, not alone in themselves, but, for the most part, in their relations to one another and to a common original. The only blank on this vast religious chart of the ancient world lies in the extreme east, beyond the boundary of the Roman Empire. Neither the Brahmanism of India nor the Buddhism of the trans-Gangetic races is comprised in the series, since neither could be said to present any point of contact with the Christianity of the first ages; and even through the numberless revolutions which have since run their course, these strangely unimpressible creeds have continued to maintain an all but complete isolation.

A notice such as the present cannot of

* *Heidenthum und Judenthum. Vorhalle zur Geschichte des Christenthums.* Regensburg, 1857.

† More literally 'Heathendom and Jewdom,'—a difference of form which, although hardly presentable in our idiom, is nevertheless sufficiently appreciable.

course pretend to more than a glance at the outlines of so vast a subject, especially of what may be said to have been the living religion in the Roman Empire, which it was the mission of Christianity to displace.

The variety of forms which the ancient religions present, infinite as it appears, may yet be traced to a single principle, operating variously at different times, and under different circumstances of race and country.

'The deification of nature and her powers, or of particular sensible objects, lay at the root of all the heathen religions as they existed from old time amongst the nations now united under the Roman empire. The elements, the sun, the heavens, the stars, single natural objects and physical phenomena—it was the deifying and worshipping of these that led to the rise and development of polytheism. When once a dark cloud stole over man's original consciousness of the Divinity, and, in consequence of his own guilt, an estrangement of the creature from the one living God took place, man, as under the overpowering sway of sense and sensual lust, proportionally weakened therefore in his moral freedom, was unable any longer to conceive of the Divinity as a pure, spiritual, supernatural, and infinite being, distinct from the world, and exalted above it. And then it followed inevitably that, with his intellectual horizon bounded and confined within the limits of nature, he should seek to satisfy the inborn necessity of an acknowledgement and reverence of the Divinity by the deification of material nature; for, even in its obscurity, the idea of the Deity, no longer recognised indeed, but still felt and perceived, continued powerful; and, in conjunction with it, the truth struck home, that the Divinity manifested itself in nature as ever present and in operation. And now nature unfolded herself to man's sense as a boundless demesne, wherein was confined an unfathomable plenitude of powers, incommensurable and incalculable, and of energies not to be overcome. Everywhere, even where men, past their first impressions of sense, had already penetrated deeper into their inner life, she encountered them as an inscrutable mystery. At the same time, however, a sympathy for naturalism, easily elevated into a passion, developed itself among them,—a feeling in common with it and after it,—which led again to a sacrifice of themselves, all the more readily made, to natural powers and natural impulses. And thus man, deeper and deeper in the spells of his enchantress, and drawn downwards by their weight, had this moral consciousness overcast in proportion, and gave the fuller rein to impulses which were merely physical.

'Necessarily the heathen deification of nature could become nothing but an inexhaustible variety of divinities and worships; for according to the geographical division of zones and countries, and to the difference of the impressions which the phenomena and powers of nature produced on races more or less susceptible and excitable; and also according as the imagination of man, selecting out of the king-

dom of nature that which most strongly impressed it, fashioned it into a concrete divinity,—necessarily, as time ran on, in the natural process of the impulse of creating divinities, the divine assumed in their minds thousands of fanciful and fortuitous images and forms. In general, all the gods must inevitably have been beings subject to the conditions of time and space, and, for the most part, to the powers of nature. Then, following the character and degree of civilization of the different people, these gods of nature were formed on a sliding scale from simple potentiality, regarded as a bare development of physical agency, to individual personality; or they were contemplated as real, self-conscious, and complete personalities. In the latter case they were also, in the conception of their worshippers, partially subject to the conditions of humanity, and shared in the inclinations, passions, and interests of men, from whom they were only distinct in degree.

'This pagan deification of the powers of nature led first to the worship of the elements. One divinity of the ether, or vault of heaven, or, supposing the ether and stars together to constitute a whole, one divinity of the heavens, stood in contrast with one of the earth. Fire, as the warming and nourishing power of nature, or as the consuming and destroying one also, was early worshipped as a separate divinity. By the same process, another element of moisture and water was separated off from that of the earth, and thus a fourth elemental god came to be added.'

How, from this first perversion of 'the glory of the incorruptible God,' sprung the endless varieties of cultus into which the two great forms of Nature-Worship, which Dr. Döllinger calls *astrolatry* and *geolatry*, were developed, must be studied in his own elaborate and circumstantial expositions. Neither of these religions entirely excluded the other; on the contrary, they are always found in close association, although in unequal proportions. The former predominated in the systems which grew up under the cloudless skies and upon the arid sands of the East, where the sun seems to be the one great source of energy and life, and the stars and planets are ever present, as the mysterious witnesses, if not the active arbiters, of the destinies of earth and the beings of earth. The latter grew to maturity upon the bounteous soil and amid the vegetative energies of these more temperate and fertile western lands, where 'the earth, with her teeming lap, like a nursing mother, comprehending in herself a manifold variety of beneficent influences, but also gathering every living thing back again to her bosom,' stood out before men's eyes as the great impersonation of force, as well as of beneficence. But in the East, no less than in the West, each principle took its shape, as well as its direction, not alone from that subtle though cor-

rupt instinct of self-worship which has lain at the root of all the ethical developments of pantheism in every age, but also from the natural characteristics of the races among which each had made its home. Thus the astrolatry of the Chaldeans, a direct worship of the sun and stars as sentient beings moving in their courses with conscious will, and, through their various phases, ruling, or at least, by virtue of some mysterious interdependence, foreshowing the fates of the world, and of men, is far lower in form and much more debasing in moral influence than the same deification of heavenly elements as it was modified in the creed of Persia, the moral tone of which is almost the very highest among the ethical systems of antiquity. And, on the other hand, in reviewing the religions of the geolatric nations, there needs, for one who tries to unravel the graceful but complicated web of the polytheism of Greece, somewhat of the subtlety of the Greek intellect and the refinement of the Greek imagination, in order to recognise, what is nevertheless historically demonstrable, that this system, so puerile in its details, yet so coherent even in its puerility, exemplifying so curiously at once the strength and the weakness of man's undirected intelligence, is in reality nothing more than a skillful combination of ideal abstractions of the same material types, which, to less cultivated earth-worshipping nations, had formed the direct objects of adoration.

The first step in the downward course through which the primeval notion of the Deity was gradually degraded into the lowest phase of polytheism, was the substitution of a vaguely apprehended Nature-Power for the distinct conception of a Personal Author of Nature; and it is certain that the most ancient religions are precisely those in which the departure from the primitive ideal unity began the latest, and is the least abrupt. The earliest corruption of this notion of a single Power was the introduction of the idea of sex, the first result of which was to conceive the divine principle as uniting in itself the nature of both sexes. But the observation that in nature there everywhere combine 'two energies or substantial agents, one an active and generative, the other a feminine, passive, or susceptible one, and that heaven and earth, sun and moon, day and night, co-operate to the production of being,' soon led to the distinction of a male and a female divinity; and by degrees, through the same process of development, the several powers and phenomena of nature were presented as distinct beings, and elevated to the honour of separate worship. When to this was added the idealiza-

tion of man's own faculties and powers, there resulted by degrees that vast scheme of polytheism, under whose seductive spell men 'became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened; and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things.' And thus in the end, man not only drew from the external universe an endless host of objects for his perverted worship, but he created for himself, from out the faculties of his own mind and the energies of his own nature, the materials of a still more fatally seductive idolatry, in which 'each conception was a heavenly guest.' Every power of his understanding was embodied as an object of adoration, every passion of his heart was deified, every impulse of his will became an incarnation of the divinity; nor is there a single one of the ancient religions which did not consecrate by some ceremonial rite even the grossest forms of sensual indulgence, while many of them actually elevated prostitution into a solemn service of religion.

While the moral results were thus alike disastrous in all the various religions, the doctrinal systems differed widely from each other. Nevertheless some general characteristics pervade them all. In all may be traced some lingering memory of one supreme or at least superior Being, to whom the other divinities were subordinate, always in function and for the most part in origin. All maintained the practice of prayer, the natural and instructive language in which the creature expressed his sense of dependence on the Creator. All, without exception, possessed the rite of sacrifice, with which was inseparably united a notion of conscious moral depravation or unworthiness, in which believing minds will recognize some obscure traditional memory of man's primal fall. All present what may be called a certain 'sacramental' system, embodied in a series of lustral rites and purifications, which, however grossly understood, were supposed to have the power of removing a certain moral uncleanness or disqualification, or of propitiating some adverse influence. All had an organized priesthood, specially set apart for the service of religion; and although the office of the priest was frequently combined with that of the magistrate, yet the duties were almost invariably distinct. All retained traces of a belief in a future existence, with some notion of retribution for the good or evil actions of the present life; and all the most ancient religions—the Egyptian, the Etrurian, the older Roman—coupled with this belief the notion of a temporary purga-

tion from the stains of earth preparatory to the final gift of immortality. All observed stated days and festivals, and lavished upon the services of religion every resource of the arts which they possessed, to give dignity to the ceremonial, and to render it attractive to the worshipper. All, in fine, however they ignored, and even formally discarded, the idea in practice, bore in their very constitution the clearest traces of the belief of a Providence overlooking and directing the affairs of men.

It must be confessed that, in the progress of the development of every one of the national religions of antiquity, these great fundamental doctrines of natural religion one by one were overlaid with forms, originally no doubt significant, but ultimately degenerating into unmeaning puerility or corrupt mysticism. But in some of the ancient religions, by a kind of providential immobility, the types of the primitive dogma have been preserved so entirely without change, that it may still be read without an effort in the many monuments of them which survive. This is eminently true of the religions of Egypt and Etruria.

The Greek historians and philosophers found in the Egyptian polytheism the original of most of the gods of their own Olympus; but there is no doubt that this identity of Egyptian and Greek deities is little more than an identity of names, and that notwithstanding the enormous multitude of its local deities, and the crude and literal creature-worship in its very lowest form which pervaded the popular religion of Egypt, the primal dogma of one Supreme Being is nevertheless more distinctly recognisable in it than in that of her younger and more imaginative rival. Among the gods of Egypt there stands out one, the mysterious Ra, who, whatever the honours paid in the various provinces to their local gods, is universally recognized as the king and father. He was 'the god of the two zones, who begets himself.' It was he 'who was in the beginning.' He was 'the only generator in heaven and earth, not being himself generated.' The gods of the celestial abode had no part in their own production; it was Ra 'who gave birth to them, one and all.' And although the Egyptians admitted, in common with the Greeks and other ancient polytheistic races, the distinction of male and female gods, Ra alone stands apart from the idea of sex. He alone has no goddess by his side. It is true that, with that inconsistency which is the characteristic of error, this being who was in the beginning, who begat himself, is still described as having had a mother, Neith. But Neith's conception of Ra is not attributed to the agency of any male divine being.

Ra himself is the author of his own being; he is at once begetter and begotten; and in the well-known inscription of Sais, the goddess Neith is made to declare her own independent maternity.

It is in this vaguely expressed but yet all-pervading pantheistic notion, identifying Ra with the sun, that Dr. Döllinger traces the first origin of those influences which, in the Egyptian creed, have clouded over the primal doctrine of a living Creator-God. Neith, the passive female principle, comes in as the solution of the mystery of self-existence, to man's unaided intellect incomprehensible; and she holds the same place with that of the Hyle in the Oriental, or Chaos in the Greek systems,—the primitive matter, of itself incapable of creating, yet bearing in its bosom the male or generative principle, from which its own fecundity is to be drawn. 'God, self-generating, that is, separating himself from the maternal womb of nature, is gone forth as the sun, from whom now all life and forms in nature have proceeded.'*

And in this he finds an explanation of one of the most remarkable of the discrepancies between the Egyptian and the Greek theogony:—

'With this too we find the notion, so strongly prominent in the Egyptian religious teaching; that the god is not only the son of the female deity attached to him, but also her consort, who again, along with his mother, begets a son, completing the triad. In this way the Arsaphes or ithyphallic Ammon at Thebes, the Manduli of Calabsche, Har-hat at Tentyra, and others, are the husbands of their mothers. This is the Egyptian way of viewing the world and the gods: from the aboriginal Hyle, the Chaos of the Greeks, a principle arises, a first conscious, all-mighty power. This still hidden god, the unrevealed, creates himself a body, the sun, and so becomes the revealed god, who again forms from matter a second divine being (or from his mother begets a son).†

Nevertheless, while the doctrinal teaching of Egypt exhibits so many traces of the primitive tradition of the one Creator-God, there is not one of the ancient systems in which that tradition, even while it was retained in the letter, was overlaid by so many, and by so hideous superstitions. Their cycle of gods, although wanting in that plastic idealism which characterizes the celestial world of the Greeks, is multiform almost beyond the possibility of enumeration. The bare recital of the names of the gods worshipped in the several nomes of Egypt occupies eight closely printed quarto pages in the index of Brugsch's *Geographie des alten*

* *The Gentile and the Jew*, vol. i. p. 440.

† *Ibid.*

Ægyptens,* although some headings comprise several distinct deities!

And it is plainly to Egypt, and the peculiar shame of Egypt, its deification of animals, that St. Paul points by his reference to 'birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.' An attempt has been made to idealize the animal-worship of Egypt, and to represent the sacred animals as holding in its system a purely typical or symbolical relation. But Dr. Döllinger makes it clear that 'the Egyptians saw in the sacred beasts not mere symbols of the gods, or emblems of divine properties: the people worshipped beasts, as Plutarch observed, directly and immediately; in their eyes the beasts were the bearers and vessels of deity; the gods made them the medium of their intercourse with men.' Some animals were worshipped universally throughout the land; as among quadrupeds the well-known Apis bull,† the lion, the cat, dogs, weasels, and others; among birds, the sparrow-hawk, the hoopoe, the stork, and the sheldrake; and among fish and reptiles, the eel, the lepidotus, and the sacred serpent Thermuthis: of others the worship was limited and local: and some which were adored

in one district were objects of disgust and abhorrence in another.

The moral bearings of the Egyptian beast-worship are of more importance for the subject which we have been considering:—

'The holy animals required a numerous staff of attendants and nurses from the families where this service was hereditary. They had their own sacred buildings and courts; whole fields were set apart for their sustenance; great hunting expeditions were arranged in order to supply the birds of prey with flesh to their taste. Incense was burnt before them; they were washed, anointed, richly appareled, and slept at night on soft cushions. As each house and family had its holy beast, the sorrow when it died was like that for a beloved child. If a cat died, all the members of the household cut off the hair of their eyebrows; but if a dog died, they shaved their heads and whole bodies. Many cities had the privilege of having deposited within them the mummies of particular species of beasts from the whole of Egypt. The ibis was appropriated to Hermopolis, the sparrow-hawk to Buto, the cats to Bubastis, and a boat transmitted the oxen to the island Prosopitis.

'The Egyptians consecrated their children by vow to these animals, or to the god to whom they were severally sacred. They shaved their heads entirely or partially, and took the weight of the hair in silver, which was expended to the use of the animal. Meanwhile there were still worse customs, which throw a very clear light upon the notions people fostered of these beast-gods. And the prohibition, so frequently repeated and so positively inculcated in the Pentateuch, against impurity with beasts, is explained when one considers in how many ways the Israelites were exposed to the sight of Egyptian habits and immoralities during their long sojourn in the Nile-country; and they had to be formally interdicted the worship of the he-goat besides.'

And yet, if we turn from this humiliating spectacle to the more picturesque mythology of Greece, the balance of moral superiority will hardly be found upon the side of the more intellectual race. Whatever is to be regarded as the original, or the congeries of originals, from which the Grecian religion sprung, it is certain that the idea of one Supreme Being had all but disappeared from the Greek creed, such as it is found at the period when the nation was laying the foundations of its very highest stage of culture. The earliest known Greek traditions, in this respect differing from the Egyptian, point to a sexual distinction of the two primal principles—the male god of the heavens, and the female god of the earth. The earliest forms of Greek worship bear marks of a time when the objects of adoration were

* *Geographie des alten Ægyptens, nach den alt-ägyptischen Denkmälern*, Leipzig, 1857.

† If any argument of the absolute and literal deification of the Apis bull were wanting, it has been unexpectedly supplied in the striking results of M. Mariette's most successful excavation of the Serapeum of Memphis. The cemetery of the god-bulls discovered by M. Mariette carries us back nearly four thousand years. The unrisfled tomb which he succeeded in penetrating still bore upon the mortar of the walled-up entrance the imprint of the hand of the mason who had sealed it up in the thirtieth year of Ramses II., upwards of 3700 years ago. And the hieroglyphic inscription, which M. Mariette has published, attests that the particular 'god' deposited therein was born in the 16th year of Nechao, on the 7th of Paophi; that he was installed in the temple of Phtah in the first year of Psammetichus II., on the 9th of Epiphi; that 'the manifestations of the god towards heaven' (i.e. his death) took place in the 12th year of Onaphres, on the 21st of Paoni, and that he lived 17 years 6 months and five days. The valuable offerings which had been deposited in the tomb all remained untouched and uninjured, and fully confirm by their character all the marvels of the ancient descriptions.

Among the many wonders of this astounding discovery, is the inscription of the identical Apis bull which was stabbed by Cambyzes in the thigh. The 'manifestation of this god towards heaven' is recorded to have taken place in the fourth year of Darius.

See Mariette's *Choix de Monuments et de Dessins, découverts ou exécutés pendant le Déblaiement du Serapeum de Memphis*. Par M. Aug. Mariette (Paris, 1857), p. 11.

Rawlinson mentions the discovery of the cemetery, but does not allude to this curious epitaph of the victim of Cambyzes's anger.—Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, II. 355.

still the formless powers of nature, not yet personified, or at least not yet treated as human persons; and even after the anthropomorphic mythology had reached its full development, traces of the older cultus were retained in the local worship of the various nations of the Greek community. Long after the richest treasures of Grecian art had been lavished upon the effort to render 'the human form divine' a fitting object of intelligent worship, the same deities whom the sculptor had laboured to present to the worshipper as the ideal of beauty, still continued to receive divine honour under the old unshaken types which belonged to the unidealized original creed. Thus 'Hera was worshipped in Samos and Thespiæ under the form of a plank; Athene of Lindus as a smooth, unwrought beam; the Pallas of Attica as a rough stake, and the Icarian Artemis as a log; Zeus Meilichios at Sicyon had a pyramid form; Zeus Casius was a rock; Apollo Aguius had the shape of an isosceles triangle; and the idols of the Charites at Orchomenos were rough stones that had fallen from heaven; and Hermes exhibited himself as a phallus.*

Nay, perhaps it may be said that when the distinctive characteristic of the Grecian mythologic dogma, and that in which it contrasts most favourably with the other religions of antiquity—its humanistic element—had pervaded every detail of the religious system, doctrinal, ritual, and ethical, the result, considered in its moral bearings, is even more humiliating. Mr. Gladstone, in his splendid apology of the place of ancient Greece in the providential order of the world, discovers the germ of this humanistic element in some dim recollection of the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.† But even if we accept this pleasing and highly ingenious theory, the perversion of that most blessed tradition of our race only makes it more painful to contemplate the gross and hateful corruptions which, in the Grecian mythology, that typical humanity was made to represent: Zeus, the artist's ideal of all that is dignified and majestic in man's nature, and yet the type of the vilest and most debasing passions of our race; Aphrodite, the triumph of the sculptor's craft, whose very form, such as it comes down to us in ancient art, is almost the apology of her worshippers—almost makes us

'To the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flesh that such a soul could
mould,'—

and at the same time the impersonation of the lowest grade of sexual passion, redeemed by no generous sentiment, elevated by no purifying association; Apollo, the ravisher and seducer, depicted, notwithstanding, as 'the god of life, and poesy, and light.'

'In whose eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity;—

these, and the many similar incarnations of crime which peopled the Greek Olympus, must, in the attractive forms in which Greek art invested them, have diffused through the moral atmosphere of the region in which they were enthroned, an influence a thousand times more seductive, and ten thousand times more corrupting, than the ram-headed Ammon or hawk-beaked Hor-hat of Egypt, than Set, with his docked ears and curved snout, or even than the shameless and ribald, but yet disgusting indecency of the ithyphallic Osiris.

We have not room, even if we did not lack inclination, to pursue the details of this view of the ethical influences of the Greek polytheism; but we must find space for a single extract on the moral effects of the myths, which, however difficult we may find it to realize, formed the very breath of the life of the popular religion:—

'The repugnance felt by philosophers and many orators and statesmen to the vulgar poetical mythology was not merely on account of the disgraceful conceptions of the gods therein propagated; in reality they were much more deeply moved by observing what constant progress would be made by these stories in the palliation of worse sins and immoralities of deeper dye, as well in individuals as in entire communities. Plato's remark on the myth of the rape of Ganymede was, "All the world lays the burden of this tradition upon the Cretans, and holds them to be the inventors of it; and as the belief was general that their laws were from Zeus, they did not fail to lay this myth at his door, in order to have a precedent in the god, in accordance with which they might perpetrate this abomination." Now general rumour only attributed the invention of that myth to the Cretans, because people held them to be the originators of the vice in question, which spread from them first over the whole of Hellas.'

Having enumerated some of these demoralizing influences, as well upon nations as upon individuals, he proceeds:—

'It was an acknowledged fact that the gods seduced men into perjury, which was considered almost the worst sin of all, in order to carry their own decrees into execution; and in Æschylus it is said, "to righteous fraud not

* *The Gentile and the Jew*, vol. i. p. 69.

† *Place of Greece in the Providential Order of the World*, p. 20.

even the god is alien." As the myths regarding Hermes put that god in the light of the special patron and protector of perjury, imposture, and thieving, Plato accordingly found it necessary to certify that none of the sons of Zeus had ever taken delight in deceit or violence, or had recourse to either; and he goes on to add, "and therefore no one should allow himself to be led astray by poet or mythologist, to wicked and deceitful notions about the like transgressions, or fancy that when he steals or plunders he does nothing he need be ashamed of, but only what the gods themselves have done." That the great thinker should have been obliged so strongly to insist upon this is a proof how widely these ideas were still current.

'Meanwhile, so long as heathendom existed, there was a dormant belief among the people in the historico-literal sense and the truth of the myths. From its first dawn of consciousness a Greek's intellect was fed upon myths, and his thoughts ran in the type of the myth. To subject this labyrinth of myths to examination, and so to reject some and retain others, would have been a task as troublesome as it was impossible for the generality. It was a matter of such general acceptance in the time of Socrates, that the gods had begotten sons with mortal women, that, on his trial, he rested his defence against his accuser Meletus upon it. And the Greeks were still prepared in some case to believe that such filiations were always taking place. The hero Astrabacus passed as the father of the Lacedæmonian king Demaratus in the time of the Persian war, as Plato did with his admirers for a real son of Apollo. It was exactly the same in Sparta. Even the circumstance of Lysander having been able to employ a pretended son of Apollo as a tool for the attainment of his ambitious views, is a proof how matters stood there with the popular belief at so late a period as a century after Demaratus; and if many doubted the fact, assuredly there were plenty of believers.'

A notion, it is true, has prevailed that, although such may have been the popular religion of Greece, and such may have been the crude belief of the uneducated populace, yet there existed in the well-known 'mysteries,' which formed so important a part of the religion, a corrective, as well for the dogmatical errors as for the moral perversion of the popular creed. The mysteries have been represented as supplying a secret code of doctrine, an explanatory commentary upon what in the popular creed, though accepted literally by the vulgar, was in reality but symbolical or significative; and thus, as having secretly maintained the pure monotheistic teaching in the midst of the popular superstition. One of the most interesting and valuable divisions of Dr. Döllinger's book is that in which he discusses the nature and history of the Greek mysteries, and he

there shows, beyond the possibility of question, the utter groundlessness of this theory regarding them. He proves that the mysteries contained no exposition of doctrine; that they involved no dogmatical teaching whatever; that their purport was purely dramatic; and that whatever of dogma was involved in the representations which constituted their chief and most characteristic feature, was meant but as a prelude or preparation for the purifications and sacrifices, which took place under their mysterious shadow.

Far, indeed, from finding in the mysteries anything to counteract the immoral influences of the popular creed, there needs but a brief study of the details of the several mysteries, Orphic, Samothracian, Lemnian, Eleusinian, above all the Thesmophoria and Sabazia, as described in Dr. Döllinger's elaborate and learned dissertation, in order to convince the most sceptical that their tendency must rather have been to lend to the perverse influence of the received polytheism the additional attraction which is inseparable from secrecy, and the additional danger which is always connected with concealment. The result will be fully to confirm the estimate of the moral and doctrinal value of the mysteries which was formed by the contemporary Christian witnesses, many of whom had themselves been admitted to initiation:—

'The judgment of Christian apologists on the mysteries is decidedly unfavourable and conveyed in terms of bitter invective. It is obvious that nothing was exhibited or taught in these institutions that had any affinity whatever to Christian doctrine, or that could be interpreted as favouring it, otherwise they would not have failed to avail themselves of it. Rather, they considered the mysteries as mainstays of the prevailing paganism, and schools too of the most ruinous and degrading superstition. It has been observed, that not one of these apologists actually asserts that he had been initiated. Tatian, however, while mentioning his journeys through different countries, and the investigations he had pursued of the manifold forms of heathen error, says once expressly that he had been admitted into the mysteries; and it would have been singular if, in so doing, he had entirely passed over the Eleusinia, the most celebrated and esteemed of all; for, when speaking of them, he asserts that the Athenians, who had converted the rape of Cora and the sorrows of Demeter for her daughter into a mystery, still continued to find people who allowed themselves to be deceived by them.

'There was at Athens then a community of Christians, among whom must have been many of the initiated. From Athens originally came Clement's master, Athenagoras, to whom we are indebted for the most exact account of the

mysteries. From thence the Christian apologists Quadratus and Aristides wrote. No Christian author who was in earnest about it could have experienced any difficulty in informing himself in detail of the contents of the Eleusinia, either by the writings or the oral testimony of his fellows in faith. Above all, there were men amongst them who, only after sifting the pagan religion and philosophy for years without arriving at certainty or repose of soul, had entered into communion with the Church of Christ. These, in the course of their examination, had undoubtedly tested that institute, which was usually esteemed the flower of the Hellenic religion. Gregory of Nazianzus lived at Athens a long time for the sake of study, in fact, at the very period when Julian, who was subsequently emperor, was on the most intimate footing with the hierophants, and he had probably had himself initiated. It would have been strange if, in a time of the intensest struggle between Christendom and heathendom, and active interchange of polemical writings, a young and ardent pursuer of knowledge like Gregory had never once taken the trouble to inquire of his Athenian co-religionists, who had embraced the faith only in their maturity, what it was that really took place in the Eleusinia. Now, as he mentions the scandalous things which the Demeter of the mysteries did and submitted to, and then adds, "I take shame to myself for drawing the mystery of darkness into the light; Eleusis knows it, and the Epoptæ, who conceal these things, which indeed deserve concealment;" surely the presumption is, he knew what he was saying. We learn from a heathen's own mouth, how often it happened that the purport of the Greek mysteries was exposed by the initiated who had become converts to Christianity in the very assemblies of the Christians. It was quite an ordinary thing, in the days of Libanius, for Christian bishops to allow women to come forward publicly in their congregations to disclose and to deride the secrets of the demons, of Ino, of the youth (Zagreus), of the Cabiri, and of Demeter.'

The one characteristic monument of the Greek intellect by which it stands distinguished beyond all the races of antiquity, is its philosophy; and to this, in all its schools and in all their mutual relations, Dr. Döllinger has rendered the fullest justice. His analysis of this vast and difficult subject is a masterpiece at once of clearness and condensation; and we deeply regret that our limits will not permit us to attempt even an outline. We should have desired especially to dwell somewhat on his account of Plato, which is exceedingly interesting, and which, for the history of Christianity in the third century, is of the utmost importance. But we must hasten on to the subject of Roman paganism; and as regards the most important bearing of the Greek philosophy for our present purpose—its value as an instrument of moral

regeneration, we must be content to say as much as may appear necessary when we shall have to speak of it in the form in which it was transplanted to Rome.

The primitive worship of the Romans was essentially an earth-worship; nor does any of the ancient religions present so large an assemblage of gods having a relation to the earth and its cultivation. Ceres the Romans had in common with other nations; but Tellus, Maia, and the Bona Dea, or Dea Dia of the Arval Brotherhood, were of genuine Roman origin. So were Flora, Vertumnus, the god of the seasons, and his consort Pomona, Pales, the god of shepherds, the singular deity Pilumnus, patron of grinding, and the still more fantastic divinities Picumnus and Stercutius, the gods of manure! But behind this crude and literal earth-worship there existed a strong monotheistic bias, the faint memory of the one nameless god whose worship formed the central point of the religion of the old Italic races; and the strangest feature in the development of the creed of Rome under the influence of the various races which combined to form that mighty nationality, is the contrast between this primitive monotheistic instinct, of which Dr. Döllinger finds traces down to the latest times, and the tendency which the Romans, beyond any other people of antiquity, exhibited to break up the idea of this one god, and to individualize and personify as a distinct divine being every several attribute, power and function, and even every mode of operation.

'The Romans, with their dry and practical understanding, went far farther than the imaginative Greeks in god-making, and gradually invented gods for every relation and action of life. To the principal deities, who had a distinct sphere of life assigned them—birth, for instance, marriage, and agriculture—they added a host of single subordinate gods, who sometimes were not even representatives of an action, but only of a circumstance, purely accidental and insignificant, accompanying an action. Many may have grown into independent gods out of a title assigned to a deity. The numbers were swelled by a troop of allegorical beings, who had temples and chapels erected to them.

'The boundary-god, Terminus, had his stone in the Jupiter temple on the Capitol, and the feast of the Terminalia, with its unbloody offerings, consecrated to neighbourly concord. The wood-god, Silvanus, was at once a guardian of bounds, a keeper-off of wolves, and a goblin, the terror of lying-in women; while against his pranks women who had given birth to a child required no less than three protecting deities, Interdona, Pilumnus, and Deverra, and for them a couch was prepared in the atrium, where the woman in labour lay. Vaticanus attended to the first cry of the newly-born

child, which, when laid upon the ground, according to Roman custom, the father took up; if he omitted to do so, the omission was equivalent to a repudiation, and the child was killed or exposed. Hence there was a goddess of this taking-up, a *Levana*. A cradle-goddess, *Cunina*, a *Statilinus*, an *Edusa* and *Potnia*, a *Paventia*, *Fabelinus*, and *Catius*, were all called into play in the first period of the child's life, of his nourishment, and speech. *Juventas*, a goddess of youth, had a temple, and a *lectisternium* was dressed up for her when the portents were threatening. *Orbona* also, the goddess of orphanage, had her sanctuary. Two temples were erected to the goddess of fever, who was invoked in precaution against this sickness. *Pietas*, *Pax*, *Bonus Eventus*, *Spes*, *Quies*, *Pudicitia*, *Honos*, *Virtus*, and *Fides*, had their temples or chapels. *Concordia* was particularly rich in sanctuaries.

It was even a special duty of the pontiffs to take care that each new want in life should, as it arose, receive its new and special patron-god. The conditions of early Roman society, when commerce consisted chiefly in exchange, and when cattle formed almost the only medium of barter, were satisfied with a single money-deity, *Pecunia*. But when, in the time of *Servius Tullius*, the use of copper money became general, *Pecunia* received a partner-god, *Æscularius*; and again, when towards the end of the fifth century of the city, silver money came into currency, a third deity, *Argentarius*, the son of *Æscularius*, was added to this strange calendar!

And yet, with all this endless multiplication of deities, there was still a craving after the unknown, itself no slender indication of that lost monotheistic worship, which would have filled up every void, manifested in a number of obscure and unexplained divinities, whose origin and nature were unknown, but whose worship was perhaps on that account the more scrupulously observed. Such was the goddess *Anna Perenna*, whose feast was held on the banks of the *Tiber* upon the fifteenth of March; such also were the *Mater Matuta*, the Sabine goddess *Vacuna*, and the *Stata Mater*, to whom fire was lighted under the open air at night, but of whom all accurate knowledge had long been lost in the days of *Ovid*. Such were the *Penates* of the Roman State, who were kept shrouded in mystery, both in the temple on the *Velian*, and in their ancient seat in the old Latin metropolis of *Lanuvium*. Such, above all, was the *Dea Dia*, a special goddess of that obscure and mysterious fraternity, the *Arval Brethren*, themselves, no less than their goddess, a problem to the learned.

Add to this limitless roll of purely native Latin, or at least *Italic* divinities, not alone 'Olympus' motley rout,' but the deities of all the kingdoms and provinces of East and

West, as they were successively incorporated in the Roman Empire,—*Syrian*, *Chaldean*, *Median*, *Egyptian*, *Persian*, *Phœnician*, *Gaulish*, *German*,—and it will be possible to form some notion of the bewildering maze of incongruous rites and contradictory dogmas in which the religion of Rome had become entangled during the long course of ages. So great had the confusion become, so puzzling the variety of objects of worship, that not alone in the poets and satirists, but in the gravest writers, we meet serious complaints of the impossibility of knowing to what god particular supplications are to be addressed. It became a practice of worshippers to address prayers, for greater caution, to many deities collectively, in the hope that among the number the favourable divinity might be found. It was not uncommon to add at the end of the list a comprehensive formula, intended to embrace any others who might have been improperly omitted; and there were even some worshippers, who made it a point, in order to exclude all possibility of a defective enumeration, to add to their prayers the still more sweeping clause, 'whether it be a god or a goddess!'

The adoption of the rites of other nations by the Romans was not a mere external ceremonial. The incorporation of the foreign deities into Roman worship was understood in the hardest and most literal sense. The well-known practice of 'calling forth' the native gods from the temples of the conquered cities, is only one out of many indications of the material signification which was attached to the change of place of the newly incorporated deity, his abandonment of his old home, and his adoption of his new domicile. And the notion of a local divine presence was entertained quite as firmly, and with the same practical results in worship, regarding the statues of the gods themselves. The account which *Seneca* gives of the service rendered to the statues of the gods, as though they were animated beings with conscious wants and cares, would be amusing if the picture were not too humiliating:—

'One,' he writes, 'sets by the side of a god a rival deity; another shows Jupiter the time of day; this one acts the beadle, the other the anointer, pretending by gesture to rub in the ointment. A number of coiffeurs attend upon Juno and Minerva, and make pretence of curling with their fingers, not only at a distance from the images, but in the actual temple. Some hold the looking-glass to them; some soliciting the gods to stand security for them; while others display briefs before them, and instruct them in their law-suits. Artists, in fact, of every kind, spend their time in the temples, and offer their services to the immortal gods. Women take their seats in the Capitol,

pretending that Jupiter is enamoured of them, and not allowing themselves to be intimidated by the presence of Juno.*

On the other hand, Augustus punished Neptune for the loss of a fleet in a storm, by forbidding his image to be carried in the procession of the next Circensian Games. And even the great high-priest of the new restoration of Paganism, the reformer Julian, took an oath that he would never again sacrifice to Mars, being enraged because the beautiful bulls which he had destined for Mars's altar lay down and refused to be led to the sacrifice.

If evidence were needed of the reality of the belief on which these and countless similar services of the statues of the gods are based, it would be found in the well-known rite of Theopœa—the art of inducting the gods into their statues, and compelling them by prayers and ceremonies to take up their abode within the stone or metal of which the image was formed. This was considered a most sacred and efficacious mode of worship; and St. Augustine appeals to writings extant in his own time, 'in which Hermes instructs his son Asclepius, that it is in man's power to animate images by means of the secret art handed down amongst them, and to compel the gods to a union with the images, similar to that of soul with body.'*

It is hardly necessary to add, that the religion based on these observances was the merest formalism, without even a pretence of interior sentiment. Sylla, whose name is to our ears the synonyme for every hideous crime, but who, by his contemporaries, was reputed a special favourite of the gods, ascribed all his good fortune to a little image of Apollo from Delphi, which he always carried about with him, and used to embrace in the presence of his troops, imploring it to grant them victory. Augustus was made unhappy if his left shoe was presented to him of a morning instead of the right. The whole efficacy of a rite was supposed to depend on the exact observance of the external ceremonial. If a single word or action were omitted; if a single circumstance were out of place; if the horses which drew the sacrificial or processional car broke down; if the driver let the reins fall, or took them in his left hand;—the entire ceremonial was vitiated, and it became necessary to resume it in the new. Instances are on record in which for some such failure it was found necessary to recommence no less than thirty times; and two priests, Cornelius Cethegus and Quintus Sulpicius, were degraded at the same time from the sacerdotal office, the first

because he had not laid the entrails of the victim quietly on the altar, the second because his cap had fallen off his head during the ceremony!

The Roman religion in regard to the dead was in many respects peculiar. It can hardly be doubted that in its origin it was identical with the Etrurian and the Egyptian; and the older traditions which Virgil has embodied in his hero's visit to Hades, contained distinctly the belief of a judgment, of a state of rewards and punishments, and even of a purgatorial ordeal after death. But in the later republic there was combined with this notion, if indeed it did not supplant it, some vague idea of the divine or supernatural character of the departed spirits, in which was founded the strange and hardly intelligible worship of the *Di Manes*. The services of the dead, accordingly, were partly in the nature of a worship, the object of which was to propitiate the departed spirit and avert any malevolent influence, partly, like the offerings depicted on the Egyptian and Etrurian monuments, as a provision for the supposed wants and enjoyments of the deceased in that world beyond the grave to which he had departed. The numberless epitaphs which present the familiar form *in pace*, which was early consecrated to Christian use in the Catacombs, although commonly said to be vague aspirations, can hardly be separated in their primitive significance from the well-known prayer to Osiris, whose original meaning is of course clearly determined from a thousand evidences in the Book of the Dead, 'Be of good cheer, lady! May Osiris grant thee the cooling water!'*

* Εἰδοχέη, κυρία καὶ ἀνίστοσθ' Ὁσίρις το ψυχῶν τόπον.
—Böckh, *Inscriptiones Græcæ*, vol. iii. N. 6562.
All the numerous copies of the Book of the Dead which have been deciphered, however they differ in details, agree in placing in the very clearest light the ancient belief of Egypt in the immortality of the soul, a state of rewards and punishments after death, a judgment according to which these retributions were awarded, and the practice of intercessory prayer on behalf of the deceased, that the judgment may be propitious. The details of the judgment are most curious, and are often exhibited in sculpture or in a drawing upon the papyrus. Osiris, with his crown, staff, and scourge, presides. At the scales in which the actions of the deceased are to be weighed, stands the jackal-headed Anubis. Horus, with his hawk head, adjusts the index of the balance, while the ibis-headed Thoth is ready with his book to note down the result; and around and above sit the forty-two assessor-gods, to whom in succession the accused is called on to deny that he has been guilty of any of the forty-two capital sins of which these forty-two are, respectively, the attesting witnesses. Prayers on behalf of the accused abound. 'May Ptahah-Sokari-Osiris,' says one, 'vouchsafe good dwelling, provide with victuals, with flesh of oxen and geese, with perfume, wine, milk, wax, and fillets,

But to pursue these details, however important for our purpose, would carry us far beyond our allotted limits, and we shall only advert to one or two other points, which are too remarkable to be passed over.

The very name of the first of these may possibly appear startling to some readers; namely, the question whether human sacrifice formed a part of the Roman worship, and especially in the later stages of Roman civilization. So little had such a possibility entered into the minds even of our most cultivated students, that when, upwards of twenty years ago, Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, proposed the question to Mr. Macanlay and Sir Robert Peel, it came entirely by surprise upon both these eminent scholars. The first, with characteristic impetuosity, replied by a most decided negative, and the second confessed himself altogether unprepared for the authorities on the affirmative side which were preferred by Lord Mahon. The result of the whole correspondence, which is printed by Lord Stanhope in his most agreeable collection of *Miscellanies*,* leans on the whole strongly towards the negative side, chiefly, it would appear, on the ground that the witnesses are unworthy of credit, some of them being foreigners, and others having the additional disqualification of being Christians, and thus prejudiced in the cause; and Dean Milman in his *History of Christianity* unhesitatingly adopts the same view. It is a very remarkable illustration of the laborious erudition of Dr. Döllinger, that whereas his work appeared several years before the publication of Lord Stanhope's *Miscellanies*, he had anticipated all the authorities brought forward in that discussion, and had produced in addition several others fully as important. He does not go so far as to say with Gieseler whose assertion, on the authority of Lactantius, 'that Jupiter Latiaris was even still worshipped in human blood,' had led to the discussion proposed by Lord Stanhope), that such sacrifices were of yearly occurrence; but he maintains that many instances are to be found even in later times. The same view is supported with remarkable ability and learning by a later writer, Sir John Acton; and we confess that it appears to us impossible, unless by arbitrarily discrediting the testimony of perfectly competent witnesses, to resist the weight of evidence which

he brings forward. Having referred to a number of very curious indications, preserved both in the rites and in the sacred books and traditions of the Roman religion, of the existence of the practice of human sacrifice among the Romans and their kindred races in the prehistoric times, he proceeds:—

'But it was not always that human sacrifice was supplied for by these unbloody representatives. In spite of the disinclination manifested by the Romans to such victims, and the dislike with which they observed the use of them among other nations, they themselves had frequent enough recourse to the same means of propitiation. In the year 227 B.C., it was discovered from the Sibylline books that Gauls and Greeks were to make themselves masters of the city. To ward off this danger, a decree was passed that a man and woman of each of those two nations should be buried alive in the forum, and so should fulfil the prediction by being allowed to take that kind of possession of the city. It was done; and though Livy speaks of it as a thoroughly un-Roman sacrifice, yet it was often repeated. Plutarch mentions a similar one of Greeks and Gauls, on the occasion of two vestal virgins being deflowered, and a third struck with lightning, which was regarded as a prodigy portentous of evil. In the year 95 B.C., indeed, all human sacrifices were interdicted by decree of the senate; up to that time, as Pliny says, they had been performed in public; but on extraordinary occasions it was thought admissible to set aside this prohibition: and the same Pliny observes, that instances of it had occurred in his time. There was a particular form of prayer for this kind of sacrifice, when carried into effect by burying alive, which the master of the college of the Quindecimviri had to repeat first, the peculiar force of which, Pliny remarks, made itself felt by every one who read it.

'In times of violence and disturbance, the idea of a strange effectiveness in human sacrifice always returned upon the people. Once, when a tumult was raised by Caesar's soldiers in Rome, two of them were sacrificed to Mars by the pontiffs and the flamen martialis in the Campus Martius, and their heads were fixed upon the Regia, the same as in the sacrifice of the October horse. Besides this, the Romans were familiar with the notion of offering human lives as victims of atonement for the dead; this was the object with which gladiatorial games had begun. In the slave war, Spartacus took a heavy revenge when he dedicated to his fallen comrade Crixus a mortuary offering of three hundred Roman prisoners, whom he made to fight around the funeral-pile. The triumvir Octavian afterwards competed with the slave general, when he caused three hundred prisoners to be put to death, as an offering of expiation, at the altar of Divus Julius, on the surrender of Perugia. The fact has been doubted on the ground that the times and manners of the age would not have suffered it; but the evidence is far too strong. The previously mentioned example of a sacrificial

and all other goods in which the divine life consists! 'Mayest thou live,' we read in another, 'and receive thy book of migrations, and fulfil all thy metamorphoses; may thy soul attain to every sanctuary well-pleasing to thee! The idea of a purgation after death also is plainly indicated—See *Gentile and Jew*, vol. i. p. 462.

* Stanhope's *Miscellanies*, p. 112, and following.

murder committed by the most distinguished Roman priests, in the heart of Rome, on Roman soldiers, shows how little custom was a restraint: and the time was that of the proscriptions, and of promiscuous butchery, in which citizen blood was poured out like water. Sextus Pompeius, too, had men thrown alive into the sea along with horses, as an oblation to Neptune, at the time when his enemies' fleet was destroyed by a great storm. Caligula's having innocent men dressed out as victims, and then thrown down precipices, as an atonement for his life, was indeed the act of a bloodthirsty tyrant; but it shows what ideas were abroad. In the year 270 A.D., further proof was given that, in spite of the late decree issued by Hadrian, recourse was still had, from time to time, to these means of appeasing the angry gods in dangers threatening the state, when, on an irruption of the Marcomanni, the Emperor Aurelian offered the senate to furnish it with prisoners of all nations for certain expiatory sacrifices to be performed.'

And there subsisted, far on into the Christian times, a rite which supplies a most curious confirmation of the previous use of actual human sacrifice in the worship of Jupiter Latiaris. The image of Jupiter was annually *sprinkled with human blood*, not indeed with the blood of a victim specially slain for the purpose, but with the blood that was shed by the gladiators in the games. A priest caught in a cup the blood of a gladiator who had just been wounded, and flung it, still warm, at the face of the god. Dr. Döllinger cites in attestation of this strange and startling rite, several passages of Tertullian, Tatian, Justin the Martyr, Minucius Felix, Lactantius, Firmicus Maternus, Athanasius, and the author of the book *De Spectaculis*. Of these Tatian speaks as having himself been an eye-witness of the horrible ceremonial.

Among the peculiar usages of the later paganism of Rome, we shall only mention two others—one, the bloody rite of the *criobolium* and *taurobolium*, in which the victim, a ram or bull, was sacrificed on a stage perforated with holes, so that the blood passed through like rain on the aspirant for purification, who stood below, and having caught the bloody shower upon his person, but especially upon his head, lips, eyes, nose, and tongue, exhibited himself to the people dripping with blood, and was by them revered on bended knees as a perfectly pure and hallowed being; the other, the apotheosis of the living emperors and other members of the imperial family. The eagerness with which this servile profanation of religion implied in the apotheosis, was accepted by the Romans; the earnestness with which cities contended with each other for the honour of being admitted to the privilege of sharing the

worship; the enormous prices which were paid by rival candidates for enrolment in the ministry of the emperor-god, are perhaps among the most painful evidences of the hopeless degradation of the public mind of Rome. Between the first deification of Cæsar and the apotheosis of Diocletian, fifty-three of these strange apotheoses are enumerated, in fifteen of which the subjects were ladies of the imperial family!

Now, in order fully to realize the moral results of this religion, it is necessary to go back to the contemporary literature. People have read and thought vaguely of the drunken orgies of the Bacchanals, and of the organized prostitution of the Aphrodisian festival, the abomination of the Pannychis or Pervigilium Veneris. But these things are regarded as exceptional; and few have ever considered the degree in which the corrupting influences of his religion entered into the very essence, day by day, of the social existence of the Roman; how they met him in every incident of life,—in business, in pleasure, in literature, in politics, in arms, in the theatres, in the streets, in the baths, at the games, in the decorations of his house, in the ornaments and service of his table, in the very conditions of the weather and the physical phenomena of nature. It is not easy to call up as a reality the intending sinner addressing to the deified vice which he contemplates a prayer for the success of his design; the adulteress imploring of Venus the favours of her paramour; the harlot praying for an increase of her sinful gains; the pander begging the protection of the goddess on her shameful trade; the thief praying to Hermes Dolios for aid in his enterprise, or offering up to him the first-fruits of his plunder; young maidens dedicating their girdles to Athene Apaturia; youths entreating Hercules to expedite the death of a rich uncle! And yet these things, and far worse than these, meet us over and over again in every writer who has left a picture of Roman manners in the later Republic and under the commencement of the Empire. The ideal character of Jupiter, as it stood in the popular mythology, is confessed by the gravest of the Roman moralists, Seneca, to have been the fertile source of corruption. 'What else,' he asks, 'is this appeal to the precedent of the gods for, but to inflame our lusts, and to furnish license and excuse for the corrupt act under the divine protection?' In another place, in denouncing the many myths regarding Jupiter, which represent him as an adulterous ravisher and corrupter of youth to unnatural lust, he declares that 'this has led to no other result than to deprive sin of its shame in man's eyes, by showing him the

gods no better than himself? Nor could there be a more striking evidence of the hold which these notions as to their gods had taken of the popular mind than the belief which Valerius Maximus tells was current among the people after the fatal battle of Cannæ; namely, that that signal disaster of the Roman arms was due to the jealous revenge of Juno against the general Varro, because he had, when ædile, placed a beautiful youth by the side of her too susceptible consort Jupiter, in the procession of the Circensian games!

These demoralizing myths were brought before the eye in every conceivable form,—in worship, in works of art, and as subjects for the decoration of public and private buildings; above all, in the spectacles, and upon the stage. The most favourite subjects were the loves of Venus with Mars and Adonis, the adventures of Jupiter with Ganymede, with Alcmena, with Leda, and with Danaë; and they were often accompanied with pantomime, sometimes with the even more naked reality, of an indecency so gross and so patent as to be utterly inconceivable to modern ideas, although exhibited in the presence of the public of every age, sex, rank, and profession. ‘The sacerdotal colleges and authorities,’ says Arnobius, ‘flamens, angurs, and chaste vestals, all have places at these public amusements.’ We need only add that the moral enormities which these writers ascribe to the scenic representation of such myths upon the stage, were attributed just as nakedly to the public worship of the temples, by one whose authority on such revolting particulars is but too indisputable,—Ovid in the second book of his *Tristia*:—

‘Quis locus est templis augustior? hæc quoque
vitet,

In culpam si qua est ingeniosa suam.

Quum steterit Jovis æde; Jovis succurret in
æde,

Quam multas matres fecerit ille Deus.

Proxima adoranti Junonia templa subibit,

Pellicibus multis hanc doluisse Deam.

Pallade conspecta, natum de erimine virgo

Sustulerit quare, quæret, Erichthonium.

Venerit in magni templum, tua munera, Martis;

Stat Venus Ultori juncta viro ante fores.

Isidis æde sedens, cur hanc Saturnia, quæret,

Egerit Ionio Bosphorioque mari.

In Venere Anchises, in Luna Latmius heros,

In Cerere Jasion, qui referatur, erit.

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes:

Stant tamen illa suis omnia tuta locis.*

The influence of philosophy as a corrective of these evils in the Roman social system

was hardly appreciable. We have already spoken in high terms of Dr. Döllinger's review of the Greek philosophy. His account of the Greek schools as they found a home at Rome, is perhaps even a more favourable specimen of his learning and critical ability, but, like his summary of the Greek philosophy, it is too vast to permit our entering regularly into the subject. We must be content with summing up the results in their bearing upon what alone interests us in the present inquiry,—the value which may be assigned to the Roman schools of philosophy as an instrument of the religious and moral regeneration of human nature.

And as a compendious commentary on this part of the subject, we are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. Allie's *Formation of Christendom*, a work of remarkable brilliancy and power, composed, it is true, like Dr. Döllinger's, from the Roman Catholic point of view, but in a spirit which will command the sympathies of every cultivated religious mind. In Mr. Allie's summary, the history of Roman philosophy begins practically with Cicero, and for our present purpose we may confine ourselves to the three schools which prevailed at Rome in Cicero's time, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic. Now, taking the account which Cicero himself has left us of their teaching upon the very foundations of belief and of morality, we shall see how worse than worthless they must be regarded, as means for the preservation of a sound moral tone, much less as instruments for the regeneration of a society corrupted to its very core. Assume that, amid their endless contradictions and incongruities, it is possible to recognise a belief in one God, the Supreme Ruler and Orderer of things, yet the idea of God which they present is either directly material or some vague form of pantheism; and among the twenty-seven names which Cicero makes Velleius enumerate, in the dialogue *De natura Deorum*, and which comprise every name of note from Thales downwards, there is not one in whom we can discover the notion of a personal immaterial Being. Still less did those among them whose views regarding the soul of man seem the most promising, succeed in realizing the notion of its enduring personal existence after death. The majority, it is well known, believed the soul to perish at death; and the very highest conception entertained regarding it was as ‘something of fiery, aerial, or ethereal nature, or like the harmony of a musical instrument, or a portion of the universal world-soul, which after death is dissolved again into that from which it had sprung, as a flask filled with water in the sea, when broken, returns the severed

* *Tristia*, lii. 287-302.

portion to the surrounding element.* A necessary consequence of the obscurity of the idea of God was the failure of all correct conception of the nature of good and evil. The supreme good once lost, the moral horizon was limited by the visible world. Now in the visible world the intermixture of good and evil, and indeed the seeming predominance of the latter, had led, as well in philosophy as in common life, to the notion of the co-eternity of evil with good, and thus to the same moral consequences which flowed from the direct dualistic system of the Oriental religions,—the denial of all freedom of will, of all distinction of merit and demerit, and, in a word, of all personal or individual responsibility. Mr. Allies illustrates very strikingly, in the example of Cicero, the utter absence of the religious element as a principle of moral action:

‘Cicero, without being himself a philosopher, was yet perhaps “Rome’s least mortal mind;” and it was his purpose, after studying the whole field of Grecian thought, to present to his countrymen what he found most worthy of value. He was an eclectic who, with a vast treasure-house at command, selects a picture here, a statue there, a rich mosaic, a costly table, an inlaid couch, the work of men long passed away, for his own intellectual museum; and as he died in the last half century before the Christian period, his writings serve to show us what Grecian and Roman antiquity was as to morals and religion. In his work *Upon Duties*, he passes with short mention over the duties of man towards the Godhead, though he does indeed assign them the first rank before all others; in what they consist we do not learn. Nowhere is theology brought into an inward connexion with morality, nor are moral commands and duties rested on the authority, the will, the model of the Godhead. His motives are always drawn from the beauty and excellence of the *honestum*, from the evil and shameful of crime. If, when a witness is to give testimony on oath, he reminds him to reflect that the presence of God has been invoked, this God changes at once into his own soul, as the most Godlike thing which the Godhead has given to man. The idea of a retribution after death was not merely strange to him, as to so many of his contemporaries, but he openly declares it in one of his speeches to be an absurd fable, which every man, as he adds, takes it for. Dost thou hold me for so crazed as to believe such things? he makes a listener exclaim at the mention of judgment under the earth after death; and as to the condition after death, Cicero knows but one alternative, either cessation of existence or a state of happiness.’

Thus it seems plain that the claim of immortality, which in words is asserted for ‘man’s diviner part,’ in reality resolves itself into a vague belief that, as in its birth it was

but an emanation of the great world-soul, so in the dissolution of the body it returns to the universal soul once more; and the very grandest of the dicta of the ancient philosophers upon the spirituality of the soul, lose, when closely tested, all their importance as bearing upon morality, because they fail to convey a sense of what alone gives moral value to the doctrine, the soul’s individuality or its personal character and existence.

Equally painful is the absence in the *practical* teaching of the Roman philosophy, of all clear notion of a Divine Providence observing and directing all human things and actions, and dispensing reward or punishment in accordance with their deserts. At the best, the very wisest speak with a conscious doubtingness, which, as a principle of action, must be felt to have been utterly valueless. The prevailing tone, founded upon the limited observation of the frequent oppression of virtue and triumph of guilt in human life, coupled with the almost universal doubt as to a compensating balance of retribution in a future state, is of that blank and almost contemptuous despair, which is exhibited in Tacitus’ sarcastic commentary on the fate of his friend Soranus:—‘*Æquitate deum erga bona malaque documenta*:’* ‘such is the equity of the gods towards good and evil actions!’ or in the impotent despair of the epitaph which Mabillon has preserved in his *Museum Italicum*,† of a girl cut off at the early age of twenty: ‘*I lift my hands against the God who took away my innocent life!*’

And it is impossible to resist the painful conviction that it is vain to seek in Greek or Roman philosophy or letters, for anything to correct this practical scepticism, or to supply a certain hope of immortal life or providential retribution beyond the grave. ‘Cicero pleading,’ says Mr. Allies, ‘mocks such a belief as absurd; but the pleader addresses himself to the general standard of human feeling and opinion. Cicero, philosophizing, wherein he addresses an eclectic audience of higher minds, would fain believe it, but dies, at sixty-three, before he has made up his mind. Virgil, as a poet, sets forth the old tradition, in which a certain sort of future life, with an accompanying retribution, appears; but he significantly dismisses his guests through that ivory gate which, he says, transmits falsehood.’

Such was the condition of the heathen

* Tacitus, *Annal.* lvi. 33.

† Vol. i. p. 79. The epitaph is as follows:—

PROCOPE · MANVS · LERO (LEVO) · CONTRA ·
DEVM · QVI · ME · INNOCENTEM · SVS ·
TVLIT · QVAE · VIXIT · ANNOS · XX ·
POS · PROCLVS ·

* *The Formation of Christendom*, by T. W. Allies, p. 81.

world as to dogmatic belief. Such were the moral results of that belief, which its own teachers and writers have attributed to its influence. The picture which Dr. Döllinger has drawn of its actual condition, moral and social, is too terrific to dwell on. The influence of the horrible institution of slavery as it existed in Rome in swelling the torrent of crime and shame with which Roman society was inundated, is pointed out with his habitual learning and clearness by Dr. Döllinger, and Mr. Allies has treated the same theme with remarkable vigour and brilliancy. But the necessities of space compel us to pass them by. We can but refer to them for details of the picture. Supported as it is in all its minutest circumstances by the testimony of the whole body of contemporary Greek and Roman literature, it supplies a painfully circumstantial commentary on the dark lines in the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. And it furnishes the plainest evidence of the historical truth of the statement which St. Paul has made inferential, by tracing unmistakably the connexion between the perverted religion and the corruption of life. What a light is thrown upon the 'wherefore' with which the apostle introduces, as a consequence of their having 'changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man,' that black catalogue of crime which in his day made up the moral history of the world, by the cool matter-of-fact justification of the violation of Enclio's daughter, which Plautus puts into the mouth of Lyconides—

'Factum 'st. Fieri infectum non potest. Deos credo voluisse; nam, ni vellent, non fieret scio!'

And thus, at Rome in particular, as St. Paul in universal Heathendom, we trace directly back to that creed which had taken as its highest type 'the likeness of corruptible man,' to those temples which had become theatres of obscenity and haunts of prostitution, at once the inspiration and the vitality of that monstrous condition of society at Rome which has been the shame of our nature; where chastity had almost ceased even in name; where harlotry was so ordinary and so accepted an incident of life, that the rigid censor Cato could commend it; where unmarried profligacy was so universal, that not all the rigour of the law could induce men to sacrifice the pleasures of unburdened freedom by marrying; where marriage itself was commonly sought, both by men and women, chiefly for the opportunity of sensual indulgence which it supplied, and every

means was employed to escape the burden which it imposes; where women, unmarried and married, habitually resorted to every expedient,—abortion, exposition of children, and even worse,—to avoid the pains of child-bearing or the burden of rearing and maintaining children;* where even the hideous abomination to which St. Paul alludes rivalled in its frequency, and surpassed in its grossness, the unnatural immorality which of old had been the shame of Greece; where a branch of the wealthy Roman's house was a *Pædagogium*, of whose inmates a painfully significant description is given by Seneca: 'Dressed out like a woman, he struggles with his years; he must not go beyond the age of youth; he is kept back, and though his figure be massive as that of a fighter, he has a smooth chin when the hair is rubbed away or plucked out by the roots;' where such youths were bought and sold by public contract, and at enormous prices; where the suitor in a cause did not hesitate to offer to the judge a present of such a youth as a bribe; and where hardly a prominent character in Roman history can be cleared from the nameless infamy;—almost every great name in literature (not excepting Cicero himself), and no fewer than fifteen out of the first sixteen Emperors, and among them Adrian, Titus, and even Antoninus Pius, being included in the black calendar!

We must pass very hurriedly over the division on Judaism. It is a most complete and comprehensive summary of the history, the doctrine, the moral condition, and the social and political institutions of the Jewish people, and particularly in so far as they present either an analogy or a contrast with the religions of the Gentile world,—the relations between the doctrinal and legal ordinances of the Mosaic dispensation; the moral, social,

* The reader of the chapter entitled, 'Young America,' in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *New America*, can hardly fail to be startled by the remarkable analogy which that chapter exhibits with the social condition described in these pages—the same disinclination to marriage among men, the same shrinking from the burden of children among women; and, what is worst, the same cynical candour in avowing and even justifying both. It is painful to attach credit to a representation so horrible; but we fear from other indications that there is but too much justification for it in the facts. Messrs. Trübner's American book-circular has more than once contained notices of publications which could have no existence were not Mr. Hepworth Dixon's statements well founded. Even in one of the latest numbers we find several books of this character, and the advertisement of one of these books is accompanied by a notice which seems to place beyond all question the reality of the monstrous evil which it denounces. See Trübner's *American and Oriental Literary Record*, June 15, 1867, p. 31.

* Plautus, *Aulularia*, Act iv. Sc. x. 11, 12.

and political considerations in which the latter was founded; the extent to which the prohibitions as well as the ordinances were influenced by the danger of idolatry and moral perversion to which the Jews of the Exodus were exposed; how far these prohibitions and ordinances are to be regarded as temporary and local, and how far they were modified, even for the Jews themselves, by later legislation, or by tradition and traditional interpretation.

In a literary point of view, probably the most interesting chapter is that on the sects, or more properly the schools, of Judaism,—the Chasidim, the Sadducees, the Pharisees, the Essenes, the Therapeutæ, and of the Platonist, Philo. The sketch of Philo's philosophico-religious system, especially of his views regarding Ideas, the Logos, and Angels, is most luminous and exhaustive; its interest, however, belongs less to the first age of Christianity than to the Neo-Platonic period and the Christian history of the third and fourth centuries. But the account of the Pharisees and Sadducees will be read with great interest for our present purpose. It presents, without reproducing the discussions, all the results of the latest biblical scholarship and research; and places in a very clear and intelligible light as well the characteristic views of both these schools, as their relation to each other and to their common nationality, tracing very clearly the origin of the foreign element of Sadduceeism, and the manner in which that foreign character influenced the position of the Sadducees, as a political party no less than as a religious school.

The sect of the Essenes has been still less understood, and there were in reality many striking incongruities in its constitution. These sectaries rivalled even the Pharisees in the rigour of their interpretation of many points of the law, and yet they rejected what may be regarded as the central point towards which the whole law converged—the sacrifice of animals, and thus the entire sacrificial worship of the temple. They were strictly monotheistic in their belief regarding God, and yet they practised a worship towards the sun, which, besides that it contravenes a direct commandment of the law, can hardly be understood as other than divine. They believed in the existence of angels, in common with the rest of the Jews; but they mixed up this belief with a variety of mystic doctrines and theories. They were highly ascetic in their observances, yet their asceticism was clearly of foreign origin, and differed widely both in its circumstances and its character from that of the more familiarly known Jewish ascetics, the Nazarites.

The leading element of Essenianism, in truth, was an emanation of that Orphico-Pythagorean school which existed at Alexandria, and which is known, in common with the Essenes, to have rejected animal sacrifice and the use of flesh-meat. From this school also they derived their notions as to the sun, and the singular practices connected therewith, and especially the care with which they were instructed to guard against defiling his rays by suffering them to fall upon anything impure. On the other hand, in their observance of the Sabbath, they went beyond the very strictest of the Pharisees, 'not only preparing their food the day before, to avoid lighting a fire on the Sabbath, but not even allowing a vessel to be moved from its place, or any of their own natural wants to be satisfied.' They were strict communists, all their property and all the proceeds of their labour being held in common, under the control of stewards elected by the body. They practised the most rigid obedience, no Essene ever doing anything except under the direction of his superior. Celibacy, too, was an indispensable duty: Pliny calls them 'the "everlasting" people, among whom no one is ever born;' and their poverty rivalled that of the Christian monks of the desert, their food and clothing being limited to the barest necessities, and it being held unlawful to lay aside or even to change their clothes or shoes, until they were completely worn out.

'Ideas about the purity or impurity of material things swayed the whole life of the Essenes, to a degree seldom equalled by any other creed, and rendered their intercourse with others far more difficult than that of the Jews with the heathens. Mere contact with one who was not an Essene, or with even one of their own people of a lower grade, was considered contaminating, and required ceremonies of purification. Oil was also held to be defiling; so if any one had been anointed against his will, he had to wash his body immediately. Meals in common were looked upon quite as religious actions: every one washed his whole body beforehand, and put on a clean linen garment, which he took off again as soon as the meal was ended. The baker placed the bread before each guest, and the cook in like manner a plate with one mess; the priest blessed the victuals, and no one dared to taste anything before the prayer was said. Thus we see each meal was a sacrificial one; and it is of these sacrifices that Josephus speaks when he says that, although excluded from the common sanctuary of the Jews, the Essenes nevertheless performed the same sacrifices in their own domestic circle. . . .

'The Essenes only received persons of mature age, and these not till after a year of probation. The admission was a gradual one. After the expiration of the year, the novice

was only admitted to the holy purifications by water, but not to the meals. Then followed a further period of trial two years long, during which, if they evinced sufficient proofs of strength of character and endurance, the complete reception ensued, upon which they took a solemn oath, the last permitted to them. The oath enjoined, besides the rules of strict morality, secrecy as to all the concerns of the society, even if they were tortured to death for it. The fate of those expelled from their body for any offence was pitiable: being bound by their vows, they could not receive any food from others, and were therefore obliged to eat nothing but herbs till they slowly wasted away, and were only readmitted from compassion, when at the last extremity, to save their dying of starvation. The Essenes were divided into four classes, according to the date of their admission; and an Essene of a higher class was obliged to purify himself if touched by a brother of inferior rank. They were thoroughly Pythagorean in teaching that the soul, which emanated from the finest ether, was girt by the chain of the body, into which it was plunged by some natural power of attraction: when once freed from this bodily chain, as out of a long captivity, it would rejoice and take flight to heaven. Yet they taught besides an earthly paradise for the good, a country beyond the ocean, where the weather was always genial; while the wicked dwelt in a cold and gloomy place, and there were tormented.'

Dr. Döllinger's comparison of the moral and social condition of the Gentile with that of the Jew is full of interest. He is especially happy in his comparison of the moral results of slavery as it existed in either people. There is only one special characteristic of the Jews, however, upon which we think it necessary to dwell:—

'No thought was so unbearable to this legal people as that of the heathens ever being on a par with themselves in religious matters. If a pagan submitted himself to circumcision and the whole burden of the law, and became a proselyte of justice, a gulf always separated him from the noble Israelitic stock, and he remained as a mere citizen in the earthly kingdom of grace. *No heathen could ever become a true son of Abraham, or a participator in his full privileges.* Zealous as the Pharisees were in making proselytes, they did not wish their sacred law to be accessible to the heathen, or that the doctrines it contained should be spread abroad by translation into other languages.'

This jealous reluctance of the Jews to admit even their own converts to the full privileges of the law, is the key at once to the stiff-necked obstinacy with which they resisted the advances of the gospel, and to that narrow and exclusive spirit which they carried with them into Christianity, even in yielding to its claim, and which, in numberless and not always easily recognisable forms, continued, for above four centuries, to show

itself among the Jewish Christians either in Judaizing secessions from the Church or in Judaistic controversies within its pale. It is easy to understand how this proud and jealous temper must have fretted under the sense of the intolerable oppression with which the Roman dominion weighed upon them, and what painful earnestness it must have lent to the longing which had been growing among them, generation by generation, for the coming of the expected Messiah.

And thus, although at the moment of the advent of Christianity, Jew and Gentile alike shared in that unsatisfied longing for change which, as if by providential direction, was stirring the whole world in the very depths of its moral consciousness, we are struck, nevertheless, by a marked contrast in their relative positions towards the new religion which was about to challenge the obedience of both. In the mind of the Gentile this yearning arose from a sense of moral and intellectual wants unsatisfied;—from a profound and hopeless disheartenment; from an oppressive consciousness of the widespread presence of a hideous moral corruption, and a gloomy conviction of the impotence of the system under which he lived to resist its progress, or to repair the evil which it wrought.

With the Gentile, therefore, half the work of preparation for the new religion was already done; and if that new religion could but commend itself to his reason or appeal to his higher sympathies, his will at least presented no direct obstacle to its acceptance. But the Jew desired a change, not for the displacement of his own Law, but for its triumph and perpetuation. Entrenched within its hard and literal formalism, he never contemplated the substitution of other forms for those which in his eyes constituted the very ideal of religion; least of all could he brook the thought of a creed which should invite to its privileges, on equal terms with himself, the unclean and unbelieving Gentile. His ideal of religion was the Law; and although for the triumph of the Law it was necessary that all nations should be brought under its obedience, yet in the pride of descent from the father of the promise, he almost grudged them the association in his privileges, and would fain admit them only in the capacity of their taskmaster, and as one to whom they were given solely to be his servants and bondmaids in the land of the Lord.

But however different the spirit in which they might meet it, the fatal day arrived alike for both these 'waiters in the porch;' and it is hardly possible to regard as other than providential the coincidence by which, within a few months of each other, the material representatives of the two worships

which divided the ancient world—the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, and the temple of God's chosen people at Jerusalem—fell by a common fate, and as if by a judgment, which the worshippers in each alike ascribed to the anger of the offended deity. The philosophic Christian student will recognise in it, with Dr. Döllinger, the 'clearing of the ground for the worship of God in spirit and in truth.'

Such is the picture which is presented in *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ*. The *First Age of Christianity and the Church* is the opening of the second act in the great drama of the history of man.

Those who have considered Dr. Döllinger's works together, and have looked upon them as a complete whole, may possibly have experienced much disappointment in the perusal of the *First Age of Christianity*. They must have looked to it in vain for the solution of those problems which had given so much anticipated interest to the study of the heathen religions;—what heathen ground Christianity had found upon which to build; what there proved to be in the old doctrines and systems of thought to which it could attach itself; and whether and in what degree Paganism and Pagan influences had reacted on Christianity. All these questions will seem to have been completely ignored in dealing with the Christian history in so far as it appears in the new volume. In truth, the *First Age of Christianity* will seem little more than a summary of the doctrines, the worship, and the institutions of the early Christians, drawn from purely Christian sources, and mainly from the books of the New Testament themselves.

And such is unquestionably the character of the work. But it must be remembered that, although a sequel to the work on Heathenism and Judaism, yet it is by no means the complete sequel; that it is, in fact, but the first volume of the great historical series to which, as a whole, *Heathenism and Judaism* was designed as an introduction; and that, if this first volume enters but little into the relations of the young Christianity with heathenism, it is simply because during the first age of the Church, to which period the volume is strictly limited, the mutual relations of Christianity and heathenism, and, still more, the records of such relations, were few and unimportant. Whatever may be said of their actual contact in real life, it was not till the second, and, still more, the third age—the age of the sophists upon the one side, and the apologists upon the other—the age of Christian denunciations of

the monstrosities of the temples and of Pagan caricatures of the crucifixion and revolting tales about the Eucharistic Feast—that the old and new religions really meet each other face to face in history. The first age was essentially a period of internal development and organization, influenced, unquestionably, probably even modified, from without; but the evidences of such modification, and, still more, the means of tracing its progress, are wanting. It can only be traced, or rather estimated, by reflected light borrowed skilfully from a later age; and it is to that later period that Dr. Döllinger has postponed the investigation of most of the interesting problems which his introductory work has propounded.

The present volume, therefore, is almost a purely Christian, it might perhaps be said, purely Scriptural history, of the first age of the Church, and is intended solely to exhibit 'the beginnings and simple form of the original apostolic Church, still self-contained, like a seed-corn, and hiding its inner reality from strangers;' to show the Christian institution such as it was designed by its Divine Founder and elaborated by His apostles. It is, in fact, itself merely introductory, and forms, as it were, the complement, or, more properly, the contrast, of the volume on heathenism. The former exhibited heathenism as it was in itself, and independent of those Christian influences by which in a later age it was so signally modified in the Neo-Platonic schools, and in the still more systematic eclecticism of which the Emperor Julian's reformation was the type. The latter is designed to present Christianity in a condition equally independent, in the simple forms which belonged to its primitive apostolic constitution. In the later stages we shall see how each may have acted upon the other.

And hence, in another particular also, *The First Age of Christianity* will probably disappoint the expectations of many. It is written on the assumption, not only of the genuineness and authority of the Gospel records, but of the supernatural and divine character of the incidents and doctrine which they relate; and the many readers whose convictions have been troubled by the currency which the opinions of Renan and Strauss have obtained, and who may have looked for peace of conscience to the authority of a teacher like Dr. Döllinger, will find with regret that these discussions are altogether ignored. In a word, the book is simply designed to draw out the story of the lives and teaching of our Lord and His apostles as it is contained in the records which they themselves have left, or as it may be inferred from these and other cognate monuments.

It is divided into three books, the first, on the ministry and teaching of Christ and His apostles; the second, on the doctrine of the apostles; and the third, on the constitution, life, and worship of the apostolic Church.

The purely historical account of our Lord and the apostles is drawn out of the Bible narrative, as far as it extends, with no colouring, and with very little commentary. For the rest, the traditions are gathered from the apostolic writers, and those nearest to the apostolic times. The account of the teaching and the worship is more argumentative, but it is rather expository than controversial, and the tone is entirely free from those evidences of partisan spirit by which controversy so frequently defeats its own object as an instrument of persuasion.

Upon this portion of Dr. Döllinger's labours we do not mean to dwell. He has written frankly from the Roman Catholic point of view, as was indeed natural and necessary in the plan of treatment which he follows; and the scheme of apostolic doctrine and worship which he has developed, as to him the legitimate result of the apostolic teachings of the New Testament, presents in the germ, and even in all substantial particulars, the dogmatical and ritual system of modern Roman Catholicism;—an authoritative and infallible Church, a divinely constituted priesthood, a sacrifice and a complete sacramental system, the intercommunion of the Church on earth with that in heaven, and the practice of prayer for the dead. It will easily be understood, in like manner, that the scheme of ethics which he deduces from the teaching of our Lord and his apostles involves all the distinctive principles of Roman Catholic asceticism—a view which is also developed by Mr. Allie with great vigour and eloquence in a very remarkable chapter on 'The New Creation of the Primary Relation between Man and Woman.' The justice or injustice of conclusions so directly polemical it is beyond the purpose of the present paper to discuss; and we shall confine ourselves to those portions of the volume which directly bear upon the subject,—the historical relations of Christianity.

The external relations of the apostolic Church were with Judaism rather than Paganism, and all Christian writers freely admit that the great stream of Jewish doctrine, and of moral, if not ceremonial practice, as embodied in the Old Testament, flowed almost undiluted into the Christian system. But Dr. Döllinger contends that a large amount of unwritten Jewish tradition entered by the same process:—

'The dogmatic tradition of the Jewish neces-

sarily passed into the Christian Church. Christ Himself had recognised it, taught out of it, and referred His disciples to the authority of the Pharisees who sat in Moses' seat, who were its organs. And if He sharply denounced their arbitrary interpretations of the Law, and reproached them with making God's Law of none effect by their own inventions, put forth as traditions of the fathers,—as in forbidding works of charity on the Sabbath, or allowing a son to let his parents starve, that he might put the money he had saved into the temple treasury,—those were perversions of individuals, or at most of entire schools; the dominant teaching was independent of them, and was rather confirmed or implied in the discourses of Christ and the Apostles. From tradition came the common teaching about the resurrection, the judgment, Paradise and Gehenna, without any distinct evidence from the Hebrew Canon. A good deal in the New Testament about the angels and fallen spirits comes, not from the Bible, but tradition. The assertions of St. Peter and St. Jude about the sin and punishment of the fallen angels are similarly drawn from Jewish tradition.'

Hence he infers that tradition must have had its part in shaping not merely the Jewish creed and ritual, but that element of both which was transfused into the young Christian Church:—

'Thus the religious consciousness of Judaism, in which the Apostles, the first Christian teachers, and most of the first believers, had been brought up and had lived a longer or shorter time, flowed in unbroken stream into the Christian Church; and the Jewish became the Christian tradition. There was no violent break or formal renunciation; Christianity claimed to be, not merely a reformation, but a fulfilment of Judaism, expectation passing into possession, the worship of a Redeemer who had come instead of looking for a future one, the Law spiritualized into the Gospel, a world-religion and universal Church opening its gates to every nation, instead of a mere fellowship of blood and race, a Church (*Ecclesia*) instead of a Synagogue. Thus the Christian consciousness and life were an outgrowth of the Jewish. For the first quarter of a century from the Lord's Ascension, when the Church existed without any written documents, she lived on the recollections of Christ, the spoken words of His Apostles and disciples, and the Jewish Scriptures and tradition. In the bosom of the Church, as an expression and embodiment of the Spirit that ruled and the tradition laid up within it, the New Testament Scriptures were written in the course of fifty years. By the light of this Spirit, filling the Church and guiding her from generation to generation, both people and pastors read, understood, and expounded these writings.'

The influence of the Jewish element upon Christian worship appears equally unquestionable. During the first stages of their pro-

gress, the Christian communities in the Jewish cities maintained a close religious fellowship with the synagogue. In Jerusalem they took part in the services of the temple, and came daily to the morning and evening sacrifice. In the provincial cities they resorted to the synagogue upon the Sabbath; Paul himself, the special apostle of the Gentiles, continued to frequent the synagogues, to observe the festivals, and to be present at the sacrifices. This, of course, could only have been temporary, from the very nature of things; and it is certain that, at the same time, not alone in the foreign or provincial cities, but in Jerusalem itself, there was privately maintained the peculiarly Christian worship, not merely of prayer and preaching, but also of the Eucharistic celebration.

And thus 'the two went side by side,—in the temple the bloody animal sacrifices of the Law, local, ceremonial, unspiritual, belonging only to the past, with an only typical truth; and beside them, in the secrecy of a quiet chamber, the celebration of the new sacrifice, all spirit and truth, where the victim itself was spiritual, and all rested on facts and realities, on inward surrender of spirit and heart to God. A few short years, and the temple with its sacrifices had passed away; while the new sacrifice of spirit and truth,—the fulfilment, spiritualization, and perfecting of the temple-service, which was now become impossible, passed from city to city, from nation to nation, and was celebrated pure and bloodless on a thousand altars.'

Yet it can hardly be doubted that even this temporary community of worship and of religious fellowship, and the recollections and associations which it inspired, must have left their trace on the early Christian cultus.

There was another kind of influence to which the new institution was exposed by its contact with Judaism, and the allusions to which, discoverable in the apostolic writings, are curiously illustrated from what we have seen in the work on Judaism. The hard and literal formalism of the Pharisees, which would fain impose the burden of the Law upon all, and maintain it as of perpetual obligation, was, of course, the moving principle of that powerful and stiff-necked party whom St. Paul combats in his epistles to the Romans and the Galatians. But it is not so easy to discover the source from which sprung the teaching which appeared at Colossæ, and which united the rigorous observance of the Law with an exaggerated asceticism evidently founded on the evil nature of the body, and a false worship of angels; nor that of Ephesus, with its myths and 'endless genealogies,' its 'forbidding

of marriage,' and of certain meats; nor that of Asia Minor, to which St. Peter and St. Jude allude, and which, inverting the moral consequence which the ascetics deduced from the evil nature of the body, made it, on the contrary, the basis of that antinomian theory which taught that every sensual indulgence is not merely allowable but commendable, and an acceptable service of religion. It is impossible for us now to enter into details; but there is little difficulty in discovering, in these aberrations, on the one side the influence either of the Essenian communists, or (if it be true that the Essenes were unknown outside of Judca) of the Orphic Pythagoreans from whom the Essenians sprung; and, on the other, of that ancient theory of emanation, and that dualistic view of matter which characterized most of the Eastern religions, and which, in one shape or another, entered into every form of Gnosticism, whether in the East or in the West, down to the mediæval times.

All these, however, are instances in which the foreign element was rejected, and failed either to replace or to modify the pure apostolic doctrine. Much wider is the field which is opened by the inquiry, whether, and in what degree, the foreign doctrine or the foreign worship may have been successfully incorporated in the still growing system of Christianity; whether the plastic creed of the young community may not have found, amid the maze of grotesque and perverse doctrines of the old religions, some forms of thought to which it could attach itself, some peculiarities of worship which it might usefully adopt as its own; whether it may not even have been able, by the Divine instinct of truth, to discover, amid the mass of gross and incongruous error under which they were hidden, some relics of that primeval revelation which had nowhere been utterly obliterated, and, wherever found, by a mysterious spiritual affinity to assimilate and absorb them.

The records of the first age of the Church are too meagre to supply the full materials for this inquiry; but in the busier intellectual conflict of the second and third centuries they meet us at every step, often, it is true, vague and fragmentary, but yet not beyond the skill and ingenuity of the philosophical historian. The inquiry is full of interest. Roman Catholics no longer hesitate to avow the identity of many of the doctrines and practices peculiar to themselves among modern Christians with the analogous doctrines or observances in the creed or the ritual of the Romans and the Jews;—not that they admit these doctrines to have become Catholic *because* they are Jewish or Pagan,

but that they are both Jewish or Pagan and Catholic, *because they are regarded as divine*. Elaborate treatises have been published by more than one scholar with the express purpose of tracing out these analogies.*

The grossest errors even of Paganism are represented as the exaggerations or perversions of some solemn and mysterious truth. The bloody rite of human sacrifice, which may be said to have been universal, is set forth as a recognition of the inadequacy of all meaner victims to atone for the moral evil of sin, and is held by many to have been some faint and perverted memory of the dimly remembered promise of man's redemption. May not (even those writers are inclined to ask) the monstrous error of polytheism (especially in its earliest form, which supposed one supreme God, surrounded by a host of inferior deities) be the expression of a strong sense of the infinite distance between man and his Creator, which interposes a series of less perfect and mediatorial beings to bridge over the interval?

The same, and a thousand similar questions, has been raised in the new school of history among Catholics, as to the practice of praying for the dead, which was common to the Egyptians, and, in an obscurer form, to the Romans, with the Jews at least of the Maccabæan period; as to the use of images, not as objects of worship, but as helps of memory and stimulants of devotional feeling; as to holy water, which had its prototype in the many rites of baptism or aspersion which prevailed as well among Gentiles as among Jews; and indeed in general as to the employment of outward ceremonial, and calling in the aid of the senses to quicken and sustain the intellectual faculty in prayer and spiritual exercise.

On these, and numberless analogous details, Christian thought had long been divided; but the habit too frequently had been to decide rather by party sentiment and by theological prepossession than by calm investigation. The time appears to have arrived when this must cease, and the subject must be re-assigned to its legitimate province, that of history, rather than of polemical theology.

Dr. Döllinger has satisfactorily completed the first half of this important inquiry. It remains to be seen how, in the more difficult and critical period which comes next for investigation, he may apply the tests which are of his own framing. We shall look with much interest for the next division of his History. He enters on the investigation, it is true, from the stand-point of Catholicism;

but he has given abundant proofs of a frank and fearless spirit of inquiry, and at the worst, his conclusions, whatever they may be, must, in these days of free criticism, encounter an ordeal through which truth alone can pass unscathed.

ART. II.—1. *Las Papillotas de Jacques Jasmin*. Paris, 1860.

2. *Mireille (Mirèio). Pouèmo Provençan de F. Mistral*. Avignon.

3. *Calendau: Pouèmo Nouvèau*. Par FREDERI MISTRAL. Avignon, 1867.

4. *Un Liame de Rasin. Countenant Lis Oubreto di Castil-Blaze, Adoufe Dumas, Jan Reboul, Glaup, e T. Poussel*. Reculido e publicado per J. Roumanille e F. Mistral. Avignon, 1867.

5. *Lis Oubreto en Vers de Roumanille*. Avignon.

6. *Li Nouvè de Roumanille*. Avignon.

7. *La Miougrano Entreduberto (la Granade entreouverte) de Téodor Aubanel*. Avignon.

In the spring of 1842 a poet came to Paris, whose grade was humble, whose birth-place was remote, and whose native dialect had for upwards of three centuries been obsolete in literature, though it is still the living language of the people of Southern France. Jasmin, the barber of Agen, had come to meet the wisest and wittiest of his countrymen, to visit that great city which both nurses and devours so many of the children of genius; a provincial, and a man of the people, he had come to await the verdict of the Parisians and of the Academy. To one-third of France he was already known, the rest had yet to make his acquaintance, and that was only to be done by showing himself, and by publishing a prose translation of the poems he had written in the Gascon tongue. Jasmin's visit was completely successful; his popularity increased steadily till the close of his life, and his death, when it occurred in 1864, was lamented as a national loss. In England he is but little known, and that little chiefly through Longfellow's translation of the 'Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè,' one of the more plaintive and less dramatic of his works. It is our object to do a tardy justice to this modern troubadour, and, if possible, to render it in such a shape as may make both Jasmin and his compeers interesting to English readers.

What is the language in which Jacques Jasmin wrote? One answers vaguely, That of the south of France; and for once a vague

* See especially Marangoni's *Cose Gentilesche adoprte ad Uso delle Chiese*.

answer does not come amiss; for his dialect is not strictly Gascon in contradistinction to Provençal, though it is to be identified with his native district of the Lower Languedoc.

Assuredly this was not always an unknown tongue in England. In the beginning of the eleventh century, and when Provençal poetry had both a fixed value and a written literature, England passed under the rule of the Dukes of Normandy, when French laws and culture were grafted on our Saxon stem. It was true that the language thus imparted was *langue d'oïl*, not *langue d'oc*; still these were allied, if rival tongues, and the second dynasty of our kings identified us still more closely with France, and especially with France south of Loire. The Plantagenets were only Counts of Anjou, but Henry II. had for his queen Eleanor of Guienne, the heiress of Aquitaine. The wife whom Henry Plantagenet married for her beauty and her dowry, after King Louis had denounced and divorced her, must have lisped in this tongue, in the *doux parler* of the south. Her grandfather, William, Count of Poitou,* was one of the first as well as the most nobly born of the troubadours; poets like Bertrand de Ventadour were her companions; and when she undertook her journey to the Holy Land, it is said that she beguiled the tedium of the voyage with the songs of the troubadours. To her passionate spirit, love, power, and music were essentials, and she chose that strains, of which her beauty was the theme, should mingle with the winds that wafted her over the Cretan and Peloponnesian seas. Perhaps, if the stone effigy of her face, which still shows its rare loveliness in the porch of Newstead, could speak, it would be in that native and southern speech. At the French court the same accents were in vogue, and the name of the Pré Catalan (in the Bois de Boulogne) still preserves the memory of a sweet singer of Provence, who found such favour in the eyes of Philippe le Bel, that his jealous rivals (possibly *trouvères*, speaking in *langue d'oïl*) surprised and murdered him.

* We refer our readers to the *Parnasse Occitanien*, published at Toulouse in 1819, where a poem by this 'coms de Peitiens' is to be found. It is extracted from the mss. (7226 and 7698) in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. A notice of the Count from the same source says that he was 'uns dels majors cortos del mon, e del majors trichadors de domnas.' Es aup ben trobar et cantar; et accet lone temps per lo mon per inganar las domnas.' His great-grandson, Richard Cœur de Lion, was also a poet. One of his 'sirventes' appears in the *Parnasse*; it is written in Old French, and is addressed to the Dauphin of Auvergne, and as the Dauphin's answer is also extant and preserved in the same ms. folios, it seems as if Crescimbeni had been right in the dispute with Horace Walpole as to the ms. 3204.

The dialect presents at first sight such a strange mixture of Latin, Teutonic, Greek, and Arabic words, that it tempts a casual reader to pronounce it a debased and mongrel Latin. Yet it was not so esteemed when in use among the troubadours, but was rather recognised as that of the best and largest part of France.

Unlike French, Italian, and Spanish, its sister derivatives from the old source, this, the eldest daughter of Latin, has diminished while they increased, and it is now only preserved in old romances, and represented, with alterations, by the spoken dialects of the south. It may be referred to several sources. First, we must remember the dialects in use in ancient Aquitaine, mixed, as we know them to have been, with Iberian idioms; hence a Basque element in the language. Celtic words are found incorporated in it, and many of Greek derivation, attesting the presence of an element powerfully felt in France at the commencement of the Julian wars, when the city of Marseilles reigned over a large territory, and these Messalioes, originally of Ionian extraction, gave a Greek tinge to the south. From Arles to San Remo they colonized and ruled, and to this day the town of Nice preserves its boastful Grecian appellation of Νίκη, Victory, while Arles conceives that in the singular beauty of her women she perpetuates the fact of having been a Greek colony. The Rhone was one of the highways of Phœnician commerce, and we must be prepared then to find throughout its course, from Lyons to the sea, traces of Phœnician culture and speech. Finally, we must consider that the Roman conquest meant the advent of a people who brought with them every appliance for altering the laws and habits of their new subjects. Latin, used in the courts and camps, and in all matters of business, was probably pretty generally spoken among the upper classes, but Latin pure and simple was hardly the universal speech of Gaul. In the writings of St. Jerome constant mention is made of the native Gaulic tongue; after the sixth century, pure Latin ceased to be heard, and the result in the south of France was that mixture of Latin, Iberian, Celtic, Teutonic, and Greek words, which was known as *romane*, and called also (to discriminate it from the other branch of the *romane*) *langue d'oc*, Catalanian (Cathelane), or Provençal.

It is needless to say that such a tongue had many modifications, as in each district accidental or geographical causes might determine. By way of the Rhone, from Savoy and from the Alps, from the north, in short, came many northern idioms and inflexions that can yet be traced to such sources; and

by way of the sea came a great admixture of Arabic or Saracenic life; while from across the Pyrenees Catalanian and Arabic hands were grasped in fellowship. Thus during the first centuries did Southern France receive many impressions, and fashion herself after them all, but by the eleventh century she had her revenge, and she was for three centuries and a half the source of all the culture of Europe. While admitting all this, we think it idle of some of her historians to wish to found on these facts a wholly untenable claim. Because Southern France, in virtue of her situation, of her intercourse with the East, and of her advanced civilisation, influenced all the Western nations, it does not follow from this that her language was older than any other, or that it ever was anything more than one of the many dialects produced in the Latin by a curious admixture of races, and especially by the great Teutonic invasion.

This *romane* we find first used in hymnals, liturgies, and the like, and in the eighth century employed in matters of law, but its earliest manuscript poems date from the eleventh century; and it had perfected itself for nearly a hundred and fifty years before Germany could boast of Minnesingers able to rival the troubadours of Provence. To England, as we have said, Provençal literature extended with the advent of French dukes and counts to the English throne, and its duration in our island may be allowed to have lasted till the Reformation; for Spenser's *Fuery Queene* is the last English epic composed in the manner of René of Anjou, Thibault of Navarre, or of the poets who formed their school. Milton built an epic on a more classical model, discarding all the colouring of the troubadours, and when Bunyan wrote an allegory, Puritanism replaced the gay science in the adventures of his spiritual pilgrim.

It is the boast of the Provençals that they formed the style of Petrarch; so says Fresnaie de Vauquelin in 1612:—

'Ce qui fit priser Pétrarque le Mignon,
Fût la grâce des vers qu'il prist à Avignon.

A leur exemple prist le bien disant Pétrarque,
De leurs graves Sonnets l'ancienne remarque,
En récompense il fait mémoire de Rembaud,
De Fouques, de Rémon, de Huges et d'Armaud;

Mais il marche si bien sur cette vielle trace
Qu'il orne le sonnet de sa première grace;
Tant qu' Italie est estimé l'auteur
De ce dont le François est le premier inventeur.'

This poet of the Valois court goes on to say that

'Bembe reconnaît qu'ils ont pris en Sicille,
La première façon de la rime gentille.'

And this the Tuscans seldom deny, admitting that the *terza rima*, which Dante brought to such perfection, was borrowed from the poets of the *langue d'oc*. The Provençal school had a very varied literature; hymns, comedies, mystery-plays '*lais d'amour et sonnets courtois*,' ballads, virelays, rondels, tençons sirventes, pastorelos, complaints, nonves (or *noëls*), with legends and romances, founded on very legendary history, are all comprised in this literature, which lived and taught, and which spread into other countries, and which finally died out. In England, as we have said, it did not survive the Reformation, and the rise of strong new national interests; in Italy it died of the revival of classical learning; while in France, though we detect its influence on the style of Marot, it died a political and a social death.

Provençal letters, like Provençal independence, had suffered as early as 1229, from the war of the Albigeois, and from the removal of the Papal See from Avignon, and after these disasters we cannot but think that this literature was more illustrious through its foreign nurslings than it was through its own fecundity: by as much as Spenser and Ariosto were greater poets than Walter of Aquitaine, Bertrand de Paris, or any of the old Provençal stock. Its fate in France was altogether a curious one, involved in political questions, for the absorption of the great fiefs into the monarchy gave a deathblow to the matter; and after the loss of Provençal nationality, the language has degenerated into a patois.

Twice had Frank nationality been obliged to contend with the intrepid but not invincible southern race, with the 'iron men of Languedoc,' who, if they sang of love, were also full of the passion of arms; a people who withstood Clovis, and who for twenty years resisted the crusade of Simon de Montfort, a crusade nominally directed against the heresies of the Albigeois, but virtually aimed at the independence of the south. As such it was resented, and from the Loire to the Pyrenees, from the Alps to the Gulf of Gascony, the varied but sympathetic populations defended their local liberties as well as their creed. They were worsted, and as the '*Francigeni*' prevailed against the '*Provinciales*' the higher civilisation gave place, and much of the genius and more of the influence of the south perished in the struggle; still the old indomitable spirit was alive, and the great rising of the Cevennes offered again to the world (and for the last time) the spectacle of a war between two halves of France.

Nearly a century has elapsed since then, and in those hundred years, which have not been those of national unity or peace, the

men of Provence, Gascony, and Languedoc have shown something of their old mettle: for nothing stranger than Mirabeau ever appeared on any page of Bertrand de Born. His were the dark passions and the fiery eloquence, the terrible love, and the still more terrible hate, the brute courage, and the indomitable will of some of the fabulous champions. In like manner too we can fancy Suffren defying the Barbary corsairs, and Lannes or Massena pitted against any of the giants of heathenness. Nor are these the only shoots from the old stems. Something of the love of letters is still displayed, and the south challenges France north of Loire to match her Guizot, her Mignet, her Thiers, her Fauriel, and her Pont-Martin. Montauban possesses in her Vicar-General, the Abbé Marcellin, one of the greatest orators in the French Church; Peyrat is an able historian, Marmier an agreeable traveller and novelist, and still as the Lot, the Tarn, and the Garonne whisper among their reeds and osiers, poets catching their meaning sing in troubadour speech and guise.

Jasmin rather antedates the rest, but he was not alone in his glory. Toulouse had her Réboul, the Hérault her Péyrottes, as Avignon has her Roumanille, and Maillane her Mistral: the south is still the land of dance and song and 'sunburnt mirth,' as truly so as in the days when Frederic Barbarossa demanded to feast his eyes on the face of an English woman, and to regale his ears with Provençal singing. The people are intensely musical, and find in music a vent alternately for their passion and for their sorrows, for their Calvinism or for their sensational Catholicism; they write and read more religious poetry than the peasants of any other part of France, and a mass of piquant or pathetic ballads is to be found in the mouths of the population. Of these it is all but impossible to discover the authors: the airs and the words alike seem common property: children hear them in their cradles, girls learn them at their work, soldiers sing them under the ramparts, and the very shipboys have an extensive repertory of their own; yet it is rare to meet with these songs in print; they were made to be said or sung, and said or sung they have been, and that in some instances since the time of the Crusades, as many of the songs contain curious allusions, and are of the greatest antiquity. In such an atmosphere Jasmin grew up, speaking and writing in a dialect of western Provençal, which may be called Occitanian or Gascon, in contradistinction to the pure Provençal of Avignon and Narbonne, or to the Nizzard patois spoken on the other side of the Var.

The history of his life is soon told, and best gathered from his poem *Mons Soubenis*, or 'My Recollections,' written in 1830. He was born in 1798, of poor and infirm parents, and in the middle of the noise and frolic of a carnival season, and grew up, in spite of extreme poverty, in soundness of mind and body, and with all a boy's delight in the games of the streets and fields. He describes all these lawful and unlawful pleasures, his school hours, and his ignorance of anything like care, till, '*Douço ignouranço! ah! perqué toun bandion.*' 'Sweet ignorance! why was thy fillet torn off so roughly and so soon?'

He becomes a choir boy; loses his place through an indiscretion; is apprenticed to his trade, and struggles against poverty and difficulties with no comfort but that of books. '*Oh! tan que legissiez plus plus n'abioz di penos.*' 'Ah! while I read no more pain had I.' Not content with the writings of others he began to try his own powers. It was then he says that '*dins a quel dous patouès*'—in 'that sweet patois which happiness uses so well' he began to sing. His genius had awoke: a girl to whom he had long been attached became his wife, and after their marriage his life was spent in gaining his daily bread and in making verses, '*dins la lengo de las pastouros*'—in the language of the shepherds. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if his Pegasus was '*un chibai que porto lons poétos a l'Espital*,' for they lived on very slender means, and in a house not always quite tight against the autumnal rains, but his wife had the happy temper of her skies, and their circumstances mended. His talents became known, his pretty song '*Mi cal mourir*' was in every mouth, he found friends and patrons, and a language abandoned for three centuries again came into vogue with the always increasing reputation of Jasmin. The events of his life were few. His first volume, dedicated to M. de Sainte Beuve, was published in 1838; he was feasted at Toulouse, and crowned after the ancient fashion. He visited Paris in 1842, and ten years later received a grant of 5000 francs from the Academy, not awarded to him, said M. de Villemain, but paid as a debt due to art and to morality, and to the talent of good words which under the most brilliant and popular form Jasmin knows how to unite with good deeds.

This was peculiarly true of a citizen whose talents were constantly employed for the relief of indigence, and whose temperate and yet patriotic language had a great effect in his native province during the agitation of 1848. He never left his profession, and he never was ashamed of it, receiving literary

visitors in his shop at Agen with the same good-humoured ease with which he had met the criticism and the flattery of Paris. He died as he had lived, poor but content. *Las Papillotas*, for so he called the volume of his poems, is his best monument, and his songs bid fair, like those of Burns, to become heirlooms in his country. Like Burns he enriched his national literature by the infusion of his fresh and poetical dialect; he had not the passion and the rollicking fun of Burns, but he had the same love of the country in all its aspects. The common air, and earth, and skies suggested to him always fresh pleasures and fresh lessons. His spirit, unlike that of the Ayrshire ploughman, was always reverential, and if it never touched the heights of Burns's genius it never reached the degradation of part of his career. He was less spoilt by praise, but he was perhaps also conscious of far less mental power. Gentle and grateful, his spirit dwelt lovingly on the weaknesses and tenderly on the sorrows of others: he had no personal enmities, and his political feelings were free from rancour and from civil spite, and, in the words of one of the best of his French critics, 'Jasmin's poetry found its spring in the true workings of the soul, and in those eternal sentiments which, recurring ever in our lives, make and keep humanity ever young.'

M. de Lamartine, writing of Jasmin to Madame de Circourt, said that he was the most realistic of poets. Writing to Jasmin he said, 'Others sing, but you feel,' a phrase which might well be written on the blank page of his last poem, *Maltro l'Innoucento*, or 'Marthe la Folle.'

It is a story of peasant life on the banks of the Lot, where in a cottage close above the stream two young girls sat one Sunday morning waiting for the declaration of the numbers drawn for the conscription. Maltro is a fair and loving creature, but it is on her that sorrow is to fall rather than on her more volatile companion. Annette's lover is safe, but Jacques has drawn No. 3, a fatal number.

'*Lais hurous en libertat*,' 'the happy ones at liberty, those whom the great demon of war still spared to the country,' went on their way rejoicing, mothers and sweethearts accompanying them; but to Maltro her lover can only say, 'If I am spared, if I return, my life belongs to thee. Hope; and on this our altar, like a bouquet of love, I will one day offer it to thee.' The spring returns, and Jacques is still absent—

'Es tournat len mès de May
Que tan play
Quan renay;

Rey des mès porto courouno
Et de plazès s'emberouno;
Es tournat leu mès de May,
Que tan play
Quan renay;
Sul la costò dins la plano,
A leu canta tout s'affano;
Car se nous bèn piano-piano
Coumo l'esclayre s'en bay.'

'It is returned, the month of May,
Which so pleases
When 'tis born;
King of the months his head is crowned,
Pleasures gather all around;
It is returned, the month of May,
Which so pleases
When 'tis born;
On the hills and on the plains
By our songs its praise is said;
It steals upon us unawares,
But like a flash its course is sped.'

So sang the young men and maidens of Tonneins. Maltro alone is sad, and her complaint is heard in lines which have endeared Jasmin to the whole of Languedoc, '*Las hiroundelos soun tournados*' being the best known and loved of all his songs. She applies for help to her priest (and Jasmin's description of this rural curé might challenge Goldsmith's parson), sells all her worldly goods, works for hire, and finally raises a sum of money large enough to buy Jacques' discharge. The necessary steps are taken; and though Jacques does not seem to guess to what hand he owes this benefit, still after his third campaign he is more than glad to return. Maltro is in raptures, she will behold him again, '*et bito et libertat*,' Jacques will owe all to her.

A Sunday morning dawns in Tonneins, just such a day as the one on which her soldier drew his fatal number. Mass is over, and Maltro awaits him. '*Lou viel Prèste parey dan la fillo al froun pur*' (the old priest appeared, and with him the girl with the pure brows); a crowd gathers round them as they watch the high road, on which dust is moving; figures appear, first one, then another. Is it Jacques? Yes it is, alive and well; and the other is—his wife. '*Qu'ès bèlo, qu'ès graciouzo!*' (how pretty, how charming she is!) Maltro goes up to him smiling sweetly, and then bursts into an idiotic laugh. It is said that Jacques returned to the army, but what is only too true is that Maltro, escaping from her home, wandered and lived for thirty years a crazy beggar in the streets of Agen. Jasmin had often seen her in his youth, and remembered how as boys they had tormented her; for at any time, by calling out that the soldiers were coming, they could drive her away to hide and weep.

'Now,' says Jasmin, 'now that I know her touching tale, I should like to cover with kisses her tattered dress, and to ask her pardon on my knees; but I can find nothing but a tomb. I cover that with flowers'—(*'non trôbi rês qu'un clot, leu capèli de flous.'*)

It unfortunately requires an acquaintance with the language to appreciate fully the finish and the subdued pathos of this tale, which earned for Jasmin the name of the Manzoni of Languedoc. The same remark applies to his songs; but as a specimen of his pleasant rhythm, we give the following invocation to his native place:

'Gareno crumouzo,
Fresqueto pelouzo,
Ayqueto jouyouzo
Que rizes pel prat;
Campagno flourido,
Cumbo tan poulido.
Paradis sartrat.
Adiou! cal que parti.
Mais en May m'escorti
Douma coumo anèy,
Senti que dirèy.
Couro y tourneray.'

'Dark Garonne,
Freshest lawn,
Clear and happy river,
Between the meadows laughing;
Fields so flowery,
Pretty valley,
A buried Paradise—
Farewell, I must depart,
But even as I go,
To-morrow as to-day,
I know that I shall say
When, when shall I return?'

Had Jasmin written in French, it is to be doubted whether he would have written as well. The very love of his province and of his patois helped to make him the poet that he was, and he was born when districts were much more isolated and patois much more universal than they are in these days of railways, of cheap travelling, and of cheaper books. The natural formation and position of his country makes it in a measure self-contained. The Highlands of France, the mountains of Auvergne, and of the Limousin, rise behind it; before it stretches the Pyrenean chain; beyond it are the Landes of Gascony and the Bordelais; and throughout the whole basin of Languedoc, traversed as it is and connected with Provence by the Canal du Midi, this ancient Occitanian speech is the only one in use among the lower orders. Thus Jasmin never was anything but an Agennois and '*un homme du Midi*;' and his Gascon poems, if far from classical in

their language, are as unaffectedly true to himself and to his country as are the Gaelic songs of Rob Dun, the bard of Sutherlandshire, who wrote when Erse was the general provincial speech of the north of Scotland, and when roads and railways were not.

So much for the homely and homekeeping poet who lived by the Garonne. Joseph Roumanille, the equally original poet of Avignon, was born at Saint Rémy, and owed his inspiration to much the same influences. His object has been to furnish the lower orders, and persons using the Provençal dialect, with new and wholesome books; to raise their literature above the songs of the wine-shop and the ballads of the streets, and to cultivate a love of their native country. It would be needless in that country to say that he has succeeded, for a great and deserved popularity has accrued to him; and his tales in prose and verse, as well as his *noëls*, are imprinted in the memories of the people. He has not written for the critics, but for those whom his talents and probity could profit; and his books, if they fall short of this or that standard, have been useful in their generation, and will probably be useful and popular long after some of the higher flights of his scholars and friends are out of fashion.

Of these friends five are already beyond the reach of criticism, and M. Roumanille has paid a graceful tribute to their memory in the volume which stands fourth on our list. Space fails for us entering on a criticism of the pieces which he has thus collected and compiled in memory of Castil-Blaze, Adolphe Dumas, Jean Réboul, Glaupe, and Poussel; neither can we attempt an examination of the memoirs prefixed to their works, though these are possessed of some interest. Among the poems, the *Fianço de Margarido*, or 'Bridal of Margaret,' by Réboul, appears to us one of the most beautiful; and of the biographies that of Adolphe Dumas is beyond doubt the most pleasing. In the two simple pages which record his life, his connexion with the neo-Provençals, and his melancholy death, pages evidently dictated by the tenderest appreciation, do we not recognise the gratitude and the regrets of Mistral? for Adolphe Dumas was the first critic who took the author of *Mireille* by the hand. Dumas was an ardent lover of his province, and as he now sleeps far from his native shore, we fancy that he would prefer no other panegyric on himself to this touching notice from the hand of the young poet whom he loved to call 'the Virgil of Provence.'

Of the whole school of the *Félibres*, as

they fancifully call themselves, the greatest without dispute is Frederic Mistral. But is there not something forced in the neo-Provençalism of Mistral? Is it fair to suppose that France will really adopt a series of poems written in what was once a classical language, but which is now a patois? It happens to the traveller in the south to hear occasionally quaint soft words set to some still quainter tune, and he remembers with pleasure that the written language of poets and courtiers was very similar to this, which he feels to be full of poetry and pathos; but it often happens to the same traveller to be answered in his inquiries from the peasants, 'Mossu, we do not speak French;' and he devoutly wishes that the schoolmaster were come abroad in Provence and Languedoc. No man in his senses really wishes to keep these dialects alive. The curse of Babel still works sensibly enough in the world; age, sex, race, and language are all bars to knowledge and to charity; nation detests nation, and the bed of a river is still equivalent to a great gulf fixed between any two of them; it cannot and will not be otherwise; but septs and clans are evils that can and may and must be got rid of; they are evils savouring of the darkest ages of the world's history, of the most petty and primitive forms of the world's selfishness. The whole philosophy of history goes to prove that there can be and ought to be no more 'peculiar people,' that separativeness is weakness, solidarity strength, and the hard logic of events now implores the nationalities to study war no more, but to weld themselves into great and homogeneous masses. France is especially great through her solidarity. She has been vexed and tossed by revolutions, and may be so again: she never was or will be great as a coloniser, but her resources are in herself. No doubt the system of centralization has been carried by the Napoleonic government to a dangerous extent, and that if it is well that one Imperial hand should govern Norman and Provençal, Alsatian and Gascon, with equal impartiality and reliance, it is not well that the same autocratic will should paralyse the life of the Departments. It is true that by the present system much liberty is lost, that the administration controls the prefects, suggests the deputies, fills the petty magistrature, and through its multitudinous nominees seeks to control the elections, still we think a return to provincialism would be an evil, and if neo-Provençalism tends in that direction, it is a social as well as a literary mistake.

Pretty as these poems of Mistral's are, they are anachronisms. By all means respect

a country's past, collect her relics and her traditions, preserve her antiquities, honour her great names, but do not insist on being obsolete, or on reviving the obsolete. The peasants would be better employed in learning French than these Félibres in writing volumes in patois. Moreover, it is impossible to conceal from one's self that *Calendau* at any rate is not written for the peasants, but for the critics, and for that many-headed monster we call the reading public. But in France itself this dialect is, as regards two-thirds of the kingdom, an unknown tongue and a dead-letter; in the south it is not the language of the educated classes. Out of France there is not one in a thousand who can read it, or read it sufficiently well to appreciate the real beauties of one page of *Mireille*, or of Aubanel's passionate songs. The old troubadours, Bertrand de Born, and all their brotherhood, more than 130 in number, are dead, and the authors of M. Faurel's 120 lost poems of Provence are more than dead, they are forgotten; but M. Mistral and others are alive, clever and sympathetic poets; surely they wish to be read? But to what expedient are they reduced for satisfying a very pardonable craving for notoriety beyond the circle of '*des nôtres*?' They furnish an edition which has a French translation *en regard*, and their poetry in this shape has as much colour and scent left in it as the flowers in a *hortus siccus*.

Mireille assuredly deserved a better fate. It is a charming poem; a series of idyllic pictures of a kind of which we have far too few, for the bastard-pastoral school has corrupted our taste and perplexed our ideas. The pseudo-rustics who talked in Spenser's eclogues and played Arcadian comedies in the last century were very tiresome persons, commonplace in England, indecorous in France, and so desperately ponderous in Germany, that they are at last happily and completely out of fashion; their memories preserved only in Dresden china and in the rondeaux of some sweet old sonatas. But here is a true pastoral; and how beautiful it is! The loves of Vincent the basket-maker and of Mireille the farmer's daughter are a thread on which hang many episodes of country life. The true life of the south is given, but from a different point of view from that in which Jasmin rendered it. Mistral is not himself a peasant, and his education has been careful and good, while the artistic element enters largely into his poetry. He knows how to choose and to refuse (would that he had refused a little oftener!), to compare, to analyse, and to make the most of a good point. He does not describe the operations of the husbandry and the

simple devotions of the peasants as one who habitually shares them, but he paints and relishes them as an observer. Beautifully he describes his beautiful Provence, a country proper to inspire such passion as he uses in his song, for it is not only a land of corn and wine and oil, but of a strange and contrasted nature; a land where the days are cloudless and the nights are serene, but where the hot wind carries the locusts of the dust, and where the *mistral* bends the trees; a country made desolate by excess of summer; a land of perfume and of gardens, but also of barest mountain peaks; a land where the cities are set on an hill, or bathe their feet in a tideless sea; a land of palms and of honey, and of desolate salt marshes; at once a Marah and a Goshen, a place of doves and of wolves, a country all contrasts and extremes, set between the mountains and the sea, but where even the terrible and the waste places are glad with the sun's eternal smile. Thither the poet carries us with him to watch the roll of the surf, to smell the fragrance of the lavender and the thyme, or to rest under the flat-headed pines: he makes us see the reaping of the golden grain and the gleanings of the olives; then we have the chase after the brilliant cantharides; we cross with him the dry shingly bed of the Durance, or the vast levels of the plain of Crau with its mirages; we tread the desolate sea-margins, or the black and dreary swamps by Aigues-Mortes; we have the wild horses of the Camargue, the foot-races at Nismes, and the bull-fights; the sweet names of the peasants still redolent of the old romances, Alàry (Hilary), Azalaïs (Adelaide), Magna (Mary), and Yseult; we have pilgrimages and legends, the exquisite ballad of *Magali*, and Mireille herself, surprised by her lover while picking mulberry-leaves for her silkworms. Mistral's style suits the subject; the key he has chosen is simple, but the singer is full of passion, and by those who can understand it much of the dialect will be felt to be delicious—now carressing, now plaintive, always flexible and graceful; as the narrative runs on it seems to hum with the bees in the tufty cistus and lavender bushes, to float with the valisneria in the streams, and to gallop with the wild steeds in the Camargue, while with Mireille it weeps or it prays.

Mireille's love is unblest and unfavoured by her parents, who resent her rejection of other and better suitors than the young basket-maker, who had wooed her among the mulberry-trees. The following is a specimen of her reception of one of his rivals. Ourrias (Elcazer), a drover, pays his court to her; he arrives at the well, mounted on his white horse, and armed with his long pike or goad:

'A quen Matin la pinceleto,
Ero à la font touto souleto,' etc.

'On that morning the young virgin
At the fountain was alone,
Having rolled up sleeves and skirt,
She washed the cheese jars
Saints of God! how beautiful was she
When in the clear spring she waded with her
little feet.

"Mireille," said the wild youth,
"If ever as wife or pilgrim,
You come to Sylva-real from whence one
hears the sea,
You will not have so much trouble,
For the cows of the black race
Run free and wild,
Are never milked, and the women lead pleasant lives."

"Young man! in that land of kine,
Girls are so dull 'tis said they die."
Mireille, where two are there is no ennui."
"Young man, who wanders in those distant
lands
Drinks, as they say, but bitter waters,
And the sun burns his face."
"Mireille, under the pines you may sit in the
shade for ever."

"Young man, they say your pines are scaled
By twisting green serpents."
"Mireille! we have the flamingos and the
herons,
Who spread their red mantles (wings);
We chase them by the Rhone—"
"Youth! hear me (I must interrupt you),
Your pines are too far from my farm."

"Mireille! both priests and girls
Can never know the country
Where they may have, 'tis said, one day to eat
their bread."
"Provided I may eat it with him whom I
love,
Young man, I ask for nothing more,
To separate myself from my nest."
"Mireille! if that be so, give me of thy love."

"Young man, you shall have it," said Mireille,
"But sooner these nympha leaves
Shall carry grapes:
Sooner shall your pronged staff
Throw out flowers, and these hills
Grow soft as wax,
Or one shall go by water to the town of
Baux."

When her marriage to Vincent is forbidden, Mireille flies from home on a pilgrimage to the Saintes Maries at Maguelonne. She gets a sunstroke, and when lying prostrate at the shrine sees a rare vision. The arch of the choir opens and discloses—

'Dins l'er lind blanquinoso
Li tres Marie luminoso,' etc.

' White in the limpid air,
The three shining Maries
Descend from above—one against her breast
Holds pressed her alabaster vase,
And in the stilly night the silvery star,
That softly gives the shepherds' light,
Alone can match her brows of Paradise.

' At the wind's will the second
Lets her blonde tresses float,
And modest moves, a palm-branch in her
hand;
The third, still young,
Her mantle white and fine
Folds now a little over her dark face,
While her dark eyes like diamonds shine."

They console Mireille, but tell her that her request is impossible:—

" "You ask to drink, oh! foolish one, of the pure
fount of love;
Ah, wild and foolish! what! before your
death?
You wish to tread on that great path
Which leads us upwards but to God Himself,
Since when have you beheld such joy on
earth?"

Mireille's mind wanders, and she expires
in the arms of her mother and of Vincent.
He cannot believe that she is dead:—

" "Dead! it is not possible!
It is a demon who whispers it to me.
Speak, in God's name, good people who are
here,
You have seen the dead,
Tell me if, when carried past your doors,
They ever smiled like this?
In truth, her face is almost gay.
" "But what say you?"

He begs them to bury him in Mireille's
grave on the soft sandy shore, that there,
' wrapped in the azure air, and beneath the
tremulous wave,' they may clasp each other
for ever. Those who know the people of the
south, their passion for poetry, and their
great preference for the songs of love and
death, can imagine the popularity of *Mireille*.

A totally different chord has been struck
in *Calendau*, and clever and varied as it is,
we venture to predict that it will be more
admired, but less conned and loved than
Mireille. The amazing quantity of topo-
graphy, archæology, legendary and semi-
legendary lore with which the volume is
filled, reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's
manner; all the more so that there is a
dash of necromancy in it, and through all a
sense of moral energy and purity very
germane to the taste of the Border poet,
while the prowess and adventures of the
hero would have satisfied any judge in a
court of love and *gay saber*.

Calendau is a fisher-boy of Cassis, in love
with the beautiful and ill-mated Estrella,
princess of Banx. He endures countless
hardships for her sake, becomes famous,
bears an unspotted name, is true to himself
and to his own virtue through all tempta-
tions, defies her cruel lord, Count Séveran,
avenges on him all Estrella's wrongs, and
finally slays him in battle, so that the con-
clusion of the matter, as regards the hero
and heroine, is the one so familiar to us in
the nursery tale, 'so they were married, and
lived happily all the rest of their lives.'

The finest thing in *Calendau* is pronounced
by critics in neo-Provençalism to be its style,
but we must be allowed to name another
merit which the poem seems to us to pos-
sess. We mean the art with which Mistral
has woven together the probable and the im-
probable, the tangible and the fantastic. The
book seems to contain less a romance than an
allegory. The very name of the heroine,
Estrella, is suggestive,—for there is a Pro-
vençal legend (derived in all probability
from the Greek superstition with regard to
the Oreades), that whoever meets the terrible
mountain fairy Estrella and kisses her, goes
mad from the effect of the embrace. Mistral
has, in the love of Calendau for the prin-
cess, embodied this idea; because, when a
man has chosen one great object in life, and
has sacrificed himself to it, it is equivalent to
having touched the fairy's fateful lips. In
Calendau's love he further shows us the
strange compelling influence which one hu-
man being has over another, as well as the
unalterable nature of an attachment which
has once been allowed to take possession of
heart, senses, and will; and in his hero's
success we have portrayed the true method
by which the lowly can rise; not by pulling
down the great, but the worship of a high
and pure aim in life; by having always the
loftiest instead of the lowest standard for our
endeavours, a standard without which nothing
truly great in art or morals has ever been
achieved. These seem grave thoughts to have
been suggested by a semi-fabulous romance,
but we think the author will not be sorry to
see his allegory thus interpreted, or unwilling
that we should perceive this meaning in the
adventures of Calendau the fisher-boy, who
made it his boast that he became the best
and most trustworthy man between Arles
and Venice.

The opening of the poem contains a fine
invocation to Provence:—

' Amo de moun pais,
In que dardaies, manifesto
E dins sa lengo et dins sa gesto
Quand li baroun Picard, Alemand, Bourguig-
non,

Sarrabon Toulouso et Beucaire,
In qu'empurères de tout caire
Contro il nègro cavaucaire
Lis ome di Marseilho et li fiéu d'Avignon.

' Per la grandour di remembranço
In que nous sauves l'esperanço :
In que dins la jouinesso, e plus caud e plus
béu.

Maugrat la mort e l'aclapaire
Fas regreia lou sang di paire :
In qu'isperant li dons troubaire,
Fas piéi mistráleja la voues de Mirabéu.

' Amo de longo renadvivo,
Amo jouiouso e fièro e vivo.
Qu'endibes dins lou brut d'ou Rose, d'ou
Rousau !
Amo di veuvo armouniouso
E di calauco souleiouso
De la patria amo piouso,
J'appelle ! encarno-te dins mi vers proven-
çau ! *

One other extract we make, because the scenery is familiar to many travellers, and nothing in the world is more beautiful than the journey from Cannes, by the Esterels and Toulon, to Marseilles. Calendau performs it in a boat, and in great haste ; for Count Séveran has discovered his wife's hiding-place on Mount Gibal, (how near Africa we seem to be on this Provençal shore!) and Calendau flies to defend her :—

' Boufo ! lou Cassidien souspiro,' etc. etc.

"Blow !" to the sirocco the Cassidien sighed :
To the siroc that softly breathed :
"Blow ! mignon ! blow !" and the gay little
wind

* As it may interest our readers to compare the French and Provençal idioms, instead of translating the above we venture to give a French version from the pen of M. Louis Ratisbonne :—

' Amo de mon pays,
Toi qui luit en traits manifestes
Et dans sa langue et dans ses gestes
Quand le baron Picard, Allemand, Bourguignon,
Assiégaït Toulouse et Beaucaire,
Toi qui remplis d'un feu de guerre
Contre leur horde sanguinaire
Les hommes de Marseille et d'Avignon.

' Par la grace des souvenirs,
Toi qui gardes nos espérances :
Toi qui dans la jeunesse, et plus chaud et plus
beau,
Malgré "la mort, divins mystères,"
Fais remonter le sang de nos pères,
Toi qui soufflais nos doux trouvères,
Et plus tard ils mugir la voix de Mirabeau.

' Amo sans cesse renaissante,
Joyeuse ame, fière et revante,
Qui souffle dans les bruits du Rhone et dans ses
eaux,
Ame des bois harmonieux
De la patrie esprit pieux
Viens ! viens ! encarne-toi dans mes vers proven-
çaux.'

VOI.. XLVII.

As if expressly to please him,
(So you would say) moved the air :
And in the tremulous space
Swift shot the frail tillac.

' Beneath the canopy of freshest morn,
In all their legendary light,
The Lérin isles (green rosettes in the floods)
Rose from the coloured seas—
Of Honorat and of Marguerite
(His sister isle), the flowery palms,
Like mystic trees waved in the air.

' Shortly they sail beneath the shores,
Defiant, blasted, burnt and torn,
Of Esterel—the sea, a siren with blue eyes,
Has for a hundred years or so,
Fondled and laved his flanks of porphyry,
But ever has recoiled again
Before the hoary giant's stern accost.

' Steer on ! they see the beach
Of wild Agay, with blood-red hills ;
They see Porte d'Or and old Fréjus,
Which in the number of his nurslings dear,
Counts Gallus, the sweet singer,
Agricola, the conqueror of Britain's isles,
And thee, divine Roscius.

' They double Saint Tropéz by force of oars ;
Long is the way,
But Hope, like the Sirocco, helps them on ;
Towards thy star, young lover.
Raise thine eyes, and sweeping,
Tear the blue sea's bosom,—Leander thus
Guided by torch of his loved Hero,

' Did swim the Dardanelles.
Then onwards. So the skiff
Already bounds beneath the vertiginous capes,
Of mountains (Maures), pine woods,
Great reedy flats and chains of rocks,
Of limestone, granite, schist, they pass :
All full of horror, sunshine, and of flowers.

' A splendid blending sunshine.
The Archipelago they then thread,
Of the golden isles ; the Titan first,
Then Porteros, now a burnt-out nest :
Then bosky Porquerole,
Then Fourmil's little shoal,
And Gien, a tongue of land beside a mere.

' They only heard the plaintive cry
Of boatmen, and the bellowing waves
That broke among the scattered rocks,
Or drew the tinkling pebbles down the beach.
The boat swept on.

' Yonder is Hières, full of flowers and green :
A very garden of Hesperides :
Hières, with slopes all lying to the sun,
With pomegranates and orange-trees, flies
past :
As also flies the arid Carquierane,
And now with perfume of the Margolaines,
The loaded air less swiftly seems to move.

Passing Toulon, Calendau is becalmed, but
at length—

' At last, at very last, oh ! bliss,
He sees the mount of his desires,

Gibal! Gibal! deseried by him afar.
 Fresh nerve he takes who sees again
 Each well-known point and bay;
 Bando!, les Lèques and that sweet shore
 Of ilex, olive, terebinth for ever full.'

Imperfect as any prose rendering of this passage must be, we think it will gain much admiration, and that it may be allowed to challenge comparison with the opening of the second canto of *Marmion*. If a neo-Provençal poet can ever be sure of general sympathy, it is when he describes his native country; for the 'province of provinces,' as she was once fondly called, is dear alike to the historian and to the artist, to the student and to the invalid. It is with this pleasant impression upon our minds that we should wish to take leave of the subject.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Dial: A Magazine of Literature, Philosophy, and Religion*. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840-43.
 2. *The Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. 7 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865.
 3. *May-Day and other Pieces*. By R. W. EMERSON. London: Routledge and Sons. 1867.

'ERNEST began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life that he had always lived.' It is pleasant to believe that the noble apologue of 'The Great Stone Face' is a tribute paid by the novelist to the philosopher of Concord, and that these sentences are designed to disclose, as they really do disclose, the secret of Mr. Emerson's influence over his countrymen. Mr. Hawthorne had no sympathy with the 'Sturm' and 'Drang' of the new movement headed by his contemporary. He preferred loitering down the Assabeth and admiring its 'incurable indolence' to Neo-Platonic rhapsodies and scraps of the Vedas. Buried in the old manse, in the moonlight of his own mysticism, he cast a half-compassionate smile on the pilgrims who thronged to the neighbouring cottage as to an American Mecca,—'young visionaries, to whom just as much of insight had been imparted as to make life a labyrinth around them, coming to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment; grey-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, trav-

elling painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom.' Yet he united with them in admiring the genius of the thinker. 'It was good to meet him in the woodpaths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one.'

A recent American writer finds his country well represented in the Paris Exhibition, because its picture gallery contains the portrait of Emerson: a sentiment which, giving a but slightly exaggerated expression to the feeling of a large section of educated Americans, calls for an examination of the sources and claims of an influence so widely extended. In comparing Mr. Emerson's English with his home reputation, we must make allowance for his prestige as a brilliant conversationalist, and the power exerted by the 'controlling sincerity' of his character. His name is to us the sign-post of an interesting stage in the progress of Transatlantic thought, and of a curious chapter in the history of mysticism.

In all new countries, commercial interests are at first the strongest. The febrile activity produced by fear of a sterile future leaves little room for speculative imagination. When the vast solitudes of the New World began to give place to noisy cities, the brains of her people were expended on the farm or the exchange, with a zeal only modified by the spirit and formulae of the faith which led the founders of the Northern States across the sea, and continued to infuse a religious element into their enterprises. This religious element, which elevated the settlers of New England into a higher sphere than that of ordinary emigrants, adding to their strength and giving a faster dye to their morality, was yet in its original form scarcely more favourable to freedom or variety of thought than the industrialism by which it was surrounded. The early history of the American Quakers forcibly illustrates the attitude assumed by the Puritans towards every transgression of their own traditional authority; it was that of men who had been taught by persecution how to persecute. While the more elastic mysticism of Fox took on new shapes in Philadelphia, the Calvinism of Edwards remained rigid in Connecticut. Meanwhile, the storm of the Revolutionary war had diverted the majority of active minds into channels of activity hostile alike to poetry and metaphysics, and when the nation began to breathe leisurely in the first years of the century, that tide of imitation had set in which is only now beginning to ebb. European fashions reigned at New York, French political ideas at Washington. The mental

philosophy of the West was limited to commentaries on Locke and Brown and the eclecticism of Cousin, when the republication of *Sartor Resartus*, backed by the elder authority of Coleridge, gave life and voice to a new intellectual world. Reputations on the other side of the Atlantic are made and unmade with an inconceivable rapidity. Ideas which filter slowly into English soil and abide there for a generation, flash like comets through the electric atmosphere of America. Coleridge and Carlyle were hailed as prophets in Boston, while their own countrymen were still dubiously examining their credentials as interpreters, and suddenly every New Englander who thought he could think proclaimed himself a transcendentalist. The rate of this transformation was only surpassed by its apparent thoroughness. The converts soon put their teachers to the blush; in recoil from practical materialism and solid Scotch psychology, men rushed at once to the outer verge of idealism, mysticism, and pantheism; outstripping Hegel, and leaving Plotinus behind, they manifested in a new direction the same impetuous disregard of limit and degree which marks the commercial enterprises of their great cities. As a shield from the accusation of cynicism, let us borrow from a Transatlantic reviewer the following sentences descriptive of the mental and moral mutiny then prevalent:—

“*Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile*” was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis. Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. . . . Communities were established where everything was to be common but common-sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their allegiance on Thor or Buddha. . . . A belated gift of tongues spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible. It was the Pentecost of Shinar.’

Thus much and more he says regarding the ludicrous phase of the movement, characteristically caricaturing ideas which his countrymen had pushed to a characteristic extreme. But the fullest representation of the New England transcendentalists, as a group, is to be found in the pages of the *Dial*, a quarterly magazine which during the space of four years continued to represent their views throughout four volumes of very miscellaneous merit. The first essay of the series is devoted to an attack, after the approved manner, on critics as they are, and an exposition of the functions of the ideal critic: he is to be the servant of ‘the maker,’ not a base caviller, but a humble friend; he is not to stamp but to sift the works placed before him; he is to be something of a poet and a

philosopher, as well as a good observer; he is to appreciate and make others appreciate ‘religion, which in the two modulations of poetry and music, descends through an infinity of waves to the lowest abysses of human nature.’ The last sentence is a fair specimen of the style and spirit of three-fourths of the *Dial*. In its pages there is abundance of criticism, mostly panegyrical; rhapsodies about Plato and Beethoven; salvos in honour of Carlyle; homage without stint to Kant, Fichte, and Schelling; a few passable tales; several verses, seldom remarkable for anything but obscurity; vigorous sermons, spoilt by violence, of Theodore Parker; Alcott’s Orphic sayings; Margaret Fuller’s æsthetic ideas upon everything; and for backbone and brain, four or five essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The whole is pervaded by a spirit of defiance to all authority, save that of German literature, and of revolt against all uniformity, save that of the contributors. ‘Rise up and be a man, cast off those cumbrous things of old, let conscience be your lawgiver, reason your oracle, nature your temple, holiness your high priest, and a divine life your offering,’ is the vague yet ambitious refrain from its counsel. ‘Pantheism in philosophy, rationalism in Christianity, eternal and necessary ideas for a starting-point,’ is its confession of faith. The *Dial* is a Pantheon, from which only Calvinists and Utilitarians are excluded; where the worshippers meet and sing hymns to Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Goethe, Tieck and Richter, set to German music; and pass from world-old praise of Homer and Shakespeare to friendly recognition of new heresies; from thoughts on labour to puffs of poetasters; from Hindu mythology and Chinese ethics to nineteenth-century truisms about progress and union, prudence and humanity; from soaring among the heights of a modern religion of beauty, to raking among the tangled roots and dead leaves of a second-hand Orientalism. Even this form of the transcendental mania, shallow and affected as it in the main appears, was a valuable counteractive to the materialism round which it grew. It had laid hold of a faith, sincere though obscure, in something beyond tariffs, and wharfs, and exchanges; it believed in a wealth of ideas, transcending the wealth of millionaires; it asserted the principle that the formulae of one age are inadequate to meet the wants or express the feelings of another; but it would have been comparatively ineffective, those vapours of idealism might have soon faded into the light of common day, or, like the Polytheistic art-worship of Frederick Schlegel, ended by acquiescing in the old Roman Catholic faith, had all their best aspirations not been

concentrated and vitalized by an original and vigorous thinker, who took upon himself the task of nationalizing and giving a fresh practical turn to the mystic philosophies of the Old World. English hero-worship would have been vague without Carlyle, American transcendentalism would have been vivid without Emerson. Their relation as leaders of the later romantic reaction is thus expressed by the reviewer to whom we have already referred:—

‘Both represented the old battle against Philistinism. It was again, as in the times of Erasmus, of Lessing, of Wordsworth—a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken, though painted with effigies of saints and martyrs. . . . When Emerson wrote, New England Puritanism, as a motive of spiritual progress, was dead, and in him, the herald of its formal decease, it found its new avator. . . . The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the revolution politically, independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought till Emerson cut the cable, and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget or cease to be grateful for the mental and moral *nudge* (!) which he received from the writings of his brave spirited countryman. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better of having awakened, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own will be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event unprecedented in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearance of Fichte.’

This extract, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Lowell, is an interesting fragment of the history of literature; and it may be well to give a brief abstract of the address to which the closing sentences refer, as it strikes the key-note of much of its author's philosophy. Mr. Emerson begins by declaring that the time has come for American literature to assert its independence, and for his hearers to form an estimate of the scholar as he should be in their country. He ought to be an entire man, and not a mere thinking machine. Of the influences brought to bear upon him, the first is that of Nature, as interpreted by the mind. Her laws are important to us

only as represented by the laws of thought, and science is nothing but the discovery of analogies in the universe; so that the ancient precept ‘Know thyself,’ and the modern precept, ‘Study nature,’ become one maxim. The next great influence is that of the past as recorded in books. These are good for study, for inspiration, but each age has to write its own. We had better never see a book than be warped by it out of our natural orbit. We hear that we may speak. One must be an inventor to read well. History and science we learn from the printed page; but the education of colleges can only serve us when it aims not to drill, but to create. The idea that the scholar should be a recluse is a monkish error. Action is essential to the ripening of his manhood; inaction is cowardice, and there can be no scholar wanting the heroic mind. The recluse soon exhausts his single vein, ‘like those Savoyards who, getting their livelihood by carving wooden figures for all Europe, went one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees.’ Life is our dictionary and our grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made. Character is higher than intellect; the thinker than his thought. There is dignity as well as necessity in labour. So much for the education of the scholar; as to his duties, they may all be comprehended in self-trust. His office is to cheer, to raise, to guide men by showing them facts under appearances. In discharging it he must be patient, self-denying, and resolutely true. He must relinquish display and present fame, and often endure disdain, poverty, and solitude, because he will not tread the old paths or accept the old fashions. He is to find consolation only in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who lifts himself above private cares, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts, the world's eye and the world's heart. In silence and steadfastness let him hold by himself, add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his time. If he can satisfy himself that he has seen the truth, and planted his foot beyond the shores of change, the unstable estimates of men will crowd to him ‘as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.’ The scholar should be brave and free, for the world is his who can see through its pretension. Plastic and fluid in the hands of God and his attributes, to ignorance and sin it is flint. The great man makes the great thing; but we must not suffer the great men of the past to enslave our minds. They have only done for us what we can one day

do for ourselves. He has never lived who can feed us for ever, or set a barrier on any one side to the unbounded empire of the common nature in which we have each a share. 'It is one central fire which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one soul which animates all men.' This is a rough skeleton of the harangue which, with added graces of style and manner, thrilled through the ears of the Cambridge audience, and is reprinted for the review of our calmer judgment in the first of six volumes of prose essays, throughout which the author continues to enforce, expand, and illustrate the same ideas.

In reverting to the celebrated literary efforts of former years, we are often puzzled to account for the effect which they are known to have produced. To do so we must carry ourselves back to our own boyhood. There are many now of middle age to whom the first reading of Carlyle and Emerson brought the sense of a new revelation. To us, in that period of a ready enthusiasm, as to the first students of Schelling, or the first imitators of Goethe, the oracles seemed to be no longer dumb. Nature took on new meanings, and the secret of life was about to be unfolded. It is well for the fame of an author when time and study do not entirely dissipate these delusions, and in this respect, perhaps, Carlyle has stood the test better than Emerson. But both have suffered by the diffusive force of their own genius, which, in making their ideas common, has often made them appear commonplace. When a fresh thinker first begins to speak, the outer world is apt to suspect his sanity; ere he has done, it questions his originality. When the words of the poet who began by heading an artistic revolt get into the air we breathe, we call him a national mouthpiece, and the paradoxical philosopher, whose eloquence has gathered a crowd, becomes a type in harmony with his age and country. In Mr. Emerson's Harvard discourse, indeed, there is scarce anything of which, taken separately, we need fail to trace the pedigree. Fichte had many years before spoken in the same strain of the vocation and nature of the scholar, and on the battle-field confuted the notion that he should be a recluse. The 'philosopher' of the *Republic* and the Stoic 'sage' are older prototypes of the New World's latest ideal. 'Science, the discovery of analogies,' is a leaf from Boehme, or Swedenborg, or Schelling, and the dignity of labour comes directly from Carlyle. The originality—as is the case with the author's whole system of thought—is in the combina-

tion, which, it may be, is the only kind of originality now possible. His defence of others from the charge of uninventiveness may be pleaded for himself. 'As every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries, so every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.' There is a lazy eclecticism, producing mere patchwork, and expressing itself in a borrowed style, which is an infallible sign of weakness; but, with the heirs of so many ages, absolute originality is only possible to absolute ignorance. True talent shows itself not in bubble speculations, but in mastering the past; Chaucer feeds on the old fields, Shakespeare pirates all his plots; the madman and the sensation novelist are the only pure inventors. The larger our circle, the more chance do we have of *intersecting* others; the requisite to a *raison d'être* is, that we have a centre of our own, and be not *included within* the circle of another; in other words, that we be complements, not corollaries of other men. Among mystics, Emerson has emphatically a centre of his own in his intense modernism. A genuine growth of American soil, he tries, with various success, to make the idealists of the Old World his tributaries; a democratic Platonist, his assertion of independence is more extreme than inconsistent; to borrow Bacon's analogy, he leans rather to the error of the spider than of the ant.

I. As regards form, Mr. Emerson is the most unsystematic of writers. The concentration of his style resembles that of a classic, but he has little constructiveness, and, as with others who have adopted the aphoristic mode of conveying their thoughts, he everywhere sacrifices unity to richness of detail. His essays are bundles of loose ideas tacked together only by a common title, handfuls of scraps laid by singly, taken out in a mass, and tossed down before his audience like the miscellaneous contents of a conjuror's hat. He delights in proverbs and quotations, which are, in general, marvelously apt, but his accuracy is often at fault, and in his tendency to exaggeration he is an American of the Americans. He loves a contradiction for its own sake, and always prefers a surprise to an argument. His epigrams are a series of electric shocks, and though no one is more preavillingly sincere, it is sometimes hard to say whether or not he is wholly in earnest,—for a vein of soft irony, his only manifestation of humour, seems to underlie many of his most *prononcé* passages. His habit is to paint in the strongest colours the opposite sides of the antinomies of life, leaving it to his reader to strike the balance. Among highly educated

English writers at the present day, one of the most frequent defects is indecision. Oppressed by the fear of critics, and almost bewildered by their own many-sided knowledge, they hover about their subjects as if reluctant to grapple with them, and where we are most anxious to hear their answers, give the most uncertain sounds. Cautious reservations smother their best judgments, they look round and through the truth rather than at it, and, although they are devotees of good taste, a mental cramp is apt to clip and curtail their style. Mr. Emerson's error is on the opposite extreme: he sacrifices everything to directness and decision, objects to 'but' and 'however,' and maintains that 'two words, Yes and No, are enough.' Following his own advice, he 'rolls out his paradoxes in solid column with not the infirmity of a doubt,' and with an air of unconscious simplicity, as if he were soliloquizing. The charm of a grace without grandeur, a terse refinement of phrase, trenchant and subtle illustrations, are among his main attractions. Speaking of our agriculture in the *English Traits*, he remarks, 'England is a garden under an ash-coloured sky, the fields have been rolled and combed till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough.' This criticism has been applied to his own sentences. The ideas they embody are on the scale of a continent, in form they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. They are sweeping generalizations given in essences, and embodying various amounts of wisdom, from strikingly original thoughts to oracular commonplaces, which, at their worst, are only one stage removed above those of our 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Of his pithy and penetrating *mots*—they do not lose so much as they ought to do by being detached from their setting—we may select a few characteristic examples. 'Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.' 'The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.' 'We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance but the fine innuendo by which the soul makes its enormous claim?' 'Popularity is for dolls. Steep and craggy, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods. Open your Marcus Antoninus.' 'A just thinker will allow full swing to his scepticism. I dip my pen into the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my ink-pot.' 'The English have a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back.' 'I sometimes meet the city of Lacedæmon in a clergyman's eye.' 'A fly is as untama-

ble as a hyena.' 'Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer.'

Mr. Emerson's most elaborate criticisms are mainly composed of the same mosaic-work, and, in the long run, we get tired of those perpetual jerks. His style, all armed with points and antitheses like the bristles of a hedgehog, lacks the repose which even our modern impatience of rotundity still desiderates. It reminds us too frequently of the frisking movements of a ballet-dancer, and our author's attitudes are not always graceful in themselves. His allusions are sometimes far-fetched, and his general naturalness does not save him from occasional affectations and displays of pedantry. In coining words, as 'Adamhood,' 'forelooking,' 'spicier,' 'specular,' 'plumule,' 'uncontentioned,' 'metope,' 'intimater,' 'antipode,' 'partialist,' he is far from felicitous. Minute critics will find that his disdain of rule extends to a contempt of some of the rules of grammar, as in his employment of such a form as 'shined,' and his continual use of 'shall' for 'will.' More serious defects are his misapplication of terms, as when he speaks of 'the strong *self-complacent* Luther,' and the want of taste, dignity, or moderation in such expressions as the following:—'Truth is such a fly-away, such an untransportable, and *unbarreable* a commodity, that it is *as bad to catch* as light. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who could ever *clutch* it?' 'The fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, *pre-existing* within us in their highest form' (why pre-existing?) 'Napoleon, when *spying* the Alps by a sunset on the Sicilian sea.' 'The world-spirit is a good swimmer. . . . he *snaps his finger* at laws' (when swimming?) 'Every hero becomes a bore at last. . . . It seems as if the Deity dressed each soul which he sent into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable, and wrote *not transferable*, and *good for this trip only*, on these garments of the soul.' 'Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings and founded the House of Lords.' 'Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpet, and Sheffield grinds steel.' All those are more or less objectionable as violences done to good sense or decorum. They are emphatically 'smart,' and, like the graver irreverences which we shall have to notice hereafter, unworthy of the author who is among the keenest to perceive and the foremost to censure the flippancy of his countrymen. Too much stress has been laid on such faults of manner by those who are hostile to his way of thinking; but it is incumbent on all who have to fight for the freedom of their

thought to reduce to a minimum the eccentricities of their style. The greatest cause advocated by the greatest orator would fail of a hearing if the advocate were to plead for it in his shirt-sleeves. As a counter-active to the impression produced by lapses, which are after all comparatively rare, let us quote a few sentences, worthy of Cicero or the Antonines, from the noble essay on Friendship :—

‘Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can : such a one is a friend. . . . He is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. . . . I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin pedlars to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curriele and dinners at the best taverns. . . . Let me be alone to the end of the world rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally baulked by antagonism and compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. . . . Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as Nature itself? . . . Let him be to me a spirit, A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighbourly conveniences from cheaper companions. . . . Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years. . . . Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. . . . The only reward of virtue is virtue, the only way to have a friend is to be one. . . . Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. . . . It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you ; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods.’

Finally, as an illustration of Mr. Emerson's earlier style, let us take the following from among many passages which attest his power of idealizing Nature :—

‘All those things for which men plough,

build, or sail, obey virtue, said Sallust. The winds and waves, said Gibbon, are always on the side of the ablest navigators ; so are the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done, perchance in a scene of great natural beauty ; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades ; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed ? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America, before it the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane, the sun behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around ; can we separate the man from the living picture ? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery ? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions.’

The freshness which breathes through Mr. Emerson's essays reappears in his poetry ; but his verses are seldom so successful as his prose. Apart from the obscurity of their matter, which is great, for he has chosen rhythm as the vehicle of his remoter fantasies, they are defaced by frequent mannerisms, incongruities, and carelessness. Most of them are wanting in melody, many in syntax : the writer seems to trust to Providence for his rhymes, and changes his metres at will. Nevertheless, in both the volumes of his poetry there are poems. His genius has a lyric side, and the imaginative sympathy with Nature, and men like himself, which makes his prose poetical, prevents his verse, even when awkward, from becoming prosaic. The rippling of rivers, the sigh of the pine, the murmur of the harvest, and whirl of insects, pervade and give life to his descriptions. A morning light is thrown over his happiest pages. He sings like Shelley of the dancing stars and the dædal earth, and the delicate touches in some of his quieter reflective pictures are not unworthy of the author of ‘The Excursion.’ All men occasionally become either dull or ridiculous. Mr. Emerson avoids the first : he is guilty of repetition, but seldom of diffuseness ; and though often verging on absurdity, he generally steers clear of platitude. Those poems reveal him on another side, for the most part concealed from us in the author's prose : that which has to do with home affections. Interleaved between the gold-dust drifts of Alexandrian and Persian mysticism, there are pieces that speak of a love that is neither ‘initial,’ ‘remoniac,’ nor ‘celestial,’ but human, and the consciousness of a common share in common

joys and griefs. Of these, 'The Dirge,' 'In Memoriam,' 'The Farewell,' the 'Lines to J. W.,' 'To Ellen,' and 'The Threnody,' are the most conspicuous. In the last, the idealist mourns over an irreparable loss, for which he finds but a partial consolation in his philosophy:—

'The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me;
For this losing is true dying,
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft:
The world dishonoured thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

But the prevailing tone of the more intelligible part of these volumes is cheerful. 'The Woodnotes,' which, under this and other names, occupy so much of their space, are those of the lark rather than the nightingale.

'Thousand minstrels woke within me,
Our music's in the hills,'

is the perpetual refrain of the exulting worshipper of Nature. Camping among the Adirondacs, welcoming the May, or putting his garden into song, he keeps his new American faith:—

'When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'Twill be time enough to die:
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.'

In the same strain is the following, which breathes the spirit of Quarles or Andrew Marvell; but the Puritanism of older days has here taken on another shape:—

'Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home,
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river ark on the ocean brine;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam:
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

'Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go and those who come;

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

'O, when I am safe in my silvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan,
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?'

To counterbalance this hermit-like spirit, there are other pieces relating to the intercourse of men with each other, showing keen observation of practical life, and weighing its gains and losses; sound worldly wisdom in neat quatrains, and a few trumpet-calls of liberty. The hymn sung at the completion of the Concord Monument is thoroughly patriotic and at the same time strong and dignified; while the verses written immediately before and during the late war address the whole nation in forcible terms both of warning and encouragement. Those practical manifestoes are the more striking, from the fact that they are printed by the side of others proclaiming, in transcendental enigmas, the indifferentism of all transitory things, the fixity of fate, and the doctrine of the absorption of the individual in the Infinite. Most readers of our author's earlier volume of verse have puzzled over 'The Sphinx.' Let them endeavour to unravel the following remarkable lines from his last, entitled 'Brahma':—

'If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

'Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanquished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

'They reckon ill who leave me out:
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

'The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.'

Almost everything our author has written is excellent in parts, but he has produced no consummate whole; we have in all his work

spontaneity, sagacity, and vivacity, imperfectly harmonized with a love of abstraction; the materials for a philosophy suggested rather than given, and his system, if it may be called so, has to be found in broken lights and shapes.

II. Mr. Emerson has, by the majority of his critics, been regarded as a mystic. He prefers to call himself an idealist, and his position, as far as it is tenable or distinct, illustrates the fact that the old divisions of philosophy are being continually altered and replaced, as old systems form affinities with new beliefs and phases of character. In his lecture on Transcendentalism, delivered at Boston twenty-five years ago, he gives a rough division of mankind into two sets; 'the first class founding on experience, the second on consciousness;' the one 'insisting on facts, on history, on the force of circumstances, and the animal wants of man;' the other, 'on the power of thought and of will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture.' Between these two classes of thinkers, he unhesitatingly takes part with the second, with the Platonist against the Aristotelian. He everywhere exalts mental abstractions, and depreciates matter; he relies on the unity of reason in opposition to the variety of sense; he believes that the mind can make its own circumstances, and holds that the object is either identical with or the product of the subject. This *a priori* manner of thinking has from an early period developed itself in two schools, whose boundaries are often continuous, but which also are capable of being contrasted. The rank of Mysticism in history and its relation to other systems are not yet exactly determined. M. Cousin places it at the close of his fourfold list, as a reaction against the scepticism engendered by the conflicting extremes of materialism and idealism. According to the generalization of M. Comte, it ought to belong to the earliest of the three great eras of human thought, for in all its phases it has been more or less theological. Neither view entirely coincides with fact; both too much neglect the light which is thrown on the formation of theories of the universe by the minor details of biography. Mysticism appeared at an early stage in India as a reaction rather against literalism than scepticism. It closed Greek philosophy. It ran alongside of the formalism of the middle ages. It was attached by the Sufis to the creed of Islam. It allied itself with the early Protestantism of Germany and the counter Catholicism of Spain, and endeavoured, in the hands of Paracelsus and Boehme, to build a temple to itself out of the crude guesses of alchemy and astrology, which mark the

dawn of modern science. Mysticism has been associated in turn with theism, atheism, and pantheism, with a belief and a disbelief in outward revelations, with 'the fugitive and cloistered virtue' of the ascetic and the '*os rabidum*' of the fanatic, with the 'holy indifference' of quietism and the license of the Anabaptist; in the New World, with the opposite extravagances of Mount Lebanon and Oneida Creek: but at every stage of its development it has been distinguished from idealism proper by its appeal to Faith as an ultimate authority, by its exaltation of emotion above reasoning, by its disdain of regular methods and impatience of partial truths, by its withdrawal from active life, and generally by its tendency to submerge the individual in the universal, man in God. In most of these points Mr. Emerson, in many passages of his prose and verse, claims affinity with the mystics of all ages. He defines Transcendentalism as 'The Saturnalia or excess of faith.' He commends the extravagant fatalism, the philanthropy of despair, embodied in Buddhism—the most portentous creed of self-annihilation that the world has seen. He repeats the dictum of the Yoga: 'Illumination is the property of purity.' In the 'Woodnotes,' his 'eternal Pan, who layeth the world's incessant plan,' who is the 'axis of the star, and the sparkle of the spar,' and 'the heart of every creature,' recalls the address of Crishna to Ardjoun in the Bhagavad Gita: 'I am the vapour in the water, the light in the sun and in the moon, the invocation in the Vedas, the sound in the air, the life in animals, the eternal seed of all nature.' Among the elder Greeks he reiterates the half-eastern rhapsodies of Heraclitus:—

'Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep;
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep,'

and neglects the stricter logic of Parmenides and Zeno. 'Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato,' is one of his dogmatic generalizations, but he deserts Plato for Plotinus in his belief in ecstasy, in 'the ineffable union of God and man in every act of the soul,' in his declaration that 'the words "I" and "mine" constitute ignorance' of that unity 'wherein every man's being is made one with all other,' and in his prevailing reverence for the Orientals. With Plato, dialectic is the crown of science, to be attained by a long process of thought and education, *συνεπιδοις και συναπειρωτοις χρωμένη αις διηλθομεν τεχναις*. He would be glad of a raft to float him down the stream to a haven. Emerson soars, with

Icarus wings, above dialectic to *ἔννοιας*, and, with the self-confidence which marks one phase of mysticism, exclaims, 'The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps; means, teachers, texts, temples fall away from the simple mind.' And again, 'Fear and hope are alike beneath intuition: it asks nothing, and is raised above passion.' 'Prayer, as a means to effect a private end, supposes dualism in nature and consciousness: as soon as the man is at one with God, he will see prayer in all actions.' 'We live in succession in parts and particles. Meanwhile, within man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty, the Eternal One.' 'The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object are one.' 'The simplest person who in his integrity worships God becomes God.' 'A man is the façade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. The soul, whose organ he is, breathing through his intellect is genius, through his will virtue, through his affection love.'

Mysticism, which has ever aimed at transcending the world, has in various ages striven to accomplish its end by various methods. The ancient mystics believed in philosophers, the mediæval in saints. Mr. Emerson endeavours to comprehend the manifold forms of their faith in a catholic eclecticism. To his mind, 'the trances of Socrates, the union of Plotinus, the vision of Porphyry, the conversion of Paul, the aurora of Boehme, the convulsions of George Fox and the Quakers, the illumination of Swedenborg, the rapture of the Moravian and Quietist, the revival of the Calvinist churches,' are different names for the 'divine visits' of God-intoxicated men, phrases more or less imperfect to express that common inspiration which is the religious sanction of his own philosophy, the only certain recompense of a noble life. He is willing to use the language, and in some degree to think the thoughts of all their sects; but, deriving something from all, he entirely accords with none. To him, as to the Yogi and the Alexandrian, man is a theatre where the powers of heaven play, passing through the transformations of life to a Universal Being; but he is bound neither to the Vedas nor the Phædo. With Proclus, he looks on the world as a system of hidden hierarchies; with Erigena, he makes hell a metaphor for law of compensation; with Hugo of St. Victor, he holds '*ascendere ad Deum est intrare in se ipsum*.' He walks by the 'inward light' of the early Quakers, and the '*Funken der Seele*' of the Germans of the fourteenth century. Eckert and Taubler speak for him in saying—'He who is at

all times alone, is worthy of God, who is then present.' 'The eye, whereby I see God, is the same eye whereby he seeth me.' 'The spirit mounts to the divine dark like the eagle towards the sun.' And Suso anticipates, in more impassioned verse, the triumph of the transcendentalist, who has in fancy raised himself 'above multiplicity to the essence,' above effects to the cause, above the storms of humanity to the eternal rest. But almost all these thinkers had, in the last analyses, a definite creed, and deferred to a recognised authority. Their 'divine love,' concentrated on a divine person, supplied the place of a strong earthly attachment in cancelling self. Their enthusiasms and raptures were the result of mortifications and prayer. Mediæval mysticism, with all its vagueness, was a genuine abnegation of the world. Its ethical tendency is summed in a sentence of the *De Imitatione Christi*: 'It is altogether necessary that thou take up a genuine contempt for thyself, if thou desire to prevail against flesh and blood.' Mr. Emerson has little of this spirit of submission. He approaches the egotheism of the Sufis in his self-assertion and his use of expressions which 'do knock at the door of blasphemy with intent to enter therein.' As with them, it seems to him that man cannot do without God, nor God without man, both being essential features of the same indivisible nature. Yet he homologates the paradoxical resignation of the Quietists in his doctrine of a grace above virtue, and in his elimination of the ordinary meanings of reward and punishment from among the motives of life. His scepticism, like the allegorical figure in Bishop Taylor's sermon, puts out the fires of hell and burns up Paradise. Engulfed in the light of the omnipresent Deity, his 'meek lover of the good' not only passes space and time, and the *flammaria mœnia mundi*, but 'turns his back on heaven.' Among European mystics, Swedenborg is his favourite seer, as the author of one of the five lines which abide the winnowing of the ages. In his vision, as in that of the oracular Swede, 'the fields of space are threaded by magnetic influences, and the stars chime to the chords of music; every plant is related to every plant, each colour to each sound.' With him, as with the poet Herbert, 'man is one world and hath another to attend him.' He looks on the universe as a constellation of types, and reads the macrocosm by the microcosm; but he is content with a general reading, with the knowledge of laws, to the exclusion of minor facts. He despises the details of all beliefs, and holds that the best worship has the least ceremonial.

Mysticism has been compared to a rocket

rushing with a white light towards the sky, redescending in coloured streams to the earth. It has in almost all ages had two sides, the Theosophic and the Theurgic—a divine dream of unity with God or nature, and a popular machinery of visions and spells, an artificial, and often sensuous, phantasmagoria. With this latter phase, represented by Iamblichus among the Neo-Platonists, by the hysterical ecstasies of St. Theresa and John of the Cross, by the magic-workers and Cagliostro of a later date, American transcendentalism has no *rapproch*. Its modern equivalents are the Joe Smith Gospels and Poughkeepsie ghosts, which the transcendentalists, as a rule, hold in sovereign contempt. Mr. Emerson, in particular, wholly repudiates the materialistic mysticism, which, believing in nothing on which it cannot lay its fingers, descends to meet the materialistic scepticism of the age. He despises and derides 'the millennium mathematics, the peacock ritualism, the mauling of Mormons, the squalor of mesmerism, the delirium of rappings, the rat and mouse revelation, thumps in table-drawers, and black art.' He will have 'no picking of locks,' holds no converse with Theurgy, and on this score he parts company even with Swedenborg, maintaining that 'his revelations destroy their credit by running into detail. . . . The spirit, which is holy, is reserved and taciturn, and deals in laws. Hobgoblins gossip and tell fortunes.' Again: 'Swedenborg's perception of nature is not human and universal, but mystical and Itebraic. He fastens each natural object to a theologic notion, . . . and poorly tethers every symbol to an ecclesiastic sense. The slippery Proteus is not so easily caught. Nature is no literalist.' And again: 'He delivers golden sayings which express with singular beauty the ethical laws, . . . yet, after his mode, he pins his theory to a temporary form. . . . He has devils. . . . His Inferno is mesmeric. His spiritual world bears the same relation to the generousities and joys of truth as a bad man's dreams bear to his ideal life.' And, once more, 'Socrates's Genius did not advise him to act or to find, but if he proposed to do somewhat not advantageous, it dissuaded him. "What God is," he said, "I know not; what he is not, I know." . . . The secret of heaven is kept from age to age. No imprudent, no sociable angel ever dropt an early syllable to answer the longings of the saints, the fears of mortals.'

Mr. Emerson sympathizes with the unsatisfied aspirations of all ages, with the day-dreams of restlessness in search of rest, that have imagined Cridavann, and Ilesperia, and Avalon,—that sent the knights of the middle age in quest of the Sangreal, and led the

monks to Christianize the eastern Nirvana,—that laid out Brook Farm in Massachusetts, and gave Novalis and Newman back to the fold of Rome; but he will not be drawn by them into any church with walls. All religions are to his mind 'the same wine poured into different glasses;' he drinks the wine and tries to shatter the glasses. His unflinching scepticism pierces the armour of all definite dogmas, while he entrenches himself behind an optimism like that of Spinoza. He thus breaks with the more consistent majority of mystics in his disdain of authority; he breaks with them yet more decidedly in his strong assertion of individuality. Mysticism has in the main been fatalistic. As a developed system, its natural home is in the East, where the influence of great uniformities of soil and climate has only in recent years been partially counteracted by the conquering activities of an energetic race. Beneath her burning sun, and surrounded by her tropic vegetation, the mass of men were overwhelmed by a sense of their insignificance, and this feeling of subjugation was intensified by absolute forms of government. The same listlessness which permitted a secular and priestly despotism, led its victims to welcome the idea of a final absorption of their individuality. Their philosophical ambition was to pass into the framework of a gigantic nature, to be 'rolled round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks and stones and trees.' 'The complete end of man,' says the first aphorism of Kapila, 'is the complete cessation of pain.' There is a relic of this spirit in the *ἀταραξία*, *ἀπάθεια*, and *ἡρεσία*, which are the aims at once of the Epicurean and Stoic systems; but the Eastern doctrines of passive obedience had been banished from Greece as early as the overthrow of the Pythagorean institute. They revived in the dark and middle ages, when the church took upon itself the task of legislating for the intellect; and even the precursors of the Reformation were possessed with an almost oppressive sentiment of resignation. 'He who wills and does nothing is best,' is a truly Oriental saying attributed to Eckart, the mystical teacher of Tauler. The reproduction of the Oriental spirit in America, in so far as it is genuine, and not the mere expression of a love of far-fetched quotations, may be attributed to external influences, in some respects comparable to those which weighed on the inhabitants of ancient India. In the Western, as formerly in the Eastern world, Nature still struggles to assert her old supremacy, and threatens to domineer over men's minds by the vastness of her empire. But in other respects the conditions are reversed. In place of stagnation, and uniform, although magnificent decay, we have to deal with the mani-

fold progress of nineteenth-century civilisation in a land where every one is more or less inspired by the resolve of the modern mariner with an ancient name, to 'sail beyond the sunset' in pursuit of fresh adventures, where the energies of the individual are in constant, and, in the long-run, triumphant struggle with all that tends to restrict the full sweep of his arm, or to retard the freest activities of his mind. Where every moon sees new forests felled, new rivers crossed, new fleets built, new tribes amalgamated, new discussions raised, and new problems solved, mysticism, if it exist at all, must take on a form very different from that handed down from the East of three thousand years ago to the Alexandrians, and transmitted to the European ages of implicit faith by the pseudo-Dionysius. Mr. Emerson strikes the keynote of the difference when he writes, 'Feudalism and Orientalism had long enough thought it majestic to do nothing; the modern majesty consists in work;' and he rejects some of the cardinal doctrines of the systems which he here condemns. His position is superficially antagonistic to, essentially in harmony with, the spirit of his age and nation. In reaction against their noise and hurry, he inculcates contemplation and memory, receptivity and silence; while sharing in the active inspirations of those who lead the great movements around him, he sings their battle-songs and celebrates their hopes. His philosophical idealism has many points in common with the doctrine of Absolute Identity, but on its practical side it approaches nearer to the individualism of Fichte than the rigid pantheism of Parmenides or Spinoza. Retaining from the mystics his belief in the supremacy of the higher emotions, he by no means discards the senses, and substitutes for a religious creed an idealized view of modern physical science. Emerson's church is the *Natura naturata*,—the rich external nature of the Dorian mythology,—the modern painter's and poet's 'fair round world of light and shade.' Neither Wordsworth nor Shelley plunges with more delight into this bath of beauty and power, whose 'medicinal enchantments' sober and heal our hearts. Lucretius has not better appreciated the '*severa silentia noctis*.' No sun-worshipper of the Magi or the Incas could gaze more intensely on the morning sky. Thus he writes:—'We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies which call us to solitude, and forestall the future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet.' In the same spirit he sings of the remedial life in the season of buds and birds:—

'Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told,
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.'

But the sermon within the Church is the *Natura naturans*, the inscrutable force, the hidden law, the 'something far more deeply interfused,' 'the quick cause before which all forms flee as the driven snow,' publishing itself in creatures, rising 'through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries,' from the granite to the oyster, from the trilobite to man, from the gorilla to Plato and Shakespeare. It is Goethe's *Erdgeist*, weaving all shapes in the same wondrous web, the spirit of the Muse that 'lays her beams in music,' the inspiration of the philosopher, who hears 'the words of the gods,'—Nature revealing in beauty, in art, and, highest of all, in moral nobleness, as much of her secrets as it is permitted us to learn.

'If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young,
To the open ear it sings
Sweet, the Genesis of things;
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust and star pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm.'

Mr. Emerson's allegorical poetry is mainly employed in giving a body, at times somewhat nebulous, to what we may term his physical idealism. The nature we see around us in stellar, geologic, and human history, is, he maintains, the key to the nature which is unseen, the law by which the fabric moves and the 'spirit walks from state to state.' The final cause of this continual change or 'rushing metamorphosis' he holds to be the production of higher forms of life; and, diverging in this respect from the old pre-Socratic philosophies of the universe, of which in other respects he often reminds us, he believes in humanity as 'the roof and crown of things.' In his temple, man as he is is the worshipper, and man as he ought to be and may be is the chief object of worship. In this spirit his recent 'Song of Nature' anticipates the development yet awaiting the race.

'The building in the coral sea,
The planting of the coal,'
are many a thousand summers old,
'And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.'

.....
'Let war, and trade, and creeds, and song,
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed,

Of all the zones and countless days.
No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.'

The *prima origo* of this perpetual evolution Mr. Emerson pronounces to be inscrutable; he regards the physical postulate, 'Give us matter and motion and we will construct the universe,' as a begging of the question; he admits the necessity of Plato's unmoved mover, and from the fact that all change is progress, recognises an orderly Intelligence at its root:—

'Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse and sound and light was none,
And God said Throb, and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.'

But if we inquire further regarding this primordial Power, who mixes the atoms and makes them 'march in tune,'—if we seek to know more of the nature of God than is revealed in the first chapter of the Hebrew Genesis, he holds, with Professor Tyndall, that we are attempting to transcend our faculties. We must be satisfied to affirm that 'conscious law is king of kings,' and that whether as Nature or Deity it orders all things for the best. Our author repeats or reproduces all the formulæ of the Aristotelian optimism—*φύσις οὐδὲν μάτην ποιεῖ—ἔχει τι εἶναι*. The world is very good. Nature is *τέλος καὶ βέλτιστον*. She does nothing *πενιχρῶς*, in a mercenary spirit, but 'adds in every instance a slight generosity, a drop too much,' whence the tendency to excess necessary to life, the electricity without which the air would rot, the excitement of fanaticism, the redundancy of passion. 'We hit above the mark to hit the mark,' and all things are needful to each, and each to all. Without conflict there would be no virtue: without imperfection in parts no progress, which is the condition of life. Mr. Emerson's optimism goes even further than this. He accepts the position of the Megareans, that evil itself is only good in the making, that it differs from good only by a minus quantity, that, in its essence, it is not a real thing. Like Spinoza, 'he acknowledges no hell, no devil, no positive and active agency at enmity with God; but sees in all things infinite gradations of beings, all in their way obedient, and all fulfilling the part allotted to them. 'Nothing,' he exclaims, 'shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation.' And even this profanation must itself have a moral result in the eyes of him who maintains

'That night or day, that love or crime
Leads all souls to the good.'

The American transcendentalist arrives at his conclusions much more easily than Spinoza; they are not rigorous logical deductions from premises professing to be axiomatic, but isolated assertions, frequently inconsistent with each other, founded on the impulses, which he calls the intuitions of a sanguine and pure, though in some directions a limited mind. Without attempting to throw any light on the problem here suggested, we may safely assert that our author's solution of it is unsatisfactory. Like a healthy man's view of disease, it is unsympathetic, and even dangerous. To say that evil is negative is a play on words, which does nothing to explain its origin, and little to unfold its purpose. We feel pain, sorrow, and sin, in active as well as in passive forms, in contrast as great as ever to pleasure, joy, and holiness, and the question remains, Whence comes this perpetual negation? We may try to find the 'type of perfect' in the outer world, but Nature, at first sight, rather suggests a dualism. We may look for it in the mind, but all men, except confirmed saints and consistent philosophers, are conscious of an *ἀδύνατος μάχη*; 'a baseness in the blood at such strange war with something good,' that its moral aspect only deepens the mystery. Theologians have, successfully or not, endeavoured to unravel it. Thorough-going materialists have their answer in a reference to the blind working of purely physical laws. It has always been a stumbling-block to systems which more or less identify man with God. Mr. Emerson hardly seems to realize the magnitude of the difficulty. 'Justice,' he proclaims, 'is the rhyme of things;' and the phrase is perhaps a happy one: but the facile Optimism which asserts that the bad rhymes are proper parts of the poem, is liable to the same abuse as the Antinomianism of other mystics; for to most men the temptations of life are too strong to be resisted by the belief that in yielding to them we 'waive a little of our claim' to a more dignified position in the universe. In some passages, however, he guards himself more carefully, and his theory, when transferred from the individual to the larger historic scale, appears, as does the correlative doctrine of the identity of Might and Right, in a less objectionable form. In asserting that 'the lesson of life is practically to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours,' that, 'through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams,' that we should 'learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting, and bear the disappearance

of things we were wont to reverence without losing our reverence;’ he only announces a faith which ‘is large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end.’

But his Optimism, as that of other theorists, is either like ancient Utilitarianism, untrue to nature, or, like modern Utilitarianism, hardly consistent with itself.

III. The question regarding the relations of good and evil leads us from the consideration of Mr Emerson’s more purely metaphysical to his ethical views. In this instance, as in the former, we shall be more careful to represent correctly than to criticise. Our author is content to state in broad terms the two sides of the antinomy of Necessity and Free-will, which lies at the basis of moral philosophy. Fate is with him, in many passages, another name for Nature. ‘The book of Nature is the book of Fate; she turns the gigantic pages leaf after leaf, never returning one.’ From this point of view, he uses the language sometimes of the believers in an external constraining Destiny, a ‘terrific Providence;’ sometimes of Determinism, both in the form in which Mr. Mill rejects, and in the form in which he accepts it. Emerson’s intuitions are clear, but his logic is cloudy, and he seldom allows himself to be pinned down to a definite belief; the ‘slippery Proteus’ evades even the law of contradiction, and, passing through a series of glittering paradoxes, from one ontological peak to another, he escapes the drier if more decisive discussions on the plains of psychology. In one part of his work he admits that ‘organization tyrannizes over character,’ that ‘men are what their mothers made them,’ and dwells on the limitations of circumstance; in another he asserts that these limitations become thinner as the soul ascends, that Fate has its lord, that Power is in the dual world, a fact equally incontestable, that ‘intellect annuls Fate,’ which is ‘a name for facts not yet passed under the fire of thought, for causes which are unpenetrated,’ that ‘the one serious and formidable thing in nature is a strong will,’ and that ‘life in the direct ratio of its amount is freedom.’ Those sentences are nowhere reconciled with each other, for the statements that ‘freedom is necessary, a part of Fate is the Free-will of man’ are mere verbal reconciliements, nor are the latter set reconcilable with the mystical side of our author’s philosophy. If, as he declares, ‘history is the action and reaction of Nature and Thought—two boys pushing each other on the curb-stone,’ what becomes of the identity of subject and object in a single Nature? The controversy between Liberty and Necessity cannot be resolved, according to the favourite

method of modern harmonizers, into a difference of degree, for behind the ambiguity of words there is a real difference of opinion. Making every allowance for the force of circumstances the question remains, Is there any point at which absolute responsibility and power of choice begins? The moral argument concludes for the affirmative, the purely physical for the negative, but the physical is supplemented by the psychological, and the result depends on the possibility or impossibility of identifying the will with the desires. This aspect of the problem Mr. Emerson scarcely contemplates. But however unsatisfactory his solution, we accept the fact that he believes in both Fate and Free-will as an index of the larger fact that Mysticism in America is inevitably and materially modified by Industrialism, that the pantheistic tendency, deprecated by De Tocqueville, is opposed and checked by a strong individualism, and the feeling that without distinct centres of will and intelligence there is no true personality. The nations of the North and West have accepted Necessitarian theories, with the proviso that they shall be active and not passive agents. ‘Let us,’ says the poet, ‘build temples to the Beautiful Necessity which secures that all is made of one piece; which makes man brave in believing that he cannot shun a danger that is appointed, nor incur one that is not.’ On the other hand, ‘we are not the less compelled to affirm liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, and the power of character.’ ‘Tis the best use of Fate to teach a fatal courage.’ As a practical moralist, Emerson abandons Spinoza and follows Kant. Ranging himself almost unreservedly on the side of freedom, he speaks of man as autonomic, as the lord of circumstance, the maker of his character and the master of his fate. When he condescends to details he is eminently real. His essays on Wealth, Culture, Behaviour, Power, exhibit in their judicious balance of conflicting claims the quintessence of common sense. They all contain admirable rules for the Conduct of life; inculcating prudence, suspicion of deceptions, address and tact in dealing with our fellows; appreciating success and geniality, the loss of which he holds to be a price too dear for the best performance; recommending economy, activity in commerce, concentration of effort, purposes well defined and consistently carried out. Woven of two curiously intersecting threads, they present us with a unique conjunction of shrewdness and idealism. Their author has been termed ‘a Plotinus Montaigne,’ and one of his admirers has, not unfairly, attributed to him—

'A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders,
whose range,
Has Olympus for one pole, for th' other the
Exchange.'

There never was a mystic with so much of the spirit of the good farmer, the inventor, or the enterprising merchant. In his practical mood he disclaims 'the lofty language in which Plato and the Platonists speak of all who are not devoted to their shining abstractions,' and, like Bacon, would bring down astronomy and the other sciences from heaven to earth. Yet the work in which this vein of thought is most conspicuous ends with the chapter on 'Illusions,' where he tells us that the affairs of every day are shadows after all, that behind the veil of clouds and smoke the gods are still sitting on their thrones alone with the solitary and inviolable soul. When he has to deal with the means of life, he is an active and discriminating man of the world; when he comes to treat of its ultimate ends, the scene shifts, and we have again the mystical idealist. This combination of stern practical rectitude with an ideal standard is Mr. Emerson's point of contact with Puritanism. A chivalric nobility, in which beauty and goodness are blended, is at once the goal, the sanction, and the motive of his ethical system. In the verdict of an elevated conscience, which accepts it as such, he reposes an implicit trust. 'The final solution in which scepticism is lost is the moral sentiment which never forfeits its supremacy. This is the drop which balances the sea.' It is, at all events, our author's firmest anchorage, and he holds by it with a tenacity which never condescends to encounter the historical difficulties in his way. Praise of the virtue which, transcending all prudences, and disdaining all consequences, is its own reward, is the refrain of his moral monologue. His belief in an absolute morality, and the rigid ethical criterion which he applies to men and things, are his connecting links with the old faith of New England. His severe censure of Goethe's artistic indifferentism recalls the age when the Bible and theological commentaries were regarded as the sum of honest literature. He writes of our great dramatist in the spirit of the men who closed the theatres. 'He was master of the revels to mankind. It must go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement,'—sentences far removed from the spirit of the modern artworship, or even from the broader view which accepts the facts of life without seeking to probe its secrets. But those which follow, protesting against the

opposite extremes of austerity, indicate another divergence. While Mr. Emerson is Puritanic in the moral earnestness of his character and his criticisms, his own conception of the ultimate basis of morality is far removed from that of the Puritans.

The cardinal difference between all ancient and most modern ethical systems is the comparative exclusiveness of the one, the universality of the other. The Platonic virtues, in their highest form, can only be understood or fully practised by the golden race who minister in the temple of his Hellenic state. The Aristotelian magnanimity and magnificence belong of right to a well-educated Athenian citizen. Stoicism was, in some respects, a bridge between the two eras. It broke down the walls of rank and wealth and race, and made morality, in a more modern sense, the chief end of man. But it was still fenced with intellectual pride, and the capacity of interpreting its precepts was confined to a new aristocracy of character. The ambiguity of the maxim, 'Follow nature,' a maxim which Mr. Emerson emphatically endorses, proved fatal to its wide extension. Ancient morality was more or less artistic: it regarded a perfect life as the blooming of natural excellences, rarely as obedience to law, and dwelt on the right or wrong of the action rather than on the merit or demerit of the actor. Christianity, in giving prominence to the latter conceptions, in associating the ideas of duty and self-sacrifice with motives generally realizable, added to ethics the side which is most capable of being brought to bear on the mass of men. It first announced a heaven willing to stoop to feeble virtue, it first insisted on the obligation of the strong to succour the weak, and addressing itself not to contemplate, but to aid 'the weary strife of frail humanity,' it first appreciated the difficulty of living well. Noyalis says truly, that 'the summons to the good-will of all has made the fortune of the faith which recognises grief and self-abnegation.' Mr. Mill, in his *Liberty*, asserts with no less truth that there is 'much still to be learned from the highest Pagan ethics; their positive ideals may be profitably opposed to the negotiations of mere abstinence, their public spirit to a pseudo-religious selfishness, their freshness to the over-refinements of modern casuistry. There are no nobler sentences than are to be found in the pages of Marcus Antoninus, on the grace of those inherent virtues by which a man utters goodness as the mint utters coin, or 'as a vine produces grapes.' This aspect of morality is what we have everywhere presented to us in Mr. Emerson's essays. He prefers a constitutionally noble nature, acting, ἀφ' ἑξῆς, without

forethought to the self-conquest that is the result of an internal combat, the 'beautiful disdain,' that recoils from evil as from ugliness, to the sainthood that subdues 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' 'We love characters,' he says, 'in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous: Timoleon's victories are the best, which ran and flowed like Homer's verse.' He reveres the individual grandeur of Plutarch's heroes, who are 'natural powers, like light and heat.' With Carlyle, and more consistently, he decries self-consciousness, too much analysis, too careful calculation. 'The knots that tangle human creeds' are to him 'the soul's mumps and measles and hooping-coughs.' Shelley, whom he often recalls, speaks for him in saying, 'I have confidence in my moral sense alone, for that is a kind of originality.' His pattern character needs no reminders of the law of duty; 'unchartered freedom' never tires him, nor does he feel 'chance desires' as a weight; he 'lives by pulses, forgets usages, and makes the moment great.' Emerson has the tenacity of the Puritan, but he hates Puritanic glooms, 'dungeons in the air,' as he hates sick people who 'pollute the morning with corruption and groans.' 'We should study rather to make humanity beautiful to each other.' 'Wisdom is cheerful, *aliis lætus sapiens sibi.*' 'Depression of spirits develops the plague.'

Plato, in the *Republic*, draws a distinction between the doctors of the body and those of the soul, saying that the former should know disease by experience, the latter should only know vice by observation. This is an important truth, but some sympathy with temptation even to moral evil enlarges the charity, and if he has been victorious in the struggle, strengthens the power of the moralist. The *mens sana in corpore sano* of the American transcendentalist has little of this sympathy: vice is to him a sign of bad blood, a flaw in the grain. To a properly constituted being he holds that a fairly moral life should be easy, 'a few strong instincts and a few plain rules suffice.' His penal clause is moral blindness—if we are slaves to sense we cease to see the claws of the siren; his reward is a deeper insight, his aim is ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανάτῳ ζῆν; his rule of life is *Self-reliance*. 'The man that stands by himself the universe stands by him also; 'Never imitate. That which a man can do best none but his Maker can teach him; 'To believe in your own thought, that is genius; 'Always do what you are afraid to do; 'Shy thou not hell, and trust thou well heaven is secure; '—are sentences which might have been uttered by the proudest of the Stoics, and graved among the illustra-

tions of their Porch. The following perfectly reproduce the aristocratic *noli-me-tangere* morality of Greece and Rome:—'We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all around Olympus.' 'Looking where others look and conversing with the same things, we catch the charm which lured them. Napoleon said you must not fight too often with one enemy, or you will teach him all your art of war.' 'We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both motions are unbecoming. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him he at once puts you in debt,'—ἀντεπεργητικὸς πλεῖόνων. The new worship of this old magnanimity must be celebrated in 'the church of men to come, without shawms, or sackbuts, or psalter; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration: it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. Was never Stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solicitude, shame these social supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the superpersonal heart—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The laws are his consolers, the good laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty and an endless horizon.'

To enlist popular feeling against this morality as inadequate, or to denounce the vagueness of this new religion, would be in the eyes of the transcendentalist a mere rhetorical appeal to the prejudices of that very ignorance above which he claims to have raised himself. Let us therefore waive for the present all considerations due to authority, let us concede that to him such an ideal life may be a self-sufficient end, and even grant that his faith may be the future philosophic creed, we are yet thrown back on the old exclusiveness, and are in danger of reverting to the old egotism that vaunteth itself on its triumph over the world. Christianity, it has been said, differs from the highest Pagan wisdom not so much by enlarging the list of virtues as in 'lighting up morality' with an inspiration in which all mankind may be partakers. Mr. Emerson thinks he has supplied to Stoicism the

enthusiasm that it lacked, by the element of mysticism which he has added, and given it a broader basis by his sympathy with the industrialism of a democratic age. But the gulf between the remote idealism which crowns and the practical activities which underlie the whole is nowhere bridged in his philosophy. The Eastern and mediæval mystics commonly regarded human life by itself as an evil from which they were to escape, the one into unconscious identification with the universe, the other into the love of a personal God. The last words regarding human destiny uttered by the expiring classic schools are the expression of a doubtful hope. 'It is pleasant to die if there be gods; and sad to live if there be none.' 'As far,' says our author, 'as it is a question of fact respecting the government of the universe, this sums the whole.' But he scarcely accepts the latter half of the dilemma in the sense in which it was intended; in his writings there is no trace of the profound melancholy which we find in Tacitus and the later Roman Stoics; life, as it appears to him, is in itself a good; his belief in the gods, as far as human existence is concerned, resolves itself into a confident expectation of indefinite progress, and a reliance, in the meanwhile, on the principle of Compensation. But this principle, by which he endeavours to surmount the difficulties involved in his optimism, often fails to meet particular cases. The proposition that every individual loss is recompensed by an individual gain, is, as far as this life goes, untrue. There are sufferings with no temporal equivalent. Job does not always recover his sons and daughters. The fact that what one gains another loses does not justify the ways of Providence to the sufferer. A severe Stoical nature that can accept the saying—'Of progressive souls all loves and friendships are momentary,' which is pure, to the excess of being frigid and almost repellent in its isolation, escapes from half the pain and struggle of life; but 'the passionate heart of the poet' knows more of the wants of mankind. Mr. Helps, whose own calm judgments are ever softened by sympathy, has put the case more truly in a striking sentence of his *Companions of my Solitude*:—'Living, as we do, in the midst of stern gigantic laws, which crush everything down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again; living with such powers about us (unseen too for the most part), it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here. Such considerations tend to charity and

humility; and they point also to the existence of a future state.' Charity in its wide sense, and humility, are the two Christian virtues which the Pagan world had least knowledge of: they are virtually though not by name excluded from all the more recent systems which both for good and evil revive the Pagan spirit; from Greek art-worship, and Gothic force-worship, the pursuit of 'Geist,' and Transcendentalism. For a definite belief in a future state Mr. Emerson substitutes the conception of our relationship with the whole chain of things, our share in the march of the mighty laws. 'The knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being from the centre to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul.' It cannot be denied that the popular views of another world are apt to be materialistic. The Homeric Hades which Plato desired to erase, and Lucretius afterwards so grandly dismissed, was better calculated to terrify weak than to stimulate strong natures. In later times mythological conceptions of future reward and punishment, like those dwelt upon by the morbid fancy of Shakespeare's Claudio, have often prevailed, and ridiculous ideas of immortality have been eagerly embraced by the sceptical credulity of a misnamed 'spiritualism.' The higher mysticism of all ages has done good service in protesting against the projected selfishness which only drives a better bargain for its virtue because it sees a little farther than the selfishness of the Epicurean. On the other hand, when we refine too much upon the belief in a future existence, when, in reaction against anthropomorphism, we reduce it to the impersonal perpetuity of the pure reason allowed by Aristotle, by Spinoza, and by Emerson, we deprive it of its meaning and value as a general motive. That it is possible not only to exist, but to lead a noble life on the stern conditions of their creed, the names of those philosophers and some of the most lustrous pages of classic biography amply demonstrate. The near approach to identity in the practical precepts of Buddhism, Christianity, and modern Pantheism, establishes the existence of ethical standards independent of and compatible with all forms of belief. Warriors and patriots have always been found to die *εὖ καλοῦ ἐνεκα*. The man of leisure and far ranging thought in the ancient world might find consolation for the violence done to affections, seldom very keen, in speculation, and the belief that in a vague sense he was *ἑσφιέστατος*. The

modern sceptical physicist may reflect that he will be remembered as having done something to advance the knowledge of those majestic sequences which will continue to uphold the universe when he 'is blown about the desert dust, or sealed within the iron hills.' The highly educated Comtist may claim a more disinterested satisfaction in his philanthropic faith, that while 'the individual withers the race grows more and more.' The transcendentalist, like the quietist, has his moments of exaltation, his elevated *véryeia* or glow of enthusiasm, in the sense of his communion with the soul that breathes 'through all this mystic frame : ' but his theory seems devised for a world from which want and misery and shame have been cancelled, where there is a fair field and free air and men—*ἀνῆθα θυμὸν ἔχοντες*. Such golden visions may cast a temporary gleam over the path of the few ; they do not satisfy the wants of the many. They fail to meet the very first conditions of the great problem, which is how to banish untruth and superstition, and still present religion in a definite and practical form to the mass of mankind, so as to elevate their life, and guide their aspirations.

IV. Mr. Emerson, as a teacher and critic, has been repeatedly compared to Mr. Carlyle. They edited each other's works in their respective countries, and they have been in some respects justly affiliated, but the contrasts between them are both striking and instructive. They have in common a revolutionary spirit, a marked originality, an uncompromising aversion to decorous illusions, an excessive disdain of traditional methods of thought and stereotyped modes of expression ; but in Carlyle this is tempered by a greater respect for persons and a veneration for his own ideal of the past, in which he holds out models for our imitation. Emerson sees in its great men and events only finger-posts for the future, and is perpetually warning his readers to stay at home lest they should travel away from themselves. The one, always a careful though sometimes a perverse historian, loves detail and hates abstractions ; he delights to dilate on the minutiae of biography, and waxes eloquent even upon dates. The other, a brilliant though not always a profound generalizer, tells us that we must 'leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history.' 'Everything,' he writes, 'is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are melancholy ; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place, dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought

with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleaves to names and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday.' Neither of those writers has the 'dry light ;' both exaggerate, but in different directions. The one dwells on the dark side of things, he is like a man bearing a heavy burden, and his heart seems at times to grow sick with reactionary doubts till the starry firmament itself is a sad sight in his eyes. The other is blown upon by the fresh breezes of the New World, his vision ranges freely over her clear horizons, and he leaps up elastic under her light atmosphere, exclaiming, 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' Carlyle is a Germanized Scotsman, living near the roar of our great metropolis, with memories of Weimar on the one hand, of the bleak grey hills of the Covenanters on the other. Emerson is a Grecized American, studying Swedenborg and the Phædo in his garden, far enough from the din of cities to enable him, 'in seasons of calm weather,' to forget their existence. 'Boston, London, are as fugitive as any whiff of smoke, so is society, so is the world.' In the chapter of *Sartor Resartus* entitled 'Natural Supernaturalism,' we have the same feeling of the dream-like character of the universe regarded as a series of dissolving views, but this mood of mind, which is transient in the one writer, prevails with the other. In most practical matters the one is strong where the other is weak. Mr. Emerson seems to have bought his experience cheaply. *Totus, teres atque rotundus*, at second hand, he writes poorly of the passions, which he has never realized. His essay on Love is the description of a beautiful rainbow rather than of a mastering power. His own instincts are innocent, and we might have predicted that his rules of life would be misapplied, as they have been, by grosser natures. His 'Threnody' and 'Dirge' are indications of his having passed through the 'valley of the shadow,' but he has encountered no Apollyons, and assumes himself in the Celestial City without having crossed the dark river. His moral theories are less sound, and less applicable to real life than Carlyle's, in the same proportion and for the same reason that Shelley's were less applicable than Wordsworth's. Of the two, the latter alone recognises the truth that underlies all the formulæ about human corruption, and acknowledging the necessity of a law of duty with definite sanctions, takes for his watchword the Christian self-sacrifice in place of the Pagan self-reliance.

The artistic qualifications of these writers are even more strongly contrasted. The

charm of Mr. Emerson's style at its best lies in its precision and ease. He draws round outlines graceful and clear, but colourless. His temple is a modern Parthenon. Carlyle seems to struggle with huge masses of rock; his church, like a great part of his creed, is Gothic; his thoughts are often fragmentary, sometimes grotesque, but he never offends us by the complacency of the American epigrammatist, and he redeems his incompleteness by the humour with which he acknowledges it. More of a man at starting, his power of expression has increased with years, but his faith in other men has unfortunately diminished: after passing through the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea, he has completed the circle, and gone back to the 'Iceland of negations.' With all his profounder sympathies, he takes his stand as a retrograde politician, and, seeing only decay where his fellows are seeing progress, advocates a purely ideal and impracticable despotism. Mr. Emerson here shines by comparison. Whatever his faith in the Invisible may be, he holds it without faltering. In condemning the hurry and noise of mobs, he keeps his temper, and, resting on Justice, never cries for vengeance. 'Their politic at the best is trick,' is his severe expression in a season of national folly, but wars and revolutions take nothing from his internal tranquillity; amid the strife of parties, to none of which he belongs, he preserves the 'pure intellectual gleam,' and pits Swedenborg and Montaigne against Prudhon and Louis Blanc, Hafiz and Shakespeare against Luther and Fox. With whatever loss of that consistency which he stigmatizes as the 'hobgoblin of little minds,' he balances his aristocratic reserve with strong democratic tendencies, and has confidence in progression by antagonism. His own career has been progressive in the direction of actual life. 'Society and politics,' says Mr. Lowell, 'which are main elements to strength, have drawn Emerson steadily manward and outward.' He dwells apart from factions, yet at every crisis of his country's history, he leaves his 'intellectual throne,' to say in fewest words the aptest and truest things, as the spokesman of a liberty at once ideal and practical. Through good and bad report, amid the regrets and reproaches of many of his transcendental admirers, he has stood by the Abolitionists from the time when Garrison set his first types to the close of the war of emancipation. It was he who wrote, in 1857, in reproach of the unfulfilled Declaration of Independence—

'United States! the ages plead,
Present and Past, in under song;
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.'

ending his exhortation with the emphatic verse—

'For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.'

It was he who said that the execution of old John Brown consecrated the gallows. Mr. Trollope tells us how, when he expected to find 'the star-spangled banner wrapped in a mist of Platonism,' in a lecture delivered during the great struggle of 1863, Mr. Emerson amazed him by the practical force of his patriotism. His Boston Hymn of the same date is animated throughout by the fervid philanthropy of these verses—

'Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

'O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honour, O South! for his shame,
Nevada coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.'

It was the leader of the transcendentalists who pronounced the noblest eulogy on the memory of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Emerson has nowhere given us in any definite detail his views on 'Politics.' His essay of that name accepts the position, first upheld by Aristotle and popularized by Lord Macaulay, that different forms of government are adapted to different social conditions; but it shows that the tendency of modern times, attaching more weight to the equality of persons and less to the inequalities of property, is steadily pointing towards democracy. Hesitating between his admiration for the best men and his wish for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, he finally casts his vote for the more generous policy in all disputed questions. He approves of free-trade, a wide suffrage, a national education, a popular literature, a mild penal code, an open competition for honours and offices. A philosophic republican, he sees the dangers incident to a society without gradations of rank, while he confides in the stability of the fundamental human nature on which it relies, and endorses the saying of an old American author, 'that a monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock, and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then your feet are always in water.' He believes in collective wisdom as the limit to collective folly; and while maintaining that the State exists for its members, he thinks that, if each be true to his convictions, they can act best in unison when all are subject

to the fewest external restraints. The enervating influences of authority and the 'monotonous sweetness of custom' he holds to be least powerful in popular governments, and the tyranny of a public opinion not enforced by law need only be endured by voluntary slaves. While censuring Conservatism as timid, he admits that pure Radicalism is destructive and aimless, and hopes for a new social and industrial Stoicism, softened and made gracious by a love of beauty and benevolence, to reconcile order with liberty. Mr. Emerson is, we believe, most widely known in this country by his *Representative Men*, by no means in all respects the most satisfactory of his works. A series of generally acute criticisms, pervaded by no well-marked ethical idea, it leaves on the mind a somewhat indefinite impression. Its categories are not exhaustive, and it is difficult to determine on what principle they are chosen; but it serves as an interesting point of comparison with the corresponding lectures of the great English advocate of Hero-Worship, to the suggestions of which it probably owes its existence. Mr. Carlyle, whose whole faith is centred in strong individualities, adopts the view of history which practically resolves it into a series of biographies. Mr. Buckle, caring little for persons, and confiding rather in general laws, resolves biography into history. Mr. Emerson on this question steers a middle course. He venerates great men, 'to educate whom the State exists, with the appearance of whom the State expires;' but he regards them as inspired monthpieces of universal or national ideas rather than as controlling forces. Their mission is not so much to regulate our action as to 'fortify our hopes.' Possessed of a larger share of the Over Soul, which 'makes the whole world kin,' they apprehend and explain phenomena which have hitherto passed unheeded; but their indirect services are the best. Their examples, more weighty than their acts or discoveries, are perpetual encouragements. The great man is an encyclopædia of fact and thought, the belief born in his brain spreads like a current over humanity, and he becomes for a time the golden key to the ill-defined ideal of the multitude. But his career should rouse us to a like assertion of our liberties. We ought not to obey, but to follow, sometimes by not obeying him. Without him the world would be impoverished and thrust back under the dominion of the artificial laws which he has taught us to transcend. It is the imbecility and not the wisdom of men that 'is always inviting the impudence of power.' It is obvious that this view is in essential antagonism to Mr. Carlyle's. His heroes are men with

divine mandates, which they have, with whatever difficulty, to impress and enforce upon their fellows. Perpetually chanting the 'challenge of Thor,' he cares little for speculative genius; his sympathy is with the Titans, or the gods of the Eddas, rather than with the more serene Olympians; he concentrates his admiration wholly on men of action, intensity, and moral force—Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Luther, Johnson, Cromwell. Mr. Emerson, as we have seen, loves an easy greatness which has its grace by nature, and 'lives in a sphere of thought which others get at with difficulty.' To force, which reigns in a barbaric age, and owes its value to the vices of society, he prefers beauty, rounded outline, and mental grasp. In the various types of the philosopher, sceptic, mystic, poet, and man of letters—Plato, Montaigne, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, and Goethe—he sees various imperfect approximations to his model thinker. Napoleon is added as the typical man of the world, the sum of all the temporal, as Goethe is the sum of all the intellectual life of recent times. It has been justly complained that Buonaparte is Mr. Emerson's only type of a man of action, and not one of the highest. The fact illustrates the bent of the critic's own mind. He admires, he tells us, and respects capacity of every kind in every age, but he subordinates saints and statesmen alike to the sage, who does for truth what the consummate artist does for beauty. Yet he holds, with a laudable inconsistency, that the solution of the problems of life should be in existence, and not in a book; his virtue is never fugitive, it comes out and fights for liberty. In leaving the *Representative Men*, let us select three of its most striking characterizations, remarkable alike for terseness and accuracy:—

'What a force was coiled up in the skull of *Napoleon*! . . . He is thoroughly modern, and at the highest point of his fortunes has the very spirit of the newspapers. He came unto his own, and they received him. He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and the precision of natural agents. He risked everything and spared nothing, neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. . . . A Jupiter Scapin, he did all that in him lay to live without moral principle.'

'*Goethe* was the soul of his century, the philosopher of the multiplicity of human life, hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and science. . . . He draws his rent from rage and pain. By acting rashly he buys the power of talking wisely. Vexations and a tempest of passion only fill his sails, as the good Luther writes, "When I am angry I can pray well and preach well." . . . He lays a ray of light under every fact, and between himself and his

dearest property. From him nothing was hid, nothing withheld. The lurking demons sat to him, and the saint who saw the demons, and the metaphysical elements took form. The old eternal genius who built the world has confided himself more to this man than to any other. . . . But there are nobler strains in poetry than any he has sounded. There are writers poorer in talent, whose tone is purer and more touches the heart. Goethe can never be dear to men.'

'Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others conceivably. A good reader can in a sort nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakespeare's. He is still out of doors.'

V. The extracts we have given within the limited compass of our review sufficiently illustrate the fact that Mr. Emerson is singularly unequal as a critic. For penetration, subtlety, and conclusiveness, some of his estimates of men and things have never been surpassed. They are frequently most felicitous, at all times fresh and genuine, and expressed with a racy vigour, though, on some occasions, with an unpruned violence. On the other hand, this freshness is often purchased by a lack of knowledge. Hobbes confessed that he owed much of his originality to the restricted range of his reading. Emerson often owes his apparent force to the limitations of his thought. His eye is keen, but his scope is comparatively narrow, and his deficiencies of vision are the more injurious that they generally escape his own observation. Unconsciously infected by the haste which he condemns in his countrymen, he looks at other nations through the folding telescope of a tourist. His *English Traits* abound in trenchant epigrams, but though they pay an amply generous tribute to English greatness, they miss, in many important particulars, the salient point, both for good and evil, of English character. In one page we find him commending the *Times* newspaper for its reliability, independence, and consistency,—an American verdict which the vicissitudes of the last six years must have done something to modify; in another he writes, 'The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror.' Mr. Emerson repeatedly gives his sanction to the strangest continental notions of our insular eccentricity. His representations of our leading thinkers, writers, and statesmen seldom rise above the level of Mr. Willis's *Pencilings by the Way*. His taste is constantly at fault;

an incessant straining after *bon-mots* mars his judgment as much as it vitiates his style, and his love of directness, pushed to an extreme, leads him over the confines of fact, as well as the reservations of fashion, into reckless caricature. A dogmatist, in spite of the impulsive inconsistencies which ought to be fatal to dogmatism, his judgments of those whose lives and writings do not square with his theories are, for the most part, valueless, and when he does injustice to his adversaries, his tacit assumption that all wise men must agree with him only adds to the offence. When, for instance, he asserts that 'Locke is as surely the influx of decomposition and prose as Bacon and the Platonists (!) of growth;' or declares that Mr. Wilkinson's prefaces to the translations of Swedenborg 'throw all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade;' or says contemptuously of the sensational school, 'Tis of no importance what bats and oxen think;' or writes of his converse with Landor, 'He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?'—he shows either ignorance or flippancy. His praise of Bacon, with whose method he has no real sympathy, seems to prove that he has never understood the position of the founder of inductive science. His own motto is rather '*plus intra*' than '*plus ultra*,' and his idea of truth is not so much the correspondence of thought with things, or a knowledge of their forms, as the agreement of the mind with itself. He utterly rejects the *Idola Theatri*, but not unfrequently falls a prey to all the others. He seldom ventures on verbal criticism; and in dealing with foreign languages he betrays the weakness of his scholarship. Though he is a professed Platonist, his essay on Plato is, in some respects, one of his poorest; he seems to have read him in Mr. Bohn's translations, which he pronounces 'excellent.' One qualification for a good critic is a well-defined artistic standard, another is the dramatic capacity of placing himself for the time in the position of the person who is being criticised. Mr. Emerson has neither of these. In reviewing an author he seems to skim his works, and ask how far the results arrived at coincide with a preconceived idea. With the spirit of a fearless inquirer, he unfortunately blends so much presumption as to feel an absolute indifference regarding the opinions of others, and this in excess constitutes a moral as well as an artistic defect. Thought is free, and the expression of it ought to be so, but, when our thought wanders very far from that of the majority of the wise and good, we are bound to watch it with more than ordinary care, to sift its conclusions, and at least to state them mod-

erately. Mr. Emerson's thought does wander far, and it runs fast; he does not know what moderation in expression means, and his almost childish love of contradiction, perpetually, and often justly, provokes offence. In dealing with subjects, and in handling names commonly regarded as sacred, he delights in parading his independence, and, instead of endeavouring to conciliate, he rides roughshod over the most cherished convictions of his fellow-men, or waives them aside with a complacent smile, and a sort of divine impudence. Every claim of authority he receives as a challenge to his personal rights, and immediately decides to 'believe the contrary.' He never seems to have read the inscription on the third gate of Buzerane: 'Be not too bold;' he stabs the bull Apis, in utter disregard of the historian's warning. His impatient *anticipationes naturæ* detract from his trustworthiness in matters of detail, while, by a similar carelessness, he repeats and contradicts himself with equal frequency. His soundest judgments relate to the men around him, of whom he is at once the panegyrist and the censor. All that is weak and foolish in their mode of life he condemns; all that is noblest and most hopeful he applauds.

Mr. Emerson has left his mark on the century; to use a favourite phrase of his own, 'he cannot be skipped.' Even where his results are least satisfactory, his intense suggestiveness is the cause of thought in others; and as one of the 'genetic powers' of modern literature, his fertilizing influence will survive his inconclusive speculations. His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct, limpid in phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy he lives within a case of crystal, where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honourable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavours to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he throws his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty; and his lack of sympathy with merely

personal emotions is recompensed by a veneration for the ideal of the race which recalls the beautiful sentiment of Malebranche, 'When I touch a human hand I touch heaven.' We admire his combination of comprehensiveness and concentration, of finesse and tenacity, of good sense and reverence, the cheerfulness of his scepticism, and the softness of his austerity. Mr. Emerson's is the highest secular form of the Protestant, as M. Comte's is the highest secular form of the Catholic faith. His religion of Nature at least teaches us to aspire to the noblest life, and assures us that every resisted temptation is a new source of strength. He has reanimated what is most enduring in Pagan, and borrowed, although it may be without due acknowledgment, a ray of inspiration from Christian ethics. His love of truth for its own sake is one of the rarest virtues in any age, and his idealism is a perpetual protest against the baser materialism of his own—a materialism in the long-run far more formidable to religion than any erroneous metaphysics. His practical precepts are all heroic; however his system may be misapplied, he is himself preserved, by the purity of his intuitions, from the worst dangers to which it is exposed. His exhortation, 'first, last, midst, and without end, to honour every truth by use,' is the sum of all morality. His writings are bracing to the moral sense, a tonic to the will as well as to the understanding. They recall the magnanimities of the Porch, the amenities of the Academy, and the fervour of the best Puritan models. No one can pass from their perusal to any meanness or sensuality. Mr. Emerson will never be very popular in England, where his defects and merits are alike generally uncongenial. He alarms our Philistinism by the aggressive independence and strong counter-currents of his thought, and repels our anti-Philistinism by his vehemence of expression. Our middle classes rally against him round the pillars of their Church and State. Of the refined minority, those who hesitate at heart between the liberal creed and Ultramontane sympathies turn scornfully from his samplers of excellence to the 'Acta Sanctorum.' Our apostles of culture, intensifying his moral, repudiate his artistic blemishes; they agree with him in theoretically despising plain facts and plain men, and, unlike him, they carry their theory into practice; but their views of style are hopelessly at variance. The later followers of Bentham, whom he has never fairly appreciated, recognise him only as an ill-informed adversary. Yet the time has come when well-educated Englishmen of all sects ought frankly to acknowledge the high qualities of a mind, on the

whole the loftiest that the world of letters in New England has hitherto produced. In memory of these qualities the thoughts of his countrymen will continue, with or without the sanction of foreigners, to revert, with respect and gratitude, to the old-fashioned village straggling through the meadows, where the Assabeth unites with the Musket-aquid to creep towards the sea, famous as the first battle-field of the Revolutionary War, and as the birthplace of American Transcendentalism.

ART. IV.—*History of Civilisation in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. In Three Volumes. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1867.

THE opening of Mr. Buckle's *History* contains a striking chapter on the relative effect of Moral and Intellectual Laws, which, when the book first appeared, was most inadequately discussed, and which, since that time, has received too little attention. After reviewing the influence of natural agencies upon man, Mr. Buckle came to the effect of man's power over nature, and, surveying the career of nations, he held the progress of the race to be twofold,—Moral and Intellectual; 'the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge.' The problem then arose, Which of these elements was the chief? If it was the Moral, then the Moral Element must mark the advance of society; if it was the Intellectual, then the Intellectual element must be the standard of measurement. Now, said the historian, neither the moral nor the intellectual faculties grow in strength as the world grows in years. There is no reason to believe that the children who were born in London in 1860 were a whit more richly endowed by nature than those who were born in London a hundred or a thousand years before; nor, whatever height generations may reach in purity of life and mental attainments, is there any reason to believe that the native power of the race will undergo a corresponding change. Thus progress is the result, not of internal vigour, but of external advantages. That is to say, it is the result of 'the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations,—in a word, the entire mental atmosphere.' That atmosphere is made up of two elements, the Moral and the Intellectual, one stationary, the other progressive. Moral teaching makes no advance. 'There is, unquestionably, nothing to be found in the world which

has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honour your parents; to respect those who are set over you; these and a few others are the sole essentials of Morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.* The province of the intellect, on the other hand, presents nothing but change, nothing but progress. Every age adds its experience to that of all past time; century by century the mass of recorded facts increases in geometrical ratio; new methods of inquiry take the place of old; new systems of thought are ever springing up; new sciences are ever coming to life, so that the physical and chemical knowledge possessed even by the greatest minds of antiquity is trivial when compared with that taught to an advanced schoolboy of our own time.

Here, then, we have two agencies, one stationary, the other progressive. But civilisation is constantly advancing; and, since a stationary agent can bring forth only a stationary effect, moral systems cannot, said Mr. Buckle, be the agencies of which we are in search, and the progress of society must result from the intellect alone. 'These conclusions,' he added in his own emphatic way, 'are no doubt very unpalatable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive, is, that it is impossible to refute them.'

Such was the historian's argument; and we have stated it as clearly as we are able, because, while we hold it to be vitiated by a fundamental error, we believe that, indirectly, it sets the essential character of moral systems in a more vivid light than any other bit of recent speculation. Next to a book at once full of ability and of truth, the most valuable is a book at once full of ability and of error; since its power gives a stimulus to thought of which a feeble work is incapable, and opens up prospects of which the writer did not dream. Such is emphatically the case with much of Buckle's *History*, one of the faultiest, and yet one of the greatest books of this generation; and, as we mean to subject the logic of his ethical chapter to the most hostile criticism, we pay at the outset a tribute of admiration to those splendid powers and that matchless industry which have given him a lasting name.

For the moment, we admit that moral

* *History*, pp. 163-4.

teaching is not progressive. Most, if not all, of the precepts in the Christian ethics are to be found scattered throughout the literature of ancient nations. The poetry of every people puts forth stray jets of moral wisdom. When the Spanish missionaries first carried the gospel into Mexico, they found that, though cut off from the civilisation and the religion of Europe, the Aztecs possessed ethical maxims befitting a Christian pulpit. Centuries before the Jesuits went to China, Confucius had proclaimed the golden rule of doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. The Arabs and the Persians have a proverbial literature, which, to much that is meaningless, stupid, and grovelling, adds much that is stamped with the loftiest moral wisdom. Thousands of years ago, the Hindoos possessed a sublime body of ethical truth. The subtle intellects of the people are peculiarly fitted for speculation, and when Europe was still a barbarous waste, they were studying the very problems which are still perplexing Western thinkers. The freedom of the will, the relation between mind and matter, the dependence of cause and effect, the immortality of the soul, and the nature of Deity, all these problems have been made familiar to the Hindoos by the meditation of unnumbered ages; so that, when they come to read Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Hamilton, Comte, or Mill, they manifest little surprise, they easily master what is new, and they show that some of the profoundest speculations of the West were anticipated by their own race. In like manner, they have achieved much in ethics. They have no Sermon on the Mount; but their poets have said, in other words, much of what our Lord enunciated in that sublimest of discourses. In the Western world the ethical mine is still more rich. As gifted with logical power as with imagination, as fitted for scientific analysis as for poetic flight, the Greeks early reached some of the noblest of moral truths. Those truths were often stifled, distorted, misunderstood, ridiculed, seldom put in practice, never thoroughly carried out; yet they were ever breaking through the hard crust of human life. It was the same in Judea before the birth of Christ. Even among the most exclusive of peoples, the culture of heathen nations had diffused a subtle atmosphere, which acted as a solvent on the old code of morality; and their altered sympathies and longings found expression in a mass of proverbs breathing the very spirit of Christian love. Nor does that fact take away from the originality of the Sermon on the Mount, any more than the fact that Christ did not use a new grammar or new forms of rhetoric.

In a certain sense, therefore, Buckle is right

in saying that there has been little advance in morals within the last three thousand years. But that admission does not take us far; since in this respect the progress of intellectual truths has been equally small. It is only the statement of the chief ethical maxims that does not change. It is only the statement of the commands, 'Do as you would be done by;' 'Love your enemies;' 'Bless them that curse you;' 'Honour your father and your mother,' that we have not been able to improve. And what are the corresponding intellectual truths? Such precepts as these: To gain a knowledge of Nature, you must watch her movements, use experiments, observe cautiously, put absolute trust in no theory which goes beyond the facts you have ascertained, and employ hypotheses only as a means of hitting upon Nature's secrets,—only as picklocks to unfasten a door of which you cannot find the key. Those are the great maxims of scientific research; they strike the inductive and the deductive note; and the history of science is only the history of their application and development. Now, what advance has been made in the formal statement of those great principles? In one sense, none whatever; and that is just the sense which Buckle has in view. Take the three greatest masters of scientific method that the world has ever seen, Aristotle, Bacon, and Descartes. Aristotle laid down as clearly as any modern the truth that science must be built on observation; that her survey must take in all the facts of the case; and that whatever theory went beyond those facts was but a guess. Two thousand years afterwards Descartes wrote his *Discourse on Method*, and that book was among the boldest pieces of writing that had appeared for centuries. Yet, in telling men to study Nature, the great French teacher did not, and could not, go beyond the rule of his mighty forerunner,—the rule that we must fit our theories to our facts, not our facts to our theories; the rule that the first duty of science was to use her eyes. Nor did Bacon say more than that. He said that we must observe and experiment, that we must watch Nature patiently and humbly, and that we must rise from particular instances to general laws. But, in substance, the Greek had said the same things before. No doubt, between the method of Aristotle and the method of Bacon there is a great change, marking an equally great advance; and what that advance is we shall presently ask; but meanwhile the fact to be noted is, that in Buckle's sense of the term, intellectual principles have made as little progress as moral. So far, both stand on the same level.

Nor is this all. In casting a slight on

ethical systems, the historian might have gone further, and have said that there never was a time at which the highest precepts of the Christian morality were not practised in a fitful kind of way. He might have said that since the New Testament expresses the highest dictates of our nature, those dictates must have been carried into practice by a multitude of pure beings before they were crystallized into ethical maxims. He might have said that savages are sometimes kind to the helpless, sometimes meek, sometimes merciful, on rare occasions forgiving. He might have pointed out that it does not follow, because a tribe or a people is cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty, that therefore all its members are cruel, revengeful, and bloodthirsty too. He might have said all this; but, had he done so, he must have said more; for the same things hold equally good of scientific principles. The practice of induction and deduction is as old as man himself. The methods by which science rises to a knowledge of the sublimest laws have in every age been applied in every hour of life; and without habitually applying them no set of people could live for a day. The savage has to find out the best fishing-grounds and the best herbage; to get his food by the chase; to learn the surest means of trapping and shooting; to watch the changes of the wind, the course of the seasons, the waxing and the waning of the moon; and if he does not keep his eyes open, and use his reason, the result is starvation and death. Hence he has a keener eye for those marks that denote the best feeding-grounds of fish than Agassiz. His knowledge of the habits of some wild animals, and the properties of the plants, might excite the envy of Mr. Darwin. He can foretell changes of weather with such certainty as to be independent of an Admiral Fitzroy and a meteorological office. And when hunting, when fishing, when building a hut, or when hollowing a canoe, he reasons from one fact to another with the acuteness of a Chillingworth or a Mill. Thus, so far as regards their practical application, moral and intellectual laws are on a level.

Let us see now how we reach the formal statement of those laws. Though, in satisfying his daily wants, the savage carries out all the canons of induction as rigidly as a Herschel or a Faraday, he does not generalize them. For thousands of years men observe Nature, and reason from one phenomenon to another, before they say in so many words that such is the right way to find out Nature's secrets. And it is easy to see why they do not hit upon the formal statement. At first their sole object is to satisfy their hunger, to kill their enemies, and to exercise

their natural love of power. They have no incitement to aim at any higher mark. When searching for shell-fish, they are content to know that at certain hours of the day the tide will be out and the rocks bare; and when tracking an antelope, they are content to know that certain winds will deaden the keenness of the animal's scent. They do not ask why. They do not inquire what makes the tide ebb and flow, or what brings the north wind at some seasons and the south at others. Ages are required to bring them up to that pitch of curiosity, and ages more are needed to sharpen the faculties into a fit state for piercing the crust beneath which Nature hides her laws. Before the dawn of civilisation, a hundred great intellects may each take to guessing whence the winds come, and what holds up the earth, before a body of speculation can be gathered together that shall serve to quicken the mind of a half-savage Aristotle into a state of scientific curiosity. In like manner, men present examples of what is good long before they formally say what is good. Before Confucius had stated the golden rule of conduct, his countrymen had fitfully carried it out; and before men were told to forgive their enemies, examples of that self-sacrifice were seen among the unforgiving Jews.

The next thing to examine is the effect produced by the formal statement of intellectual laws; and it is important to note this branch of the subject, because Buckle reasons as if the advance which society has made within the last two thousand years, were due, chiefly or solely, to the improvement in the formal methods of inquiry. He reasons as if the scientific achievements of the Greeks had resulted mostly from Aristotle's formal enunciation of the elementary principles of induction; as if the scientific triumphs of modern France were mainly owing to Descartes' formal statement that complete scepticism must herald research; and as if Bacon's formal statement, that we must constantly appeal to Nature, had been the principal means of giving England her scientific supremacy. Buckle did not, indeed, lay down such a proposition in so many words, and, had he seen it laid down by others, he would have been the first to challenge its accuracy; but, here and there, he argues as if it were just, and the assumption helps to vitiate all his reasoning. For the truth is, right action always goes before right thought; men do good before they define goodness; they reason properly before they lay down the laws of logic; and the system-builders come late in the day, after half the work is done. The earliest as well as the latest literature exemplifies those facts.

Long before Aristotle taught his disciples how to philosophize, Thales and Anaxagoras applied the principles of induction with an accuracy that would not disgrace a modern student of science. At a later date everybody who studied Nature applied those principles with more or less correctness. In Aristotle's time, it was a mere truism to say that the ways of Nature must be closely watched in order that her laws might be seen. The Stagirite told the Greeks nothing new when he said that the study of Nature must begin with the study of facts; his transcendent merit is, first, that, in carrying the maxim into practice, he did with consummate skill what many people did badly; and, secondly, that he gave new force to the principle of trusting to experience, because, so far as we know, he was among the earliest to call that principle the leading canon of science. Nor, when the intellect of Europe declined, and when the nations were passing through the night of the middle ages, was that canon forgotten. It did, indeed, lose its old position, and, as Dr. Whewell has remarked, the investigation of Nature gave place to the criticism of what had been said about Nature by ancient philosophers; but the necessity of induction was never denied. Even in monkish times, men were never such fools as to pretend that a knowledge of the camel could be evolved from the depths of their moral consciousness; and some people who talk glibly about the mediæval contempt for facts, would be surprised to see how many valuable facts had been piled up by such schoolmen as Scotus, and how keen an eye such men had for the scientific value of those materials. Still, as a rule, observation was at a discount, and when light at last broke through the thick theological mist, the new sunshine was first used to show the way towards facts. But men did not stop to say that such was the true method of discovery; they did not philosophize about the matter; they set to work at once with such tools as they had, impelled by instincts for which they did not seek to account. That was the plan of Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Harvey; and those illustrious men came in the wake of a thousand others, who, in the same fashion, strove to guess the riddle of the Sphinx, and have fallen victims to that oblivion which is the fate of all that do not guess aright. By the time that Descartes told people to cast off their old notions, to begin the work of investigation anew, and to depend upon their eyes quite as much as upon their brains, every country of enlightened Europe was carrying out those precepts. It was a period of scepticism,

of observation, of passionate longing to know what were the processes of Nature; and Descartes merely condensed into a system what all thinking men were doing or saying. So did Bacon. When he was studying law at Gray's inn, cultured minds had no longer the old taste for scholastic subtleties, and they had become keenly anxious to make philosophy practical. Bacon came just in time to embody the floating idea, that Nature must be studied with a view, not to what was vaguely called wisdom, but to practice. When he expressed that idea with a force which no other had rivalled, his countrymen were enraptured, and they took for a new revelation what was but the eloquent utterance of their own dim, half-formed thoughts.

It does not follow that the Bacons and the Descartes have little influence. On the contrary, their influence is vast; for they do what some one has said the orator does; they give back in a flood what they get in vapour. Or, they may be compared to the torrent that sets the largest machinery in motion, by bringing to bear on one point the water which is powerless so long as it stagnates in pools that the sun may dry up, or so long as it trickles in streamlets fit to turn nothing more weighty than a child's toy-mill. By condensing into definite principles the vague ideas that are moving the minds of a whole age, they economize power, and make men really do what they would otherwise only dream of doing.

It follows from what we have said, that the mere statement of a moral or an intellectual law does not mark the height to which a nation has reached either in conduct or in science; because the ethical or the scientific maxims of two ages may be identical in form, and yet, in the scale of morality and science, those two ages may be cut off from each other by a vast interval. Something beyond a mere statement is needed to give abstract truth fertility. What is that something? How is it that Greece, with all her knowledge of induction and deduction, made so few achievements in science compared with modern Europe? The answer to that question will throw much light upon moral progress.

The ancients failed, as Dr. Whewell has justly observed, because they were devoid, not so much of Method, as of scientific conceptions; or, in Mr. Mill's words, because they were not sufficiently furnished with abstractions. And their poverty in this respect was the result of a poverty in facts. They knew so little that they did not know what to seek. Thus they had a scanty supply of those correct guesses which

are always the prelude to the attainment of results like the Copernican system, Kepler's laws of the planetary motions, and Dalton's law of definite proportions. No strength of intellect is sufficient to make such discoveries until observation has so classified a host of facts as to point with the finger of probability to the truth, or, in other words, to suggest correct scientific conceptions.* The Greeks had also to struggle against another difficulty. Not only were their eyes unopened by true conceptions, but they were closed to the sunlight itself by false conceptions. Guesses of some kind men must make; they must always work upon some plan; and the guesses of the Greeks were vitiated, not only by generalizations from an imperfect series of observations, but by the partiality and fitness of the national mind for mathematical reasoning.† The forms of geometry accustomed them to conceptions which were perfect in their simplicity; hence arose the idea, that such a perfection must mark all the workings of Nature, however it might be hid by the rough veil of material things; and to that fallacious idea we must trace the stubbornness with which the countrymen of Pythagoras clung to the doctrine that the heavenly bodies move in circles, and also the pertinacity with which they brought the agency of cycles and epicycles to explain the observed phenomena of the planetary motions. So deeply was the error planted, that the results of ages of observation, in the hands of Kepler, were needed to overthrow it, and to enable him to recognise the fact that the planetary orbits are elliptical, and not circular. The same diseased passion for simplicity drove the Greeks hopelessly wrong in the study of Pneumatics. The results of observation, which was necessarily imperfect, made them fancy that space was filled with a subtle ether; and, casting their generalization into a mythic form which endowed the inanimate world with a sort of volition, they set forth the axiom that Nature abhorred a vacuum. Against that doctrine facts had to fight for two thousand years before they conquered through the combined agency of Galileo, Torricelli, and Pascal.

* In his *Logic*, Mr. Mill objects to the term, but his criticism is somewhat harsh; and, though Dr. Whewell's language is not free from ambiguity, the difference between him and Mr. Mill seems to be a difference of words more than of ideas. Mr. Lewes, in his *Aristotle*, also finds fault with Whewell's expression, and holds that the ancients failed chiefly because they neglected Verification; but he is obliged to confess that their neglect of Verification sprang from their ignorance of facts.

† See Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, p. 105.

The well-known experiments which revealed the fact of atmospheric pressure form one of the most instructive chapters in the history of science, on account of the light which they cast on the value of correct conceptions. Investigation had led up to the point when that explanation must have been suggested to keen intellects; and even if Torricelli's famous experiment with mercury had not proved that it was atmospherical pressure which prevented a pump from sucking up water more than thirty-two feet, the demonstration would, we cannot doubt, have been furnished by two minds of wonderful sagacity already on the highroad to the truth—Descartes and Pascal.

The growth of scientific conceptions has produced a curious effect, which at first sight might seem to confirm the declaration of Buckle, that while all the great moral systems have been the same, all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. Though the best scientific methods of the ancients and the moderns are alike in their leading features, still, in their complete form, they present a striking contrast. The Greeks set forth the broad principle that the cautious and thorough observation of Nature must be the foundation of science; and, so far, they put their seal upon induction. But Aristotle did not state the principles of induction with the same completeness and precision as Bacon, any more than Bacon stated them with the same precision and completeness as Mill, or any more than Mill has stated them with the same precision and completeness as our children's children will find in the work of him who shall gather up the threads of method after the next blaze of discovery. And it is easy to see how the improvement comes. Observation masses facts together; those facts are marshalled in scientific order; and that order enables quick minds to make sagacious guesses respecting the laws by which Nature works; so that in time a flood of light is thrown on the darkest of her recesses. Now, after men see a thing done well, they ask how it has been done. They look to the machinery; they ask what process has been used; and in proportion to the range of the discoveries is the range of the materials by which they are enabled to furnish an answer. Thus, as we have already said, it was after, not before, the great scientific revival of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the philosophy of Method was principally studied; and not only did the Copernicuses receive no help from the Discourses on Method, but they could have given only a very imperfect account of the plan by which they reached their sublime results, and they may have been poorly qualified to write

on the logic of science. They can do a thing as no others can; they can do it without the help of rules, just as great poets write rhythmically and grammatically before the principles of metre and syntax are cast into logical shape; but they may be quite unable to tell how they work, just as the singers whose songs for ever ring from the morning light of literature could not reveal the secret of their melody. Still, even the Keplers and the Galileos receive immense help from the logicians, and the Chaucers receive immense help from the grammarians. It is more easy to reason and write correctly now than it was a few centuries ago; and for the new facility we are in part indebted to those who have systematized the laws of thought and language. A century hence it will be more easy to avoid slips of reasoning and inelegancies of style than it is at present; for by that time a greater number of our tendencies towards error in reflection and in statement will have been hunted down, and classified for our instruction and reproof. And the methods of science will thus gain new completeness year by year. So much is true of induction and deduction, as applied to natural science; so much is true of the systems that, like the Critical Philosophy of Germany, set limits to human thought, and draw the line within which the intellect may hope to work successfully; and so much is true of those systems that deal with exact and necessary proportions, and that we include under the name of Mathematics. Buckle might therefore seem justified when he bursts into a hallelujah over the advance of intellectual laws; but he labours under a complete mistake. There is an advance; but that advance is only a development of principles which were known at the dawn of speculative thought. At that remote day, men knew that scientific theories must take shape from the facts on which they rested; and hence they struck the key-note of induction. They knew that mental analysis must be the prelude to an acquaintance with mental laws; and hence they struck the key-note of that chorus in which Descartes and Malebranche, Hobbes and Locke, Berkeley and Hume, Kant and Hamilton, are the chief performers. Finally, they knew the relations which numbers bear to each other, and they suspected, also, that throughout Nature ran a scale of exact proportions; and hence they struck the key-note of that sublime method which has enabled us to weigh the planets, and to note the order in which the stars everlastingly revolve.

Now, looking to ethics, we shall see that what is thus true of intellectual laws is equally true of moral. If there has been an advance in the one, there has also been an advance

in the other. In the one case, the advance has been that of development; in the other, it has been that of development too. Between both kinds of truth there is an exact parallel, which Buckle missed.

The historian fancied he had proved that ethical systems could make no progress when he had shown that, for many centuries, their leading principles had undergone little change; and his opinion has the support of an eminent authority, Sir James Mackintosh, who also says that morality admits of no discoveries. A more fallacious doctrine was never set forth with equal confidence by men of equal ability. Ethical science does make progress; the rule of life is not what it was a thousand or even a hundred years ago; and moral teaching is so far from being stationary, that in nothing is the progress of the race more marked. Take, for example, the loftiest discourse ever pronounced on this earth. The Master went up into a mountain, with the multitude that followed Him from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond Jordan; and he opened His mouth and said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit;' 'Blessed are the merciful;' 'Blessed are the peacemakers;' 'Resist not evil;' 'Judge not that ye be not judged;' 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Nothing could be more sublime than these maxims, which express the highest of truths with a force and a beauty that we shall never rival. But what do they mean in my case or in yours? How am I, and how are you, to apply them? That is the question; for at first hardly any two men agree as to the interpretation which the teaching should receive in a series of cases. One person sticks to the letter; another holds to the spirit; a third sees far-reaching relations which the others cannot discern, and hence in Christ's words he finds doctrines which the others call the visions of his own brain. Nor can the moot points be decided in the same fashion as disputed questions at law. No earthly judge is authorized to say how Christ meant men to act in any particular case; and, even if such a judge existed, his decisions would be fruitless, unless he could not only enforce them, but cause men to see that he was right. Again, if it were possible for a few men to agree respecting one point, they would differ on coming to a second, where the circumstances were sufficiently altered to bring in the element of doubt. In order to illustrate a doctrine, Leibnitz once picked up a leaf, and said to his companion that there was but one such leaf in nature; that whatever might be the likeness between the blossoms or the leaves of the one tree and another, each had

its own tint, each its wave-like surface. So is it with morals too. There also Nature does not repeat herself. Perhaps the difference between two cases of conscience may be so slight as to be manifest only to quick eyes, and perhaps both may easily fall under the same rule. But a very slight difference will raise a question as to what the rule is; and that happens every day of our lives. The bearing of this fact on ethics was clearly seen by a more subtle thinker than either Mackintosh or Buckle; by a man of such splendid natural gifts that the fruits of his genius, despite their brilliancy, are but the tokens of an intellect frittered away upon trifles—Thomas de Quincey. In his essay on 'Casuistry,' De Quincey pointed out that morals were continually undergoing the same change as law. Taking a familiar example, he supposes the Legislature to decree 'that he who exercises a trade, and no other whatsoever, shall be entitled to the benefit of the bankrupt laws. So far all is fixed; and people vainly imagine that at length a station of rest is reached, and that in this direction at least the onward march of law is barred. Not at all. Suddenly a schoolmaster becomes insolvent, and attempts to avail himself of privileges as a technical bankrupt. But then arises a resistance on the part of those who are interested in resisting; and the question is raised whether the calling of a schoolmaster can be legally considered a trade. That also is settled: it is solemnly determined that a schoolmaster is a tradesman. But next arises a case, in which, from peculiar variations in circumstances, it is doubtful whether the teacher can technically be considered a schoolmaster. Suppose that were settled: a schoolmaster, subdistinguished as an X Y schoolmaster, is adjudged to come within the meaning of the law. But scarcely is the sub-variety disposed of, than up rises some de-complex case, which is a sub-variety of this sub-variety; and so on for ever.' With the precision which marks his matchless style, De Quincey here indicates the process of development undergone by every law, whether it be declared by Parliament in the form of a statute, or set forth by the Bench as a new application of an old principle, or enunciated as a canon of natural justice, and recognised in a court of equity. We might, indeed, expect that little change would come over statute law, since the draughtsman strives to make his definitions at once so wide and so precise as to take in every case that can arise. But his efforts are fruitless; he fails to provide for a host of contingencies; and, as barristers know to their bitter cost, the best-drawn statute is at first full of crudities, full of ambiguities, and

may have to be applied for years before it can yield a definite and practicable set of rules. By that time it may produce results of which its authors did not dream, because they did not foresee a tithe of the conditions under which it should be applied. And if that is the case with statute law, much more is it the case with judge-made law, or the code of decisions that arises from the application of statute law to particular points. Those decisions refer only to single questions; the judge strives to isolate the point at issue from every other; and he will not, if he can help it, state a general principle beyond that laid down in the statute which he is racking his brains to decipher. Thus, when his judgment becomes the basis of another judgment, there is room for a host of doubt. When the second judgment forms the basis of a third, another host of doubts starts into existence; and thus, little by little, the Court of Queen's Bench or the Court of Common Pleas makes a substantial change in the law. Mirabeau was right when he said that the man who administers governs. A nation cannot totally sever its legislature from its executive. It cannot divest its lawyers of law-making power. Even rigid statutes must bend before legal tendencies. But it is general principles of justice that we find most affected by the hand of development. Start a principle respecting the law of inheritance, and you cannot tell what shape it may take a hundred years hence. In the interval it may be used to decide a thousand suits, and judges may twist it to this side or that in order to meet the calls of unforeseen sets of things; or they may do so at the bidding of those moral impulses which act on every generation so powerfully that they change the whole course of thought, and yet so stealthily that their presence is unseen.

If an alteration, or at least a development, thus takes place in the most precisely drawn laws, much more does it take place in ethical systems. Unlike laws, morals have no interpreter who strives to carry out the intention of the original statute. Hence they develop quickly under the influence of two causes: first, the circumstances of the time, which are ever changing, and ever bringing up new cases for judgment at the bar of conscience; and, secondly, those leanings towards particular ways of thinking, which are the net result of all the forces, moral, intellectual, and physical that act on each age. Among the effects of those two causes are the practice and the science of Casuistry; and casuistry gives the original code of morals an unimagined scope and meaning. Many people will start when they see casuistry set in such a light. It has got so bad a name that a

casuist has come to signify a man skilled in excuses for whatever is mean and wicked; a man who is a rogue and coward to boot. So cautious a thinker as Adam Smith fell into that mistake. And no wonder; since casuistry can be put to the worst of uses, and, in point of fact, the Jesuit fathers employed it for the erection of a moral system which read the New Testament backwards; which elevated whatsoever things were false, and dishonest, and impure, and hateful, and of evil repute, into the rank of Christian virtues. For that sin against humanity the Jesuit theologians have been everlastingly gibbeted in the pages of Pascal, and since the date of the Provincial Letters casuistry has been under a cloud. Still it was not the thing itself that Pascal lashed with his wit and invective; it was only the abuse of the thing. And it is not the thing itself that we have ceased to employ; it is only the name of the thing. Casuistry can never cease to exist so long as men continue to think; for casuistry is simply the application of general principles to particular cases. Hence the practice of law is nothing but the practice of casuistry, and it is on casuistry that common law and equity law are built. Nay, every Christian teacher is a casuist; and woe be to him if his skill in casuistry is small! When he takes one of the chief maxims of his creed, and tells his hearers how they should carry it out in everyday life, he is, in the strictest sense of the word, teaching casuistry; teaching it well if he is a wise man, and badly if he is a fool. For eighteen centuries casuistry has been filling in the outlines of the Divine Moralists's scheme. Myriads of cases have come up for judgment; the most contradictory decisions have at first been given; and at times it has seemed futile to expect that men would ever unite in applying a particular command in a particular way. Still, in the long-run, the potent influences that act on every age do their work, and men gradually, tacitly, unconsciously, reach some kind of agreement as to the meaning of certain precepts. That agreement strikes into being another maxim; which men quarrel about again, until 'the silent forces' once more bring their opinions into harmony. Then issues another maxim, an offshoot from the original stem, and that provides another starting-point, with fresh room for disputation, and ultimately with fresh agreement. Such is the way in which great principles, when once they have been planted, strike their roots deep and wide into the soil of practical life; and so fertile are the grand ethical precepts that while human nature grows they grow too. Like human nature, they are ever young and ever ripen-

ing; so that, instead of being stationary in a world of revolution, they are the very elements of progressive change.

We might cite a host of instances to show how the lamp of human life, as age by age its flame has waxed stronger, has lighted men to meanings in Christ's teaching which the early Christians failed to see; but we shall content ourselves with the case of Slavery.

When the apostles went forth to preach the gospel some form of slavery existed among every people. Every nation, civilized and uncivilized, fancied that the man who had been captured in war had forfeited his right to liberty, and that the man who had been born in slavery had no right to freedom. Nor did the heathen moralists see that it was unjust to control one set of people for the benefit of another. They regarded slavery as one of the facts of life, like war and like death. Even to them it was an ugly fact; yet it had its fair side; and they never fancied that society could dispense with the institution. But how was it affected by the Christian revelation? That question was hard to answer, because in the gospel slavery was neither directly praised nor directly attacked. Christ himself had never openly assailed any social or political fabric, but had been content to plant principles which, in course of time, should change man's convictions, and gradually kill everything that was hostile to His system. Neander has profoundly said that Christianity has changed the face of the world by working from within outwards; by creating a new spirit, by causing men to feel new longings, and thus by taking away the support of vital sympathy from the things that fail to satisfy the new wants. In the long-run that process acts with such potency as not to leave a vestige of the old fabric. But while, like the denuding forces of Nature, it is all-powerful, like them it is slow; and for centuries the nations did not clearly see that the spirit of Christ's teachings was hostile to the existence of slavery. The early Christians accepted slavery. The Church accepted it. Throughout a thousand years, it was, in one form or other, accepted by the most enlightened and humane of our race. And up to our own time it was accepted by such men as good for the West Indies and America, if not for England. Nay, it is only a few years since the clergy of the Southern States formally, and in a body, upheld slavery as a Divine institution. And they doubtless acted conscientiously. It would be grossly unjust to call them hypocrites. They expressed the sentiments of a whole community, and a whole community never tells a lie. Burke expressed a profound truth, the full significance of which

is often forgotten even by moralists, when he said that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. The fact is, the Southern divines spoke the language of a past age, because they lived amid the conditions of a past age. But we in this country could be stricken with no such blindness. The institution was far away from the sphere of our own interests, and hence we could see it in its true light as an iniquity that set the very name of Christianity at defiance. The perception of that great truth has further developed the Christian system; has filled in another part of the immeasurable outline which the Master of all the Moralists drew; and has put into the common law of morality a decision which is not less binding than the original statute of the Legislator himself. No doubt, the retort may be made, that it is not Christianity which says that slavery is wrong; that it is not the apostles, but we who speak, when, between the lines of the gospel, we read words which brand it with the wrath of Heaven. At present we need not argue that point; we need only reply that Christianity sanctions the highest moral teaching which we have reached.

We are now in a position to sum up the argument so far as it has gone. Buckle's distinction between moral and intellectual laws is erroneous; *first*, because, it is only the leading principles of morality that have anything like a stationary character; *secondly*, because the leading principles of science are not less stationary; *thirdly*, because the correctness with which a principle is stated does not measure its living effect; *fourthly*, because the progress of science mainly results from the application of its fundamental canons to practice; and *finally*, because the application of the fundamental canons of morality leads to a corresponding advancement.

Hitherto we have been combating merely the logic of Buckle; but we have not yet measured the prodigious extent of his error; his very method is fundamentally wrong. It proceeds on the assumption, that by the observation of outward phenomena we can solve the psychological problem, whether the intellectual or the moral part of our nature contributes the progressive element to civilization. But the assumption is totally erroneous. Buckle, indeed, fancied that the metaphysical method was bootless, that no satisfactory result could ever come from the examination of consciousness, and that metaphysics could be successfully studied only 'by an investigation of history so comprehensive as to enable us to understand the conditions which govern the movements of

the human race.* That theory was illustrated by a reference to the science of physiology. Physiology, he said, had failed to discover the law that the male and female births are nearly equal. Statistics, on the other hand, had proved that for every twenty female children there are born about twenty-one male. Now, argued the historian, if psychology will also call in the aid of statistics and observation, she will with the same certainty learn the laws of mind.

A more extraordinary argument was never used by a man of Buckle's ability. It is one of those amazing logical blunders with which he now and then startles his readers, after reasoning for pages with an acuteness that commands their admiration. Statistics, he tells us, discovered the proportion which the sexes bear to each other at birth. True; but all that statistics revealed was a mere fact, unconnected with any other fact by a chain of causes. *Why* the proportion of the sexes was about equal it could not tell. It could indeed point out that the respective ages of the parents had something to do with the sex of the offspring; but it was powerless to assign the cause. Now, it is just with that question that physiology has to deal; and the physiological method is no more valueless because it did not discover the law, than the statistical method is worthless because it did not discover the cause. The statistical method may indeed suggest the cause, just as the physiological may suggest the law, but each is dependent on the other for proof.

So is it also with moral and mental influences. The observation of history detects the existence of certain effects, but whether they spring from moral or from mental causes it cannot tell. That is a question for the psychologist; and the answer can come only from an examination of consciousness, just as an answer to the physiological problem can come only from an examination of the bodily constitution. The statistician can never reach the mind, never get a glimpse of mental processes; he can discover nothing beyond tangible results. Failing to see that fact, Buckle fancied that, by an appeal to statistical records, he could prove that the idea of free-will was a delusion, and that our destinies were determined by fatalistic laws. He easily showed that under certain conditions, a mass of men always act in a certain way, and he argued therefore that each man was impelled by an irresistible impulse. No inference could be more illogical. All that statistics can say is that men *do* act in a certain way; but *why* they act it cannot explain: whether their wills are free or not it is powerless to

* *History*, pp. 151-2.

determine, and that question must be left for the metaphysician.

We are driven back then to consciousness itself for an answer to Buckle's problem, whether civilisation is more indebted to the operation of mental than of moral laws. And the answer of consciousness is, that you might as reasonably ask whether a man is more dependent upon his mind than upon his body. You cannot sever mental from moral laws. There is no mental act which is not also a moral act, and no moral act which is not also a mental. Nor can the subtlest analysis discover how far the operations of a lifetime are determined by the one element or the other. On the one hand, our conduct is daily and hourly fashioned by likes and dislikes, for which it is so difficult to account on reflective grounds, that we vulgarly call them instinctive; but those expressions of our moral nature are inseparable from a series of mental processes, the links of which have dropped out of memory. On the other hand, the songs of the poet, the calculations of the mathematician, and the systems of the speculative thinker, are loosely termed intellectual products, though in many cases we cannot tell whether they owe more to mental or to moral gifts. *Paradise Lost* could have sprung only from a mighty intellect; but we should argue most illogically were we therefore to say that its iron strength and its sublimity are more indebted to the mental than to the moral soil in which they grew. Only a man whose passions glowed at red-heat, who had the faith of an apostle, and the fierce, aggressive zeal of a revolutionist, could have written either the *Areopagitica* or *Paradise Lost*; and only the rashness of hasty thought will venture to say that, with his pen in his hand, Milton relied more on his mental than on his moral strength. The same truth holds good with respect to men like Luther. The Reformation was an intellectual movement; since, on grounds of reason, it impugned the doctrines of tradition. But it was not less a moral movement; since Luther, Zwingle, and the hosts that hung upon their words, were impelled to set up the standard of rebellion by instincts which were as distinctly moral as the love of a mother for her child. Nay, such supreme products of logical inference as the *Principia*, or the *Kritik of Pure Reason*, are, to a large extent, the results of moral laws. The intellects of Newton and of Kant could not have reached their fulness of philosophical perfection, if, impelled by moral considerations, thousands of men had not previously chosen that path of lonely, silent thought, which leads by slow and imperceptible steps to the summits of discovery or speculation. Neither Newton nor Kant could

have achieved those triumphs which make each shine for ever in the firmament of intellect, if nature had not as richly gifted them with patience, the love of truth, and the contempt for the garish distinctions of the world, as with the power of reflection. It may be said that the power of reflection gave shape to that patience, that love, and that contempt. Such is the argument of Mr. Mill, who, while denying that the moral element is less powerful or less variable than the intellectual, contends that the moral agencies are 'in a great degree the consequences of the intellectual condition, and are, in all cases, limited by it,' so that it works with the united power of human conditions.* In a very important sense that is quite true, and in the course of this essay we shall endeavour to throw some light on Mr. Mill's doctrine; but for the purpose which Buckle had in view the admission is of little importance; and when Mr. Mill argues that 'the intellectual element' is, after all, 'the predominant circumstance' in determining the progress of mankind, we must join issue with him as emphatically as is consistent with our respect for a great thinker. The real question is, What is the chief motive power? And that question is not answered by the statement that the most marked advances in man's social condition always follow an unusual display of intellectual activity; for that activity is in turn a product of antecedent causes, and it raises the previous question, whether those causes are more largely made up of the mental than of the moral element. The truth is, the intellectual activity of such periods as that of Dante in Italy, Shakespeare in England, Voltaire in France, Hume in Scotland, and Goethe in Germany, registers the progress which has already been made, or which is going on, rather than gives birth to new conditions.

Such fruitless speculations as those of Buckle are, in great part, the result of an error into which psychologists have almost inevitably been led by the imperfection of words. For the purposes of scientific inquiry they have mapped out the mind into a series of faculties, such as sensation, perception, reflection, and imagination. Hence they often speak as if those faculties had an independent existence. But, in reality, there is no such independent faculty as perception or reflection. It is *we* who reflect, and *we* who remember; † it is the same mind that performs both acts; each act is merely the exertion of mental power for a particular purpose; and each species of mental process is depen-

* *System of Logic*, vol. ii. pp. 529-30.

† See some admirable remarks on this subject in the work of a very acute thinker, Mr. Samuel Bailey's *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. i. p. 14.

dent upon all the others. Had that simple truth been more steadfastly borne in mind, the world would have been spared many a dreary dissertation on such disputed points as the existence of a moral sense; many perversely ingenious attempts to sever the intellectual from the moral nature; and an immense array of psychological apparatus to explain how our ideas of right and wrong originated. It is with this question that, in the second or positive part of our argument, we have to deal, now that the ground is cleared for the discussion.

The truth is, that ethical systems owe their rise, not to one, but to every part of our nature, and that they are the sum of the conditions under which men live. We shall now endeavour to point out how they are planted, and how they grow.

Some apology might almost seem necessary for making such an attempt after the anathema recently pronounced against it by a great writer. In giving advice to men of letters, the author of *Shooting Niagara* says, 'I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, that idle habit of "accounting for the moral sense," as they phrase it. . . . A very futile problem, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what Moral Ruin, you little dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will "account for;" that, if you would think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered earth with his Maker who is eternal in the heavens.' This is one of the rhetorical bursts which none but a man of genius is privileged to make without incurring a loss of reputation. If uttered by an ordinary writer, it would be cast aside as a piece of shallow irrelevancy. In Mr. Carlyle's sense of the term, no one seeks to 'account,' on scientific grounds, for the moral sense, any more than to account, on scientific grounds, for the primary source of the planetary motions. No physicist fancies that he can assign an ultimate cause for the existence of matter, or the operation of the laws to which it is subject. But we do not, therefore, scout as a trivial piece of information, or as an irrelevant interference with 'the perennial Miracle of the Material World,' the law that in the planetary orbits the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the distances. In like manner, no moralist fancies that he can lay bare the ultimate causes of our power to distinguish right from wrong. That will be done only when life itself shall be explained. In other words, it will never be done at all. But none the less important on that account is the question, What are the proximate causes of our moral ideas? how are they con-

nected with our mental tendencies and our social conditions? It is little short of a public calamity that the greatest living master of literary expression should proclaim that most barbaric of all worships, the worship of facts unconnected by a thread of scientific sequence.

It is of the highest importance to note at the outset that the question to be answered is not, What are the rules by which men's conduct ought to be judged? How we reach our ideas of moral truth is one thing; why those ideas are right is another. By a hundred different ways you may come to the conclusion that it is wrong to tell a lie; and how you arrive at that idea is an important question for the moralist. Again, you may defend the doctrine that it is wrong to tell a lie by a hundred different arguments; and how you ought to defend it is another important question for the moralist,—whose chief work indeed is to find out some standard which shall mark off right from wrong, and measure the degrees of each. With this question, however, we have at present nothing to do; it is not a standard, but a process that we seek—the process by which men are taught that stealing, lying, and murder are wrong. There are two methods of search, the theological and the scientific. We may hold the decrees implanted by God in men's minds, or given through Moses and Christ, to be the only sources of moral truth; and that is a position which a theologian may take up when speaking to people who accept the principles from which he starts. But it is not a position for the man of science; since he speaks to everybody, and has to account on natural grounds for what he sees. Some things, of course, lie beyond the sphere of reason, and with those things he does not deal; but ethics lie within that sphere; for there is no moral precept that may not be upheld by reason alone, and none that may not have sprung from purely natural causes. When dealing with human relations, therefore, just as when dealing with the structure of the earth, science must keep clear of theology, must work on an independent footing, and must take nothing for granted that she cannot prove by an appeal to tangible facts. If, neglecting that duty, she allows her teaching to be coloured by the teaching of theology, she inflicts a wrong on herself and on theology too. Not that she need be hostile to theology. The geologist may, like Dr. Chalmers, also be a theologian, and may believe every word of the Divine record; still, as a geologist, he simply asks what the rocks themselves say, and whether natural agencies can account for those changes in earth and sea of which the rocks speak. In like man-

ner, the scientific moralist may be a divine, faithful to his calling, zealous to keep by the gospel truth; still, as a moralist, he must not call in the aid of revelation, but must ask whether the powers and passions with which we are endowed by nature are sufficient to account for the existing ideas of duty. Nay, besides shutting out every supernatural agency, he must summon to his aid as few natural agencies as possible; for his aim is to reach the elementary principles from which the proximate causes of action spring, and Nature is parsimonious, using as few instruments as will suffice for the work in hand.

The next thing to seize is the method which science must use in order to find out how moral systems come into being. Two ways are open. Looking into the constitution of our nature, science may inquire what moral opinions it must bring forth, without reference to the existing conditions of society; or, going back to the infancy of peoples, science may ask what code of opinions would naturally spring from the primitive relations of human beings. The one method, it is true, cannot be wholly severed from the other; to some extent both must go hand in hand, but, roughly speaking, we may term the one metaphysical and the other historical. Hitherto the metaphysical has been chiefly employed, but we shall confine our attention to the historical, which is by far the richer. As yet, comparatively little use has been made of that method. Montesquieu, indeed, was among the first to note its value; and, until a recent day, even students did not see how vivid a light it cast both on ethics and jurisprudence. Foremost among those who have taken away the reproach earned by that blindness is Mr. Maine, in one of the most profound and far-reaching books for which posterity will have to thank this generation. We cannot stop to do justice to that thinker's labours, nor have we space to show what a wealth of meaning his *Ancient Law* has given to existing moralities and legal usages, by tracing them to the fountain-head in the twilight of antiquity. We can but briefly indicate how rich a mine still lies hid in the primitive records, awaiting the moralist who shall come to the work of excavation with an analytical pickaxe of the requisite temper and strength.

The first thing to be borne in mind is that social relations pass from the simple to the complex. In order of time, the family goes before the tribe, and the tribe before the nation. Hence the first form of government is patriarchal.* Let us then, for the sake of

simplicity, take an instance of family life from a period before the dawn of civilisation, and from some Eastern country, where the pasture is rich, where herds roam about wild, and where a few people divide between them indefinite reaches of land. Each family is made up of the head or patriarch, of the wives, of the sons and daughters, and of the bondsmen. Each so speedily multiplies that in a few years it may swell to several hundreds. Each holds its goods in common; private property is unknown; the cattle, the pastures, the wells, and the servants, belong to all the members; and though the patriarch has the power of saying how the wealth shall be used, he acts merely on behalf of those over whom he rules. Such a family has seldom to go beyond its own limits for help or companionship. It is strong enough to guard its flocks; it gets from its sheep and cattle all the means of living; and it has not acquired those artificial tastes and wants which force civilized peoples to mix with each other in order to buy and sell. Moreover, it has the strongest temptation to keep away from other families; for, while it stays apart, it has the freest control over its own goods, and some of its liberty would be gone were it to form alliances with strangers.

Now, let us assume, as science is bound to assume, that, in his natural state, man has no idea either that life is sacred, that theft is wrong, that truthfulness is good, or that obedience is due to parents. The problem then is, how could such a state of society as we have pictured plant all these ideas in man's being, and plant them so deeply that he afterwards finds it hard to say how they took root at all, or whether the germ from which they sprang was not sown by Nature herself? The question may at first sight seem difficult to answer; but the difficulty will vanish if we keep in view the fact, that the primary aim of every society, as of every person, must be self-preservation. That is a very different thing from selfishness. Selfishness leaves no room for virtue; self-preservation is, in one form or other, inseparable from virtue. When a man goes to the stake rather than deny his faith, he aims at self-preservation,—at the preservation of what is noblest in himself, of his spiritual being, of his truthfulness, of his communion with his Maker; and he feels that apostasy would be, not self-preservation, but suicide. When, at the risk of his life, a man defends those dear to him, that also is an act of self-preservation; for, if you cut away the objects of his affec-

* Mr. McClellan, in his thoughtful and ingenious work on *Primitive Marriage*, speaks of an anarchical stage before the patriarchal; and so

does Sir George C. Lewis, in his *Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*. For the purpose in hand, however, we may leave that stage out of account.

tion, you cut away a part, perhaps the best part, of his being. When a man chooses death rather than let an invader desecrate the soil of his native country, he also strives for self-preservation; since the traditions, the history, the fame of his own land are part of his own possessions; and since he feels a loftier pleasure in paying for the safety of the helpless women and children with his own life, than in paying with outraged honour for his own security. There is also a lower form of self-preservation, at which we instinctively aim in the presence of danger. The child, as well as the grown man, shrinks from peril. At every hour of our life we are engaged in defending some part of ourselves from violence or death. Thus self-preservation,—that is, the preservation of our lives, of those dear to us, of our opinions, our religion, our political institutions, our freedom, our property, in one word, our possessions,—is the primary aim both of man and nations.

Such a family as we have supposed constantly strives to protect its members, its cattle, its herds, and its creed from death or decay. All its customs and usages are so framed as to shield the community from harm. Now the indispensable requisite for safety is that the family tie shall be strong. If it is weak, the first gust of adversity, the first quarrel between two of the brothers, may serve to scatter the herdsmen, and destroy all those fond associations, those friendships, those visions of future supremacy over neighbouring families, which have been built up in the course of generations. That result can be prevented only by the strength of parental authority; and hence filial obedience speedily becomes the highest of virtues. The dependence of the child on the father strikes the first note; the father's power to command brings with it the idea of a right to exact obedience; the habit of obedience breeds the idea that disobedience is unnatural; and when years of reflection bring the knowledge that rebellion against the father means the ruin of the family, that act is speedily exalted into the unpardonable sin. It is difficult for us to have the faintest idea of the despotic authority which is thus wielded by a man whose right to rule rests, in the first instance, on the fact that his subjects are his own sons and daughters, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; and rests, in the second instance, on the fact that they form a little community, which, at any cost, must be kept separate from the world. When Abraham proceeds to sacrifice Isaac, he does nothing more than what the traditions and the necessities of the patriarchal life give him a perfect right to do. As a son and a subject, Isaac is the absolute property of his

father; he has no rights save those which he gets from his father; his very life it at the disposal of his father; and his father will take that life at the bidding of the Lord, or to save the family from ruin. While the social conditions remain the same, parental authority grows in strength, because fresh proofs of its necessity come before men's eyes every day; so that in time the commands, 'Children, obey your parents,' and 'Peoples, obey those set over you in authority,' speak to men's minds with all the force of an edict set forth amid the thunders of Sinai. Nor are the precepts forgotten at the death of the special causes that gave them birth. Institutions often flourish for ages after the decay or the departure of the special conditions that called them into being. So has it been with caste, with the feudal system, with privileged orders of men. And when, like the family system, institutions have a natural fitness for all times and all states of society, the iron hand of primitive authority stamps them on the memory of the world forever.

Take the next case of theft and murder. We need not suppose that the human heart bears the inscription, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt not kill;' since the instinct of self-preservation is sufficient to account for the knowledge that stealing and murder are sins. The first aim of a tribe or family being to guard its life and its property, it must prevent secession and quarrelling at all hazards. But secession and quarrelling are inevitable if there be any danger that particular members will seize the common property, or raise their hand against a brother. If each fears that a neighbour will take a score of cattle for the use of his own tent, or lie in wait to kill his fellow, the sept will soon fall to pieces. For each man will then look to his own interests, and claim exclusive possession of some cattle, on the plea that he has caught or fed them; the community of goods will be gone; the bonds of authority will be loosened; the camp will resound with the voice of strife and the clang of arms; so that either the brethren will each become kinless, unprotected wanderers, or, taking advantage of the anarchy, some neighbouring tribe will reduce them to bondage. That dreadful fate may result from the slightest act of theft or violence which goes unpunished, because one such act may quickly lead to a fatal series. Hence it is punished with a severity that leaves an undying memory of social wrath; or rather the awful consequences are so manifest that men shrink from theft or violence as from a sin that can never be forgiven. Thus is struck the key-note of the great moral pre-

cepts, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt not kill.'

But at first the note is merely local. Outside the tribe the commands do not apply, because theft and murder have there no such dreadful issues. Though the Eastern shepherd is bent on keeping his own sept from destruction, he has little inducement, and therefore little desire, to be the guardian of others. When he sees a strange family fall to pieces before the shock of internal strife or outward attack, he does not regard the event as a personal calamity. He may not help to bring it about, unless he be strongly tempted by the lack of those things that the other tribe possesses; but if he be in need of water, or flocks, or wives, and if he can satisfy his wants by plundering a hostile tribe, he does so without scruple. Or if he can guard himself from future attack only by dealing an immediate blow, he does not hesitate to strike. For the very motive of self-preservation which makes him guard the lives and the common property of his brethren, prompts him to plunder and to kill when he leaves his own tents. Respecting his own tribe, that motive says, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and 'Thou shalt do no murder;' respecting other tribes, it says, 'Put the men to death, seize the women, enslave the children, and take possession of the flocks.' Thus the very instinct which checks the action of covetousness and passion in one place, give covetousness and passion the freest rein in others; so that what is deemed theft or murder if committed within the family, is held to be lawful war if done beyond the family bounds. And the same cause determines the ideas of truth, of female purity, of mercy, and of compassion. In so far as self-preservation is seen to dictate a respect for those things, they are respected; and, since that dictate applies to the tribe, the tribe itself is free from cruelty, from lying and from seduction; nay, the very idea of committing such deeds within the tribal tents is viewed with the same horror as we regard the act of a parricide. But outside the sacred circle, they are usually lawful, because self-preservation bars the way with no decree of doom; and sometimes they take the form of duties, because self-preservation says that, at any cost, a certain well must be seized, that a hostile sept must be put to the sword, that an invading family must be kept away from a rich tract of land by stories of its barrenness, and that, in Sabine fashion, a crowd of women must be captured. Hence the conscience of a patriarchal tribe presents a bundle of contradictory precepts. In dealing with his own family, it says that a man must be kind, truthful, honest, self-sacrificing; in dealing with the

family of others, it says that it must be cruel, deceitful, selfish, thievish, murderous. Inside a certain geographical boundary, his ethics are those of a Christian; outside, they are those of a savage.

An exception to this rule may seem to be furnished by the case of child-murder. To that practice primitive tribes are notoriously addicted; yet it might appear to be doomed by the primary law of tribal existence, since it might seem calculated to destroy that sanctity which surrounded all the tribal relations. But if we examine the subject by the light of the latest researches, we find that the exception is only apparent. It is the law of self-preservation which, in the first instance, decrees the destruction of infant life, and it is the same law which, in the end, gives infant life a sacred character. So long as tribes wander about, at war with each other, and hard-pressed to escape starvation, they are strongly tempted to commit systematic infanticide, unless they believe that the children will, on reaching maturity, increase the family strength. The males present that prospect; and, as a rule, the males are spared. But the females hold out no such hope. Throughout life they are a burden to the nomadic and warlike clans; and therefore many of the female children are sacrificed. In time, however, two things serve to destroy the cruel practice,—first, the law of blood-feud; and, secondly, the security of settled life. No sept can long withstand attack, unless each member accounts himself the guardian of all the others. Accordingly, the law of blood-feud is recognised by every primitive people. To avenge the death of any clansman who falls by the hand of an enemy is a sacred obligation, which each of his brethren strives to fulfil, and which descends from father to son, until the blood of the victim is wiped out in the blood of the slayer or the slayer's kinsmen. The practice of commuting the guilt of blood by a fine, of which Tacitus speaks in describing the Germans, and of which the Norse laws present such signal records, belongs to a later stage of society. Now, as Mr. McLennan has shown,* the pitiless resolve to exact life for life, even at the distance of the third and fourth generation, helps to root out infanticide. For, curiously enough, the necessities of primitive marriage make one tribe the avenger of the infant blood shed in the other. The custom of destroying female children obliges the septs to go beyond their tents for wives; and the only way to get wives is to steal them. The rape of the Sabines, therefore, typifies the rough

* *Primitive Marriage*, p. 262.

method of primitive courtship. Thus a score of clans may all be at war with each other, and yet be all knit together by the tie of blood. That tie, however, only strengthens the feud, since it is represented by women who have been carried off by force; and there is a constant effort to make up for the loss of one woman by the capture of another. Still, as infanticide has originally destroyed the balance of the sexes, woman-stealing cannot afford a wife for each man. Hence, revolting as the fact may seem, the original practice is for a woman to have several husbands. That arrangement leads to a most important consequence. It renders the relationship between father and children so difficult to trace, that in practice no such relationship can be recognised, and the parenthood must be traced through the mother alone. But the mother belongs to another tribe. Hence the children are the wards of that tribe which, if they are slain, holds itself bound to avenge their death. Consequently, the man who kills a female child knows that he may thus bring on himself or his family the undying wrath of the infant's kinsmen; so that the practice of infanticide, by sending men to hostile tents for wives, calls into being a race of executioners who punish infanticide with death. At first that fact may not suffice to stay the slayer's arm, because he is tempted by the prospect of immediate relief from a heavy burden, while he is deterred only by the fear of distant punishment; and when the present and the future come into competition before the eye of the savage, he instinctively chooses the present. In time, however, infanticide brings so much bloodshed, that the very law of self-preservation by which it was originally produced helps to pronounce its doom. Men see that the price of strangling an infant may be the destruction of the tribe. When they see that, they hold the practice to be wrong. When they see it vividly, they hold the practice to be one of those iniquities for which there is no pardon. Still, so hard is it for one tribe to know who has slain its infant wards in another, that the price of child murder can be but fitfully exacted. Therefore, while life is nomadic, the law of self-preservation has not sufficient strength to cause the utter extermination of the custom; and, only when men reach a settled state, and when tribal safety no longer calls for the sacrifice of children, does the parental instinct get free play, and is the sacredness of infant life recognised.*

So far, we have been dealing only with the Statics of primitive society. But we must also trace the effect of the Dynamics. Side by side with a Statical works a Dynamical law. In union with the instinct of self-preservation, acts the instinct of accumulation; the instinct which prompts us to increase the amount of our possessions, whether moral, mental, or physical; the instinct which, in a thousand forms, is represented by our love of power. That instinct is never absent, either from the savage or the civilized man; and it brings us at once to the efforts of each to better his material condition. Those efforts, in their primary as well as in their later form, may be roughly summed up under the name of scientific discovery. Even in the infancy of the race much was done to make the forces of Nature the servants of our kind. The man who first lighted a fire, who first made a bow and arrow, who first learned to swim, who first hollowed a canoe, did precisely the same kind of service that has since been done by our Watts and Arkwrights. And a crowd of savage Watts and Arkwrights must have lived. Now, each of those discoverers helps to change the condition of his fellows, to bring them into near relations with each other, to enlarge the boundary which each seeks to guard from harm, to increase the number of people in whom each has an interest, and thus to give the moral wants of each a new development. With the progress of the race come new means of quickening mental activity, and hence a greater number of Watts and Arkwrights. Accordingly, the boundary of human interests enlarges at a quicker and quicker rate every year. Already we find it impossible to compute what science has done to bind nations together, and perhaps the achievements of the future in this direction may dwarf our mightiest conception of progress.

Next in order of development after the scientific agency comes the agency of formal speech or literature. The necessity for union under a leader brings the call for gifts of persuasion or the exercise of eloquence. Hence the first literature of a people always takes the form of popular harangues. Addressed to men whose range of ideas is small, whose reasoning powers are undeveloped, and whose chief guide is feeling, those harangues are appeals to such instincts as the love of life, the love of tribal safety, the love of power, and the love of victory. Coming from men who must speak as if for life or death, they are

* We do not mean to say that this result always happens. The case of China proves that it does not.

The exceptions, indeed, are only apparent; but to trace the subsidiary causes of divergence from the general law would demand a separate dissertation.

appeals of the most impassioned character. Expressed in language which is essentially imitative, which is stiffened by no abstract doctrines, and sobered by no conflicting ideas, they wear the garb of poetry. Thus, in obedience to a law of speech, they rise into rhythm. Hence their cadences, their measured beat and flow, give them a hold on the savage memory. Snatches of the rhetorical outbursts become the songs of the people; and, lodged in the mind of barbaric Homers, those songs are welded together, are attuned to a finer music, and are kindled into a brighter flame. They are sung in the tents of the people, until they become the Bible of the tribe. Heard by other families, the hero and the scene of the fight are appropriated, and, year by year, the ballad rings over a wider and wider field. One by one the sharp local features disappear, until the hero gains a mythic stature, his sway acquires grander bounds, and the people who followed him to victory become in number like unto the sands on the sea-shore; so that from every watch-fire goes up the incense of poetic worship to the representative of a mighty past, in which a thousand tribes claim a share, as the golden age when their fathers fought with the strength of gods, and their mothers wore the beauty of divinity.* As the provincial note of the songs thus dies away, and as they appeal more to the feelings which are common to the whole race, they become a common heritage of septs that were once deadly foes, and they tend to unite those families by the bond of a common sympathy. So is it, at a later stage of society, even with thoughts which have not the advantage of an artistic garb. At first they have a local tone. They are meant to strike down some local wrong, or uphold some local right. But in time the provincial note is hushed, and the influence of the thinker's words is seen in altered sympathies, which prompt men to claim kinship with each other. So is it also with religions. They also are at first local; but men outgrow the original ideas, and at length the great underlying principles break through the provincial covering, and help to bring unity of feeling. Thus every song, every thought, every religious creed helps to

unite society with the cement of sympathy. How society is brought under the influence of those forces we have now to see.

The effect produced by science and literature forms so trite a subject, that we have passed it by with the briefest notice. It is more important to mark the change that takes place in man's condition through the disintegration of the tribes. That disintegration means the severance of the individual from the tribal life. At first a man has hardly any personal rights. He has no private property. He is not free to leave his brethren without their consent. He cannot take a wife without their permission; and, if he does marry, his wife is not exclusively his own. Even his children belong to the tribe as well as to himself, and, for the good of the tribe, they may be enslaved or put to death. Nay, his very life is not his own, and it may be sacrificed as a peace-offering to the angry gods that have sent a drought upon the herbage, or smitten the cattle with death. But sooner or later, a change of social conditions brings relief to the individual. As the tribes increase in number and in size, they have less room to roam about, and they tend toward a settled life. As they become settled, they look for other means of livelihood besides the tending of cattle. As they find those means, and turn craftsmen as well as herdsmen, the septs grow more dependent on each other; because a market is needed for the surplus wares. As that market is obtained, the individual members gain a new independence; for when a man sells the things that he himself has made, he forms a bond of interest with the buyer, and naturally thinks himself more entitled to the price than his neighbour who has given him no help. In time this idea saps the notion that the goods of the tribe should be held in common, and gives rise to the institution of private property. When that institution strikes its roots, even in the feeblest fashion, the family ties which bound the sept together are speedily severed; the tie between buyer and seller is added to that of blood; and tribes which can minister to each other's wants are knit in the bonds of a new unity. Once begun, the process goes on with ever quickening speed. The desire for private gain, that is, for individual power, strengthens the more it is fed, and, in a few generations, serves to unite the wandering families of a whole country under the rule of a few chieftains. The movement is powerfully aided by war. War gives birth to alliances which cannot be easily severed; and when those unions are seen to be a source of new strength, they instantly tend to grow in magnitude; so that a few centu-

* The subject of the origin of poetry, to which we make these brief allusions, is a rich and unworked mine of instruction for the moralist; but it could be adequately treated only in a separate essay. Much light has been thrown on the subject by Coleridge and Carlyle, and still more by Professor Masson. Macaulay discusses the subject in the preface to the *Laws of Ancient Rome*, but he misses the all-important point, the connexion between emotional speech and rhythm.

ries may serve to hammer a nation into existence out of the loose materials originally furnished by a multitude of wandering families, Quicker and quicker becomes the process, until it is checked by the barrier of race, or language, or religion, or climate, or distance, or impassable mountain frontiers. But in time that obstacle is also broken down, as men grow better able to cope with the antagonistic force of natural or artificial agencies; and civilisation is only the history of the effacing process.

Thus the relations which exist between human beings have a constant tendency to widen. That is, the number of people in whose welfare we have an interest ever tends to increase. Self-preservation, therefore, is ever bidding men give a corresponding stretch to moral precepts. In time, they no longer think it right to kill or steal in places which were once the scenes of their forays; because the inhabitants of those places are now their companions in arms, or their customers in the market. Thus, as one tribe after another is added to the number of their allies or their neighbors, as the scattered community swells into the city, as the city swells into the nation, as the nation forms ties of friendship with adjacent countries, and as all the countries of the earth acquire common interests, the primitive decalogue gains a wider geographical sweep. First, the command was, *Thou shalt kill no one who lives in your own tents*; next, *Thou shalt kill no one who lives in your own valley*; next, *Thou shalt kill no one who speaks the same language, worships the same gods, and dwells in the same land as yourself*; and finally the lapse of ages brings the precept, *Thou shalt kill no one who has not forfeited his life by committing murder, by striving to take your life, or by entering the lists of battle against your country*. That is the length to which Modern Civilisation has reached. Modern Civilisation does not say that it is wrong to kill; what it condemns is the killing of certain men. But the most benighted barbarism says the same thing. The difference between the two stages of society does not lie in the enunciation of the command, '*Thou shalt not kill*;' that command is common to both; the superiority of the latter stage comes from the grander sweep which the command receives. The savage applies it only within a narrow circle, because thus only can he guard from destruction the hut, the canoe, the fishing-grounds, the herbage, the flocks, the wife, and the children that form his highest idea of earthly good. The civilized man applies it over all the earth, save when self-defence calls for the suspension of its force; because thus only

can he guard that religion, that wealth, that political and family life which form the highest idea of earthly good to him. So is it also with the practice of taking away men's property. Civilisation does not call that practice wrong; civilisation calls it wrong only in certain cases. We continue to despoil the felon and the belligerent; nor does the savage do more. He as well as we knows the difference between stealing a thing and taking it; he as well as we holds that it is right to rob none but enemies. The difference between his case and ours is, that he is at war with all the world, while we are not; and hence that, in self-defence, he pilfers whatever he can seize beyond his own village. That is his way of waging war. At worst, he is only a King William of Prussia on a small scale, and the cow that he drives off under questionable circumstances is only his Schleswig-Holstein, which he has seized as a 'reprisal' for past injuries, or to guard against 'remote eventualities.' If he had a Bismarck to write his despatches, he could, when arraigned by the neighbouring Powers on the charge of having stolen the said cow, make a capital defence. He could say that the cow was partly his, because she had once taken a mouthful of his grass; or that the owner had milked her too often; or that she had solicited his intervention by winking hard when he passed; or that he was sadly in want of cream; or that his wife was passionately fond of the under-cut; or that he was bound to despoil the Philistines in order to keep the Philistines from despoiling him. Now-a-days, we steal cows in droves, and when the Powers ask for explanations, we put those excuses into diplomatic language.

We might cite a host of instances, all showing that the tendency of progress is to kill the local type of virtue by altering the conditions of life, by knitting man in new relations, and thus creating new bonds of sympathy. We have space to give but one other example. If there is any virtue which is specially modern, we might suppose it to be philanthropy. We sometimes speak as if we had invented that virtue. And the idea is correct, so far as it relates to the scale of our charity. But, in truth, we have invented philanthropy only in the sense that we have invented induction; we have built it into something like a system, and given it new applications. Philanthropy, or the duty of helping each other, may be summed up under the politic axiom of Drummond, that '*property has its duties as well as its rights*;' but within certain limits, that axiom has always been practised. It has always been practised up to the point defined

by the law of self-preservation. The difference between the past and the present is, that the law of self-preservation no longer impels us to stand with drawn sword against all comers, and hold every man to be an enemy who is not connected with us by family or by national ties. On the contrary, it impels us to grant help on every side; because thus only can we keep the hand of decay from that religion and that feeling of humanity which are amongst our most cherished possessions. So we send the gospel to distant savages; we pay with our wealth and our blood for the redemption of the slave; and we relieve the miserable whether they merit help or not. But in the times of the Heptarchy, our ancestors could no more have done such things with safety than we could with safety send a supply of revolvers to a gang of Fenian rebels. A Saxon John Howard was a physical and a metaphysical impossibility. You might as well talk of a Patagonian Laplace or a Tasmanian Kant.

We have next to note, that human relations are not only ever widening, but ever growing in complexity and number. To get a vivid idea of the change which thus comes over ethical systems, we must cast a glance at the natural world, and mark the ascending scale of variations in animal and vegetable types. Mr. Darwin has made us all familiar with the theory of Natural Selection, by which he strives to account for the development of the lowest into the highest forms of life. Whether he succeeds or not is a question that has already been discussed with much fulness of detail in these pages, and the sufficiency of Mr. Darwin's theory has been contested;* but, for the purpose in hand, we need not re-open the discussion, since it is sufficient to know that, within certain limits, Natural Selection is at work, and that, to some extent, it does alter existing varieties. Sooner or later, Nature does put to death the more feeble works of her hand, and the process of extermination goes on in every clime, until it leaves a race that can exist with ease. Thus, to take a familiar example, a hardy breed of horses live under conditions that would kill a weaker set. Nature is ever weeding out the less robust animals; killing them before they reach maturity, or destroying their puny young. Now and again she brings together a pair of horses wondrously adapted for a peculiar range of circumstances; those creatures transmit their special qualities to their offspring; and that offspring starts with such a

fund of strength as to remain in a few generations the victors on the battle-field of existence. Thus we get a new variety. A second set of influences may produce another variety, equally strong, but endowed with a fresh set of qualities. From those two varieties comes a third, uniting the good points of both; and the upward process may go on, until as strong a breed is produced as the circumstances of climate and soil will foster. If those circumstances are changed, if the heat becomes greater or less, and the food more plentiful or more scarce, the altered conditions kill old types, and encourage the growth of new. Whether this process of transformation is boundless, or speedily stops at a hard impassable line; whether it can create new varieties, but not new species; and whether, after a time, the type reverts to the original form, so that every trace of the links that went between is ultimately lost,—these are questions which our present purpose does not require us to debate; since the way in which moral codes acquire complexity and majesty is sufficiently illustrated, if, even within narrow limits, there is such a process as Natural Selection.

In the moral relations of man we see the operation of the law. Every tribe has a character of its own, sharply distinct from that of every other; and the difference is partly the result of outward, and partly of inward forces. The herbage for its flocks may be abundant or scanty, the wells few or many, the beasts of prey fierce or tame, the neighbouring families hostile or friendly. Or it may depend for its food upon the chase, upon the patience with which it tracks animals too swift to be outrun, upon the courage with which it faces beasts of prey, and upon the cunning with which it entraps creatures that shun the abodes of man. Or again, it may live on the sea-coast, with a barren reach of country inland, and be forced to seek its food upon the waters. All these modes of life develop peculiar types of character. Men become lazy or industrious, courageous or timid, so robust that they can endure days of fasting and unceasing toil, so effeminate that a few weeks' hardship will strike them down. If a man cannot withstand the trials of his position, Nature puts him, or his children, or his children's children, to death. She constantly clears away her failures, and keeps only those beings who can live with ease under the conditions she has prescribed. Natural Selection, therefore, is constantly at work among men as well as among animals; the weaker are constantly trampled down in the struggle for existence; their place is taken by those who possess the precise set of qualities demanded

* *North British Review* for June 1867, Art. 'Origin of Species.'

by outward circumstances; and thus distinct types are everywhere created, remarkable for courage, for chivalrous daring, for patience, for obedience to authority, for contempt of death. Each of those qualities in turn is divided into varieties, which have been determined by the character of the conditions that gave them birth. From the pastoral life springs one type of courage, from the life of the hunter springs another, from the life of the fisherman a third, and so on throughout the sections that make up the narrow circle of primitive existence.

So much for outward influences. But social intercourse brings into play inward influences too. Every tribe contains some men who tower above their fellows in reasoning power, cunning, sagacity, eloquence, wit, bravery, strength of will, and all the other gifts of a leader. Those savage Alexanders and Cæsars and Luthers soon stamp their own character upon the soft nature of their fellows. A tribe is made remarkable for daring, for wealth, for skill in handicrafts, for gifts of persuasion, for the songs it sings, for the legends it keeps green in memory; so that it comes to have as distinct an individuality as a modern nation, and, were the wandering families of a pastoral country to pass before us in procession, we should have a panoramic view of moral and intellectual types.

While, however, each is strongly marked, the scale of differences is not wide; the combination of notes has a savage simplicity; the intonations of morality lack that compass which results from civilisation. And if we take a very familiar, not to say a very vulgar instance from the natural world, we shall see the cause of that barrenness. Breeders have remarked, says Mr. Darwin, that the sheep which belong to poor people can never be improved, because they are in small lots, and can thus present at any one time no great diversity of character. Hence, as a rule, they can furnish few specimens of rare excellence, and thus few progenitors for a high breed. But if the whole country be searched for fine specimens, and if the best be used for breeding purposes, we get new varieties, rich in qualities inherited from strong ancestors, and communicated by the myriad influences of climate and soil. Now, precisely the same principle holds good with respect to the virtues of savage tribes. Since the septs live apart, each is largely dependent for fresh strength and richness of character on the high individual natures that are born within its own tents; and since such natures appear only at long intervals, each family is scantily furnished with the means of improvement, and can never go beyond a narrow

range of expansion so long as it lives alone. But in time it ceases to live alone. In time, as we have already said, it joins itself to others, which form fresh unions with ever quickening rapidity, until the tribal atoms are beaten into a nation. One effect of this process is that, generation after generation, men are exposed to richer and richer moral influences. Each family brings its peculiar virtues to the common stock, each barter one quality for another, or rather each adds to its native qualities a series which it has hitherto lacked. One brings courage, another patience, a third endurance, a fourth humanity, a fifth chivalry, a sixth tenderness, a seventh large ideas of justice, and so on throughout the gamut of simple virtues. When the representatives of those qualities meet day by day, when they intermarry, and when they fight by each other's side, they mutually transfer their individual virtues; one moral type is grafted on another, and the offshoot is grafted on a fresh stem until new types arise. Thus the same man comes to display both endurance and humanity, both chivalry and justice, or both high-souled tenderness and daring. Nay, the same man comes to manifest all those qualities. His ancestors were naturally as well-meaning as he; but they had no such ideas of goodness; they never fancied that the whole duty of man was not summed up in such commands as these,—Be brave; be tender to your brethren; be ruthless to your enemies. The circumstances of their life had forced no others into existence. They had been taught no others. They had seen no living example of the beauty and the majesty which others might wear. But when a crowd of people exemplify by their whole existence the benign influence of a new set of qualities, which have been written on their hearts by the experience of unremembered generations, they find a host of imitators, converts, disciples; so that the seeds of the new morality are speedily sown throughout society.

On the other hand, when the separate tribes meet there is a decline as well as an advance. For each tribe has had as well as good qualities peculiar to itself, and both sets are brought to the common stock. In the family where the evil grows it may do little harm, because the conditions of life may not call for the constant exercise of the virtue to which it forms a reflex. One sept may be so sheltered from attack that it has seldom to brave death, and can reach its immediate ends by cunning. In that case cunning becomes its special virtue, and courage seems foolhardiness. Mix a few such classes with a few others whom necessity has taught to defy peril, and there is a conflicting action;

the courageous tend to spread the idea that cunning is contemptible, and the cunning to spread the idea that courage is merely the rashness of grown children. If surrounding conditions make the existence of such a people dependent on bravery, then indeed the cunning will be silenced, and all the members will become fearless. But if, on the contrary, those conditions put a premium on cunning, then the Iago-like type of character will ultimately prevail; for Nature will so work as to stamp out courage or cunning, according to the necessities of the case. In either event, however, both influences will work for a time, unless the way be barred by some tremendous social or physical doom. So long as men live in small clusters such a doom manifestly awaits certain sins. Since the habitual commission of those sins would bring destruction to the tribe, they are branded with everlasting infamy, and the strength of tribal loyalty is sufficient to keep the sept free from deadly iniquities. But when one class is joined to another, so as to form a little nation, the special sins are no longer so immediately fatal to the commonwealth. Hence they are not linked beforehand with the ancient penalties of dreadful wrath; fathers do not tell their sons that he who lifts his hand against his brother's life or honour is accursed; and sons cease to fear the execrations of their kinsfolk, and the death by stoning or by fire. Each admits, of course, that the community could not exist were all the members to give their passions free play. But each adds that he is not the whole community, that his self-denial cannot keep others guiltless, and that his individual sins cannot do much harm. Thus the work of ruin may go on from generation to generation, until men are reckless of consequences, and the very idea of social duty is dead. Thus vice may flourish until cities become Sodoms, fit only to perish in the Lake of Fire.

And they do perish in the Lake of Fire. A great deal of nonsense has doubtless been talked about the vengeance which Nature exacts from the wrongdoer, and it is presumptuous to say that in this life punishment always follows guilt. So far as individual men are concerned, the ways of Nature are often inscrutable, and God is verily a God that hideth himself. Still, history says clearly enough, that in the long-run wickedness rings weakness, and weakness brings death. It seems as if in the moral, no less than in the physical world, force were indestructible; as if an act of wrongdoing were a distinct forthputting of energy in the direction of ruin; and as if systematic iniquity must entail a heritage of death on some one—not perhaps

on him who is guilty, but on those that fill his place. Sooner or later wickedness does exhaust the energy on which it lives, and, when it competes with stronger qualities, Natural Selection smites it down in favor of the vigorous moral type. Thus it is that Nature is constantly clearing the ground for those who live in accordance with her laws; thus it is that low moral types are constantly making room for high.

Is there then no limit to the improvement which results from that great law? Is the future to be purely a time of advancement? Is there to be no break in the line of progress like the chasms that darkened the old-world life; and is one fair civilisation to develop so naturally out of another that we shall be unable to mark the dividing line? Many thoughtful men are not sanguine enough to give an affirmative reply. In Modern Civilisation they do not see so fair a plant as to call for Philistine shoutings of joy. On the contrary, they point to signs of blight which may be the token that the civilisation of Europe, like the civilisation of Assyria and Egypt, is pregnant with the seeds of its own decay. And they ask us what grounds we have for our certainty, that between the present time and the next great era, there may not be 'a parenthesis of darkness,' on which the future may look back with such feelings as those with which we view the gloom of the middle ages. That question is more easily put than answered; but, without venturing to offer a complete reply, we may indicate the play of forces that, after working tremendous havoc among existing institutions, seem destined to bring forth a rich moral future.

The disintegration of society into units seems to be rapidly reaching its farthest limits, and civilized countries to be already agitated by a returning current, which, without destroying individual action, may yet bring some such oneness to the community of nations as that which was presented by each of the ancient tribes. But the old unity was narrow, because the range of possessions was small; the new unity will be rich and wide, because the new possessions will include everything that the heroism, and the piety, and the intellect, and the affection of millenniums have heaped up. The tribesmen had to guard only their petty herds and their petty traditions; and, living in the midst of perpetual war, they aimed at the unity of isolation. We shall aim at the unity of all-embracing sympathy, because the great law of self-preservation now gives the rein to those instincts that bid us seek a market in every land, and make all men sharers in the good of our institutions, our literature, and

our religious faith. And those instincts seem destined to change the face of the earth. The day may come when petty geographical divisions shall disappear, when distinctions of race shall no longer sow enmity, when religion shall no longer breed strife, and when war between two nations shall seem as suicidal as war between two adjacent cities. Tribal loyalty was good in its time, and patriotism is good in ours; but the day may come when patriotism shall be as antiquated as tribal loyalty itself. Between this day and that may lie thousands of years of ruthless extermination; and nothing else, indeed, can give us such a change. As natural and artificial boundaries grow weak, peoples will come more and more into competition with each other, and, year by year, Natural Selection will operate with more remorseless rigour. In the long-run, everything that cannot flourish under the new conditions will die; every local type will tend to disappear. Thus will it be with language. In language there is a principle of vitality either vigorous or weak; already a hundred languages have been killed by competition with less feeble tongues; and some day every language on earth will be put on trial, and preserved or killed by Natural Selection. Thus will it be with philosophies, and ethical systems, and religions; whatever part of them is merely local will die. Thus will it also be with race. We English are stamping out the aborigines of America, New Zealand, and Australia, nor can any power on earth avert their speedy extinction. When the inferior races are cleared away, the superior races will come into competition with each other, and engage in a combat none the less bloody because it will be waged amid no din of battle, and because it is the forces of Nature that will heap up the slain. Thus race after race will silently disappear; for it is written on the tablets of history that the strong shall inherit the earth.

Not that all local distinctions can be blotted out. Strength is a relative term; the language which is strong for one purpose may be weak for another, and that which is adapted for one set of circumstances may not suit a second. Races that are all-powerful in some places do not flourish in others. Nor, when we see how quickly local distinctions spring up, can we expect that the utmost combination of races and languages shall ever obliterate the local types of each. Still there is a constant and ever-quickening tendency towards that result. The tendency is to kill the local type of everything, and to replace it by a higher variety; that is, by a variety related in a greater number of ways to the best types on earth. Hence

the tendency is to clear away old causes of strife, and ally men by the ties of brotherhood. Therefore the tendency is to give ethical maxims a wider and wider sweep, and the history of the whole future promises, despite a hundred breaks in the chain of progression, to be the record of the process by which men's ideas of duty grew in dignity and range.

So far we have traced the moral effects of the Statical and the Dynamical laws of society on the one hand, and the law of Natural Selection on the other. We may seem, however, to have passed by one powerful agency,—direct teaching. What influence has been exerted by the formal teachers of morals? That question divides itself into two,—first, What power is exercised by those who teach dogmatically? and, secondly, What power is put forth by those who rely on reasoning? The primitive moralists are all dogmatists. Formal reasoning is a plant of late growth, and the first offshoot of a savage soil is poetry. A primitive people want, above all things, a belief in a person, not in a system. They want a man whom they can trust, whom they can follow, who can think for them, and fight for them: a man who can give tangible proofs of his power to do something. Hence the first moralists are also leaders of the people. They are poets and captains too. Now, if we keep in view the limits imposed on society by the law of self-preservation, and if we look at the features of primitive poetry, we shall be able to measure the amount of foreign instruction which the tribes received from the early moralists. It is clear that the septs embraced no doctrines hostile to those which, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, grew up in their own minds; because, had they done so, they would have taken the surest means of breaking the tribal tie, and the rupture of that bond signified death. It is equally clear that no such doctrines were taught; because all ballad poetry is barren of innovating truth. Ballad poetry never speculates, never sets forth new views of duty. It is content to echo existing doctrines. Its ethical teaching is simply the floating ideas of the age, put into artistic form, and sung in melodious verse. A primitive moralist, therefore, is a rhetorician rather than a thinker. He may indeed wield enormous power for the moment; still he is not a disturbing cause in the series of ethical progressions; he quickens the growth of society, but he does not cast it into new forms; and hence, in dealing with the changes that moral systems undergo, we need make no allowance for social aberrations on his account.

After the poetical or emotional period comes a time when men's minds are sufficiently sharpened for the play of dialectic, when argument is used in place of command, and when discussion becomes an instrument of change. How far, then, is that instrument a disturbing cause in the path of moral advancement? We believe that its power in this respect is less than people generally imagine. Indirectly, the question has recently been discussed in a brilliant and able book Mr. Lecky's *History of Rationalism*. In tracing the development of opinion, Mr. Lecky points out a fact which every student of philosophy must have noticed, the fact that arguments against religious persecution, against a belief in witchcraft, against the infallibility of the Pope, against commercial protectionism, are in one age powerless, and in the next omnipotent. Centuries ago, the reasons against all those things were, so far as words went, stated as clearly and as cogently as they are now. When the fires of persecution were at their hottest, thinkers were arguing that religious intolerance was irrational and wicked. When the Church was burning witches to death, thinkers were writing books to show the absurdity of the belief that old women could hold communion with the Evil One, ride upon a broomstick, or smite the objects of their wrath with sickness. Yet the logic of tolerance and common sense had no effect. Men burned witches as remorselessly as ever, and put heretics to death with the firmest conviction that they were doing the will of God. Nor can we attribute their obstinacy to the fact that they did not know what the thinkers were saying. Many of the worst persecutors and the most superstitious devotees were among the most accomplished men of their time; skilled in logic, versed in science, well acquainted with the arguments used to save the witch and the heretic from the death of fire. Yet they were deaf to reasoning which now seems so obvious as hardly to demand statement; and the logic which we think flawless appeared to them so full of holes that they fancied the man who used it must be either a villain or a fool.

It is clear, therefore, that argument, by itself, is but a feeble weapon; and we shall readily mark the source of its weakness, if we take a series of opinions, and see how they are rooted in our nature. Try to explain how you came to believe in apostolical succession, in the goodness of Toryism or of Liberalism, in the virtues of the British Constitution, in the civilizing power of the House of Lords, in the statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli, in the logic of Mr. Lowe, in the fitness of the Gothic architecture for

places of religious worship, in Episcopacy or Presbyterianism as a form of Church-government, and the chances are that you find yourself in a thick mist. If you are skilled in reasoning and a master of statement, you can easily show why you *ought*, or think you ought, to believe in any of those things; but why you *do* believe is another question. The more subtly you analyse each opinion, the more vividly you see that each has struck its roots in every part of your being; that affection, dislike, and sympathy, as well as reasoning, can claim it as their offspring; that the circumstances of your life, your early training, the books you read, and the companions you meet with, have all done much to give it shape; and that, even when you thought you were basing it upon all the facts within your ken, you were really basing it upon a few facts, chosen in obedience to an unconscious bias, which was the expression of your whole life. Suppose, however, that you are challenged to defend one of your most deeply planted convictions—the conviction, say, that women should have the suffrage. You put forward the best reasons you can muster. Well, an acute dialectician, a Cranborne or a Lowe, takes up each argument in turn, and shows that it is untenable. You cannot refute him; he is clearly the master in logical fence. Still you are not convinced. What he has refuted is not your arguments, but your statements. His scythe-like logic has cut away only the words, not the thing itself. With all your skill in mental analysis, and all your power of expression, you have given only an outline of the arguments which have brought conviction to your own mind, and each of those arguments has a context, which can never be wholly expressed, and which is due to all the influences that you have undergone through life. That context is linked to every part of your nature. So deep does it go, that even when a man starts with what looks like an elementary proposition, he is really laying bare the last link in a long chain of inferences. Another man may start with the same proposition, and yet, so different is the context in his case, that he means something totally different. Hence logic is usually powerless to root out a man's cherished convictions; it does not reach the centre; it misses the mark, because the mark is never seen.

We are thus able to measure the tenacity with which a nation holds to its moral opinions despite the results of criticism. No analysis, however keen, will mark the myriad points at which those opinions strike their roots. And even if that could be done in one age, the work would have to begin again in the next; the grounds on which any

opinion is believed being identical in no two successive generations. Hence the arguments which convince us that witchcraft is a delusion, and that religious persecution is wrong, could not have convinced an ordinary man four centuries ago. Nay, paradoxical as the statement may seem, they ought not to have convinced him; for in themselves they were not so strong as they are now. In themselves, we repeat, they were not arguments, but statements of arguments, and behind them lay a hidden context which took for granted a myriad of propositions. But those propositions had not been proved to the satisfaction of the people; on the contrary, they seemed monstrous untruths. To us they seem truisms, because we have come under a host of influences that never acted on our forefathers; and hence the argument which was addressed to the sixteenth century in favour of religious toleration, though verbally identical with that which is addressed to the nineteenth, is essentially different. In the sixteenth century, you might have said that the faggot could not convert a man to a belief in transubstantiation; that some people could not help becoming Calvinists, any more than others could help becoming Buddhists; that you had no right to dictate the religious creed which each individual should profess; that the attempt to uproot error might result in the uprooting of truth; and that, if false, heresy would perish from the sheer want of vital strength. But those arguments could not bring conviction. Each of them is the result of intellectual processes that have been conducted for ages; and each of them furnishes room for a lifetime of argument. Nay, even if each were sufficient to silence the persecutor, he would still rest stubbornly on the fact, that if he did not take the most ruthless means to stop the spread of heresy, the Church would no longer retain her old dominion. But the Church was the most valued of old-world possessions. She had no competitor. Science had not distracted the people from religion. Political life had not furnished a new source of activity. Gigantic trade had not arisen to enlist men's time and sympathies. Speculative philosophy had not sown distrust in the theology of tradition. Heaven was a living verity, hell an awful reality. Every occupation of his life was linked with thoughts of supernatural beings, who had been sent from on high to reward him, to punish him, to lead him back when he should go astray. Deaden or destroy in the peasant's mind the belief that he was on trial before heaven, that the Church was his guide, and that the Judgment Day should assign him a place among the blessed for

ever, or doom him to burn everlastingly with the damned in hell, and you took away the half of his existence. Hence to him heresy seemed some such crime as the most wicked of murders seems to us. He was quite prepared to applaud the decision of the Inquisitor that the heretic should die. And the Inquisitor himself, as the representative of the whole clergy, dealt out terrible vengeance to the heretic, because he felt that the heretic was striving to rob the world of every blessedness—of religious comfort in this life, of eternal felicity in the next.

We are not denying, of course, that argumentative discussion does much to change the world's convictions. We have already shown the effect of Casuistry, in which that form of discussion plays a large part. And we admit that, in the long run, it has a powerful effect, by constantly presenting truths in certain lights, and by prompting men to think in a certain groove. Thus it helps in some measure to create what has been felicitously called a new 'climate of opinion.' And it is specially powerful when it takes the form of speculative teaching. That teaching draws attention away from practical questions, and awakens less prejudice than direct attacks on existing doctrines or institutions. A man who is firmly convinced that transubstantiation is a reality may study the speculations of Berkeley; may then conclude that we have no reason to believe in the existence of the outward world; may next hold that substance, as opposed to accidents, is an unmeaning term; and hence may afterwards find, or think he finds, that the theory thus firmly lodged in his mind cuts at the root of the sacerdotal doctrine. Conversion often happens in this way. A plausible defence, indeed, might be offered for the idea that the metaphysicians rule the earth. The truth is, however, that argument by itself is feeble, and that in the case both of intellectual and moral opinions, the grand source of change is the development of social conditions from the simple to the complex; a development mainly caused by the two instincts of which we have traced the operation,—the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of accumulation; a development quickened, but not distorted, by the influence either of dogmatic or argumentative teaching; a development corrected at every turn, and kept from giving permanence to low moral types, by the law of Natural Selection.

We may be charged with taking no account of two other sources of moral advancement, in the revelations of Moses and of Christ. The answer is that, in so far as each lawgiver went with the current of his age,

the ethical problem will best be solved by watching the current itself; and that, in so far as each worked by supernatural means, the question is beyond the domain of science, and does not come within the scope of our discussion.

We may also be charged with impugning the immutability of moral truth, since we have shown that ethical systems change from age to age. The answer is that we have given the highest proof of the immutability of Moral truth, by showing that the change is only a development; that from the infancy of man the highest virtues of civilisation were practised; that they were practised on a narrow scale merely because such a scale was imposed by the necessities of existence; and that the future will never change their essential character, but only give them a grander sweep. As well might you impugn the immutability of the principles of logic on the ground that induction led Thales to one result and Faraday to another. It is the circumstances of their respective ages that brought Thales and Faraday to different opinions; not the logic which each applied. So is it with moral truth. Moral truth is immutable, but the circumstances of the age determine the nature and range of its application.

Gathering together, then, the scattered threads of the argument, we note, first, that the combined influence of the Statical and the Dynamical laws of society breaks down the provincial barriers which separate family from family, tribe from tribe, and nation from nation; secondly, that the change gives affection, generosity, self-sacrifice, and every other feeling of our nature a freer range; thirdly, that moral types are thereby developed which have a fitness for all times and all places; fourthly, that other types are produced, which, being essentially local, are essentially weak; fifthly, that Natural Selection severs the two varieties, and smites the weaker with death; sixthly, that science, literature, and direct moral teaching, go hand in hand with those agencies, but are not disturbing causes; and finally, that the Natural History of Morals is the history of social conditions.

We have hurried over the vast field so quickly that we have been able only to scratch the surface. Our purpose has been to give merely a rough and rapid outline of the great task that still awaits the moralist. The ground is, to a large extent, virgin, and it offers a bounteous harvest to the strong hand that shall guide the ploughshare of thought and learning through the rich sub-soil.

It is no bare prospect, no dead mechanic past, that we unveil, but a past majestic with the sequence of ordered law, and working through seeming confusion, and unceasing strife, and the din of angry voices, to that 'far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.' To the eye of the Moralist, the history of the race, with its restless life, its sins, its sorrows, its heroisms, its records of destruction, its immortal legacies of beauty, its faiths and its scepticisms, its Sodoms and its Babels, its Jerusalems and its Romes, opens up some such stupendous world of progression as the inscriptions on the rocks summon before the eye of the geologist. Away into the boundless distance sweeps the mysterious swelling sea of mountain and plain, laying bare at intervals some slow deposit, on which is written the history of dead and living moralities; of simple types, hardly organized as yet, that from the world of civilisation have for ever passed away; of more complex types that struggled with death for ages before they perished; and, finally, of the richly-organized types that came into being when life had gathered a myriad complexity, and that fight with each other for existence in this teeming, many-peopled, many-sounding age. Everywhere Nature strews her path with dead heroisms, and dead nobilities, and sin, and suffering, and mysterious doom.

'From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone,"'

The earth is a moral graveyard. The very dust is the ashes of the dead. The soil in which our virtues grow is the *débris* of a buried world, that sinned, and suffered, and did ignoble deeds, and lived heroic life, and watered the seed-fields of the future with its tears and its blood. And our virtues and vices will, in turn, be but fossils which the eye of science shall curiously scan, and they will finally crumble into dust, from which the moral harvests of the future shall spring; and the world that shall draw its moral life from our ashes will also in time form but one tiny layer of dead bones in the never-ending strata of existence; and thus shall it be throughout the weary generations of men.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army, 1867.*

2. *Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom, 1867.*

3. *On the Expediency of the General Introduction of the Military Drill and Naval Exercises in the School Stages of the*

- Elementary Schools; and of employing Soldiers on Civil Work in time of Peace.* By EDWIN CHADWICK, C.B., Correspondent of the Institute of France, 1867.
4. *Statistical, Sanitary, and Medical Reports, Army Medical Department*, vol. vii., 1867.
 5. *Memorandum on the Prussian Army in relation to the Campaign of 1866.* By Lieut.-Colonel REILLY, C.B., Royal Horse Artillery.
 6. *Was wollen wir? Armee-Reorganisation oder Armee-Desorganisation? Vierte Auflage.* München, 1867.
 7. *Organisation Militaire. Exposé de M. Staempfli, Ancien Membre du Conseil Fédéral et Ancien Chef du Département Militaire Suisse*, 1866.
 8. *Das Leben der französischen Officiere und Soldaten.* Darmstadt und Leipzig, 1867.
 9. *De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. 14me Edition, tome iii., 1865.
 10. *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans.* Par JULES SIMON. Paris, 1867.
 11. *L'Armée Française en 1867.* [GENERAL TROCHU.] Donzième Edition Paris, 1867.
 12. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1867.

'We have arrived,' observes General Trochu, in one of the ablest and most interesting of the many essays on Military Organization which the war of last year has produced, 'at one of those periods of transition in the existence of armies, which mark the end of certain systems employed in the wars of the past for the inauguration of others to be employed in the wars of the present. It is the merit and the fortune of Prussia in 1866, as formerly in the time of the great Frederick, to have foreseen this evolution of the art of war, to have studied its conditions attentively during a long peace, to have discovered them for the most part, and to have opportunely and resolutely applied them.*' We cite the observation, not merely for the importance in itself of the double conviction of high military authority in France, that military systems have arrived at a period of transition, and that Prussia has correctly apprehended its conditions, but because the passage raises inquiries respecting the causes, objects, and tendencies of the vast armies of the Continent, which it did not fall within the purpose of General Trochu to treat of, though they are inquiries of the first importance to the people of this country, to many of whom the 'period of transition in the existence of armies' in prospect, has long

been a period of general disarmament. The questions which General Trochu discusses, are, indeed, far from being military questions only. To his credit as a man and a citizen, as well as a soldier, he looks at an army not as a mere instrument of victory, but as a powerful social agent for the improvement or the corruption of a nation. Every year, he urges, an army withdraws from different parts of the body of society, and every year it returns to it a number of citizens,—'*Une redoutable question se présente, sont-ils dans l'ordre moral, sont-ils dans l'ordre physique, améliorés ou dénaturés?*' 'Public spirit, public morality, public health, the power of the race to increase, the gradual elevation or degradation of the life of the nation in some of its most important conditions,—such is the immense theme which, for fifty years, has agitated legislation on recruiting for the army.' We, too, in this country, are deeply interested in the moral and social effects of different military systems, as well as in their efficiency for war; but the theme which they present to our minds is yet vaster. Why do these mighty armaments exist? Do they threaten war? Are they all aggressive or defensive alike? Is England safe in her present military system? Even an unreformed Parliament, full of promotion by purchase, could it have realized 'the period of transition in the existence of armies' at which we have arrived, might have been moved to repentance by the powerful voices which have but preached in the wilderness, Army Reform. Nor will the return of a reformed Parliament suffice of itself to insure the sort of army reform that is needed. The sort which eminent Parliamentary Reformers have advocated before now has been army extinction.

So many indeed are the reasons for believing that war must finally disappear before commerce and civilisation, that not only is the question of the probability of war always discussed by practical men in this country with reference to some passing cloud in the political sky, but powerful speculative thinkers, both here and on the Continent, have found in the very institution of the standing armies of modern Europe an evidence of the cessation of warfare. Montesquieu, it is true, in a passage cited by M. Jules Simon, lamented, a century and a quarter ago, that a new plague was spreading over Europe, disordering its sovereigns so as to lead to the maintenance of inordinate numbers of troops. 'As soon as one State increases its forces, the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is got by it but general ruin. Every monarch keeps upon foot all the armies he could if nations were in danger of extermination; and the name of peace is given to an effort

* *L'Armée Française en 1867.*

of all against all. We are thus poor amid the riches and commerce of the whole world.' Yet Montesquieu reckoned the proportion of soldiers to the population of Europe at one in a hundred; and Adam Smith, nearly half a century later, said it was commonly computed that no greater proportion of men could be employed as soldiers by any civilized State without ruin, while now the Government of France is endeavouring to raise an army of more than 1,200,000, out of a nation of 48,000,000, that is, to make available as soldiers nearly a thirtieth of the whole population. This one fact might stagger those who believe with M. Comte (of whom the late Mr. Buckle was on this point an eminent disciple), that the tendency of the economy of modern Europe to put an end to war was shown in the establishment of permanent armies, as feudalism declined; whereby they argue (and argue with a truth which, in our opinion, militates against the conclusion drawn from the argument) that the majority of the inhabitants of each State were weaned from the practice of arms. We are of those who think, on the one hand, that the tendency of true civilisation is to substitute armed nations, as in Germany and Switzerland, for standing armies such as those of Russia and France; and, on the other hand, that the institution of standing armies, so far from tending to abolish war, created it—created it, that is to say, in the modern sense of hostilities on a vast scale, waged by immense forces, and protracted often for several years. The feudal militia was a defensive institution, by its structure wholly incapacitated for other than petty hostilities, by its interests at home indisposed for long or distant campaigns, and under no obligation to undertake them in the interests of a monarch. It is a remarkable example of the error of looking at only one side of the shield, that powerful reasoners could regard as pacific institutions, the rise at the same time of military monarchies, and of a special class devoted to warfare, by their interests bound to it, placed at the disposal of a single chief who wielded the resources of a whole nation, and who was enabled by the very existence of such a class, monopolizing all military knowledge and discipline, to defy the wishes of the great body of his subjects for peace. The men of peace were disarmed, while the men of war were armed with the deadliest weapons. The mere establishment of permanent armies placed forces adequate and disposed to great wars upon foot, but they did much more to create such wars by placing at their head the very person who suffers least by the interruption

of peace, who feels none of the privations of a campaign, and need incur none of its dangers, even if he takes the field in person; who can stop the war if he tires of it, who has all the pride and ambition generated by immense power and supreme rank,—a rank, moreover, which, among his few equals in other nations, is proportionate not to the wealth and prosperity of the nations under his own control, disposing them to peace, but to his own military power and success. Lord Bacon, no mean authority in matters of kingcraft, treating of 'the true greatness of kingdoms,' and meaning literally the greatness of *kingdoms* as contradistinguished from nations, has authoritatively pronounced: 'In all experience you shall find but three things that prepare and dispose a State for war: the ambition of governors, a state of soldiers prepared, and the hard means to live of many subjects.' Nor is it an immaterial consideration that the establishment of the great military monarchies of modern Europe, with professional armies at their command, involved the cessation of the only attempt that has ever been made towards a general tribunal for the pacific adjustment of international disputes—the one beneficent use of the stupendous spiritual tyranny of the Papacy. There are, we believe, two preliminary steps requisite to terminate war,—in the establishment of free institutions, and the substitution of national militias for standing armies; but the danger of war can never disappear altogether until the civilized world has a common legislature, and a common tribunal for international affairs;* and the autocrat who wields the whole power of one nation cannot enter a congress on equal terms with the mere deputy of another nation; he cannot legislate for either national or international interests on purely national or international grounds, apart from both personal and dynastic concerns. So opposite to national interests for peace are the interests of personal government, that after showing how popular institutions disincline for war by the prosperity they create, and the intelligence they arouse, M. de Tocqueville lays it down as the first maxim in the science of tyranny, that the shortest and surest method of destroying political liberty in a nation is to make war. For that is the way to establish a standing army.

* We must take leave, without entering upon an irrelevant discussion, to enter a protest against the doctrine that the domestic independence of nations is incompatible, under any form of government, with an effective international legislature or tribunal,—a doctrine which rests upon reasoning supported by authority which we highly respect, but rests nevertheless, we presume to assert, upon a juridical fallacy.

From the foregoing considerations alone, it may be asserted to follow that Europe is not done with armies or with war; but there are other conditions of its present situation which tend to make the dangers of war more imminent and alarming, and armies larger than ever, even in the most peacefully disposed States that mean to maintain their independence. M. de Tocqueville points out as two of those conditions—first, that nations are becoming more alike, more equally armed, and versed in the same military practices, so that particular troops, like the Swiss, lose their old national superiority; the force of numbers prevails; *la raison déterminante de la victoire étant le nombre, il en résulte que chaque peuple doit tendre de tous ses efforts à amener le plus d'hommes possible sur le champ de bataille.* Another reason given by this political prophet is, in effect, that the centralization of power has centralized national life; the enemy who strikes at the capital of a country now strikes at its heart, rendering prolonged struggles on the part of its other members impossible; whence it becomes indispensable to have a vast organized force at hand to resist attack from the first. To these circumstances may be added another very obvious one, that the increased proximity of States, and the power of concentrating large forces suddenly upon a given point, together with the tremendous weapons invented by modern art, make the danger of swift destruction to an unprepared nation such as can scarce be exaggerated. The eminent writers who, like Mr. Buckle, have seen in improvements of the means of locomotion and of arms only persuasives of peace, have looked again only at the white side of the shield. It rests, in fact, upon no doubtful authority, that the Prussian army would have marched straight upon Paris had the Luxembourg difference led to a rupture, and that the knowledge of this in France is one cause both of the present feeling towards Germany, and of the increase of levies and the hastening of armaments.

In days when such dangers as have just been referred to were less imminent and less formidable, M. de Tocqueville concluded as an indubitable proposition, that the days of the independence of all small States, that is to say, States unable to bring vast forces into the field, were numbered. But if States are measured by their military forces, if their independence depends upon such a condition, in what a condition is England? *L'infanterie Anglaise est la plus redoutable de l'Europe, heureusement il n'y en a pas beaucoup.* Such was the aphorism of Marshal Bugeaud, founded upon his Peninsular experience, and General Trochu endorses it. Nor are we dis-

posed lightly to abandon the belief, notwithstanding the force of De Tocqueville's reflection on the increasing similarity of nations in military, as in other respects, that the United Kingdom possesses, in its varied elements of race, and its invigorating clime, the potential materials of more powerful and indomitable troops than any other country in Europe. As a matter of fact, however, the number of our regular troops is small to the point of comparative impotence, and both quantity and quality are declining. Even the Commissioners who reported last year in the old official spirit of making things smooth on behalf of established institutions, could not but admit:—

‘The evidence given before us, and the returns, all tend to show that during the last two years the number of recruits raised for the army has not been sufficient to supply the demand. It appears to us that the mode of raising recruits is not calculated to develop the military resources of the country satisfactorily, or to obtain a sufficient number from that class of the population which in former years used to enter the service, and which it would be most desirable again to attract to its ranks.’*

The first witness examined, Colonel Graham, Inspecting Field-Officer of the London District, in answer to a question whether the recruits were obtained chiefly from the country, as formerly, replied, ‘I never see what I used to see, namely, the chawbacon fellow in a smock-frock. Anybody walking to Blackfrais Bridge, or other parts of London where great public works are going on, would at once perceive the difference between the men there employed and the men who are enlisted.’ Another witness stated, ‘I do not think that the soldier of the present day is in stature or physical development equal to the class of recruits enlisted before 1854, nor are the present men superior in point of intelligence, notwithstanding the many additional advantages during the last twenty years.’ This witness added, ‘One of the present difficulties in recruiting is caused by the immense emigrations from Ireland, where I witnessed some years ago the greatest enthusiasm among farmers’ sons, and the peasantry generally, for the army. I have never seen any such enthusiasm among any class in this country, where wages are usually higher. So good a class are not obtained in England as the majority of those raised in Ireland used to be.’

Ireland used to furnish nearly one-third of the soldiers of the British army; but the

* Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army, 1867.

proportion of Scotch recruits too is falling off, and the deficit can only be nominally supplied by descending to a much lower class of the English population for recruits, who, moreover, can by no means be counted on to serve. Of the recruits obtained in the seven years, 1859-1865, nearly 50,000, that is to say, an entire English army, *deserted*,* while in the year 1865 alone, upwards of 68,000 soldiers were 'admitted into hospital,' out of a total strength of 73,000. Under all these circumstances, we think we may take the necessity for a radical reorganization of the British military system as demonstrated. It is indisputable that we find ourselves, with the largest surface of empire open to attack at the greatest number of points, approaching closer each year to the vast and increasing armies of the great Continental Powers, with not only small but diminishing and deteriorating forces on our side. Cries have been consequently heard from our press from time to time for disarmament, especially on the part of the two great States nearest to us; but apart from the fact that great armies are rather the effects than the causes of the situation of Europe, we could ill spare the very two armies chiefly complained of, notwithstanding the uneasiness they occasion, and the reforms we may wish to introduce especially into one of them. Were both those armies annihilated to-morrow, a Czar would reign from Behring Strait to the English Channel, and England could hardly preserve her independence by decoupling her forces. We have reason to regard the

troops of Prussia, and even of France, as police who protect us unpaid; at the same time that we must also regard them as evidences of the imminent danger of general war, for the chances of which we are, in the eyes of other nations, ludicrously, and by our own almost unanimous confession, lamentably unprepared. It is true that there are some who trust to non-intervention to keep England out of all future conflicts; but would Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, or Turkey, be secured by crying non-intervention? And why England more so, save in so far as she is more powerful to enforce non-intervention in her affairs on the part of other States? The desire of the citizens of a peaceful commercial nation to enter a regular army is nevertheless far from being stimulated by the prospect of danger; and students of De Tocqueville will remember his confident prediction that, in the face of the growing necessity on the one hand for larger armies to maintain national independence, and of the increasing dislike of commercial populations for military life on the other, all nations must abandon the system of voluntary enlistment for that of compulsory service in arms. He was speaking, however, of the bare conditions of self-preservation, strictly considered; and we entertain little doubt that he would have answered that a double military system, retaining the voluntary element, is necessary for Great Britain, so long as she has an Indian and a Colonial Empire, in addition to her own insular territory, to defend. On this point we shall

* Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Recruiting for the Army, 1867, Appendix K 8:—

RETURN of DESERTERS advertised in the *Police Gazette*, showing those who absconded previously to Attestation, those who absconded between Attestation and final Approval, and those who passed into the Ranks.

Year.	Abandoned Recruits, being Desertions after Enlistment, but previously to Attestation.	Desertions after Enlistment between Attestation and final approval.	Total Desertions after Enlistment, and who did not pass into the Ranks.	Desertions of Men after passing into the Ranks.	Total.
1859,	2,482	2,516	4,998	6,330	11,328
1860,	1,766	1,891	3,657	6,867	10,524
1861,	709	642	1,351	5,084	6,435
1862,	354	177	531	3,448	3,979
1863,	559	208	767	3,727	4,494
1864,	817	369	1,186	3,805	4,991
1865,	954	375	1,329	4,287	5,616
	7,641	6,178	13,819	33,548	47,367 *

* Out of this number 34 non-commissioned officers and 254 privates are stated to have deserted, taking with them stolen property.

have again to remark ; the point which demands our immediate attention is that there are very different systems of compulsory military service in Europe, differing in their cost, their moral and social effects, their efficiency for national preservation and aggressive war respectively, and their tendency to foster a free and patriotic spirit, or a spirit of tame submission to tyranny at home and domination over neighbours abroad.

The present system of conscription for the regular army in France, with a long period of service, has been sometimes erroneously ascribed to the French Revolution. It is, on the contrary, significant that the inventor of conscription in its modern shape (for compulsory service of some sort, *e.g.*, impressment in England, is an old institution or practice in most countries) was the autocrat Peter the Great, the founder of a policy of territorial aggrandizement which, unless Russia emerges, with unparalleled rapidity, from the condition of a military empire, must inevitably drown the world in blood once more. The French Revolution, on the contrary, was a national revolt against the whole system, of which a standing army is the body, and tyranny the soul ; the leaders of the Revolution vehemently proclaimed that standing armies are the weapons of despotism, and that there is no obstacle to both tyranny and aggressive wars like placing the sword in the hands of those whose urgent interest it is never to draw it save in defence of their country.* Assailed from without, however, a country without training either in arms or in political liberty, became the recruiting ground of a military chief ; and that military system was founded, which military authorities, such as General Trochu, condemn almost as emphatically as social economists, such as M. Jules Simon. The distinctive characteristics of the French system, in contrast with the Prussian, are, *first*, that only a portion, a very large portion indeed, of the able-bodied youths of the French population attaining the military age is drawn for the army by ballot ; *secondly*, that substitution is allowed in the case of those who can pay for a substitute ; and,

thirdly, that the conscript's period of service in the active army in France is twice as long as in Prussia. These distinctive characteristics make the French soldiery a separate class, and military service a special trade ; whereas, in Prussia there is a national army in which every man's service is rendered as a duty to his country. The number of conscripts drawn yearly in France has hitherto varied from 60,000 to 100,000, the legal period of service being seven years.* Henceforward, if the last Government plan is carried out, the number of conscripts will be largely increased, and the period of service will be six years ; the additional levy forming a reserve, in barracks during a part of each year. These changes will but add to the burden of the system, without altering either its political character, or its military and civil results. General Trochu, who throughout his pages speaks as the exponent not only of his own convictions, but also of the principles of Marshal Bugeaud, pronounces, without qualification, against those conditions which make a professional soldiery of the French army, and separate it morally and socially from the nation. The efficiency of any army has, he says, two main conditions, a motive power and a mechanism, a soul and a body. The one is the spirit which animates the individual members ; the other, its organization as a whole ; and of these he attaches most importance to the former. But what are the feelings in which he finds the true motive power or soul of an army ? Not in the habits of discipline, the supposed *esprit de corps*, the self-interest of a veteran soldiery, but in the fresh patriotism of the citizen, the natural sentiments of the man, and the *élan* of youth. The passages in which he speaks on this subject are a study not only in military art, but in mental philosophy. In popular education, both in England and France, the true soldier is the 'old soldier,' whose heart, such as it is, is supposed to be in his profession. Far different is General Trochu's estimate of the worth of such soldiers, considered even merely as soldiers. From the day, he maintains, that the soldier looks on his regiment as his home, and military life as his career, the best ingredients in the true soldierly spirit begin to forsake him,—patriotic devotion, chivalrous ardour, and the natural affections of the human heart :—

'A ce moment il aliène volontairement sa liberté, non pas momentanément, mais pour l'avenir, et on peut dire pour toujours, car la continuation du service militaire va le rendre radicalement impropre à l'exercice de sa profes-

* 'Les armées perpétuelles n'ont été, ne sont, et ne seront pas bonnes,' was Mirabeau's cry, 'qu'à établir l'autorité arbitraire, et la maintenir. La corruption, la vénalité préparent les chaînes d'un peuple libre, mais c'est, et c'est seulement la puissance légionnaire qui les rive. Le peuple a droit d'avoir, et de porter les armes pour la défense commune. Quand il en perd l'habitude, il se trouve bientôt quelque ambitieux qui met tout en œuvre pour en profiter. Une milice bien réglée est la défense convenable, naturelle et sûre, d'un gouvernement libre. Point de mercenaires.'

* In practice, usually five or six years.

sion manuelle, surtout au travail des champs, en même temps qu'il deviendra de plus en plus étranger à la famille. En sorte que le service et le régiment devront désormais et définitivement lui tenir lieu de tout. De là, inévitablement, une certaine altération de *ces sentiments naturels au cœur de l'homme*, et un abandon à peu près complet de ce que j'ai appelé *les passions inhérentes à sa condition de citoyen*.*

Look, on the other hand, at the picture of the true soldier, with the martial training of one, but not without the sentiments and qualities belonging to youth and a peaceful home and profession :—

'Non, mon vieux soldat est un jeune homme. Il a dans l'ordre moral comme dans l'ordre physique, tous les ressorts de la jeunesse, et il en a les croyances et les illusions. Il est plein de force, et il est plein d'honneur. Il n'entend pas donner au pays un jour au delà des années qu'il lui doit au termes de la loi, car des devoirs antérieurs et supérieurs le rappellent dans la famille. Mais ces années, il les lui donne sans restriction ni calcul.'

Adam Smith, who has not in this instance displayed his customary sagacity, traces the successive fall of Carthage and Rome to the irresistible superiority of a standing army, constantly disciplined in arms, over a militia in which 'the civil predominated over the military character.' General Trochu, on the contrary, refers to the military history of Carthage and Rome, as exemplifying one invariable truth—the superiority of a national over a mere professional army. In this he has the testimony of almost every good historian on his side; and so opposite is his theory to that of Adam Smith, who attributed the victories of Hannibal to long discipline in the school of actual war, that he ventures the maxim, that 'it is peace, properly turned to account, that makes good armies; it is war, especially prolonged war, that disorganizes them.' M. Chochut adds, to a similar notion on his own part, the evidence of Colonel Guérin as to other evils resulting from the prolongation of military service beyond the period requisite to master the exercises of the soldier :—

'Ce qui vieillit le soldat, trop rapidement peut-être, c'est la guerre. "Nous sommes convaincus," a dit le Colonel Guérin, dans son mémorable rapport, "que quand on a passé sous les drapeaux le temps nécessaire pour se former aux armes, on a plus à perdre qu'à gagner en continuant plus longtemps la vie de garnison, vie de sujétion, mais peu laborieuse, qui fait plutôt naître des goûts d'oisiveté, qu'elle ne prépare aux fatigues et aux privations de la guerre. On n'est plus vieux soldat après sept ans de garnison plutôt qu'avec trois."

C'est un vieux et brave soldat qui parlait ainsi."*

But if on the mere ground of military efficiency, the long service in the French army is open to such question, what is the judgment we must pronounce when its consequences, economic, moral, physical, and political, are added to the scale? Looking, indeed, at the mere pecuniary cost at which the French troops figure in the accounts of the State, it might be pronounced a cheap system. M. Jules Simon estimates the cost of an army of 400,000 men, for example, at 360,000,000 francs (£14,400,000), and the Count de Casabianca, in a later estimate, places the cost of nearly half a million of French troops at very little more; whereas we can hardly maintain more than quarter of the latter number of soldiers for such a sum. But the French ballot (while it lets the class of idle youth whom military service might utilise escape by substitution) falls indiscriminately on the whole mass whose means are unequal to purchase their ransom, and so hammers into mere soldiers a multitude which must include much of the highest industrial genius and intellectual power in the country. To the real cost of the French army we must add, then, not only every shilling above a soldier's pay which each actual soldier could have earned in a civil occupation, but also the lost value of all the indirect and distant results of invention and special productive capacity. Had Watt been forced to spend seven years as a soldier in barracks, what would the cost of that one soldier have been to his country, and to mankind? Nor does the cost of the French conscription stop when we have added to it the loss of all the men of superior industrial or intellectual power it spoils for their natural pursuits. It spoils, more or less, the greater number of the men it lays hold of. Taking every year from 60,000 to 100,000 of the flower of the youth of the population, it returns them at the end of six or seven years, if at all, unfitted for the occupation from which they were torn, with barrack habits of idleness and dissipation, and, probably, an impaired constitution. They may now at length marry; and 'old soldiers' of this sort, along with the part of the male civil population which was exempted from the ballot for infirmity or other physical defects—in other words, drunkenness and disease, along with debility and deformity—become in large measure the parents of the next generation. Put a young peasant or mechanic into the army, says General Trochu, for a short time, and he

* The italics are General Trochu's.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, February 1, 1867.

returns home a better man and a better citizen, stronger, smarter, with more enthusiasm for his country, still in the suppleness of youth, and able to bend over the plough, or to resume the tools of the artisan. Keep him in the army for double the time, and he becomes both too rusty and too lazy for his old trade:—‘S’il abandonne l’armée, il va grossir dans les grandes villes le groupe des déclassées; s’il entre dans la vétéranee, il s’y achève; s’il est admis aux Invalides,—je ne le suivrai pas jusque-là.’ General Lamoricière has pronounced, in an official report, a similar opinion with respect to the inaptitude for civil occupations resulting from a septennial military service, and its tendency to swell the population of the towns with an unproductive class, of whom many were born to be hardy and industrious peasants.* Curran translated in jest the saying, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, into ‘It takes seven years to make an attorney;’ but a faithful paraphrase in earnest might be, ‘It takes seven years to make a *vieux soldat*,’ that is to say, in the popular sense of an old soldier, not in General Trochu’s. And the artificial and unhealthy concentration of the French population in towns is demonstrably traceable, in great measure, to this vice in the military system.† When we add that the French army, while less efficient for defence than a truly national force, is far more easily employed in aggressive war, for which it is by its constitution disposed, we have, we believe, said enough to establish the urgent necessity in the interests of both Europe at large and France itself, of that change in its military system, which M. Jules Simon so strenuously invokes—

‘Precisely because we are keenly alive to the necessity of reducing standing armies, we invoke every measure calculated to make an inextinguishable defence of the National Guard. Such a force, incapable of aggression, invincible if attacked, is the symbol of peace, while a standing army, the symbol and incarnation of war, is a menace even to the very people which exhausts and ruins itself in maintaining it.’

If a further example of the true character and objects of a vast standing army were needed, we have but to glance at the military system of Russia. The period of service for which the conscript is drawn there—twenty years—is the longest in Europe; and the army is thus more totally separated from the nation than any other in Europe.‡

This military system, it is instructive to remember, was instituted as the principal machinery of a despotic usurpation, which not only deprived the nobles of their ancient independence, but reduced the bulk of the population to servitude, establishing at the same time the study of foreign aggrandizement as a permanent and principal element in the policy of the empire. ‘Whoever,’ says Adam Smith (probably in unconscious admiration of his own admirable doctrine of the separation of occupations, which has however really no application to compulsory occupations), ‘examines with attention the improvements which Peter the Great introduced into the Russian empire, will find that they almost all resolve themselves into the establishment of a well-regulated standing army. It is’ (he very truly adds) ‘this instrument which executes and maintains all his other regulations.’ It is the instrument of a purely autocratic as opposed to national policy. No other country in Europe has a population so pacific, or a foreign policy so aggressive. In no other country is military service so detested; the peasantry regard it as penal servitude for life. And it is in perfect harmony with the fundamental principle of a system in which the soldier has in him nothing of the citizen, the army nothing national, that criminals under thirty years are condemned to the army, and wear its uniform as a badge of disgrace; while in Prussia the forfeiture of civil rights by crime entails the dishonour of exclusion from the military service due from the citizen. In spite of the difficulties in the present internal condition of the Russian empire, which we are told to regard as a guarantee of peace, nothing is more certain than that the greatest military activity on the part of the government now exists; the percentage of conscription has been raised; improved methods of military education have been introduced, and the whole of the active army will be armed with breech-loaders by the middle of next year. The nominal army will then exceed 1,400,000 men, capable, according to Russian authorities, of increase to 1,700,000. We do not, indeed, believe that one-fourth of the latter number of soldiers could be employed at one time for aggressive war in the present situation of the empire; but even now it has a most formidable army at its disposal—formidable for aggressive war, how-

subject to the regular conscription laws. The Cossacks of the Don furnish contingents under distinct regulations. The army is also recruited to a small extent by voluntary enlistment, and by military colonies. But these additional elements do not alter the character or the objects of the Russian military system.

* *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans*. Par Jules Simon, p.

53.

† *Ibid*.

‡ The greater part of the Russian population are

ever, not for its mere number, great as that is, but because it is an imperial standing army, not a national one.*

Between France and Russia, with their vast standing armies, lies Prussia or North Germany, with a mixed military system, combining a standing army with a national militia. Under the present arrangements, every youth physically equal to the standard, with unimportant exceptions, is bound by law to enter the ranks of the regular or active army on attaining his twentieth year. For the mass of recruits, the legal period of service is three years (in practice shortened to two and a half), but those who can pass an examination, or present sufficient academic certificates of education, are allowed to enter as volunteers, defraying all their own expenses (unless for arms and ammunition), and serving but for one year. With the qualifications just stated, every able-bodied Prussian serves in the ranks of the active army from his twentieth to his twenty-third year, then passing into the reserve for four years, liable to be called to rejoin his regiment on emergency, or for a short period of annual exercise. From twenty-seven to thirty-two he belongs to the first ban of the Landwehr, in which he is still liable to foreign service in time of war, and to periodical exercises in peace; from thirty-two to thirty-eight his place is in the second ban of Landwehr, only called out when the country is in extreme danger. From thirty-eight to fifty he belongs to the Landsturm or *levy en masse* of the population in case of invasion. Thus, of all military systems in Europe which have any standing army, the Prussian is that in which the period of service in the standing army is shortest—so short that the civil necessarily predominates in it over the military character, while the remainder of the able-bodied population forms a true citizen army. The extension of this system throughout North Germany contemporaneously with rapid progress in the arts of both industry and war, presents a remarkable contradiction to the doctrine of Adam Smith, that two causes, namely, the progress of manufactures and improvement in the art of war, combine, as society advances, to make the soldier's a separate trade. We hope to show that, even in the Prussian army, the original period of service is excessive; but it is at any rate long

enough in the opinions of such authorities as Marshal Bugeaud and General Trochu, and the late war has established the character of the Prussian army as second to none, if not foremost in point of efficiency. Prior to its late victories, even those military authorities in France who thought most lightly of it as an engine of war, placed it in the first rank as regards the spirit that animates it. After quoting evidence on this point,* General Trochu adds that 'all military authorities, capable of impartiality, now acknowledge that the Prussian army has given proof at once of solidity and extraordinary celerity of movement.' Surgeon-Major Bostock, Scots Fusilier Guards, in his instructive report on the war in Bohemia, referring to the qualities displayed by the Prussian troops, observes:—

'To what is the excellent marching and power of endurance in an active army to be attributed? I believe that it is entirely owing to the superior physique and suitable age and condition of every man composing the army... I never saw a more thoroughly efficient body of men; there was not a weedy young recruit, or a decrepit old man among them. A moment's consideration will show that this high state of efficiency, which was so tested in the late campaign, is due to the system of recruiting adopted in Prussia. The basis of it is to be found in the acknowledged principle, that it is the duty of every man to defend his country. No man enters the army as a trade, but at the age of twenty, when his frame is fully developed, every individual becomes liable to serve in the ranks. Here he learns his duty, and becomes in habit and feeling a disciplined soldier,' etc.†

Colonel Reilly, in his memorandum on the Prussian army, establishes by striking facts, it is true, that 'the Prussians overthrew a disaffected army.' This circumstance, however, only adds important negative evidence of the military value of the patriotism of a national army, and of the weakness of a standing army without it. Colonel Reilly, moreover, observes with respect to the Prussian service:—

'The position of the soldier is made an honorable one; he is well instructed in the military school; his physical powers are developed by training, and at the end of his service of

* Count Bismarck lately made some observations to the correspondent of an English journal respecting the situation and policy of Russia, which amount merely to the consolation that she will not enter upon a war for territorial aggrandizement until she is quite ready. It is a favorite maxim of Russian politicians, *Le monde appartient à qui sait attendre.*

* 'Le niveau moral est peut-être plus élevé dans l'armée prussienne que dans toutes les autres armées de l'Europe. Par sa composition, l'armée en Prusse est l'image fidèle de la nation.'—*Cours d'art Militaire* (1864) à l'Ecole d'application de l'Artillerie et du Génie, à Metz.

† Report on the Medical and Sanitary Services of the Prussian Army during the Campaign in Bohemia, 1866. Published in the last volume of Reports of the Army Medical Department.

three years he returns to civil life a more useful subject. . . The men are of great physical power, brave, intelligent, obedient, of great endurance and patient under hardships. Sober without exception, they gained in the late war the confidence of the people in the countries they invaded by their orderly and forbearing conduct. They undoubtedly possess the highest qualities of soldiers.*

* An army composed of such materials as the Prussian certainly cannot be employed in war without immense loss and suffering both to the soldiers and the whole nation, the nature of which may be illustrated by reference to some actual instances within our knowledge. The chief cashier of a principal bank at Berlin was called out for active service in the late war, at the risk of losing his post, which must, indeed, have happened had the war been prolonged; in which event, moreover, the banker himself would probably have been ordered to join the army. From a town in Rhenish Prussia, a young physician was called out, to find on his return that another physician, exempt on account of age or less vigorous constitution, had taken up his practice.† A small shop-keeper, again, in Pomerania, had his two assistants taken in the first instance, then a substitute whom he had managed to procure, and lastly was called out himself, to find on his return that a rival had taken up his business, or that it had gone into the hands of the pedlars. The losses arising in this way are sometimes of such magnitude that special exemptions are granted by the Government; but these very exemptions illustrate the losses that must be sustained in the cases where they are not granted, as of course they very rarely are. A manufacturer of locomotive engines at Berlin, who employs

3000 hands, and had just completed his 2000th engine, was required to join the army. 'I am quite ready to go,' was his response, 'but I manage all my business myself, having neither partner nor manager. If I go, my works must therefore be closed, and all the hands thrown out of employment.' In the foregoing case, and also in that of an eminent sculptor, much employed by the Government, exemption was granted. A late able critic of the Prussian system, foreseeing such results as have just been exemplified, has objected to it:—

'A Prussian army may be assembled on the frontiers, but however brilliant, expert, and well-disciplined, it is so constituted that it is scarcely available as a political machine. The life, the property, the industry, the intelligence, the influence of the country are in its ranks. *An army composed of such materials cannot be risked unless national existence is at stake.*' *

That an army composed of such materials can be risked when national existence or national objects are at stake, the Prussian army has given recent proof; but that it is scarcely available as a mere political machine in the hands of a Government, is, we presume to assert, an advantage to Germany of the first order, more than compensating, even economically speaking, for the cost of such an army when contending for national existence. Giving, on the one hand, to every valid citizen the training and spirit of a true soldier, it is a pure national gain that, on the other hand, this system makes aggressive war unpopular with the bulk of both army and nation, and goes far to make it impossible.

'War,' in the words of M. de Laveleye, 'unless undertaken in the defence of German soil, will never be popular in Prussia, because it affects every family; and the soldier who merely passes through a period of regimental duty does not make a trade or career of the service. Even after the astounding successes of last year, people said to me, "We don't like war; look at all our cities all in mourning." In France, on the contrary, the sad consequences of battle scarcely affect any class, save one whose sorrow passes unseen.'

Gunpowder, in fact, was in such ill odour in Rhenish Prussia after the late war, that the usual shooting-matches this year were found to have lost their attraction. But we cannot regard it as otherwise than as a triumph of civilisation that the most civilised nation on the Continent should possess a military system which insures its security and frees it from degrading panics, while, at

* In referring to the reports of Colonel Reilly, and that of Surgeon-Major Bostock, we cannot forbear to note, with respect to them and the analogous appointment of military attachés at foreign capitals, one, if only one, considerable mark of beginning to keep pace with the age in the military administration of this country. In 1853, a very able military writer complained, 'whilst all Continental Ministers of War deem it useful to send officers of all arms to attend and report upon foreign armies, our military chiefs do not deem it of the slightest importance to obtain information on such subjects, or to watch the progress made in military service, general or special, by Continental Armies.'—*United Service Magazine*, December, 1853.

† The liability of medical men to service in the Prussian army (so long as they belong to the *Landwehr*) entails peculiar hardship. The army being under-supplied with ill-paid military surgeons, the civil members of the profession are much required, and are the first to be called out in order to organize a system, and the last to return, having to attend the sick and wounded. Medical men are ill-used under all military systems.

the same time, it makes war a calamity in the estimation of its very soldiers. The Prussian system may moreover claim to fulfil the conditions which, General Trochu emphatically pronounces, make an army a powerful instrument of public moral elevation :—

‘Une armée, qui si renouvelle ainsi périodiquement, et recevant dans son sein une portion notable de la meilleure population du pays, et qui, lui rendant en échange chaque année un contingent de soldats libérés, préparés comme je l’ai dit, rejette tous les dix ans dans la masse populaire, plus d’un million de bons citoyens, est *Un Puissant Instrument de Moralisation Publique.*’

We have, however, to consider whether the advantages of the Prussian system are not attained at excessive cost; and whether, by establishing a more purely national force, such as the Swiss, an army might not be constituted, at much less expense, equally efficient for national defence, while even less available for aggressive war in the interests of a dynasty or a government than the Prussian. Estimated in the figures of a budget, the cost of the Prussian or German system doubtless appears very low. Colonel Reilly, in a table compiled from authentic sources, puts the cost of the active army of 212,172 Prussian soldiers, in 1866, at £6,545,944. Under the new federal budget, a regular army of 360,000 in time of peace (raisable to at least 900,000 in case of war) is estimated at a cost of less than £10,000,000. And against the loss incurred by the two and a half years’ military service of the strength and skill of the industrial population, must be set off the benefit of increased strength and expertness which the men undoubtedly derive for many occupations. The young peasant, the servant, the hotel waiter, the future railway *employé*, the artisan, comes out of the ranks a smarter, more orderly, stronger, and in many other respects better workman. But the military service postpones to a relatively very late period the productive use of the productive power of the country. The professional and wealthier classes, who can afford to serve as volunteers, are, indeed, we fully believe, all the better and nothing the worse of a year’s service as soldiers; the more so, as they can generally secure being quartered during it in a town where they can pursue their studies to advantage. But the waste of skilled labour in the case of the classes below them is enormous. The future artisan or mechanic has not learned his business when he enters the army in his twentieth year, nor (unless in the case of a very few trades, such as shoemakers and tailors, who can work for the army) can he

practise it until he leaves the regiment for the reserve; he has then still almost everything to learn, and the consequence is that he seldom actually begins business before twenty-five. But twenty-five years, or half the lifetime of the flower of the population, is thus unproductively spent. Even in the case of unskilled labourers and peasants, who can go to work from the day they leave barracks, a considerable loss is sustained. The withdrawal of the male peasantry forces women to labour in the fields; and it not unfrequently happens in various localities that the harvest is ill saved for want of hands. If all this cost must unavoidably be incurred to secure both a citizen army and national preservation, no more could be said than that no loss is too great to incur for such objects. But the truth is, that the army might be made much more national at much less cost, while retaining all its efficiency for the defence of the country.

Does it, in fact, take three years’ drill, or two and a half, to teach a man the art of a soldier? That one year is found enough for the volunteers in Prussia, is a practical admission on the part of the Government that so much time is not required to train educated men. But is even one year necessary to discipline even an ordinary man? Speaking of British recruits, so experienced a General as Lord Hardinge declared,—‘The thoughtless boy enlists, the grown-up man will not. Give us a good stout man, and let us have him for *sixty days* to train, and he will be as good a soldier as you can have.’ The length of the soldier’s service in the army in Prussia is not, in fact, determined solely by considerations of military efficiency.

The examples and traditions of long military service in the armies of the two great monarchies lying on the borders of the young kingdom, had their natural effect upon the mind of General Scharnhorst, when designing the present military system of his country, after its humiliation by Napoleon, and the limitation of the numbers of its army by that insolent conqueror to 40,000 soldiers; but Scharnhorst’s main reason for fixing upon the period of three years for the military training of all the able-bodied youths, was to enable the Government to have a large and unexpected army ready at a moment’s notice against a future invader. The same motive has necessarily remained in the mind of the Government ever since, in the presence of the standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and France, but the Prussian Government has also another motive. As already said, the Prussian army is not purely a national one; it represents in its constitution the conflicting elements in the political con-

stitution of monarchy on one hand, and political liberty or national self-government on the other. It is no part of a monarch's policy that his soldiers should be available only for the accomplishment of national objects; it is, on the contrary, expedient for him to have always at command, at whatever cost to the nation, a mass of soldiers who have nothing else to do but to obey military orders.* The danger to national liberty and peace created by a great standing army is, indeed, such that M. de Tocqueville, after demonstrating that popular institutions necessarily incline a nation to peace, observes that in the army there must always remain an element of despotism and aggression, against which he despairs of guarding by any species of military organization.†

Against this danger, at least, the Swiss military system makes ample provision, while it saves the huge cost of a long deduction from the productive life of the manhood of the country in barracks. Every male citizen of Switzerland is bound to serve in the army in defence of his country, from the age of nineteen to forty-four. But the actual service in time of peace, during the recruit's first year, is but twenty-eight days for the infantry, and forty-two for the cavalry and artillery. During the subsequent period of military obligation, three days a year (or six days in each alternate year) of military exercises, with one day's rifle shooting annually, and a few days in camp at some part of the whole period, from nineteen to forty-four, make up

the entire deduction from peaceful pursuits for military purposes of the army of Switzerland. The infantry soldier's whole service makes from 100 to 110 days, the cavalry soldier's about 170. Strong testimony is borne to the efficiency of this system. Speaking from the amplest official reference, and with a patriotic purpose, which would incline him to attempt a reform rather than a concealment of the defects of the army of his country, M. Staempfli pronounces:—

'(1.) *La technique des armées.*—Bonnes armes et bon matériel de guerre. A cet égard la Suisse est aussi avancée que quelque armée permanente que ce soit. (2.) *Habileté dans les armes.*—Habileté dans le maniement des armes, précision du tir, de l'artillerie et des armes portatives, combat à la baïonnette, manœuvres et combats en masse ou d'homme à homme, à l'arme blanche. Sous ce rapport, la Suisse n'est pas en arrière non plus. (3.) *Discipline.*—La discipline est aussi bonne que celle des armées permanentes. Cette discipline n'est, du reste, pas l'effet de la vie de caserne, elle a sa source dans le sentiment inné du devoir et de la subordination.'

This panegyric is corroborated by many foreign witnesses.* We have already quoted the statement of Lord Hardinge, that sixty days' drill will make of a good stout man as good a soldier for a regular army as can be had; but the Swiss system demands only twenty-eight days in the first year, and subsequently the small number mentioned. Lord Hardinge doubtless meant to keep his six-weeks' soldier,—not to let him go back to civil business as soon as he had learned the business of a soldier. But the Swiss system, in the first place, is only intended to produce a defensive militia for a small territory; and, in the second, it has for its base a preliminary military training at school, which, if carried out in the manner Mr. Chadwick proposes for Great Britain, throws back from the productive to the unproductive period of life the acquisition of military discipline and art, and at the same time affords the amplest time, even if years instead of months be requisite, to acquire them.

For the defence of a vast empire, such as that of Great Britain, a standing army, in addition to a national militia, is an obvious necessity, and moreover, a standing army recruited by voluntary enlistment. The immense distance of several of the regions the British soldier must serve in, and the bare cost of moving troops backwards and forwards, render the service necessarily both

* In one of the most instructive essays on European politics ever published, M. de Laveleye observes: 'Aussi longtemps que l'Allemagne se croira menacée, elle sera prête à tous les sacrifices d'hommes et d'argent nécessaires à sa défense; mais, quand, par quelque faveur céleste la paix sera assurée, elle voudra appliquer ses ressources aux travaux de l'industrie, alors le souverain qui d'un mot peut mettre en mouvement un million de baïonnettes, consentira-t-il à une diminution des défenses militaires? Sa volonté cédera-t-elle devant celle d'une assemblée de bourgeois, qui n'ont pour armes que leur droit et leur parole?'—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, November 1, 1867. This passage indicates a real future danger to the liberties of Germany; but we think M. de Laveleye overstates it in counting the bayonets of the Landwehr on the side of the autocracy in a struggle with the nation. They are, on the contrary, in our opinion, to be depended on as the arms of liberty.

† 'Je pense, pour ma part, qu'un esprit inquiet et turbulent est un mal inhérent à la constitution même des armées démocratiques, et qu'on doit renoncer à le guérir. Il ne faut pas que les législateurs des démocraties se flattent de trouver une organisation militaire que ait par elle-même la force de calmer et de contenir les gens de guerre; ils s'épuiseront en vains efforts avant d'y atteindre. Ce n'est pas dans l'armée qu'on peut rencontrer le remède aux vices de l'armée, mais dans le pays.'

* See, for example, *L'Ouvrier de Huit Ans*, p. 54, and *Exposé de M. F. Fouscault, ancien Capitaine d'état Major de l'armée Belge, Annales de l'Association Internationale*, 1866.

one of some length, and one which the citizens of a free country could not be compelled to perform. A sufficient army indeed for any great country, even if its territory lay together and compact, in place of being dispersed over both hemispheres, would require a permanent nucleus and support. Nevertheless, Adam Smith (his conviction of the superiority of a standing army over a militia notwithstanding) considered national training in military exercises not only an important part of national education, which it is the duty of the State to supervise and enforce, but also an important addition to the means of national defence.

‘Even,’ he argued, ‘though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defence of the society, yet to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading through the great body of the people, would still deserve the most serious attention of Government. . . . But the security of every society must always depend, more or less, upon the martial spirit of the people. In the present times, indeed, that martial spirit, alone and unsupported by a well-disciplined standing army, could not perhaps be sufficient for the defence and security of any society. But where every citizen had the spirit of a soldier, a smaller standing army would surely be requisite.’*

Had this great social philosopher, who, even at his own epoch, thought the training of the whole nation to arms not only morally and intellectually useful, but necessary to the security of society, besides being a means of diminishing the cost of a standing army, lived to see Great Britain ruling all India on the one hand (not to speak of other dependencies), and on the other hand in close proximity with the present enormous armaments of Continental Europe, while the difficulty of obtaining recruits yearly increases with the increasing demands of civil employment both at home and abroad, we fear he might have almost despaired of the safety of a country whose Government has been so slow to profit either by his own instructions, or by the evidence of their own senses of the magnitude and imminence of the danger. Whatever may be the evils of the military system of France, it has at least the merit both of not trusting the defence of the country to the dregs of the nation, and of rendering the sudden conquest of the country almost impossible. Does the military system of Great Britain possess these merits? ‘Up to the date of the last great war’ (with Russia), the Commissioners on Recruit-

ing observe, ‘it may be said that we were content to exist from hand to mouth, with no forecast of the future.’ Does our national existence rest at this moment upon any securer or more provident foundation? Let military authority answer (and we need hardly say how careful military authority is in this country not to be extreme to mark that which is done amiss): ‘The evidence given before the Recruiting Commission,’ says Colonel Reilly, ‘can leave no doubt in the minds of those hitherto unconvinced of the fact, that our present recruiting system is a failure. Neither do we get the number of men we desire, nor is the quality of those we do get improved. The evidence is conclusive as to the classes from which recruits come, and the motives which induce them to enlist. The officer in charge of the recruiting of the London district says, “The men are chiefly recruited in public-houses;” and being asked by the President, “And those of the lowest description?” replies, “I will go so far as that.”’* A member of the Commission, Major-General Lord William Paulet, said in evidence before it, ‘I am afraid it is drink, and being hard-up, which leads a great many of them to enlist.’ Is it surprising that a large proportion of the insignificant army thus composed rapidly disappears by desertion and disease? Our army administrators look for soldiers in the lowest public-houses, to catch them they ‘pick a particular sort of a man to go on the recruiting service, a jovial sort of fellow, who is fond of drink, and who goes about.’† Of the Prussian army, on the contrary, Surgeon-Major Bostock reports:—‘Drunkenness, that frequent source of sickness in the English army, is almost unknown, and the Prussian soldier, passing a few years only in the ranks, never loses sight of his home, to which he hopes to return with an unblemished character and an unimpaired constitution.’ The danger of the British system, moreover, constantly increases from two causes, well described by Mr. Chadwick. On the one hand,—

‘The quality of the supply from recruiting is being reduced in the moral qualities of sobriety, steadiness, and intelligence, whilst they ought to be considerably increased; for all who are conversant with the new implements of war agree, that for their efficient use, an increased amount of intelligence and steadiness in the ranks is needed.’

On the other hand, ‘Every year there departs from these shores a body of able-bodied

* *Wealth of Nations*, Book v. chap. i.—Education of Youth.

* Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom, p. 42.

† Evidence of Major-General Lord W. Paulet—Recruiting Commissioners.

men, equal to a large army, as emigrants, one year upwards of 200,000 men; we have, again, engaged in the extension of the means of internal communication a force equal to an army of between one and two hundred thousand men as navvies, and another army of upwards of 100,000 men is engaged in working the new railways. The statistics of the rate of increase of our exports may be referred to as indicating the rate of increase for the demand for labour in manufactories.*

To compete with these new demands of the age, the British army offers the soldiers the personal control over four or five pence a day, along with food, lodging, and uniform, in return for which he must serve in any climate for twelve years, he must remain single, as a general rule, or, if permitted to marry, must consort with his wife under conditions of barbarous indecency and discomfort.

'Such are the means,' says Colonel Reilly, of the British Recruiting System, 'by which we endeavour to fill the ranks of our army; it cannot be a matter of surprise that those means have failed.' He adds, 'Any scheme proposed as a substitute must, to succeed, be founded on a *national* basis. A barrier of prejudice exists between the mass of the population and the army, which prevents the youth of the country joining the ranks. That barrier may be removed by raising the military spirit of the population, by teaching all classes that it is not only their duty but their interest to join in the defence of the country, and so, in different degrees, making the whole male population capable of bearing arms available for that purpose, with little cost to the nation, or inconvenience to the individual.*

Accordingly, adopting the scheme of Lord Castlereagh against invasion during the great war with France, Colonel Reilly proposes, in the first place, that 'all males capable of bearing arms shall be *trained men*, raised as proposed by Lord Castlereagh.' Concurring to the fullest with the proposal to train, so far as practicable, the whole able-bodied male population to arms, we do so by no means for the mere purpose of making it a feeder to the regular army; though, coupled with radical reforms of the systems of recruiting and promotion, it would certainly tend to secure a supply of the best soldiers. But it is, as constituting in itself the materials of a powerful national force for the defence of the country, auxiliary to the standing army, and lightening the demands on it, and again, as elevating and strengthening the nation itself, that we think a general military training chiefly desirable. Mr. Chadwick has the great merit of having pro-

posed a system by which this general training may be begun and carried to a considerable extent, in the simplest manner, almost without cost, and free from the practical difficulties that might seem to oppose the introduction of compulsory military discipline and duties into a country with a migratory population, unaccustomed to Government interference in the disposal of their time:—

'The principle of the chief measure which I have to propose is an old one, involved in the old practice of the kingdom, when every local community, every parish and burgh, was required to exercise the whole male population, beginning with the very young, in military exercises and the use of the bow. I propose to change the commencement of military exercises from the productive adult to the non-productive juvenile, or to the earliest of the school stages; and to provide that in all elementary schools throughout the kingdom aided by the State, the boys shall be trained in the military exercises and appropriate gymnastics. I may support this proposition by the evidence of the results obtained by long and practical experience in different parts of the country, and by the testimony of intelligent non-commissioned officers who have been engaged in training recruits. These officers all agree that the earlier they begin this training, the better they succeed; that they do in childhood what is difficult to do at a more advanced age, and what they cannot do at all with many men in the adult stages. In the infantile stage we have the tender twig; in the juvenile stage we have to straighten the crooked stick; and in the adult stage we have often to reform the gnarled oak.

'In the district schools where it has been applied—I particularly allude to the Children's Institution at Stepney, where the military and naval drill have long been combined with great advantage,—and where they are left to themselves to choose this occupation, full 60 per cent. volunteer for the royal service; about one-half of the 60 per cent. for the army, and one-half for the navy. It is common for the trained lad, when he joins the army, to be asked by the non-commissioned officer, who observes his ready movement, "From what regiment he has come?" and when he says that he has been in no regiment at all, to be told bluntly that he is a deserter; it not being in the corporal's conception that good drill can have been acquired except in a regiment.

'As to the expense of each species of drill, the services of one drill-master, that of a pensioner, are usually found to suffice for as many as 500 boys. It takes about three months to finish a lad off well in the rudimentary military drill, at a rate of a penny per week, or a shilling per head for three months' training.

'Assuming that the exercises given in the school stage are made general and thorough, amongst the whole of the population in the school store, whatsoever may be the military arrangement superinduced, the extension of the militia ballot, or a positive conscription for

* Notes on the Military Forces of the Kingdom, p. 42.

the adult stages, it will be of advantage to have the drill and exercises carried out as thoroughly as possible, and completed as a foundation for them in the school stages. Further, by this early training, we get a population which may be readily put in line for any defensive purposes.*

With respect to the civil, in addition to the military advantages of the adoption of the plan, Mr. Chadwick adds:—

'In connexion with the subject, it is proper to direct attention to the experience of the special value of military and naval exercises for the physical training of the population for civil industrial occupations, even if we were to suppose that the British people were to enjoy perpetual peace in the colonies, and in their contact with barbarous nations, as well as at home. It is proved that these exercises give a much-needed physical as well as moral training—a training which adds to their productive power and value for all sorts of civil service. I have obtained the conclusive evidence of large employers of labour, that four drilled labourers are equal in efficiency for ordinary labour to five that are undrilled. It is naval and military drill, the practice of moving together, pulling together, lifting together, develop the capacity for united action, which is as important for civil as it is for military service, and which goes far to make up the gain in efficiency already achieved. To these gains is to be added the important gain from the sanitary element—the prolonged duration of the improved working ability from increased health and strength. In the civil and economic aspect of the question, it may be perceived that if we get by the labour of three the produce of five, we get an important surplus produce to compensate the capitalist or the consumer of produce for the increase of wages, which, in the future of our labour market, must necessarily be maintained. But there are moral as well as intellectual advantages proved to be derived from the early physical training of children. The physical exercise in the military drill is a *visible* moral exercise in all that is implied in the term *discipline*, namely, duty, obedience, order, self-restraint, punctuality, and patience.†

* *On the Expediency of the General Introduction of the Military Drill and Naval Exercises in the School Stages, etc.* By Edwin Chadwick, C.B.

† From a mass of similar evidence in support of the above conclusions, we extract the following from 'Communications from Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., respecting Half-Time and Military and Naval Drill, pursuant to an Address of the House of Lords. Education Commission, 1861:—

(1.) Mr. Aubin, the Superintendent of the Central London District School, comprising 880 children from 91 parishes of the City of London Union, besides those of the East London Union, St. Saviour's, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, states, that he has been in the business of school-training and tuition upwards of thirty years, and has had upwards of 15,000 children under his charge.—[Read to Mr. Aubin the account given by Mr. Mose-

We are confident that every member of the present Volunteer force can attest the truth of all that Mr. Chadwick advances with respect to the tendency of military ex-

ley of the effect of the mixed industrial and school teaching of Limehouse, and questions put thereon.]

'How far are the results here stated by the school teacher as arising from the naval and military drill and the mixed industrial and school teaching coincident with your own experience?—I do not know the particular school or the school teacher, but the results stated are entirely in accordance with my own experience. I am, however, for one day's school, and one day's industrial training, as the most eligible course according to my experience. As to the increased value of the labour produced by the naval and military drill there cannot be a second opinion, that is to say, looking only to the training of the pupil for civil life, and irrespective of any military service. We find that the drill produces a great effect on the discipline of the school. Without the drill, I do not see how large numbers could be kept in orderly action as we now keep them.

'Have there been any sanitary effects produced by the reduced school teaching and the drill combined with industrial training?—I am unprepared with statistical data, nor can I separate the effects produced by the exercise from those produced by increased space and ventilation; but I know that the improvement in the health of the children from the whole is considerable. The deaths of these children of very poor parents, coming in of very poor condition, and with complaints belonging to that condition, do not average more than two per cent. per annum.'

'(2.) The Rev. Isaac Holmes, B. A., the chaplain and head-master of the Liverpool Industrial Schools at Kirkdale—"Half-time schools."

'What has been the extent of your experience in school teaching?—Twenty-four years and a half.

'Is this the only school in which the drill has been brought under your experience, whether the naval or the military drill?—The only school.

'What, from your experience, is your view of the expediency of introducing either or both as part of a systematized course of gymnastics in popular education?—I certainly would recommend both one and the other, for the whole management of the children whilst in school, and for its general bearing upon them in after life. We find that it tends considerably to sharpen the intellect, to promote habits of attention and obedience, as well as to improve their physical condition. It is clear to me that it has a beneficial effect upon them in civil life, as well as being, of course, a good preparation for the service of the country. The boys are passionately fond of the naval drill.

'Present: Edward C. Tuffnell, Esq.'

'(3.) Mr. William Smith, superintendent of the Surrey District School.

'You have had experience of the effect of the military drill on the mental and bodily training of young children in this establishment?—Yes; but the effect of the military drill was most shown by the effect of its discontinuance.

'In what way was it shown?—In 1857 the drill-master was dismissed by the guardians, with a view of reducing the expenditure. The immediate effect of the discontinuance of the drill was to make the school quite another place. I am sure that within six months we lost about £200, in

ercise in the company of numbers, and under command, to correct the peculiar physical, intellectual, and moral defects of individuals, to communicate readiness, sharpness, presence of mind, temper, public spirit, and the power both to obey and to command in proper place. Nor can there be a reasonable doubt that a universal training of the British youth would add not only to the numbers and the efficiency, not only of recruits for the regular army, but still more of the Volunteer Force,—a force which is at present little more than an ineffectual demonstration of public conviction that our regular military system leaves the country simply defenceless by land. We propose, therefore, in the first place, that the military training of boys shall form henceforward by law, not only a compulsory part of education in all existing schools in the United Kingdom, but a prominent part of that compulsory national education which our rulers at last perceive to be indispensable; and, secondly, that this military training of boys shall be followed by a compulsory system of military exercises during a few days in each year, for all able-bodied males between the ages of sixteen and forty-six.

No general training of the population, however, be it ever so efficient, would enable it to take the field against a large Continental army, without a complete reorganization of the regular army; both because the organization of a national militia, to enable it to act as a whole, must come from and be based upon the organization of the regular army,

the extra wear and tear of clothing torn and damaged in mischievous acts and wild play, in the breakage of utensils from mischief, and damage done to the different buildings, the breakage of windows, the pulling up of gratings, and the spoiling of walls. A spirit of insubordination prevailed amongst the boys during the whole of the time of the cessation of the drill. In the workshop they were insubordinate, and I was constantly called upon by the industrial teachers, the master shoemaker, and the master tailor, to coerce boys who were quite impudent, and who would not obey readily. The moral tone of the school seemed to have fled from the boys, and their whole behaviour was altered, as displayed in the dormitories as well as in the yards.

'During this time were the religious services and exercises, and the internal discipline of the school, maintained as before?—They were maintained as before; the business of the school was kept up as before, but the order was by no means so good. I was not only called in to correct the boys in the workshop, but in the school, and I was under the disagreeable necessity of reverting to corporal punishment, and of dismissing one incorrigible boy entirely. The chaplain joined with me and the schoolmasters in urging the restoration of the drill.

'The drill having been restored, has order been restored?—Yes, excellent order.'

and because an efficient regular force is the indispensable base of a large army of irregular troops.

In his memorandum on the Prussian army Colonel Reilly pronounces—

'Our real military difficulty is in obtaining men for the ranks of the army; but the men are in the country, and notwithstanding the high rate of wages there are large numbers to be obtained if we enlist under a good system. To what then can be attributed the want of success of our recruiting department in obtaining men for the ranks? No doubt greatly to the fault of the recruiting system itself, a system which is an opprobrium to the army, and a great scandal to the country. The manner in which recruiting parties are required to act in order to obtain recruits is demoralizing to all parties. There is abundant proof that more respectable men are repelled from the army by these practices than are enlisted by them.'

We agree with Colonel Reilly, that the difficulty of getting men for the ranks, of the quality and quantity requisite, is the most patent defect of our regular army, and one which is at the seat of all its other failures and vices; but it is so because it involves a radical vice, which pervades the system throughout, from the summit to the base. Is it not in itself, apart from all other evidence of flagrant incompetence, a demonstration of the incorrigible inaptitude of the present organization of the army in its higher branches and throughout its administration, that in spite of every warning a system of procuring soldiers should have been maintained until now, which is, in the admission of the best officers, 'an opprobrium to the army, a great scandal to the country, demoralizing to all parties,' and one by which 'more respectable men are repelled than are enlisted?' General Trochu affirms that 'armies are, alike in their virtues and their faults, the faithful representatives of the nations from which they proceed.' It would be a truer proposition that they are the faithful representatives of the Governments from which they proceed,—of their tendency to develop virtue or vice in the lower ranks, and ability and energy or indolence and incapacity in the higher ranks. The low pot-house recruit, whom 'drink and being hard-up' lead to the net, and 'the jovial sort of fellow, fond of drink,' who catches him in it, are doubtless representative men; but it is of the British military system, not of the British nation, they are the true representatives; they represent the effects as well of interest and purchase upon posts of administration and command, as of the sort of inducements offered at the lowest step of the lad-

der. They represent the fundamental principle that promotion is not for merit in the British army; that its higher posts are assigned to money and social rank; and its lowest to those who have neither, and who are therefore systematically treated as inferior animals, be their real superiority over those above them what it may. A conscription can obtain good soldiers without rewarding their merits; yet even in France it is deemed politic to nurture the soldier's traditional maxim, 'Tout soldat français porte au fond de sa giberne un bâton de maréchal de France.' Such exalted success, as General Trochu observes, the soldiers well know, can fall to the lot only of a few favourites of fortune; but its occasional occurrence represents a general principle which governs to a great extent both the less exalted promotion, and the sentiments of the French soldiery.* In General Trochu's words, 'Chacun a cet aphorisme présent à la pensée, et s'en fait application dans la proportion de ses visées et de sa position, du grade le plus humble au grade le plus élevé.' In the last Circular respecting recruiting in this country, the great inducement offered to enter the ranks of the army (in return for an obligation to military service in all climates for twelve years) is food, lodging, outer clothing, and 'a weekly sum, quite at the soldier's own disposal, of 2s. 6d. a day.' Is it possible that the War Department is still in ignorance that 'a good stout man,' though an unskilled labourer, may have, as a navvy, in America, five or six shillings a day or more, 'quite at his own disposal,' without any contract not to better himself elsewhere for twelve years, or any obligation to remain single during all those years, or to remain always a servant instead of becoming a master in his turn? Have those who undertake the military administration of the country yet to learn the truth which penetrated even Sir Archibald Alison's understanding? Carnot, he says, deemed it impossible that an army commanded by officers chosen exclusively from a limited class of society should long sustain a conflict with one led by men chosen with discernment from the inferior ranks. Such commanders as Turenne and Condé seemed to him too rare to be calculated upon with any degree of certainty from a particular class, while the mine of talent that lay hid in the lower stages of society presented inexhaustible resources. 'This principle,' he adds, 'being founded on the eternal laws of nature,

is of universal application; and when once armies have been organized, and thoroughly disciplined upon this footing, they never can be successfully resisted but by troops in whom the same military virtues have been developed. Supposing the abilities of the higher orders of society to be equal to those of an equal number in the inferior, it is impossible that they can ever produce as great a mass of talent as will emerge on a free competition from the numerous ranks of these humbler competitors. A hundred thousand men can never produce as many energetic characters as ten millions.' What sort of characters our military system is constructed to attract from the millions, the statistics of desertion, punishment, and disease may bear witness. These notwithstanding, however, a bill actually made some progress in the last session of Parliament, to compel criminals to serve in the British army as in the Russian; and thereby to make it disgraceful for the meanest citizen to be even related to a soldier. The principle of the bill had the support of some who profess to be more than slightly tinctured with those elements of political economy which teach that to attach disgrace to an occupation is the infallible means of buying even the worst services dearly, and that, on the contrary, to surround it with credit and incitements to hope, is the certain method of obtaining the best services at the lowest price. The application of these economic principles in their application to the organization of an army is most obvious. Offer extraordinary distinction to extraordinary merit in the soldier, and extraordinary merit will be attracted into the ranks, and the qualities even of the ordinary soldier will be high. To open the paths of promotion fully and unreservedly to the whole army is indeed the necessary and logical consequence of recruiting by voluntary enlistment in a country where the principle of economic liberty pervades civil life,—where every man may choose his occupation and make the most of his powers. In Prussia, it is true, the soldier has no chance of becoming an officer, but he has no choice whether he will enter the army or not; he enters it only for a third or fourth of the period the British soldier is bound to; he bears no heavier burden than many of his social superiors; he sees them beside him in the ranks; they reflect credit upon him; and he knows that he will leave the service a better and not a broken man. The promotion of officers in the Prussian army, moreover, though reflecting the false and non-national principle which, as we have said, is mixed with that of a true national army in the system, is conducted with the

* Promotion from the ranks happens much more frequently in the French army than several English writers and speakers seem to believe.

strictest regard to efficiency and merit in the officer, while the duties of a Prussian officer are so constant and severe, and so poorly paid, that national ambition would in no case be largely turned in a military direction. Colonel Reilly observes that we may find a valuable lesson for our own guidance in the Prussian rule that a retired soldier of good conduct has the first claim to a vacant post in the civil department:—

‘Might it not,’ he asks, ‘be fairly claimed for the officers and men of our army, that its administration, civil and military, should be carried on by them? Might not the clerks and other high officers in the various offices, in fact all *employés*, in our military departments, store departments, and arsenals all over the world, be supplied from officers and men who have served their country? Such a measure would go far to give popularity to the profession, whilst a large sum of money would be saved to the country, and its work would be not less well done.’

We entertain no doubt that there is a great number of offices connected with the civil side of army administration, for which military service, under proper conditions, is an excellent preparation; but we are equally convinced that there is also a number for which it is not so; and that it would be a mistaken economy of pensions to make retiring allowances of the latter. The test to be applied in all cases is the test of fitness for the actual post, not the policy of rewarding services in some other post. General Trochu has furnished some admirable suggestions upon this point in his chapters on Army Administration, from which we quote the following general application of the principles he lays down:—

‘Or, jamais on ne c’est plus écarté de ces principes qu’en enserrant étroitement dans une même hiérarchie, celle des armes, deux ordres de fonctionnaires entre lesquels devait subsister une ligne de démarcation nécessaire, indiquée par la diversité de leurs attributions et de leurs carrières; de fonctionnaires qui devaient rester civils, pour garder la part d’indépendance spéciale dont ils ont besoin, sauf à être assujettis à certaines règles d’obéissance générale, ou plutôt à certaines convenances que comporte expressément le régime des armées permanentes.’

The right reward for past services, like the right to promotion for superior merit, is in no case, it should be borne in mind, founded on a right in the individual, who ought conscientiously, in whatever post he is placed, to do his best; it is founded on the right of the public to obtain the best services, and the ablest and most energetic servants in the market. And if this fundamental right, which lies at the root of all sound political

administration, were adopted as a guide to the organization of the British army, there would be no difficulty in its application, nor any necessity to eke out the neglect of it in the distribution of military honours and emoluments by rewarding military services with civil employments for which military services are no training.

The one great principle of organization which ought to govern at once the concentration, co-ordination, and subordination of the various departments essential to an army, and the appointment to every post in them, is that principle of efficiency and fitness, without reference to any other claim or consideration whatever, whether professional or social, which is the accepted principle of organization in civil life. And the application of this principle in military organization involves not only the abolition of the gross anomaly of promotion by purchase in this branch of the public service, but the close of the artificial gulf between the commissioned and the non-commissioned officers. The distinction between the two ranks should be one of degree, not of kind, and the rise of the capable sergeant to the rank of ensign or lieutenant should be as natural as the rise of the private to that of corporal or sergeant. It is the establishment of the existing artificial distinction in kind which leads to the treatment of the soldier as a sort of serf or inferior animal, and a system of recruiting which repels decent men from the ranks instead of attracting them.

The question of promotion, however, cannot be properly discussed by itself, and all true principles of organization converge to the same point. Although the civil employments connected with the administration of the army ought, as already said, to be filled with reference to the special efficiency of the *employés*, and not to military services, yet the closest connexion should be maintained between the army and civil society. Each should be constantly recruiting each other with new elements of strength and efficiency; the army receiving continually fresh youth from the ranks of the people, and continually returning to them hardy and disciplined manhood, thus becoming what General Trochu emphatically describes as ‘*un puissant instrument de moralisation publique*.’ But for this purpose, as he urges, the soldier’s service must be short; his contract, instead of binding him for twelve years, should not extend beyond three or four. Were such short service in the army combined, as it ought to be, with a general training of the boys of all classes in the country to arms, it would, irrespective of the chance of promotion, attract and utilize the hot blood of the

most adventurous youths, and restore them in a short time better fitted by discipline for the sober employments of civil life. The gain accruing thus both to the efficiency of the army, and to the productive power of the nation at large, would largely overbalance the increased cost of movement attending the early return of soldiers from remote stations. The great shortening of the duration of service would at the same time obviate the evils attending the present long restraint upon marriage. The service of non-commissioned officers, as well as of privates, ought to terminate early in life, and, as a general rule, re-engagements after thirty, instead of being encouraged, should be forbidden. Of the importance of such a regulation, even in a mere sanitary point of view, we have ample proof in the statistics of military life, on which the last report from the Army Medical Department observes:—‘As pointed out in former Reports, the results illustrate the deteriorating effect of military service’ (that is to say, evidently of *long* military service), ‘for while under thirty the mortality is lower than among the male civil population at the same ages, above that age it is higher, and increases with the advance of years in a much more rapid rate than in civil life.’ But we should not even limit the general rule of short service to soldiers and non-commissioned officers; and we may claim for this extension of the rule the authority of the principles which General Trochu lays down in the following passage:—

‘Si les soldats, jeunes encore, comptent quelques années—en France deux à quatre—de pratique et d’expérience professionnelles, ils ont dans la guerre le maximum de solidité et de durée qu’ils puissent offrir. Les sous-officiers, et autres grades subalternes formant les cadres, peuvent étre plus âgés—*mais pas beaucoup plus*—et il est d’un haut intérêt que troupes et cadres soient périodiquement renouvelés, partiellement, avec mesure, de telle sorte que l’esprit de l’ensemble et la tradition soient conservés par un petit nombre de vieux soldats, sous la condition d’un *rajeunissement continu de la masse*. Cette loi est générale et s’applique aux corps d’officiers comme à la troupe. Du sous-lieutenant au colonel, comme dans la troupe et dans la hiérarchie inférieure, les renouvellements périodiques partiels et le rajeunissement continu convenablement pondéré sont obligatoires à peine d’énervation.

The increased vigour of the army would not, however, be the only benefit resulting from the adoption of a general rule (not a universal one, for the reason given by General Trochu above) of short engagements, without re-engagement, with regard to both the ranks of the army and the inferior officers; it would also remove the clog to

promotion arising, as General Trochu describes with reference to the French army, from an excessive period of obligatory service to begin with, aggravated by re-engagements:—

‘Il faut ajouter l’envieillessement et l’alourdissement des cadres qui doivent représenter dans les troupes deux forces de premier ordre, *l’éducation et l’impulsion*. Les sous-officiers en grand nombre se rengagent en vue de la prime, s’usant dans le rang, obtenant la voie, et raréfiant l’avancement au point de tuer l’émulation. Plusieurs se perpétuent dans chacun de nos régiments, attendant le bénéfice de la pension de retraite, acquise à présent à vingt-cinq années de service.’

The application of short service to all armies would, it is worth observing, remove the possible danger to the peace of the civilized world which M. de Tocqueville points to as one more than probable, from the discontent at their position of a large class of non-commissioned officers looking to no other career than the army:—

‘Cette classe des sous-officiers, qui avant le siècle présent, n’avait point encore paru dans l’histoire, est appelée désormais, je pense, à y jouer un rôle. De même que l’officier, le sous-officier a rompu dans sa pensée tous les liens qui l’attachent à la société civile; de même qui lui, il a fait de l’état militaire sa carrière, et plus que lui peut-être, il a dirigé de ce seul côté ses désirs; mais il n’a pas encore atteint comme l’officier au point élevé et solide où il lui soit loisible de s’arrêter et de respirer à l’aise, en attendant qu’il puisse monter plus haut. Par la nature même de ses fonctions qui ne saurait changer, le sous-officier est condamné à mener une existence obscure, étroite, malaisée et précaire. Il ne voit encore de l’état militaire que les périls. Il n’en connaît que les périls. Le sous-officier veut donc la guerre, il la veut toujours et à tout prix, et si l’on lui refuse la guerre, il désire les révolutions qui suspendent l’autorité des règles, et au milieu desquelles il espère, à la faveur de la confusion et des passions politiques, chasser son officier et en prendre la place; et il n’est pas impossible qu’il les fasse naître, parce qu’il exerce une grande influence sur les soldats par la communauté d’origine et d’habitudes, bien qu’il en diffère beaucoup par les passions et les désirs. On aurait tort de croire que ces dispositions diverses, de l’officier, des sous-officiers et des soldats tinsent à un temps ou à un pays. Elles se feront voir à toutes les époques, et chez toutes les nations démocratiques. Dans toute armée démocratique, ce sera toujours le sous-officier qui représentera le moins l’esprit pacifique et régulier du pays, et le soldat qui le représentera le mieux.’

We see no reason why the corporal, the sergeant, or even the lieutenant or captain, should break his connexion entirely with civil life; nor would he do so if still vigor-

ous and young, and if the early termination of military service were the general rule, save with those who rise to higher commands by proofs of superior intellectual ability. In Prussia it is an understood thing that an officer twice passed over for the rank of major, on account of failure to pass the severe examination prescribed, or other shortcoming, retires from the service. In order, however, to sustain the continual flux and reflux between the civil population and the army, which such a general rule of short service in the latter would create, as well as to increase without cost the inducements to enter it, military men of all ranks ought to be not only permitted but encouraged to undertake any other employment not inconsistent with the due performance of their military duties. Thus, to recur to the example of Prussia, the medical officers attached to the Prussian army are allowed to engage in private practice; and we learn from Surgeon-Major Bostock's Report, that all the senior surgeons of the guard corps at Berlin do so extensively. In the French army, on the contrary, it is a matter of complaint, as Mr. Chadwick states, 'that the rule by which an officer who engages in civil work quits the service, deprives the army of the best talents, leaving them only the tail of the competition; and the like principle is no doubt applicable to the ranks.' Mr. Chadwick adds the following interesting information respecting the Swedish army:—

'From an officer in the Swedish army I have obtained particulars as to the system about letting out of soldiers for civil labours in peace. In the cities, especially the seaports, the guard-house is an office for letting out men for civil work of all kinds. If a ship suddenly arrives, and the men are wanted to get out the cargo, the owner or the captain sends to the guard-house for the number he requires, and the men get extra pay for it. Loads of wood are received, and the soldiers are engaged to cut it up. If a merchant has extra copying work to be done, he can send to the guard-house for men to do it. The Government offices, too, where formed, get men from the ranks as extra copyists. When dinners or festivals are going on, soldiers are sent for who can be recommended as waiters. Cavalry-men are at times engaged as extra drivers, and to take care of horses. There is always a good supply of spadesmen from the ranks, and a great force of both men and officers are sent to do military work, as porters, ticket-takers, station-masters, and railway managers. Three-fourths of the force are in one way or other engaged in miscellaneous services to their own satisfaction and profit, as well as to that of the State and private employers.'

While, however, short service in the army, with liberty while in it to engage in civil

occupations, ought, in our judgment, to be the general rule for the army below the rank of field-officer, the higher commands require a different rule, not only because, as General Trochu contends, age and experience are necessary, with rare exceptions of extraordinary genius, to familiarize the mind of a commander with the character of the complex living instrument he wields, but because the intellectual qualities and attainments required in the higher posts are such as to make them the proper subject of a special scientific profession. It is highly characteristic of the administration of our own army, that, while its regulations and practice improperly tend to make an exclusive military class of the soldiers and inferior officers,—to sever them from both present and future civil occupations,—they make the service not a profession in the true sense of the word in its higher offices, where professional devotion and special intellectual attainments are really needed. Of this, one example is that an officer of the scientific branches of the army rarely obtains a principal command; the reason being that the class who have long engrossed the principal commands, and established the rules and practices with respect to promotion, are a class by no means given to intellectual studies, or commonly found in branches of the service which require them. The contempt for science shows itself again in the treatment of the medical profession, the members of which, encountering all the dangers and hardships of war, and at the same time requiring superior intellectual endowments, ought, as a matter of good economy as well as of justice, to be liberally compensated with honours and rank as well as adequate pay.

We must not close our remarks on the re-organization of the army without some reference to the plan which Colonel Reilly ably advocates of establishing, as in Prussia, a local connexion between districts and particular corps of all arms:—

'The line regiment of the county, its reserve battalions, the militia regiment and the volunteers, thus mutually supporting, would form a body bound together by close connexion and professional ties. The whole of the forces, regulars, yeomanry, militia, etc., in every military district, should be combined in a division, under a proper staff. Occasions should be taken when the whole might be exercised together. Every one in the county would feel his own credit and honour involved in those of the regiment of his county. Young men fond of adventure could join the regiment. At home or abroad they would feel they were honouring themselves by volunteering for such duties. That they were going amongst neighbours and friends would be an additional inducement to do so.'

* That such an arrangement would have its tendency to increase the supply of recruits, to raise the patriotic spirit and temper of the people of each district, and to promote the movement between the army and the civil community which we have advocated (and which the general training of the youth of the country to arms would still further promote), we incline to believe. To diffuse and maintain a general spirit of high patriotism through the people in the times that are coming, requires, however, more than mere military measures and reforms. The system which General Scharnhorst introduced into Prussia would have had little success, if unaccompanied by the measures by which Stein and Hardenberg elevated the condition of the great body of the people, and bound their affection to their country.

'At the commencement of the nineteenth century,' says the writer of a recent and instructive essay, 'the population (of Prussia) was so little attached to existing institutions that they fell to pieces on the first attack of the invaders. . . . What gave the victory to Prussia in 1866 was not a mere mechanical invention, but the force of her social institutions, and not least, of her reformed land legislation. Sixty years ago her agricultural population was divided into two hostile classes,—one class exclusively representing property and exercising dominion, the other submissive without respect. The Prussian statesmen of that day had the courage to be just and wise, setting a noble example, which has been followed throughout nearly the whole of Germany. Their successors have reaped the advantage of their policy.*

Great Britain ought, in like manner, to be able to say to every class of her citizens, *Spartam sortitus es, hanc orna*. To the measures necessary to that end, no less than to military reforms, the maxim of General Trochu applies: '*C'est la paix, utilisée comme il convient, qui fait des bonnes armées.*' Great Britain has at this moment only too many citizens who in war would be a formidable enemy within her gates.

* *Prussia and Ireland.* By Henry Dix Hutton.

[NOTE.—While this article is passing through the press, we observe that a new Bill for the Reorganization of the Army has been laid before the French Legislature, in which it is proposed that the conscript's period of service in the Active army should be five years, with four years more in the Reserve; but this change, if finally adopted, will not alter the system substantially, or remove the objections to it urged in this paper.]

ART. VI.—*Fecundity, Fertility, and Sterility.* By Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1867.

THE book which we are about to review is not a medical work, but a treatise on statistics referring to the topics named in the title. These statistics have been compiled and arranged with much care, and are handled by the author with acuteness and without prejudice. The book may therefore be read with pleasure and advantage by all who take an interest in the physical laws affecting the natural history of man and his social welfare. The title may perhaps repel some over-squeamish readers, but there is nothing coarse in the book, and we attribute to false shame, rather than to modesty, the feeling which would banish from discussion all facts connected with the birth of children. Many of these facts men, and women too, ought to know, and we are heartily glad to find a work containing much information without unpleasant medical details.

The statistician, economist, physiologist, and doctor are allowed to feel an interest in the fertility and fecundity of the human race; but may not simple men and women consider what family they may probably have, and what risk of death awaits the woman at each successive childbirth? Few subjects can more affect their welfare, but after perusal of Dr. Duncan's book we perceive that few subjects have received less attention, and he will be the first to admit that the information he has gleaned is incomplete, though he has spared no pains in analysing the limited number of facts observed and recorded.

The main data used by him are obtained from the Register of Births in Edinburgh and Glasgow in the year 1855. He seems to know all about 16,301 wives whose children were registered in that year, and very properly regrets that an alteration in the schedule to be filled up by mothers prevented his and our acquiring equally complete information about those same and other wives in subsequent years. It is poor consolation to think that the alteration must have been agreeable to sixteen thousand and odd wives, for, seeing how very much has been extracted from the registration in one year, and how very much remains unknown, we do wish the 1855 form had been retained, troublesome though it was. If women, as child-bearers, suffer remediable hardships, they must furnish the data by which the grievances may be proved. The suffering attending pregnancy and childbirth is so great, and affects so many persons, that great value must be set on statistics showing the circumstances under which least

suffering is entailed and least risk run, and women may fairly be compelled to give the information which is required for their own good. Much folly has been talked about the rights of women, but those who most oppose the assumption by women of the parts now played by men should in consistency grant wives the right to bear and rear children with the least possible risk and labour. Who will dare to say that this condition obtains?

Dr Duncan's book contains much information as to the risk entailed by marriage; but this information is still incomplete. The rough comparisons usually made between the deaths among single and married women of the same age tell us nothing, for married women belong to what an insurance company calls a class of selected lives. A presumption exists that men will on the whole choose healthy, well-to-do women, rejecting the sickly, deformed, poverty-stricken, and vicious, whose deaths cannot fairly be set off against those of the bride in childbirth. Even from the full registration of 1855, Dr. Duncan can extract nothing as to the additional risk supposed to be entailed by rapid child-bearing. It is probable that some interval between successive children entails less risk than any other, and, if so, this interval should be known.

We may, indeed, be told that if we had the knowledge we crave we could not use it, but must let nature take its course. Let us know the facts before giving a decision on this point. We do not let nature take its course even now, but throw impediments in the way of excessive production by the civil obligations imposed by marriage laws, and these obligations are sanctioned by the highest morality. Let us first learn the facts accurately, and we may then consider how far they are or may be under our control.

Dr. Duncan gives some of the facts on which our reasoning must be based; for instance, his tables conclusively show the great rapidity with which young married women will probably bear children. Let us defer further consideration of the moral aspect of the question, and examine critically the facts he lays before us. The meaning of the terms 'fecundity' and 'fertility' must be first explained.

The fertility of a woman, or of a mass of women, is measured by the number of children born to that woman, or mass of women. We may speak of the past fertility, the future fertility, or the fertility during a given period of a mass of women; these several fertilities will be measured by the number of children born to the women during the periods named. We may speak of the fertility of all the women in a given population, of the wives

only, or of the mothers only; the same number may measure the fertility in the three cases, but the mean fertility of women, wives, and mothers will differ, inasmuch as the number by which the total fertility must be divided will differ in the three cases. The quality is in every case measurable, and may, therefore, be the subject of exact knowledge. When a woman is called fertile, we mean that she has children; a very fertile woman has many children. Dr. Duncan further uses the term 'persistently fertile' to express the fact that the women in particular tables have had children during the year in which the statistics as to their families have been collected; he also uses the words 'intensely fertile' occasionally, to express the fact that a given mass of women have a great many children per annum, or in a given time.

The fecundity of women is measured by the same number as would measure the intensity of their fertility, or by the number of children they bear per annum; and it would perhaps be better to avoid the expression of intense fertility altogether, even when applied to a mass of women, some of whom may be sterile, or not subject to the conditions necessary for child-bearing. In one sense, women who are capable of bearing children might be termed fecund, but Dr. Duncan's measurements of fecundity are necessarily drawn from those women only who are subject to the conditions required for child-bearing. The woman of unit fertility is the woman who has or will have one child. The woman of unit fecundity might be defined as the woman who, subject to the necessary conditions, has or will have one child per annum. The above definitions are not quite the same as those given by Dr. Duncan, but they approach very closely to those given by Professor Tait, who has contributed a very valuable section to Dr. Duncan's work. Professor Tait says, 'By fecundity at a given age, we mean the probability that, during the lapse of one year of married life at that age, pregnancy producing a living child will ensue.' This definition will correspond with that given above, if in one average year of married life be included the average number of months of pregnancy; but there would be a difference of nine months between the ages at which fecundity as defined by Professor Tait and by us would be identical. We think the new definition preferable, because Dr. Duncan's tables give the ages at childbirth, not those at pregnancy. Of course, our definition would frequently give a fraction, such as 0.56 of a child per annum, as a measure of fecundity of each one of a given group of women. Those who find this idea difficult to grasp may think of fecundity, as

inversely proportional to the interval of time between successive children:—the woman who has a child once in two years is twice as fecund as she who has a child once in four years; the fecundity of the first is 0.5; of the second, 0.25.

'By fertility at any age,' says Professor Tait, 'we mean the number of children which a married woman of that age is likely to have during the rest of her life, or some numerical multiple of it.' This is what we should call the probable future fertility of the woman at that age.

Having now cleared the way of the obstructions which an imperfect comprehension of the words would throw in our path, we will state a general law of great importance which Professor Tait has derived from Dr. Duncan's tables:—

'Fecundity at various ages is proportional to the number of years a woman's age is under 50.'

This implies, for instance, that if at 20 a woman has a child once a year, at 40 the interval separating successive children would probably be three years, because the difference between 20 and 50 is three times as great as the difference between 40 and 50.

Strictly speaking, the law has been proved for a mass of women only, and would be more correctly stated as follows:—The average number of children per annum born to a mass of women of any one age is proportional to the difference between that age and 50; or, more shortly, the fecundity of masses of women is proportional to the difference between their age and 50. The accordance between observed figures and figures calculated by this law is wonderfully close. In order to prove its perfect applicability to individual cases, it would be necessary to verify it for large groups of women, each group including only women married at the same age; but we think there is every probability that the law does apply to individual women as well as to the mass. That some law exists for individuals is clear, or so very simple a law for the mass would be unintelligible; and it is certainly most probable, that the simple result should depend on the addition of equally simple parts. We often find a complex result depending on the co-existence of a few simple elements. It is very rare to find a very simple result derived from complex elements; now the law of decrease of fecundity discovered by Professor Tait is the very simplest possible in form, and he therefore has stated it as applicable to individuals, though proved for a mass only.

According to this view, women are not likely to have children at constant intervals of time, but these intervals will probably in-

crease with increasing age. Calculating the probable fecundity at 17 of an average woman from the data before us, we find that she will, if fertile, probably have her first child at about $18\frac{1}{4}$ years of age, and successive children at the ages of $19\frac{3}{4}$, $21\frac{1}{4}$, 23, $24\frac{3}{4}$, $26\frac{1}{4}$, $28\frac{1}{4}$, 31, 34, and 38; so that the interval between successive children will gradually increase from about eighteen months to four years. In making this calculation we have modified the law, as above stated, by making the fecundity proportional to the difference between the age at each child, and 43 instead of 50; for Tait further shows, by Dr. Duncan's tables, the curious result, that the advent of sterility is hastened by early marriage: thus a woman married at 17 will probably be sterile at 43, and, if married at 30, sterility will be delayed till $48\frac{1}{2}$.

This fact modifies the application of the general law to particular cases, but does not alter the simple form of the law.

The fecundity of various individuals varies of course within very wide limits, but Tait's formulæ allow us easily to calculate the number of children a woman may expect when we know how many she has had, and her age at marriage. The example is given of a woman who, married at 20, has already five children at the age of 30. She will probably have four more. The proof is as follows:—If fecundity is proportional to the number of years a woman's age is under 50, fertility at that age is proportional to the square of the same number. This is Tait's second law, which follows as a direct consequence from his first law, and from the definitions of fertility and fecundity. Now $(50-20)^2=900$, proportional to the fertility at 20; $(50-30)^2=400$, proportional to the future fertility at 30; the past fertility at 30 must have been proportional to 500, the difference between 900 and 400; so that as 500 represents five children, the remaining fertility of 400 must represent four children—*Q. E. D.* (Strictly, 46 should have been the limiting age in this case.)

It is very curious to observe, that while the proportional fecundity and fertility are thus known with considerable exactitude, the average fertility and fecundity of women is most imperfectly determined. Positively, some statistics about the poor in St. George's-in-the-East seem the only data by which any estimate of those most important numbers can be guessed at, and these statistics refer to only about eighty mothers whose cases are applicable to our object. We want to know how many children a woman married at 15-19 is likely to have, if she and her husband both live together till the woman is

past 50. It seems marvellous, that with the vast machinery of registration now at work, Dr. Duncan and Professor Tait should be driven to use data obtained from a single parish by a committee of the Statistical Society. But so it is. Once we know the average number of children a woman married at 17 may expect if she remain married till 50, Tait's law will allow us to distribute those children, and tell her at what intervals the children will probably follow one another. Conversely, if we knew the intervals at which children do succeed one another at given ages, and the age of the mother when married, we could calculate the total probable fertility of the woman; but none of these data are to be had for any considerable mass of women. Even the average interval between marriage and the birth of a first child is not known with any accuracy. In the Table xxxviii. given by Dr. Duncan, he fails to show a true average for this interval. He has there treated all children born within two years of marriage as born at an average of twelve months after marriage, and, in calculating his average, has lengthened this interval only in proportion to the number of children born in subsequent years; but this calculation gives no true average, for, as the bulk is born within two years, the whole average will be far more affected by the average number of months elapsing between marriage and childbirth during these two years than by any other figures. In saying this we do not blame Dr. Duncan. He had no data on which to ground a true calculation.

Tait's law shows that the youngest women

capable of bearing children are the most fecund; but it does not necessarily follow that older women, newly married, should not be more fecund than their friends of equal age who have been longer married. The initial fecundity of newly married women may always be higher than that of women of equal age who have already borne children; and statistics lend some support to this view, but do not show the law of the decrease of initial fecundity.

The reader has now as complete a view of the consequences of Tait's formulæ as space will allow us to give. Let us examine Dr. Duncan's conclusions from the same facts. He has honestly given his own conclusions, and seems even to have refrained from comparing them with the deductions from Professor Tait's theory. We have never read a book in which less effort was made to twist facts to suit views. Our only criticism is, that the consonance between the facts and the theory has occasionally been lost sight of.

Dr. Duncan first shows, by several tables, that the comparative fertility per annum of the whole population increases gradually from the commencement of the child-bearing period of life until about the age of 30 years, and that then it still more gradually declines, being greater in the decade of years following the climax than in the preceding decade. Next comes the table showing comparative fecundity of the whole mass of wives in our population at different ages, on which table the mathematical law is based. The comparison in the table, which we here extract, is made between wives at a given age and mothers at a given age:—

'TABLE VII.—Showing the Comparative Fecundity at different Ages of the whole Wives in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1855.

AGES, . . .	15-19.	20-24.	25-29.	30-34.	35-39.	40-44.	45-49.
Wives, . . .	756	8,874	14,622	14,579	11,871	10,506	7,537
Wives-Mothers,	378	3,709	5,065	3,872	2,421	845	96
Proportion of latter to former is 1 in . . .	2.0	2.4	2.9	3.7	4.9	12.4	78.5
Or, percentage,	50.00	41.79	34.64	26.56	20.39	8.04	1.27

As one year would include too small a number to give a fair average, the wives and mothers are grouped in lustres of five years—15-19, 20-24, 25-29, etc.

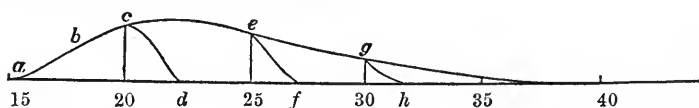
Some of the wives in each lustre must have been married for so short a time that their children can only appear in the next lustre. We do not, therefore, get from the

table a measure of the probability that a wife at each age will have a child within one year. Moreover, the fecundity of the 15-19 lustre will, more than any other, be affected by this circumstance, for whereas the 20-24 period includes many mothers married at 19, the 15-19 period includes no mothers married at 14, the beginning of the 15-19 period must be a mere blank, not because no women at that age are fecund, but because they have had no time to prove their fecundity. In the 20-24 period, on the contrary, children are counted who may be born the day after a woman is 20, she having been married in the previous lustre. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, half the wives between 15-19 were mothers, whereas only 42 per cent. of the wives between 20-24 were mothers. A better measure of the fecundity of different ages would be obtained by comparing the wives of 15-19 with the mothers at 16-20; the only perfect measure would be obtained by observing the average interval between marriage and a first child, and between successive children at each age. Dr. Duncan could not obtain all these facts, but his conclusion is well established, 'that the fecundity of the mass of wives in our population is greatest at the commencement of the child-bearing period of life, and after that period gradually diminishes.'

The tables also show 'that the fecundity of the whole wives in our population, included within the child-bearing period of life, is, before 30 years of age is reached, more than twice as great as it is after that period.' So far Dr. Duncan and Professor

Tait agree, but Dr. Duncan next says, 'A different law governs individuals—their fecundity is greatest from twenty to twenty-five.' He explains this by saying, that though less fecund, they are more fertile as a mass. This last is an intelligible and apparently true proposition if understood to mean that fewer young wives bear children, but those who do bear, bear more rapidly; but we think Dr. Duncan fails to establish the proposition, that fecundity as we have defined it is for individuals greatest between 20 and 25—a conclusion which is entirely at variance with Tait's first law. Dr. Duncan has been led to his conclusion by tables purporting to show the initial fecundity of women at different ages. In these tables for a given year, the number of wives of given ages are compared with the number of mothers of the same ages, who have been only one and two years married; thus, in 1855, 700 wives were married between the ages of fifteen and nineteen, and in the same year 306 women of the same ages became mothers within two years of their marriage.

It will at once be evident that this table does not give the number of women married at 15-19 who have children within two years of their marriage; but it is this information we require to compare the fecundity of the 15-19 lustre with the fecundity of the 20-24 lustre. The overflow which slightly falsified the Comparative Fertility table, wholly falsifies the Initial Fecundity table. This can be made more clear by the use of a simple diagram:—



Let the ages of mothers be represented by even divisions on a horizontal line; let vertical heights be drawn corresponding to the number of children born to mothers at each age within two years of marriage; then, if the curve $a b c e g$ 40 bounds all these vertical heights, the area between the curve and the horizontal line will represent the total fertility of women at all ages in first-born children produced within two years of marriage. The curve will rise from nothing to a maximum between 20 and 25, because more women are married between 20 and 25 than at any other period of five years. The area between the horizontal line and the curve $a b c d$, will represent the number of children born to wives married at 15-19 within two years of marriage, some of these being produced when the wives are nearly 22; the area $c e f d$ will represent the number born to

women married at 20-24; the area $e g h f$ will correspond to women married at 25-30. These areas will afford a fair comparison of the relative initial fecundity at each age, when the whole fertility has been divided by the number of wives married at each age; they will then show the percentage of children born within two years to wives married at each age. The areas bounded by straight vertical lines, as 20 $c e$ 25, do not give this information; they do indeed tell us how many children were born to mothers between 20 and 25, but some of these mothers were married at 18 and 19, and, again, some of the wives married at 23 and 24 will have children within two years of their marriage, which are not included in the area 20 $c e$ 25. This area does give the total fertility of wives between 20-25 in children born within two years of marriage, but it does not

give the fecundity, because the number by which the fertility should be divided is undetermined. It will be seen that the 20-25 area, thus bounded, begins high and ends high; losing one triangular portion at the end which belongs to it by rights, but gaining more than an equivalent at the beginning; that the 15-19 period loses the large triangular part at the end, but gains no compensation at the beginning, not through any fault of the 15-19 wives, who are very fecund, but because girls at 13-14 are not fertile at all.

The error due to this cause increases the longer we make the period after marriage within which the children are counted. Thus Table x., which has misled Dr. Duncan, seems to show, with a two-year limit, that the initial fecundity of the younger women is less than half that of the elder, whereas Table ix., with a one-year limit, seems to show that the younger are only 25 per cent. less fecund. Both conclusions are clearly erroneous. Dr. Duncan's explanation of the apparent discrepancy as to the fecundity of the mass and of individuals, is, therefore, not required. If it had been true that within two years of marriage women at 15-19 were far more sterile than those at 20-24, in anything like the proportion indicated by the Table x. of initial fecundity, those who did bear children would have had to bear them about twice as rapidly at 15-19 as at 20-24. We need not discuss this hypothesis, which

is unsupported, and indeed not suggested by Dr. Duncan. Tables drawn up to give the areas *a b c d*, *d c e f*, etc., prove conclusively that the women married at 15-19 have more children within two years of marriage than women married at 20-24.

Dr. Duncan, who has at heart the establishment of facts, irrespective of any theory, most kindly supplied these tables, which we print with his permission. They seem most curiously and perfectly to confirm Tait's law of the increased fecundity with the diminution of age even to the low limit of 16. We should certainly have expected, from various analogies given by Dr. Duncan, that fecundity would not begin as a maximum; but the tables seem to prove that it does. Whether we take the number of children written under the heading of wives at 19 as indicating the fertility at 19, or at 20, or even 21, when a two-years' limit is given, depends on the definition of fecundity; but whatever rule be adopted in this respect simply shifts the whole row of figures, leaving undisturbed the fact that the younger women have far more children within a given time after marriage than the older ones, and this law holds good within a period extending from the earliest to the latest age of child-bearing.

Dr. Duncan must in no way be considered responsible for the deductions drawn from these new tables, which he kindly sent to a complete stranger. His views may be wholly at variance with those in this article, though,

TABLE showing number of Children born within One Year and Two Years of Marriage to Wives married at various ages, grouped in periods of Five Years.

1. AGE AT MARRIAGE, . .	15-19.	20-24.	25-29.	30-34.	35-39.	40-44.	45-49.	49-50.	Total.
2. Number of wives married per annum at ages in row 1,	700	1835	1120	402	205	110	46	29	4447
3. Number of children born within one year of marriage to wives married at above ages,	163	313	113	33	18	3	643
4. Ratio of row 2 to row 3,	4.3	5.9	9.9	12.2	11.4	36.7	6.9
5. Corresponding percentage of children to mothers, .	23.28	17.06	10.09	8.21	8.78	2.73	14.46
6. Number of children born within two years of marriage to wives married at above ages,	905	1528	523	164	47	4	1	..	3172
7. Ratio of row 2 to row 6,	0.773	1.2	2.1	2.4	4.4	27	46	..	14
8. Corresponding percentage of children to wives, . .	129.28	83.27	46.70	40.80	22.93	3.63	2.17	..	71.23

as we assume his facts to be correct, we imagine that any difference in the conclusions drawn can only arise from different meanings attached to the word 'fecundity.'

TABLE showing number of Children born within One Year and Two Years of Marriage to Wives married at 15-19, grouped in periods of Twelve Months.

1. AGE AT MARRIAGE,	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.
2. Number of wives married per annum at ages in row 1,	...	43	108	225	314
3. Number of children born under one year of marriage to wives married at above ages,	2	7	31	56	67
4. Ratio of row 2 to row 3,	* 6·14	3·48	4·00	4·68
5 Corresponding percentage of children to mothers,	* 16·3	28·7	24·9	21·3
6. Number of children born within two years of marriage to wives married at above ages,	27	98	177	276	323
7. Ratio of row 2 to row 6,	0·439	0·61	0·817	0·972
8. Corresponding percentage of children to wives,	228	164	122	103

Dr. Duncan shows, that when women are married at 15-19, they are more likely to be wholly sterile than when married at 20-24, unless indeed his conclusion is falsified by the absence of correction for twins; but allowing, as is probable, that his conclusion as to absolute sterility is correct, this fact affects a very small percentage of the younger women. A true measure of initial and subsequent fecundity, as defined in this article, can only be obtained from data showing the average interval at various ages between marriage and the birth of a first child, and between successive children. Dr. Duncan, in Tables xxxviii. and xxxix., gives probably the best information ever yet collected on this subject; but his average of seventeen months between marriage and the birth of a first child, as already explained, is to be received with caution. The true average could only be obtained from data giving information month by month, and these data are wanting. Table xxxix. gives twenty months as the average interval between successive births (or more truly, as the author says, the average interval between marriage and the birth of the child divided by the number of children born).

This average, though far more carefully obtained than any preceding estimate, is not quite satisfactory. The table is formed by taking a mass of women who, up to 1855, have borne a given number, say six children, and ascertaining the average length of time which has passed between the marriage of

the mothers and the birth of the last child. For mothers of six children this was 137 months. This time, divided by 6, gives 22·8, which may be roughly called the average interval between successive births. The table at first sight seems to show that the first, second, and third children follow one another very rapidly, as Tait's law would indicate, that for subsequent children a very constant period of about twenty-two months is observed; but that after the fourteenth child, births succeed one another with an alarming rapidity, at intervals falling at last to about eleven months, in apparent direct contradiction with Tait's law.

This, as pointed out by Dr. Duncan, is not the true meaning of the table, which simply shows that women who have 16 children or more have them very fast, which we might have guessed. These women of high fecundity, who also bear their 6th, 10th, 14th children very rapidly, bring down the average periods as above calculated for all these ages, and affect the average more and more, as the size of the families increases, for which the average is calculated. We should like to know the average time separating births for women who in all have two, three, ten, sixteen children; and again for each class the average time, separating the first from the second, the second from the third, and so forth. This Dr. Duncan cannot give us—by no fault of his. But though he is fully aware of the limited deduction to be drawn from his table, we think he should qualify

* These figures, which seem to show small fecundity in women married at 16, are largely affected by immaturity.

slightly his conclusion drawn from it, that a wife who having had children has ceased for three years to exhibit fertility, will probably have no more children. If Tait's law be right, the average interval varies at each age, and varies so considerably, that whereas the probability of relative sterility may at 18-19 be decided within eighteen months, at 34-39 it may not be decided even within three years. Dr. Duncan himself indicates this conclusion, but does not, we think, insist upon it sufficiently. Again, the probability of the relative sterility of a woman of high fecundity would be much sooner determined than that of a woman of low fecundity. Dr. Duncan divides women in his tables into fertile and persistently fertile, the definition of the latter being simply women who have borne a child during the year in which the particular information in the given table was collected. The division is perfectly rational, but the reader must not conceive that women really are of two kinds, one of which has a reasonable number of children, while the other is an awful being, specially liable to produce sixteen or nineteen children. The only true division appears to be that indicated by Tait's law—women of high, low, and intermediate degrees of fecundity; the woman of low fecundity breeds at greater intervals, and after a few children the probable interval becomes so great as practically to amount to probable sterility. Thus in the instance above given our average woman married at 17, though not sterile till 43, would probably not have a child after 32. The woman of high fecundity breeds at short intervals, and though these increase they do not pass the limiting age till a very numerous progeny has been born. This suggests an explanation of two curious results, which seem indicated by the tables. Women married late, who do have children, seem to have a higher fecundity than the average of married fertile women at the same age. May not this be explained by a supposition that at the later ages only women of high fecundity have children? and may not the same circumstance explain the curious fact, that women married late, who are fertile, continue to bear children later in life than the average of women married younger? The highly fecund will in all probability bear later. This would explain apparently all the observed results without any hypothesis involving a different law of decrease for initial and subsequent fecundities, or for the advent of sterility in women married at different ages.

The laws of fecundity and fertility are interesting in many ways. A true comparison of the fertility of different races can only be made when those laws are known. This is

well shown by Professor Tait, who, as one result of the application of his formulae, tells us that the absolute fertility of the mass of married women in England is only about eighty per cent. of that of Scotland,—a conclusion arrived at after the influence of the varying age at marriage has been eliminated in accordance with the law of decrease of fecundity. We hope that similar reasoning may be applied to some inferior races, who seem to be endowed with very high fecundity. We may then speculate on the number of years which would be required for the extinction of the superior race if the lower race were not happily deprived of some other qualities useful in the struggle for life, such as the power of producing food, attending to sanitary arrangements, and keeping the peace. Those who do not advocate the extinction of savages, as Mr. Roebuck was supposed to have done, should really reflect, that if we were ever to succeed in imparting but a small fraction more of some of those useful qualities to our savage competitors we should infallibly be extinguished ourselves, owing to the high value of their F_n , as Tait calls it. We cannot help believing that, if Professor Tait's figures are right, England must at no very distant time be peopled with the Scots race only. We are certain that, once born, a Scotsman is quite as able to take care of himself as an Englishman. If, in addition to this, the Scots wives are twenty-five per cent. more fertile, their children will necessarily form an increasing fraction of the whole population, and unless this whole population itself increases fast enough, the English element will vanish. A Darwinian might say that this is a providential arrangement for improving mankind, but we do not like to see this high fertility quality counting so heavily in the scale of merit.

The believer in Malthus may now calculate the age at which marriage may be allowed, after determining the number of children per marriage which he desires that the population should produce. If three children were allowed, women might marry at 30, without further restriction as to production; whereas, on the rough calculation adopted, according to Dr. Duncan, by Malthus himself, that women might produce once in two years till the age of 50, the Malthusian three-child marriage would have been necessarily delayed till the age of 44. Dr. Duncan's criticisms on the assumptions both of Malthus and his opponent Sadler are excellent, and show how roughly this great problem was treated by them. The contrast drawn by Malthus between the increase of corn and the increase of mankind is fallacious. Plants and men are limited in number by similar checks.

Each perpetually wages a Darwinian struggle for existence, and the analogy between the struggles is perfect, but for the one fact, that man by the exercise of his will can impose a preventive check on his increase, whereas beasts and vegetables cannot. Nevertheless, the main doctrine, that if mankind bred as fast as possible, they would produce in fully populated countries more children than could be supported by the produce, remains quite unassailed. Hunger and want do impose a preventive check, but if these be the only efficient motives of abstinence, we may be certain that, as the average of human life is prolonged by sanitary and other improvements, so the living population will increase more and more rapidly, with hordes of wretched beings, barely able to maintain existence, and yet only restrained from further procreation by their misery. Can any prospect be worse than this? and are not Malthus and Mill right when they call upon us to exercise our privilege of free-will after more noble fashion, and to renounce our animal instincts in order to attain a higher ideal of life? Few dare to write and say it were well that married men and women should voluntarily limit their families; yet if it were established that by so doing poverty could even in some degree be banished, and the minds of men even a little raised, what duty could be more sacred than the restraint of self-indulgence with such an object? Unfortunately, the case is by no means clear. In the first place, it is hard to determine what increase of population in a given country is admissible. Sardinia of old, with a large population, could feed other countries; now it is stricken with great poverty when its population is very small. The island of Singapore, a few years since, supported a few savages; it now bears a large and rich town. These facts do not contradict Malthus, but they do show that *a priori* it is impossible to fix on the proper ratio between so many square miles of earth and the desirable population. In the second place, even if we were to grant that in a given country, say England, the increase of population outstripped the increase of production so as necessarily to entail pauperism, this consideration could only influence the very class which it is desirable to multiply,—the moral, the prudent, and the well-to-do. The bad men would put themselves to no restraint for the sake of children, nor yet the thoughtless. As for the pauper, if sheer want does not restrain him, we see that prudence will not; he has no pride, and cares not that his children should be paupers too; it is only the man with a position who fears that his children should lose caste.

Well, then, how can Mr. Mill ask the rich, the well-educated, the moral classes to abstain from producing children, when they know that by so doing they will simply make way for the children of the ignorant and brutal? Less cogent arguments are urged by some, who fear that without the sharp spur of want mankind would not work, and that as the population dwindled, rank after rank of the great army of mankind would fall out as stragglers, and so production too would dwindle, and poverty be, as now, master of the world.

Another argument is this:—Now the strong and able are selected, and thus, year by year perhaps, the race improves or does not fall off. If the conditions of life are so altered that the weak and foolish too can live and produce, the race will be gradually enfeebled. Some say this action is observed in France, and that while the population remains constant, the conscripts are feeble year by year. Good tending of children might, however, more than make amends for the diminished range of selection. Comfort may, perhaps, rival death as the improver of the human race; but while all these more or less plausible and possibly true arguments can be urged against Malthus, no large class will on public grounds abstain from producing children, especially while public opinion is adverse rather than favourable to restraint. In some other countries, indeed, marriage does not in public estimation imply a duty to bear the utmost possible number of children, but our author evidently feels himself on tender ground when he suggests that perhaps more than ten children may constitute an excessive family. This family of ten is a probable family when the bride is young, and both husband and wife live till she is 50. The average of families is not half ten, but this average includes late marriages, and all cases in which husband or wife dies. When a girl of 17 is married, she may expect nine or ten children. If she and her husband hope to escape with less, they are hoping for sterility or death.

Sickness is counted in computing the average; if man and woman retain their health, their children will in all probability exceed ten. It is worth while to consider the arguments as to whether our young couple are in duty bound to produce all these children. Those who answer yes must argue as follows: Abstinence on the part of the husband will tempt him to immorality, and on the part of the wife it implies a slothful reluctance to bear the burden of life; by refusing to bear children she is shirking a duty and hurrying her husband into temptation. Further, if husbands and wives come

to think the limitation of children a desirable object, they will not be nice as to the means; and thus foul practices will be engendered and infanticide increase. These arguments are, we think, every one of them sound and in part true. The answers might be stated thus:—If men must be prepared for large families, they cannot afford to marry young. If not married, they are tempted while young, and the large unmarried population of young men nourishes the vast prostitution too well proved. Choose, then, between young marriages with subsequent abstinence, or late marriages with early abstinence. Will one system cause more temptation than the other? Next, our protagonist would deny that the reluctance of a woman to bear many children implied a reluctance to perform her duties. Is it not the duty of a mother to tend and educate her children, and can she perform this duty if her life alternates between the sickness of gestation and the occupation of nursing the last-born infant? Can women of the lower class thus occupied perform their household duties? Can women of the upper class preserve their mental culture? Next, he would argue that to acknowledge an object as desirable does not imply approval of all means by which to attain it. Paupers and lunatics are evils, but we do not sanction their murder; infanticide would decrease if the misery of large families decreased.

Several of these rival arguments turn on matters of fact which can be observed, such as the prevalence of infant mortality in countries in which public opinion approves or disapproves of a limitation to the size of families. We can hardly hope to determine by observation the relative mental and moral culture in large and small families, but statistics might be collected showing whether children born in rapid succession are as healthy as others; we suspect that their death-rate would be found sensibly above the average. But though statistics cannot do more than this, each father and mother may, in their own case, consider whether, while their children follow one another in rapid succession, they are well cared for and duly educated; a nurse is, at best, a poor substitute for a mother, and among the poor, the nurse is a little ignorant child. Women who believe that in bearing children year by year they are fulfilling a sacred though painful duty, may ask themselves whether they are performing their duty to the children already born.

It is probable that no general rule can be established, but that each case must be decided on its own merits. Neither the arguments of Malthus, nor any others, ap-

parently justify us in calling on a healthy couple to limit the number of their children, when these will receive a fair education and such an outfit as will enable them to produce so much wealth by their labours as will probably insure them against want. It may well be doubted whether, for the sake of self-indulgence, a little more rest, a little more wealth, such a couple would be justified in placing a limit to the number of their children. But think of another and too frequent case. Think of a man and woman struggling with poverty, absolute or relative, with more children already than they know how to educate, to clothe, even to feed. Think of the woman, bowed with ill-health, peevish from petty trials; think of the children, each on its arrival regarded as a misfortune if not a curse, growing up unhealthy, ill-cared-for, dirty, ignorant, with no better prospect than to repeat the life of its wretched parents. Would these parents do wrong in refusing to be instrumental in multiplying a race of paupers? Between these two extremes may not each man and woman ask themselves the question, whether any duty obliges them to procreate children whose advent they will deplore.

Some may be shocked even at the question, regarding the births of children as the result of a special intervention of Providence. We shall not quarrel with these persons, remembering what are the faculties and possible destiny of each child born; but we cannot refuse to see that Providence will not send us children without some action on our part. There is no obligation binding on men and women to begin the begetting of children; having begun, must they go on per force? The argument as to interfering with Providence is quite disregarded now as to epidemics, and it is a little difficult to see the distinction between interference to prevent excessive deaths and excessive births. Indeed, if we do disturb the old balance by preventing a high death-rate, it seems almost incumbent on us to restore equilibrium by diminishing the birth-rate. It seems a strange doctrine that we with our privilege of free-will, with reason, with religion, for our guides, shall be debarred all choice in this matter, and reduced to a level with brute beasts, each species of which is limited by death and suffering alone; we wholly disagree with those who indulge their senses and expect Providence to protect them from the consequences of their incontinence.

When parents observe that they produce diseased children, idiots, for instance, their duty clearly is to produce no more such wretched beings, burdens to the world and to themselves; we may pity and pardon the

infatuation leading unhappy parents to hope that perhaps the next child may bloom a fit object of pride as well as love; but medical science in many cases can sanction no hope, and at best can only promise a chance that misery may be deferred; disease may spare the child, but only to strike the full-grown man. General opinion already condemns marriages likely to result in such offspring as these; but even after marriage, so soon as the eyes of the parents have been opened to the probable fate of their children, their duty is clear.

Dr. Duncan does not enter into these questions, but his tables and Professor Tait's law seem to prove that, until now, the mass of the married population has exercised no restraint whatever on its procreative power.

It would be well if the honest opinion of women on these points could be obtained; unfortunately, this opinion cannot well be obtained. It is the opinion of pure and able mothers that would have weight, but these women do not court publicity. We may suspect that few women bear more than three or four children except from necessity, or from a sense of duty, and of very painful duty; but we get no public sign of such a feeling, except now and then from a wild cry of some poor woman, who mostly does her cause harm, as, when last year, *apropos* to women's votes for Members of Parliament, a complaint was made that the law did not recognise a rape by a husband on his wife. The idea was simply ludicrous; not indeed that intolerable hardship, misery, nay murder itself, may not result from the full exercise of a husband's rights, but because of the preposterous inadequacy of any conceivable law to meet such cases. The only remedy lies in the education of public opinion, which, we imagine, is far from willing to allow a woman any exemption from total subjection to her husband in this matter. We do not feel certain that public opinion now wholly condemns even the man who, knowing that should his wife conceive again she will certainly die, nevertheless subjects her to the risk of conception. When she conceives and dies he has committed no legal murder, yet he has killed the woman he was most bound to cherish, and killed her to gratify his senses.

Much mischief is done by the veil thrown over the subjects we are treating. Young women of the better classes know really nothing of the suffering they may expect in marriage, beyond the fact that some of their friends die in childbirth. Novels do not, and ought not, to tell them of the weary months of pregnancy, with infinite petty, almost degrading ills, nor of the weary years

of ill health passed by thousands who escape the risk of immediate death. Married women keep their counsel only too well. Young men are almost as ignorant as their young wives, who, at a moment when their imaginations are fired by all that romance and youth can promise, when their daily lives shine with a light darkened by no cloud of evil and mistrust, from this great happiness often pass suddenly to a state of bodily and mental degradation, of fretfulness, worry, and vexation. What wonder if the young woman fancies she has awakened from a happy dream to face a harsh reality? what wonder if she resents as a lie the romance of chivalry so lately told and heard in perfect faith? what wonder if the husband becomes repulsive, and the word of love a mockery?

The husband, in his turn, bewildered, ignorant, fears that a veil has fallen from his eyes, and that he now sees in the peevish, discontented woman before him the true form of the goddess he had worshipped. Would it not have been better for that young woman and man to have known what child-bearing meant? Possibly they would never have married. Better so, then. Better still, if, knowing the trials before them, they met them bravely,—she prepared to suffer, and he prepared, at the expense of self-denial, to spare her suffering. Some may fear that poetry and purity would vanish before knowledge; but love is no lie. Knowledge of vice may render love impossible, knowledge of pain will not render love less pure.

To return to our author: Dr. Duncan shows us that the risk run even by healthy women is enough to give us pause. He is chiefly occupied in comparing the mortality at various ages, and at the birth of successive children, and he proves 'that youth has less influence in producing mortality from parturition than age, or rather "elderliness,"' as he calls it; 'that the age of least mortality is near 25 years; and that on either side of this age mortality gradually increases with the diminution or increase of age. He also shows that the percentage of mortality in first labours is about twice as great as that of the average of all subsequent labours. In four series of observations quoted by him, the mortality in first labours is 1 in 60, 74, 54, and 62 respectively; the mortality in subsequent labours 1 in 150, 123, 115, and 155; from data by Dr. Farr it appears that in England the average mortality in childbirth is 1 in 188. As the number of a woman's labours increases above nine, the risk of death following labour increases with the number. We can refer, but very briefly, to

this part of the volume, in which special care has been taken to analyse the effects of puerperal fever, and of the duration of labour. The author does not make too high a claim in saying, that 'from the data thus given an actuary may calculate the answers to the most important questions in this topic. He can determine the fecundity of the female, or her chance of having offspring; her fertility in the number she is likely to have; the time when she will probably become relatively sterile; the risk of death in bearing her first child; the risk of death in the subsequent confinements.'

Some explanation is, however, desirable of the very discrepant results obtained when various classes are selected for observation. Thus Sir James Simpson states, in his address to the Public Health Section of the Social Science Congress at Belfast, as the result of Dr. Leon le Fort's semi-official investigations, that out of 934,781 parturient women delivered at their own homes, and often very wretched homes, 4405 died, or 1 in every 212; while out of 888,512 delivered in maternity hospitals, where every kind of professional care and comfort was bestowed upon them, 30,394 died, or 1 in every 29. Sir J. Simpson also states, from statistics published by Dr. Barnes, that out of 4000 women confined in the four chief maternity hospitals of London, 142 died, or 1 in every 28; while out of 18,383 confined at their own homes, as dispensary or out-patients in connexion with the hospitals of St. Thomas and Guy, 53 died, or 1 in 346. Dr. Duncan gives even worse death-rates than 1 in 28 from the register of a St. Petersburg hospital, but does not discuss the causes of the low death-rates occasionally observed, nor of the terrible hospital mortality. The difference is not due to puerperal fever alone.

It seems to be clearly established that between 15 and 20 the life of a married woman is much more precarious than that of an unmarried woman. To use Dr. Stark's words, quoted by Dr. Duncan:—

'Supposing married and unmarried were in equal numbers between 15 and 20 years of age, ten married would die for every seven unmarried; between 20 and 25, nine married would die for every eight unmarried women; above 30 the chances appear to be in favour of married life. The high mortality attending the birth of first children explains the risk run by the younger women. Even after this the risk expressed by say 1 in 150 is no trifle, especially if it has to be frequently encountered. What would men say if 1 in 150 of the gentlemen travelling to business in the City were killed every two years by railway accidents, with wounded or maimed

in proportion? We think they would shirk season-tickets, and feel very uncomfortable if forced by their wives to travel daily; they might possibly resent the argument that they were only doing their duty in earning daily bread for their wives and children in the country.'

We hope Dr. Duncan may be induced to collect statistics as to the mortality when labours are separated by various intervals. It is just possible, that if a husband knew that the risk to a woman he loved could be seriously diminished, he might practise a little self-denial.

Dr. Duncan gives valuable information as to the probable duration of pregnancy, for which we must refer readers to his work; it appears that Montgomery's term, which is much relied on, is too long by nearly a week; the older and more popular modes of calculation being the more correct. If so, Dr. Montgomery must have much misery of a minor kind to answer for; indeed, serious risk must often result from miscalculation. Dr. Duncan adheres to the doctrine that conception in the vast majority of cases can only take place during a period of about a week in each month, but he does not mention the researches which have established this fact. Much curious information is given as to the size and weight of new-born children, the frequency of twins, and the effect of age and previous child-bearing on fertility in twins. On the question of sterility, our author says:—'Of women between the ages of 15 and 41 inclusive there were married 4372; among wives of the same ages 3710 had first children, leaving 662* marriages sterile, or 1 in 6·6; in other words, 15 per cent. of all marriages between 15 and 44 years of age, as they occur in our population, are sterile.' 'Dr. West states that he found the general average of sterile marriages among the patients at St. Bartholomew's Hospital to be 1 sterile marriage in every 8·5,' but it appears that almost every woman married at 20-25 proves fertile. Our author's data did not apparently allow twin children to be distinguished from others, or we should have had, in Table LXVIII., an almost perfect measure of the sterility at each age. In this table we find that 7·3 per cent., 0, and 28 per cent. of all women, married respectively at 15-19, 20-25, 25-29, are absolutely sterile; of women married at 30-34, 35-39, 40-44, 45-49, the sterile are 37, 53, 91, and 96 per cent. respectively.

A mere list of the headings of chapters will show the very large number of problems

* We take the liberty of correcting an erratum in the passage we quote.

which are connected with fertility, each problem having its own special importance. Thus we find chapters on 'The Fertility of the whole Marriages in a Population;' 'The Fertility of the whole Fertile Marriages in a Population at a given Time;' 'On the Annual Fertility of the Married Women of Child-bearing Age in a Population;' 'The Size of Families in a given Population at a given Time;' 'The Fertility of the whole Marriages in a Population that are Fertile at a given Time;' 'The Fertility of Fertile Marriages lasting during the whole Child-bearing Period of Life;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Marriages lasting during the whole Child-bearing Period of Life;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Wives at different Years of Married Life;' 'The Fertility of Fertile Wives at different Periods of Married Life;' 'The Degrees of Fertility of Wives, Mothers of Families of different Numbers;' 'The Fertility of Wives Mothers Married at different Ages;' 'The Fertility of Persistently Fertile Wives of different Ages;' 'The Fertility of the Older Women;' 'The Contributions to the Adult Population by Marriages at different Ages;' and, finally, 'The Comparison of the Fertility and Fecundity of different Peoples.'

As might be expected, Dr. Duncan, having looked at the question from all these points of view, finds his predecessors at fault in all directions. The book is not at all prolix or dogmatic, for Dr. Duncan belongs to the very valuable class of authors who collect and digest facts, but refrain from the reflections which those facts suggest. We have been tempted to indulge in some speculations, and feel certain that all readers who can think will find new matter for consideration in the book. They will find nothing garbled, no concealment, no prejudice; but a large collection of interesting materials intelligently arranged. Professor Tait has ventured further than Dr. Duncan on the sea of speculation, and has suggested extremely simple laws, grouping vast numbers of apparently disconnected facts into two short sentences. We think the laws are proved for a mass of women, but further statistics are wanted before we can judge how far they can be applied to individual cases. Their author knows this well, and expresses some indignation at being deprived of the data by which to check and extend his curious formulæ, and we fully agree with the opinion expressed in the following passage: 'As in all questions of average, the value of our deductions in this matter is mainly dependent on the extent and accuracy of our data; and it is sad to think that the enormous Blue-Books which load our shelves

contain so much painfully elaborated information which is of no use, and so little of those precious statistics which would at once be easy of acquirement and invaluable to physiologists.'

ART. VII.—ITALY IN 1867.

A WRITER who at this time addresses a body of readers in the United Kingdom upon the subject of Italy, has one great advantage over those who have to speak of most other countries. He has no need to build up any substruction. He may plunge *in medius res* without prefacing what he has got to say of the present or future, by any historical narrative.

If we except France, Italy is the one country with the recent history of which Englishmen of our day are pretty fairly acquainted. This period of comparatively extended knowledge of Italian affairs will not be of long continuance. The names of Calatafimi and Aspromonte will probably say as little to our children as those of La Granja or Vergara say to ourselves.

The generation which read Mr. Gladstone's Neapolitan Letters, or his great speech of April 11, 1862; the generation which remembered the shock that ran through London when the news of the death of Cavour was telegraphed from Turin; the generation which welcomed Garibaldi to the English shore, will soon pass away, and the attention of those who come after us will very possibly be fixed upon political dramas in other parts of the world as exciting as that which we have watched in the fair land 'which the Apennine divides and the sea and the Alps surround.'

The sensation age of modern Italy would seem, if the Fates have not in store for us some great surprises, to be, in spite of recent occurrences, drawing near its end; and if much of the romantic past is not to have been in vain, what we must hope for is a prosaic future. Till now the questions, which the friends of Italy have been asking, related chiefly to conspiracies and revolts, to the chances of battle, to the fidelity of armies, to the comparative strength of rival enthusiasms. The questions which we have now to ask relate to less exciting matters. They are two in number: Will Italy soon accomplish absolute unity? and, What place is she likely to take amongst the powers of Europe?

Till within the last few weeks most well-

informed persons would, we believe, have replied to the first of these questions somewhat as follows:—The perfect quiet which has prevailed at Rome since the withdrawal of the French, shows that, however widespread may be the dissatisfaction with priestly rule, there is not, in the dominions which still remain to the Pope, that burning desire to overthrow it which must inevitably lead to revolution. For some years the Papal Government has seized every pretext to send across the frontier all those active and stirring spirits who usually take the lead in times of excitement. The number of the Roman exiles is not accurately known even by the most acute and painstaking of the diplomats who reside in the Eternal City. Undoubtedly, however, it is extremely large—large enough to amount to a small army. If we add to these the number of persons who are known to be detained in the political prisons, we arrive at a very considerable deduction from the plotting and fighting strength of the disaffected part of the population. No stranger can pass any time in Rome without discovering that he is surrounded by persons who are hostile to the Government; but then many of them are bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace. They or some of their connexions are dependent on the clergy, or they know themselves to be suspected, and are certain that the smallest overt act on their part would send them either out of Rome or into some such pleasant retreat as San Michele. The probability is that the present state of things ‘will drag its slow length along’ until either the election of a less impracticable Pope or some complication in European politics which may leave the temporal Papacy without an available defender, may enable Italy to step in and assert her natural rights.

The precipitancy of one generous but ill-advised man, and the subservience of Rattazzi to the section of politicians which that man represents, very nearly deranged these calculations, and threatened, for a moment, with a sudden and disastrous overthrow not only the hopes of Italy, but even accomplished facts.

That danger has for the time passed by, and the Roman question is left pretty much as it was six months ago, with, however, these modifications:—

First, All the world now sees what many, as we have said, saw before, that the *explosive* power of Roman disaffection is not very great.

Secondly, The extreme inconvenience of his obligations towards the Pope has been forced on the mind of the Emperor; and

Thirdly, Italy has been so deeply affronted, that unless she is to be thrown altogether into the arms of Prussia, the past must be atoned for by a much more speedy concession to her wishes than might before have been necessary.

The explanation of the conduct of the French Government seems to us simple enough. Hardly any one in Europe more cordially detests the temporal power of the Pope than does Napoleon III. His first step in public life was to engage in an insurrection against the government of priests. During the earlier stages of the late movement he seems to have been irresolute, and to have hoped that things would take such a turn as would make it unnecessary for him to interfere. Hence the enigmatic answer to Nigra. Hence the inconsistent conduct of Prince Napoleon, who first fanned the fire at Florence, and then tried to extinguish it. As time went on, everything turned out worse and worse for the hopes of Italy, and for the secret wishes of her great protector. The successes of the Garibaldians were, to say the least, equivocal, and the attempted insurrection in Rome itself was an absurd failure. A sudden and overwhelming uprising on the Seven Hills—an extraordinary amount of energy and daring displayed by the King of Italy, might, it is just possible, have forced the not unwilling hand of the French Emperor. No happy accident came to his assistance. The Catholic party in France, always far stronger than Englishmen like to remember, was wild with excitement. The Nuncio threatened to demand his passports. The legislative session was just at hand. The whole affair had the appearance of a fiasco for the Imperial policy, and a new humiliation to France, still smarting from the disgrace of Mexico. There was nothing for it but to sacrifice Italy, and so the order went forth against her as it had once gone forth for her, ‘*frappez fort et frappez vite*.’

Victor Emmanuel has been very much blamed for giving way, and ‘making the kowtow to France,’ but the answer to that reproach is, that, unfortunately up to this moment, his position with reference to the Emperor has not been very materially different from that of a great Indian potentate, say the Nizam, to the Viceroy for the time being. No doubt he might have thrown himself into the arms of the *Reds*, and done his best to evoke the revolutionary spirit in France—and no doubt the Nizam, if enraged beyond bearing, could do similarly desperate and dangerous things—may, perhaps, one day do so; but the occasion, great as it was, was not great enough to play double or quits, when the probability was so very vio-

lent that the result would be double and *not* quits.

The circular of General Menabrea, who, be it remembered, has strong conservative leanings, seems to us very dignified and impressive, although we understand it has not been well received at Florence. Associated with him, as Minister of the Interior, is the Marquis Gualterio, an extremely able man, and exceptionally fortunate in being one of the very few Italian politicians in whom the more reasonable portion of the Roman ecclesiastics have anything like confidence. He knows minutely the state of parties in Rome, and that is a science by itself, not a very dignified one assuredly, but one eminently useful to the King's Government at this moment. If any one can work effectually at Rome, it will be he. The great difficulty in the way is the Pope himself. People fancy that the Pope *reigns*, while Antonelli *rules*, but that is a mere delusion. All that has happened in recent years is attributable to the Pope personally. He, and he alone, is the mainspring of his own Government. He, and he alone, is responsible for the policy of resistance *à l'outrance*. The reasonable probability that another man so intolerably obstinate does not exist, even in the College of Cardinals, is, when combined with the hope that another might see the wisdom of retreating, at the very commencement of his reign, from a false position which was not of his own making, the ground on which many good observers have prophesied that a favourable change in the relations of Italy to the Head of the Church might be looked for after the next Conclave. We wish we could persuade ourselves that anything is to be hoped for the present from direct negotiations between Rome and Italy, even under the auspices of the man who contrived to live at Naples in perfect amity with a personage of such decided opinions as Cardinal Riario Sforza.

If the Emperor of the French would be only too happy to have his hand forced, in a creditable manner, the assembling of a conference is perhaps to be desired, although we can quite understand the dislike entertained by Ministers responsible for the policy of their respective countries, to entering upon negotiations without any definite basis. If the Emperor's dispositions are really such as we fancy, and if the conference could be assembled, it might result, if not in confining the sovereignty of the Pope to the Leonine City, which must, we think, be the ultimate solution of the present difficulty, at least in limiting the exercise of his sovereign rights to the city of Rome itself. It used to be urged against this plan, that it would be unfair to

the Romans; but they have shown so little conduct or courage in recent events that no one need pause long enough to consider them. More difficult are the questions which would arise about the relations between the new Government and the ecclesiastical corporations which hold property in the Campagna; but if the more decisive plan cannot yet be adopted, the one suggested would at least be a step in advance. It is of course easy for highly impartial persons to say that Rome belongs to the whole world, and not to Italy. So, in a certain sense, it undoubtedly does; but the desire to possess Rome is a real political force in Italy, and it is not a political force elsewhere. Supposing even that a crusading spirit could be excited throughout the Catholic world in favour of the temporal power, the only result would be to light up the flames of religious strife throughout the globe; and few would, we think, have much doubt as to what would be the result of re-commencing the contest which was closed by the peace of Westphalia.

The Pope will no doubt retain for some time to come his position as a sovereign, with all the rights which it implies, and more especially with the right of representation at the courts of other sovereigns; but if Italy is not to be once more broken up, she *must* have Rome. It is only to Rome that Turin, Naples, or Milan will permanently bow. The determination not to be satisfied till they have won it, is with the populations of these and other cities a fixed idea. What is gained then by demonstrating ever so clearly that Florence is in many respects better suited for a capital? Of course it is. No sensible man denies that; although Florence is not itself pre-eminently suited for a capital; but there are such things as national hallucinations over which reason can exert no power. A city, many parts of which are deadly for months in the year, with narrow irregular streets, and in the middle of a wilderness, is certainly not the capital which we should wish for Italy. The magic of the name is however irresistible, and must be considered as a fixed point, with reference to which other things must be settled. A writer in one of our best newspapers said the other day that Italy had no more need of Rome than Spain of Gibraltar. A more exquisitely infelicitous illustration could hardly have occurred to any one. What reasonable man, who knows anything about Spain, believes that Gibraltar can be *permanently* withheld from her? and what nation has over Rome rights at all comparable to those which England has over Gibraltar?—rights quite as good, in a mere bare legal sense, as

Spain has over Majorca, or really, for that matter, over Madrid.

If Italy lives and grows strong we cannot doubt that Rome will fall before very long into her grasp. How this will happen we have not the remotest idea; but it is easy to imagine half-a-dozen combinations which would fulfil her hopes; and not easy to imagine any, consistent with her continuing to exist, which would baffle them for very long. To our first question then we think we may answer, Yes. If Italy is not once more broken up, as she might have been, if she had gone to war with France a few weeks ago, she will in all probability complete her unity before any very considerable time has elapsed. Of course, if the pamphlet bearing the title *Napoleon III. and Europe in 1867*, really emanates from an official source, and if the admirable sentiments, with regard to Germany, which that most remarkable paper contains, are allowed to mould the policy of France, Italy will lose one chance of a speedy fulfilment of her aspirations. No one, however, can doubt that the writer was speaking his own views about Germany, and merely echoing with regard to Italy the views which he thought would 'go down' with the French people. The appearance of this most noteworthy document may be an additional reason for not expecting, from a conference, much help towards the settlement of the Roman question,—may be a good reason for believing that the emperor is *not* prepared just at present to allow his hand to be forced. Italy has, however, only to bide her time. *Fata viam invenient*.

If the prospects held out to Europe in this pamphlet can be realized, Italy, like all the other members of our political State-system, will gain so much that she may be well content to sacrifice even Rome for a while. Important as it is for us all, that her unity should be secured by the key-stone being placed in the arch, the completion of German unity, without a terrible war between Germany and France, is incomparably more important.

The second of our questions, although far wider than the first, is easier to answer, for the answer to it can be less affected by the chapter of accidents.

In attempting, however, to answer it, we are immediately struck by one unexpected fact. Hundreds of intelligent men traverse Italy every year, yet there exists no such things as a book of travels through Italy which has any political value. There are good works on some few districts, of which M. Gallenga's *Country Life in Piedmont* is quite the best, and should be put in a class by itself. There are admirable specimens of

the best kind of *tourist* writing, such as Gregorovius's charming sketches in *Figuren* and elsewhere, or Stahr's *Ein Jahr in Italien*, to say nothing of older books, like those of Forsyth or Stendhal. There are charming novels of Italian life in its various phases, like *Transformation*, or *Vincenzo*, or *Doctor Antonio*; there are poems like many of Browning's, which contain the very quintessence of Italy; but of books attempting to give a serious account of the political, social, and economical condition of the whole country, as the recent revolutions have made it, we know none. The misguided Briton, anxious to inform himself about modern Italy, would naturally turn to Mr. Weld's recent book on Florence, to Dean Alford's Letters, to Mr. Burgon's Letters, to the pages of Mr. Maguire, to Mrs. Gretton's *Englishwoman in Italy*, and other similar publications, as well as to the reports of our Consuls and Secretaries of Legation; but when he had examined them all, he would find that he had gained very little. Of historical information as to late events, there is of course abundance; but the books in which it is conveyed give us scanty helps towards forming any opinion with regard to the future. Over some regions there broods a darkness that may be felt. Where are we to go for recent information about Southern Italy? There is the amusing volume of Mr. Lear, now twenty years old, and there are works dealing with isolated questions, like the treatises of Marc Monnier on Brigandage and on the Camorra; but no one since the days of Keppel Craven, or perhaps we ought to say of Swinburne, has gone, so to speak, seriously about the matter of a journey in Southern Italy.

Mr. Banbury has pointed out that we have no work upon classical Italy at all corresponding to Leake's or Dodwell's books on Greece, and we are just as badly off for a description of the Italy of to-day, that shall be as good in its line. Surely this state of things ought not to continue. Surely it would be worth while for a London publisher to send some competent person, already well acquainted with the country, to spend a couple of years in it, and to write a real book of travels.

Having thus called the attention of our readers to the dearth of information on Italy of the kind required, in order fully to answer our second question, we shall proceed to answer it as well as we can, not without a hope that our deficiencies may incite others to engage in a task for which some of the numerous *Inglesi Italianati*, who are happily not now, as in Ascham's time, *diavoli incarnati*, have clearly special facilities.

The population of the kingdom of Italy is variously estimated by competent authorities. Mr. Brown, the author of an elaborate paper in the *Statistical Journal* for June 1866, estimates it at 22,386,000 on the first of January in that year; but we must now add the population of the Venetian provinces, which still belonged to Austria when that paper was published.

'The Roman provinces, and Venice alone,' says Mr. Brown, 'would add (2,976,218) very nearly three millions of inhabitants, and 35,672 square kilometres of territory, which, with the remainder, gives a total estimated territory of 333,768 square kilometres, and 26,633,000 inhabitants.'

The density of the population of Italy is only surpassed, in Europe, by that of England, the Netherlands, and Belgium; but it is very unequally distributed—Lombardy being the most thickly, and Sardinia the most thinly, peopled portion of Victor Emmanuel's dominions.

This large population, which has still about one-third of the territory on which it is placed to bring into cultivation, is extremely homogeneous; presenting, in this respect, a most remarkable contrast to the great empire with which it was so recently involved in long and desperate hostilities.

Homogeneous, however, as it is, there are numerous differences between the people of the mainland and the islands, of the North and of the South, to which the politician must give heed. The very fact of Italy's extending over nine degrees of latitude causes, in the nature of things, very considerable diversity of disposition between the dwellers in the extremities of the country, and the numerous geognostic contrasts of the Peninsula give rise to all kinds of contrasts in the conditions of life. The dweller in the cold and lofty region which stretches to the south-east from the Lago di Celano dwells in a different world from his more fortunate neighbours in the bright Campanian bays; and not only is the contrast between the skyey influences under which the Piedmontese of Alessandria and the Calabrian of Reggio live, extremely great, but the contrasts of Piedmont and of Calabria themselves are hardly less remarkable. It is with Italian character as it is with Italian dialects: there are no generic differences, but the specific differences are endless.

Nearly three thousand recorded years of active and stirring history have thrown into Italy unnumbered foreign elements. The forests of Germany, the steppes of Russia, and the Puszta of Hungary, not less than the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Spain, have poured their children into a land,

which was so long the meeting-place of the world, without essentially varying the character of its inhabitants, but not without very considerably modifying it. The same may be said of the language, with regard to which the tendency of modern research seems ever more and more to lead us to the opinion that the speech which has become the modern Italian is more truly the sister than the daughter of the speech of Cicero and Cæsar.

The Italian statesman who ponders on the future of his country, may then, at starting, congratulate himself upon having to deal with these elements of strength and prosperity:—*First*, a large and increasing population. *Secondly*, a vast extent of productive land not yet brought into cultivation. *Thirdly*, unity amidst diversity, a people with a common thread of history, broken by none of those rifts which tend to increase as civilisation advances.

So far, then, the prospects of Italy are decidedly good. And next we come to ask what are its agricultural, industrial, and commercial resources for playing the part of a great State.

Italy is above all things an agricultural country. Let us then look first at its agriculture. On the whole, the Italian peasant cannot be said to be indolent. The conditions of open-air labour in his country are very different from those of ours; and the tourist often allows himself to be misled into fancying that the Tuscan's or Lombard's industry is inferior in degree when it is only different in kind from that of the English labourer. In most districts, landed property is very much subdivided, and in most districts the character of the soil and of the climate are alike favourable to subdivision. Mr. Mill, quoting Chateaubieux and Sismondi, draws a highly favourable picture of the métayer system in Tuscany, where land is held in larger masses than in nearly any other part of Italy, and, indeed, relies to a great extent upon the data which he collects with regard to the working of that system in Tuscany, for the favourable estimate which he gives of it, in opposition to Arthur Young and others, who had studied it chiefly in France.

The things that are most wanted for the amelioration and extension of Italian agriculture are *security, salubrity, capital, and science*.

There are few parts of the country where the want of the first does not strike one most painfully. In vast regions of the Peninsula the population is huddled together in miserable little mountain towns, instead of living among the fields which it culti-

vates. The sort of life which is led there is amusingly described by M. About, and in many pages of Mr. Lear. Things are about at their worst in Sicily, where the husbandman has often to go miles and miles to his work.

Other large districts have the additional curse of malaria. The vast fields of the Roman Campagna, and of the Tuscan levels, are reaped by hardy peasants from the hills, who go forth as if to battle, and return with hardly fewer casualties. Pius VI. decreed that a large portion of the Agro Romano should be cultivated every year. Pius VII. went still further, and insisted that the proprietors of the estates near Rome should form a zone of cultivation round the city, and extend it year by year till the whole Campagna was covered. Succeeding Popes, and notably Pius IX., have allowed these good plans to be abandoned. M. About's remedy is a simple one, and at least worth trying. Break up, he cries, the huge unprofitable estates of the Campagna, mostly held in mortmain. Lease them to those same peasants who come down to cultivate them in the spring and autumn, and try whether by the extension of cultivation they will not soon cause malaria to vanish before them.

The scene of the first decade of Livy, which occupies so many unprofitable hours of studious English youth, belongs, according to the same authority, to one hundred and thirteen families, and sixty-four corporations. M. About's plan, if carried into effect, would, we fully believe, bring back human life to Veii and Fidenæ and Gabii, and all those world-famous villages. Similar measures would, as population increases, be effectual even in regions less favourably situated than that which one overlooks from the tower of the Capitol. The Pontine Marshes themselves are not more deadly now than was the Val di Chiana in the days of Dante.

Capital is hardly less necessary; but whence is it to come? The Italian, who has something to lose, hates speculation, and will rather live idle on a pittance than work for a fortune. Till recently the state of the country has not been such as to attract foreign wealth, nor has the experience of those English capitalists who have sunk money in Italy been hitherto very encouraging.

Alike in warring against fever and in improving agriculture the aid of science is much required by Italy. There are districts where the amount of produce sent to market per acre is enormous, and where the skill, that comes of experience, is very great, but then there are others of which the very re-

verse may be said. There are districts which cannot be cultivated for want of irrigation. There are districts where manure is hardly ever used. There are districts where, as in the Agro Romano, cultivation is 'a passing accident.' Whatever may be the merits of the métayer system in its effects on the happiness of the population, as compared with the system of paid labour, it is obvious that a very high state of general education is necessary for its efficient working, otherwise the views of comparatively enlightened landlords will be continually thwarted by the old-world ways of the cultivators.

There is in Murray's *Handbook for Southern Italy* an interesting sketch of the Agriculture of the old Neapolitan provinces, with its three divisions into the *Mountain* system, the *Campanian* system, and the system of the *Tavolier*, a perusal of which will show the reader how much that favoured region has yet to learn.

Throughout Italy the cereals are, as elsewhere, the chief objects of cultivation. She imports a large part of the bread-stuffs which she consumes, but she also exports wheat to a considerable amount. Lupins and beans of many kinds are much grown, and form a considerable part of the food of the population. The fig is largely cultivated, so are the chestnut, the almond, the carouba, the orange, the lemon, and the manna-ash. The products of all these trees form a considerable element in the exports of Italy. Cotton has been tried in many parts of the south, and Mr. Dennis speaks very highly of the results obtained by its cultivation in Sicily. Liquorice-root and saffron are both exported in some quantities, and the growth of tobacco, if it were not checked by unwise legislation, might soon be very considerable. More important are the olive, the mulberry, and the vine. Oil is very largely exported from Liguria, and from Southern Italy. The silk-worm is produced in immense quantities in many districts, and the vine is at home almost everywhere. It is remarkable that during the last few years every one of these most important factors of national wealth has been attacked by widespread and mysterious diseases. More careful management will, there is no doubt, make them indefinitely more profitable. The oil-presses now used in the south are said to be little improved since Roman times. The growth of the mulberry was long checked in the Neapolitan provinces by fiscal burdens, and it is only quite recently that anything like serious attention has been given to obtaining a high quality of wine for the foreign market. Already, however, some

excellent growths have been produced. The White Falernian, which is sold by the Roman wine-merchants at three francs a bottle, and could, we have little doubt, be sold in England at a lower figure, is an excellent wine. So is one of the growths of Capri, and at least two varieties of Lachryma. Piedmont could furnish half-a-dozen wines, which would probably be liked better in this country than its delicate and agreeable grape cider, the White Asti. The wines of Tuscany have always seemed to us inferior to their reputation, but that may arise from accident. The Oreto, and other Sicilian wines, drunk near the spots where they are produced, are very good, and we have tasted in Rome a wine of Syracuse which was equal to the nectar of the gods. Marsala, the Sicilian product best known in England, has no claim to high rank among Sicilian wines, as they might be; but a powerful British colony reigns in the ancient Lilybæum, and their second-rate manufacture is naturally pushed into a prominence which it could hardly expect to sustain if soils more favourable to the growth of delicate wines were more largely put under vine cultivation, and managed on proper principles.

Although some progress has been made of late, a great deal has yet to be done before the rearing of stock is properly understood. M. About tells us, that in the Roman States permission was refused to found a society for the encouragement of agriculture, and that its promoters had to carry out their dangerous designs under pretext of contributing to a horticultural exhibition. Things are not so bad elsewhere, but the Neapolitan Government may be trusted to have blundered in this respect, as in all others; and in fact, the number of horned cattle in the provinces which were cursed by its rule, is far inferior to what it should be, while the breeding of horses, instead of being fostered, was long discouraged by a tax on their exportation.

Italy, like most countries of Southern Europe which have been long inhabited by civilized or semi-civilized man, has been in far too great a degree denuded of her forests, and a necessary condition of her attaining the highest agricultural development will be their replantation and scientific management. Thus only can a host of evils, which are common to her with her two sister peninsulas, be prevented or palliated.

In estimating the material resources of Italy, it is impossible to pass over the excellence of the spring and winter climate in many parts of the country. Already these natural advantages attract every year to her shores a large amount of foreign wealth, and diffuse civilisation through numerous regions which

are very far removed from her intellectual and political centres.

San Remo, a writer in the *Spectator* once observed, will become the winter-garden of Europe, and we are much inclined to think that he is right; but there are a hundred other points which have probably also a great future. It must not be forgotten that, with the exception of Spezia (the *Lunai poruts* of Ennius and Persius), and the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, hardly any of the places which were famous in classical times, for their climate, have yet been tried by the northerners. Taranto, for example, and the neighbourhood of the ancient Velia, which lies some twenty miles to the south of Pæstum, may one day have their chance.

Again, in her works of art, her libraries, her state and family archives, and in her historical recollections, Italy has, so to speak, a vast fixed capital, which is capable of being worked to a far greater extent than has ever been done yet. Till our own day an Italian tour was a privilege of the higher classes. Before long it will become, to the whole of the Transalpine middle class, a necessary incident of human life. The spread of education, the abolition of the ridiculous superstition which valued the classics only for their difficulty, thereby introducing into the domain of education what Bastiat has so well called *Sisyphism*, will enormously increase the real interest of the world, in the events of which the Mediterranean has been the theatre. Italy should prepare for this. At present her scholarship is beneath contempt. Many of her works of art are going to ruin. In the case of few of them is there that systematic care taken to smooth the path of the student and the traveller, which would pay so well. When she obtains Rome she might perhaps do worse than to turn the whole of the district cut off between the foot of the Capitol and the gates of St. Sebastian, St. Paul, and St. John, into a vast park, every corner of which should be examined with as much care as is now being expended on the Palatine, and in which every scrap of old masonry should be tended with the most religious care. Nor would it, we think, be unwise to convert the palace of the Senator on the Capitol into an institution where lectures on Latin literature, history, and art should be delivered by the ablest professors whom money could buy; or to bring the maximum of diplomatic pressure to bear upon the Pope to induce him to throw open the Vatican library and archives to students. We cannot think that even the cares of that terrible time can excuse M. Mazzini for not having done more in this direction while the Roman Republic was in life.

No part of the Italian territory is likely to gain more than Sicily from a due attention to the comfort of travellers. When the railway is finished from Naples to the toe of the boot, it will be a very easy matter to reach Messina, and the whole coast from Messina to Syracuse is a garden of delight. In the good times that are coming, when real classical culture has superseded the laborious trifling which now wastes the time and enfeebles the intellect of our youth, we may be sure that this island, the records of which are so closely intertwined with so much that is affecting in the history, so much that is graceful in the mythology, so much that is charming in the poetry of the ancient world, will become a favourite place of relaxation for busy men who wish to recruit their energies for the struggles of an active and progressive society.

From a consideration of the riches above, we pass to those below the surface, but here the report must be less favourable. Italy is not rich in minerals. The sulphur of Sicily, the borax of Tuscany, marbles and alabaster, are her most remarkable products of this nature. In coal she is peculiarly unfortunate. This is, we need not say, a serious misfortune, and one that must be taken into consideration by every one who speculates upon her national future.

If we turn from coal to iron, another great factor of nineteenth-century prosperity, the position of Italy does not seem much more brilliant. Her iron production stands to that of Great Britain as 1 to 123, and the consumption of iron per head of population as 6·50 kilogrammes to 77; and although we gather from a report of a commission appointed by the Italian Government to inquire into the subject, which has been analysed for the Foreign Office by Mr. Herries, that by adopting proper measures the production of iron may be increased in Italy, yet there seems to be no hope that the increase will be anything very remarkable.

Italy has not yet shown any great capacity for manufacturing enterprise on a large scale, nor is there anything to lead us to suppose that she is likely ever to do so, so far as the commoner and coarser articles are concerned.

On the other hand, she has probably a very great future as a producer of art manufactures. Already the jewellers' work of Rome, the mosaics of Florence, together with the manufacture of plaster-casts, bronzes, and other copies from the antique, must bring large profits. Very beautiful majolica has been of late years produced at Florence, although the once celebrated Faenza now sends forth from her still considerable establishments only coarse and common ware.

The glass manufacture of Venice is again flourishing, as every one who walks down St. James's Street may see, and it is satisfactory to observe that many by no means likely places were represented this year in the Paris Exhibition.

Nearly four thousand Italian exhibitors sent articles to Paris, and the effort made by them can hardly be without good results in stimulating industry. We fully expect to see, when Italy is once fairly launched, not only a greatly increased attention to art manufactures, but a revival in the higher branches of art, and an outburst of mechanical and engineering talent.

Italy is, in some respects, very favourably situated for the development of commercial activity, on a scale suitable to our age. Stretching out 'like a long pier' towards India, and the Eastern Archipelago, she forms part of a highway between the European and Asiatic possessions of England and the Netherlands, and will make both these countries subservient to her prosperity. Again, her extent of sea-board is so great as to afford quite exceptional facilities for rearing a maritime population, and establishing a vigorous coasting trade. Against this latter advantage, we must, however, set her comparative poverty in good harbours.

The day will no doubt come when flourishing communities will once more line the African shore, and when a far brisker trade, than it has yet known, will enliven the Mediterranean. Of this trade Italy, from her position, will certainly have the lion's share.

In 1864 there were 10,850 sailing vessels belonging to the Italian kingdom, with a tonnage of 664,000; 3900 belonged to Venetia and Istria, with a tonnage of 315,000. The Roman ports had only 200, with a tonnage of 4700. More than half the vessels set down as belonging to the kingdom were under forty tons, but in addition there were 6000 fishing-boats.

Since the Revolution, the number of vessels built has shown but little tendency to increase.

In 1860 were built 198 vessels.

" 1861	"	216	"
" 1862	"	215	"
" 1863	"	215	"

There seems reason, however, to believe that the newer vessels are larger than those formerly built, which may explain the apparent want of elasticity in this trade.

As the eye glances along the shores of Italy, it falls upon very few points which seem destined to play an extraordinarily brilliant part in the commercial movement of

the future. Genoa will probably rise again, though rather from her connexion with the West than with the East. She will have her fair share in the trade of the outer basin of the Mediterranean, and no doubt Torelli is right in supposing that the completion of the lines of isthmus transit in Central America will be useful to a port which has extended commercial relations on the Pacific sea-board. She has, however, it must not be forgotten, a powerful rival in the mighty Marseilles. Neither Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, nor Naples are so situated as to obtain a first-rate commercial position. Palermo, Messina, and perhaps even Syracuse, have a good but not a great time coming. Venice has no chance whatever against Trieste, and even Fiume may, in the distant future, have a better right, as far as mercantile importance is concerned, to call herself the Queen of the Adriatic. Ancona will rise in proportion as civilisation begins to triumph in the Eastern Peninsula and good government repairs the ravages of Papal rule, but Brindisi has, it would seem, a far greater probability of eminence than any one of her more famous sisters. The wheel has come full circle, and the *Journey to Brundisium* will soon become a familiar idea in many English homes. It was with a kind of start that we lately heard a friend speak of accompanying a relative, going to India, as far as that once famous seaport, which has so long passed out of the ordinary thoughts of all except its nearest neighbours. And yet in a very short time Brindisi will be for all practical purposes nearer to London than Aberdeen was a quarter of a century ago.

The coasting and transit trade of Italy both require to be aided by numerous railways—one system running lengthways through the Peninsula, the other crossing it, and tapping the rich plains on either side of the Apennines.

We gather from the *Statistical Tables relating to Foreign Countries*, laid before Parliament last year, some interesting details with regard to Italian commerce. In 1863, the best customer of Italy would seem to have been France, but England was not very far behind; and it must not be forgotten that many articles of merchandise, entered as exported to France, found their way to this country. Austria is also a large buyer in the Italian market, and it is believed that when the tariff reduction now proceeding in that country is brought to a close, the trade between the two old enemies will largely increase.

In 1863, Italy sent to England wine to the estimated value of 1,100,000 lire, vast quantities of sulphur, and large amounts of

dye and tanning stuff, oranges, lemons, and olive-oil. Less considerable were the imports of rags, seed, liqueurs, chemicals, manna, soda, cheese, hides, brass, and copper, lead and common pottery, etc. etc.

Norway and Sweden took a great quantity of Italian marine salt, while Turkey bought rock salt and rice pretty largely.

South America imported, above all things, oranges, lemons, and rice. Spain, robbing the naked, received great consignments of charcoal and firewood. Russia, more especially marble.

From France, Italy received in 1863 imports to the estimated value of 285,409,211 lire.
From England, . . . 216,277,120 "
From Switzerland, . . 100,830,228 "

Most of these imports were entered for home consumption. Indeed, nearly the whole of the two first mentioned were so entered. The imports from Russia, Holland, and Turkey were also considerable, though trifling compared with the above. Then come Tunis, Tripoli, South and Central America. The largest expenditure was for silk, colonial produce, corn, meal, flour, and cotton.

The immense development of the railway system in recent years has been one of the most active agents of Italian unity. You cannot have a war, even for a 'stolen bucket,' if the enemy lives at the next station; and Bologna and Modena forgot their feuds, while the Florentine is content to let Capraja and Gorgona stay where nature placed them, unmoved by the hope of working woe to Pisa.

The great line of European communication which goes south-east from Turin, receives tributary streams from Genoa, Milan, and Venice. Running down on the Adriatic coast, it throws out a branch to Ravenna, making more accessible that 'place of old renown,' and, we hope, inducing more travellers to visit a city which is surpassed in interest by very few in Europe. Those who have felt the thrill of astonishment which is excited by seeing in San Vitale the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora, will be unwilling to lose any opportunity of urging others to share in the surprises which are afforded by this wondrous link between the old and the new, where dead names like Honorius and Galla Placidia, Odoacer, and Theodoric become at once living realities.

Leaving Castel Bolognese, the junction for Ravenna, the line runs on across the Rubicon to Rimini and Ancona, then follows the coast to Brindisi, and passes on to Lecce, whence it will be prolonged to Gallipoli.

On the other side, there is a gap between Nice and Voltri which involves a *vetturino*

journey of at least three days along the western Riviera, nor is the communication yet open by rail from Genoa to Spezia; but from that town the line is finished to Lucca and Leghorn, and thence by the Maremma to Rome, and from Rome on to Naples, Salerno, and Eboli. A single day now takes you from Ancona to Rome, and from Rome to Florence by Arezzo. No long time will, we hope, elapse before the rail from Sienna to Rome is finished, and the comfort of the traveller will be even more promoted by the completion of the Corniche line. For the country, perhaps what we ought chiefly to wish is the completion of the links between Naples and Foggia, and between Eboli and Bari. Indeed, every additional mile of railway communication which can be laid down in the old Neapolitan States is an additional guarantee for the prosperity of Italy and the dominion of the house of Savoy. The unfortunate condition of the finances is, of course, a sad drawback. All the more important works on the line between the French frontier and Genoa have been long since completed, and the rails are lying in vast heaps ready to be placed, but for the time it appears that nothing can be done.

The great Alpine line across the Brenner is now in full operation, and the completion of the Savoy Tunnel may be looked for early in the seventies. Meanwhile, the Fell railway over the Cenis will effect a great saving in time as well as in wear and tear.

Italy will obviously play a considerable part as a centre of distribution. It is therefore very satisfactory that she has taken an early opportunity of putting herself, '*en règle avec la civilisation*,' by adopting, through the law of June 29, 1861, the metric system of weights and measures, which, although far enough from being, as some enthusiasts suppose, the flower and crown of human sagacity, is at least more likely than any other to obtain general recognition. In a matter of this kind sensible men will prefer to seize a clear and obvious improvement which lies near at hand, rather than to waste their time in pursuing the phantom of a perfection which will certainly never be reached in our time.

The substitution of the *lira*, equivalent to the French franc, for the cumbrous coinage of a few years ago, with the attendant endless troubles of exchange, is a great comfort to the traveller. In this respect, as in all others, the Pope's Government maintains its *Non possumus*, and an island of confusion and monetary barbarism has, therefore, to be traversed on the road from Florence to Naples.

Post-office arrangements have very much improved of late years, but there is still

abundant work for the amending hand. We trust, but cannot venture to say, that anything like the confusion of the Neapolitan post-office, as it was in the days of Bomba of blessed memory, could not now be seen in any large city of Italy.

The telegraph, which has been pushed in all directions since the annexations, is continually increasing the power of the central government, and the tendency towards a real unity.

Much also has been done towards bringing people together by the disuse of the irritating passport system. A traveller from England will probably now not be asked for his papers till he arrives at Orte, the point where the chief line of communication from the north enters the territory of the Pope. There they will be taken from him, and returned a couple of stations off, at Correse.

Although neither the army nor the navy of the new kingdom have been up to the present time extraordinarily successful, nothing has occurred which can lend any support to the allegation that warlike virtues are dead in Italy. There seems no reason to doubt, that both by sea and land the forces of Victor Emmanuel will be competent to all tasks that can fairly be thrown on them. At present both, although reduced, are still upon too large a scale to be permanently maintained, and the earliest opportunity will, we trust, be taken further to diminish both. If once the Roman difficulty is settled, a half-military police force might with advantage supply in the Southern districts, and in Sicily, the place of a large number of troops. The navy might be reduced within very narrow limits, without in any way affecting the interests of the country, and the whole question of conscription might be re-considered.

There is a great deal of wealth in Italy—far more than is generally supposed; but it lies to a great extent idle, from the want of confidence which so generally prevails. The Government finds it very difficult to get at this wealth either by direct or by indirect taxation, for the first is extremely unpopular and the second is easily escaped by a nation which is saving and abstinent to a degree which Englishmen find it hard to understand.

The state of the finances is, as every one knows, very far indeed from being satisfactory, but few perhaps realize how very serious is the state of affairs, or how thoroughly true is the remark, that what Italy before all things wants at this moment is a great financier.

The latest accounts represent the sale of the Church property, which began towards the end of October, as proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. The prices realized

on many lots seem to have exceeded the official estimate by from 50 to 100 per cent.; and we are informed by a writer in the *Chronicle*, a newspaper whose Italian information is always of great importance, that competent persons think, on the whole, that Italy will, 'beyond all doubt,' secure the 400,000,000 lire for which she asks. This will be a great help, but whether it will enable the country to weather the lee-shore of financial disaster, will remain for some time a question much easier asked than answered.

Turning from the material to the moral resources of Italy, we observe that she has one most conspicuous advantage for playing a great part in the world. There is throughout her population a most remarkable diffusion of ready and available talent. Really stupid people are by no means common in this land of quick sympathies. On the other hand, the misrule of centuries has done whatever it could to counteract the blessings of nature. There are counties in Sicily and the south, to say nothing of Sardinia, which are simply barbarous. Roads, bridges, and all the elementary apparatus of civilisation, are almost wholly wanting. The religion is in name that of Pascal and Massillon, but in reality a cross between Christianity and the old heathen mythology degraded into Fetishism. How little effect it has had in restraining the population from the worst excesses, the world saw in the recent cholera panic. Even, however, in places which are tolerably civilized, the iron yoke of the Church and of the State have crushed out anything like life amongst the people. Read Mrs. Gretton's sketches of life in Macerata, which has long had the reputation of being a kind of provincial capital, 'affording the attractions of good society.' Read the early life of Leopardi. Is it possible to conceive anything more dreary? Turn to the recently published *Memoirs of Massimo d'Azeglio*, a book, by the way, which our critics have surely overpraised, and see the kind of bringing up which most of the men of a certain age had, even in what we are now accustomed to think of as the progressive Piedmont, but which, it is fair to remember, was at least up to the accession of Charles Albert, by no means in advance of its neighbours. The wonder is not that commonplace, and the kind of vulgarity which is so admirably photographed in Mr. Browning's *Up in a Villa, down in the City*, are so common, but that there is anything better to be found. Religion, instead of being the promoter of all enlightenment and good works in Italy, has been the prime cause of her worst misfortunes, and it is really not surprising that the 'Reds' have transferred their hatred of

those who have made it what it is, to things and ideas which, in societies where the priesthood is weak, could never be the object of attack. It is the clergy who are responsible for one of the greatest curses of Italy—the abject ignorance of the women in every rank of life.

It is the clergy who are responsible for having driven the men to the wretched frivolous *café* life, by barring all those outlets which stood open for the youth of protestant Germany, even when the rule of the State was the sternest. Their sway has been as nearly as possible simply evil. The climate, and not they, has given the Italian his one conspicuous virtue—temperance.

It is natural for English readers to ask whether the political opposition to the policy of the Pope in Italy has resulted in any weakening of his spiritual authority. The answer must be in the affirmative. His spiritual authority is very seriously weakened.

There are at this moment at least half-a-dozen movements in Italy which threaten trouble to the Roman Church. First, there is an uneasy movement among its own ecclesiastics, now taking one form, now another, and constantly bringing to the surface new names.

How far this movement is likely to lead to speedy results, it is very difficult to say. The thousands of priests, who we were told a few years ago were ready to follow Passaglia, have melted away before our eyes. The power of the hierarchy is so great and so organized, that it can generally crush clerical recusants without difficulty. Italian priests are, for the most part, excessively poor, and to quarrel with their bishops is to expose themselves to the danger of starvation. There can be no doubt, however, that there is an enormous amount of secret and half stifled discontent, that may at any time lead to a serious outbreak within the Church, in the name of ideas, which, although carefully avoiding the name of Protestantism, would have certain features about them which Protestants could only contemplate with satisfaction.

To encourage and assist any such tendencies would appear to be the principal object of an English association of clergymen and clericising laymen, called the 'Anglo-Continental Society,' the Annual Report of which, published by Rivingtons, is worth consulting by those who are curious about Italian affairs.

These gentlemen distribute largely throughout Italy the works of Bishops Andrewes, Pearson, Ken, Dr. Pusey, King Kamchameha IV., and other writers of unimpeachable Anglican orthodoxy. It is still with them

the day of small things, but they are very zealous, are largely patronized by the episcopate, and spend their thirteen hundred a year in an innocuous if not very useful manner. Their most active agent would seem to be Count Commendatore Tasca of Seriate, whose report for 1866 contains some noticeable accounts of not unsuccessful attempts to distribute Anglican books in Northern Italy.

The following passage from one of the documents published by it shows very clearly the ground which this society takes up:—

‘We shall be very careful that our agents confine themselves to their legitimate work, that of enlightening and forming the minds of the members of the National Church with a view to the internal reformation of that Church. We shall not allow them to form or to minister to congregations separated from the National Church, because we believe that this implies the idea of setting up a new Church, into which men may transfer themselves from the present historical Church, whereas our object is to purify the existing organization, and we do not think it right in principle, or expedient as a matter of policy, either to make the chimerical attempt of instituting a new Church, with the view of absorbing the Italian people, or to establish or help in maintaining unattached and irregular congregations. This we believe to be the essential point of difference between ourselves and all other bodies of the like nature, and we do not shrink from calling to it the attention of the attached and instructed members of the Church of England as a special reason for their support. We do not seek the destruction of the Italian Church, but its deliverance from Papal thralldom, and its constitution as an independent National Church under its own bishops and archbishops, its restoration in matters of doctrine to the purity of the primitive Church. We believe that the combined powers of political exigency and enlightened theological opinion are fast leading to a state of national feeling through which this hope may be realized.’

Altogether unconnected with this society are the Waldensian Missions, supported partly by the Waldensian Church (which has, since the liberal political movement got fairly hold of Piedmont, enjoyed full liberty), but partly also by subscriptions in Holland, Scotland, and other Protestant countries. The last account which we have seen of these is a small pamphlet published last year by Mr. Bracebridge, the honorary secretary of the Waldensian Committee in London. Missionary stations have been established at various points of the Peninsula, and in Sicily; but the results are, we fear, not such as to lead a calm observer to expect the respectable and interesting little Church, which sends them forth, ever very largely to increase the num-

ber of its adherents. It is, however, gratifying to observe, that after all its struggles, it now enjoys some repose and consideration, and that one of its principal institutions is established in the old Salviati Palace at Florence.

Unattached to the Waldensian Church, and not perhaps on the best terms with it, but like it in determined hostility to the Church of Rome, are a number of small and scattered congregations which have sprung up in various parts of Italy. By far the best account which we have met with of them is to be found in Mr. Talmadge's *Letters on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy*. Mr. Talmadge himself evidently inclines to the views of the Anglo-Continental Society, but he writes of these straying sheep without bigotry, and in a fair spirit. His pictures of the sectaries, guided as they are by honest but ignorant men, is not encouraging. In most of the congregations there appears to be no small tincture of the ideas of the Plymouth Brethren.

An article on the religious movement in Italy in the fifth or 1861 volume of *Unsere Zeit* is worth consulting, chiefly for its references to works on the Waldensian Church, and on the Italian Protestants generally, which are known to few in England.

Canon Wordsworth's two volumes record a tour made in 1862, for the express purpose of examining into the state of religion in Italy. They prove that there is a considerable amount of interest in questions of religious reformation in *certain isolated circles* in Italy, but they prove nothing more. They may persuade fervent Anglicans, or help them to persuade themselves, that a reformation, such as might be acceptable to Canterbury, is an event which may be looked for in the shadow of the Vatican; but to come to this conclusion, the reader must open them with his mind more than half made up already.

The efforts of some of our busy and reverend countrymen take an odd direction. We have before us a list of the number of copies of various publications circulated in Italy by the Religious Tract Society in 1862, 1863, 1864. They amount to 233,967, which must represent no small expenditure of good English gold, though whether the Peninsula is likely to be grateful for the 24,000 copies of the *Sermoni del Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* may perhaps admit of a doubt.

It seems clear that the net-work of Protestant action is tolerable wide. We find such distant places as Inceca and Barletta, Aosta, and Porto-ferrajo included in it; and although the attempts of the foreign evangelizers may often be unskilful enough, yet such is the ignorance of the lower classes, that any troubling of the waters can hardly fail to do

good by producing some sort of educational effect. It is something to bring home to the intellect of dead-alive Italian villagers that heretics have neither horns nor claws, although they may slight the saints and pay scant reverence even to the Madonna.

In some places, as at Naples, the efforts of the missionaries serve to take the direction of education. The three R's will probably remain, whatever becomes of the highly-spiced theology; and it is more than probable that without the delight of teaching the Assembly's Shorter Catechism beyond the Garigliano, the good M. Buscarlet might have had no temptation to engage in the useful task of civilizing the young savages of the beautiful and hateful city in which he dwells.

Beyond the limits of the Churches we see the action of other, but not less active forces. There are the remains of Voltairianism. There is the materialism, which is associated with the names of Carl Vogt and Moleschott; and in Naples, more particularly, there is the movement of religious revolt, which was described some years ago by M. Marc Monnier in an interesting article in the *Revue Germanique*.

A curious product of this school is the work of Raffaele Mariano, entitled *Il Risorgimento Italiano*. This writer, who was a pupil of Vera's, examines first the theory of nationality, and asks whether that can form a basis of national life. 'No,' he replies, 'it cannot. It is contrary to history and to reason. Italy must not attempt to recreate herself on such a foundation. She must, if she would really live again, become the exponent of a new idea. Only those States can be said to live which initiate.'

But independence and unity—surely these are ideas on which a nation may be built? 'Not so,' says Mariano, 'these are mere sterile forms, empty and devoid of life, unless they are animated by a spirit higher than themselves. Spain is as independent as needs be, but is it to be a nation in that sense that Italy aspires?'

Well then, constitutional government, political liberty—can you work no charms with these? 'No. Both are excellent, both are invaluable, but out of neither comes the resurrection of a nation.'

Material prosperity, again; financial equilibrium—are not these things to strive after? 'Undoubtedly they are, but something more than either of them is wanted.'

Italy, which, by taking the side of the old against the new in the sixteenth century, stepped aside from the onward march of history, must repair her error, must take liberty of conscience for her leading idea, and make that the central thought of her

national life. Rome may or may not be the capital, but there is no magic in the possession of Rome. There would be magic in the possession of this idea. Has not Hegel said, 'Political and religious revolutions are inseparable'? A people which makes a political, and does not make a religious revolution, stops in the middle of its task, and allows an antagonism to remain, which it ought to cause to disappear if it would not be itself overthrown.

The formula, 'a free Church in a free State,' will not help Italy. She must undergo a complete religious revolution, which shall sweep away as well the old Catholicism as the dreams of Gioberti and such balsters between two opinions, and thus build up, on what appears to M. Mariano the one stable foundation, that of Hegelianism, a new and wiser Italy.

In spite of some expressions cited above, there is a good deal in common between the ideas of M. Mariano and the views which the great apostle of Italian nationality has recently laid before the British public in an article to which he has affixed his signature in the *Westminster Review*. He too believes that Italy can only be regenerated by a great idea. He believes that the Papacy, together with all that it symbolizes and represents, is a worn-out institution, which, great and beneficent in the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III., has been decaying for centuries, and is now a hopeless mass of corruption. Italy must sweep it from the earth, and in the place where it stood build up a new polity based on the recognition of the *moral law* as the *foundation of all true political science*, a polity in which the idea of *duty* shall take the place of the idea of *right*, and in which, for the obsolete dogmas of Catholicism, shall be substituted a firm and unwavering belief in *PROGRESS* as the law which guides all the dealings of the Almighty with mankind.

It is strange that this very remarkable paper did not excite more comment in this country, and he would, we think, act unwisely, who, seeing at a glance the small bearing which it has on questions of immediate political interest, were to throw it aside without careful perusal. The following sentences appear to us well worth studying as the key to the way in which a section of the party of action has all along looked at Italian affairs:—

'My past, present, and future labours toward the moral and political regeneration of my country, have been, are, and will be governed by a religious idea.

'The past, present, and future of our rules, has been, is, and will be led astray by materialism.

'Now the religious question sums up and dominates every other. Political questions are, necessarily, secondary and derivative.

'They who earnestly believe in the supremacy of the moral law as the sole legitimate source of all authority, in a religion of duty of which politics are the application, cannot, through any amount of personal abnegation, act in concert with a Government based on the worship of temporary and material interest.

'Our rulers have no great ruling conception; no belief in the supremacy of moral law, no just notion of life, nor of the human unity, no belief in a divinely appointed goal which it is the duty of mankind to reach through labour and sacrifice. They are materialists; and the logical consequences of their want of all faith in God and his law are their substitution of the idea of *interest* for the idea of *duty*, of a paltry notion of *tactics* for the fearless affirmation of the truth, of opportunity for principle.'

Italy has not as yet produced any school of critical theologians. The labours of the Germans in this direction have been kept away from the frontier, partly, perhaps, by dislike of the Tedeschi, but still more, we fear, by that want of interest in all questions relating to the Old and New Testaments, which is the common ground on which the majority of Italians of nearly all shades of opinion contrive by a strange fatality to meet.

As far back as 1853, Bianchi Giovini, who had long been known as an enemy of the priesthood, published at Zurich his *Critica degli Evangelii*. The book shows considerable reading, but is written in an aggressive style, and in a tone not likely to recommend it. More recently, the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan has sold in enormous numbers, and the denunciations directed against it by the clergy have largely contributed to its popularity and influence.

The work of Montalembert, on Catholic interests in the nineteenth century, called forth from an Italian writer, who uses the *nom de plume* of *Ausonio Franchi*, but whose real name is, we believe, Francesco Bonavino, a treatise called *La Religione del Secolo Decimono*, which he republished in 1860 with an appendix on the events affecting the Catholic Church between 1853 and 1859. His object is to show the essential opposition of Catholicism and Liberalism. Hence he is the determined enemy of that class of Catholic reformers which says, with Montanelli, 'You may be Catholics like Dante, like Savonarola, like Pascal,' bidding the reader take his choice between two camps, the one defended by the 'slaves of the Pope, the cavaliers of the Inquisition, and the satellites of the stranger,' the other by 'the believers in reason, in justice, and

in national sovereignty.' '*Religione dei primi sarà il simbolo di Nizza, e religione dei secondi la legge dell' Umanità.*'

The reader of these remarks will probably come to the conclusion, that although there can be but little doubt that the recent changes in Italy will result in a powerful and wide-spread religious movement, it is as yet very difficult, if not impossible, to say what shape that movement will take. At present the attitude of most *men* of the middle and higher classes in Italy towards all religious questions, is one of supreme indifference. The contest about matters of immediate and present temporal importance, about the hearth and the home, have been so great as to disincite people to speculation, and the hatred so generally entertained towards the priesthood has largely increased the disinclination which is felt towards all theological questions. This state of things is hardly likely to be permanent in a race so highly gifted, and already, as we have said, there are indications of a change. Much will, of course, depend on the direction taken by philosophical and religious thought in England, France, and Germany in the next few years. Italy is not likely for a long time to come to be able to *initiate* anything. The chains of Rome have bound her too long and too tightly.

The revival of learning and its attendant enlightenment were not only checked but blasted, south of the Alps, by the counter-Reformation. Whether the cause of intelligence would or would not have prospered more in Northern Europe, under the guidance of men like Colet and Erasmus, than it did under that of the great Saxon reformer, is a question that has been often asked and never satisfactorily answered. If, however, we would see how great a gulf was fixed between the influence of even so repressive a dogmatist as Calvin, and that of the fanatics who obeyed or stimulated the violence of Caraffa, we have only to compare Geneva with Bologna.

It is more than doubtful if the wave of French conquest had not swept over Italy in the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, whether national life would have awoke even in our day. An Italian ought to understand, perhaps even better than a German, the wonderfully eloquent passage in the *Reisebilder*, in which Henry Heine describes Napoleon as he appeared transfigured by the youthful imagination of the poet.

The miserable Governments which afflicted nearly the whole of Italy from 1815 to 1859, for the most part positively discouraged education. When they did not do this, they

helped it in so feeble and foolish a manner as to do almost more harm than good. In 1847 Piedmont began to move, and soon the strong arm of Cavour pushed forward the good work. By 1859 a tolerable system had been organized in the old provinces of the house of Savoy, and in 1860 and 1861 it was extended to Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily.

The great mine of information as to the present state of education in Italy is the Report addressed by the Vice-President of the Council of Public Instruction, Signor Matteucci, in November 1864, to the then Minister of Education, Baron Natoli. This forms a tolerably large quarto, and was published at Milan in 1865.

It covers the whole field of education, higher, secondary, and elementary, describes their actual state, and suggests improvement in all directions.

Italy had in 1865 fifteen universities, to which have since been added those of Venetia. She had also at Florence an institution almost ranking with a university. All these were supported to a very great extent by the State, and formed an immense drain on her resources, perhaps as much as £200,000 a year. There were also four free universities, or universities not connected with the State. Great efforts are being made to extend primary education, which is, in the southern provinces more especially, at a frightfully low ebb. It is said that of the whole population of the kingdom, excluding children under five, not more than one-fourth know their A B C.

Lord Taunton's Commission, the report of which may, we presume, be expected from day to day, directed Mr. Matthew Arnold to visit Italy, and to report on the state of the higher and secondary education there. We presume he will not tell us that there is much in the present state of that country to excite our envy or admiration. Wide is the interval between Germany and her fair sister of the south. Wide is the interval between the rigid system of France and the *dolce far niente* of Naples; but we are sure Mr. Arnold will have to tell us of able men at the head of affairs, struggling hard with all their might to retrieve past errors, and persuaded that if the higher, secondary, and primary education of their country can once be put on a sound footing, most other things will come right of themselves. Amongst these no one deserves a higher place than M. Matteucci, to whom we have already alluded. Born at Forlì in 1811, this distinguished man dedicated the first part of his life to advance science, as he is dedicating the second part of it to extend and organize education. His researches in

electro-physiology, and the application of electricity to the arts, have earned him a European reputation. It is right that his more recent labours should not pass unrecorded.

In some of the universities, as at Naples, the students are very numerous, and there is an active intellectual life; but in others the pulse beats very low indeed, and almost everywhere the tendency is to frequent nearly exclusively the professional as distinguished from the literary or scientific lectures.

The secondary schools of Italy are numerous, far too numerous indeed for the pupils attending them; the level of the instruction is low, the disorganization great, and the most searching reforms are everywhere required. Here, as elsewhere, all enlightened men are anxiously striving to replace the inefficient teaching of the classics by an efficient teaching of modern subjects, as well as to re-invigorate and ennoble classical teaching itself by the introduction of better methods, by making the intelligent study of the literature, the history, and the art of the ancient world replace the gerund-grinding and exercise-scribbling of the past. The theological seminaries, which are very numerous, are in a transition state, out of which they will pass probably very much altered in character and tendency.

The modern literature of Italy cannot be called brilliant, but has nevertheless far greater claims to consideration than most Englishmen suppose. The gigantic shadow of the old literature of the Peninsula hides from us the merits of the nineteenth century writers, as the gigantic shadow of Etna obscures at sunrise the other mountains of Sicily. It had become a proverb that Italy was the 'land of the dead,' until M. Marc-Monnier boldly picked up the gauntlet, and published his admirable little book. *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* In a series of four-and-twenty chapters, written during the war of 1859, but composed of materials collected during a residence of twenty years in Italy, this most agreeable writer gives quite decisive reasons why we should return a negative answer to the question which forms the title of his book.

After a brief notice of Foscolo, he describes at much greater length the career and works of the Tuscan satirist Giusti, who has been made more familiar than many of his contemporaries to English readers by a pleasant book of Miss Horner's. He then notices the Lombard school, Manzoni, Pellico, and others. Next comes the Florentine or classical school, which represented the Ghibelline tendency, as the Lombards did the Guelph, and whose greatest name was that of Nic-

colini. Then he traces the career of the gifted and unhappy Leopardi, which twenty years ago was recounted to our countrymen by an English statesman in an article which is not even yet forgotten. The historians Troya and Ranieri come in for a share of notice, as does the family of the Poerios, of whom the most celebrated, but by no means the ablest, member lately closed his chequered life amidst the respectful sympathy of Europe. Next follow three chapters upon Naples and Sicily, which are, we will venture to say, full of matter which is quite unfamiliar even to well-read Englishmen. Other chapters are devoted to Guerazzi, to Gioberti, to Rosmini, and to a vast number of other personages, some, like Massimo d'Azeglio and Mazzini, more or less known to us, others, like Mamiani, Dell' Ongaro, and Alcardo Aleardi, about whom most people out of Italy know very little, although, by the way, we lately observed a long and elaborate notice of the last in the *North American Review*.

The perusal of this delightful work, of which we remember to have seen only one review of any considerable length in any English periodical, namely, in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1861, will, we are sure, convince all who are capable of being convinced, that there is far more literary ability in contemporary Italy than they have been at all accustomed to suppose. M. Marc-Monnier's pages are full too of facts which give us good hope for the future. He tells us, for example, that the lower classes of Naples, 'whose conversation resembles the most obscene pages of Rabelais, is in its songs the saddest and chastest in the world.' His chapters on Naples should be read in connexion with the article above alluded to, entitled *Naples Herétique et Panthéiste*, which he contributed, since the publication of the book we are describing, to the *Revue Germanique*. An unequal, but useful little series of biographies, called *I Contemporanei Italiani*, may be consulted for the purpose of supplementing M. Marc-Monnier, and one fairly good Italian Review, the *Rivista Contemporanea*, seems to have naturalized itself in a few of the best English clubs and reading-rooms.

The physical sciences, especially those which lie farthest apart from theology, have long had distinguished representatives in Italy; and at the present day even Rome and the 'Great Order' itself can boast of one name of first-rate importance, that of Father Secchi, the astronomer.

In the study of her own antiquities, Italy has produced rather *multa* than *multum*, yet even here, towering above respectable names like Visconti, of which there are not a few,

we have De Rossi, the investigator of the Catacombs, who takes rank with the Döllingers, the Actons, the Renoufs, and the De Bucks, not only in virtue of his vast learning, but also of his scrupulous literary integrity, which no interest even of ecclesiastical party will for an instant turn aside.

Of political philosophers and economists, not a few might be named, such as Ferrari, one of the most brilliant and eccentric of living orators; Ferrara, lately Finance Minister; his predecessor Scialoja; and Carlo Cattaneo, a wild and impracticable politician, but a man of very considerable ability.

We mentioned above the names of two distinguished Romans; but nothing is more melancholy than to observe how little the vast resources of the Roman Church are doing at its centre for the promotion even of those departments of learning which have generally been supposed to be ancillary to religion. Among the Cardinals, there are not above two or three who have any pretensions even to classical learning. Amongst the Roman Princes, the name of the accomplished Duke of Sermoneta shines like a light in a dark place. In the swarms of more or less dignified ecclesiastics which crowd round the Vatican, there are hardly any of the slightest intellectual merit. Rational ideas are kept alive, in so far as they are kept alive at all, in the Pope's dominions, amongst the advocates and other laymen of middle rank, who are often intelligent and vigorous, but at the same time, from no fault of their own, very different in culture.

It was the lot of the writer, during the worst period of the reaction, to examine a large number of the journals of the Peninsula, and with the exception of some published at Turin, to see a few other Italian journals until the end of the last and the beginning of the present year. Unquestionably the decade which had elapsed had improved matters, but still the quality of the writing remains very poor. Putting aside the *Perseveranza* of Milan, the *Opinione*, now published at Florence, and the *Unità Cattolica*, a fierce clerical journal, we can hardly name any Italian newspaper which is even tolerably written. The journals of Venetia, we ought perhaps to mention, are not known to us. As papers of secondary merit in other parts of Italy, may be mentioned the *Diritto* of Florence, and the *Italie*, published in French in the same capital. The papers are, however, too numerous, and too much in the hands of small cliques, who wish to ventilate certain questions, to be really good. The French press—the writing of which, if we put aside the names of Prévost-Paradol, Scherer, the brilliant writer who veils a real

name under the *nom de plume* of Horace de Lagardie, and some half-dozen others, is poor to the last degree—has exercised a very unfavourable influence on the journals of Italy, which in form and arrangement closely follow French models.

The Eternal City has three newspapers, all of them pretty extensively read, but all below mediocrity. The *Giornale di Roma*, of which Gregorovius truly says, that it is as harmless as an eclogue of Virgil, the *Osservatore Romano*, and the *Correspondance de Rome*, the last being intended chiefly for circulation amongst those circles in France which desire to keep themselves *au courant* of the last canard which is stamped with apostolic approbation.

It is natural to turn from journalism to public speaking. Here the first thing that strikes a stranger in the Italian Parliament is that more members than one would have expected, read their speeches, but there is no want of facility in others, and, as might be expected, there is too great a desire to speak; every man, in a country where organized parties hardly exist, wishing to please his own constituents, and to bid for power and place by showing his capacity for affairs.

The history of the five years' Parliament which consolidated the annexations of 1859 and 1860 has been told by Leopoldo Galeotti, who was one of its members, in a book which is, if somewhat dull, full of important information, and written in a fair and moderate spirit. The author, who belonged to the majority, takes, we need not say, a more favourable view of its proceedings than would be acceptable to the party of action, but on the whole, we do not think that he rates much too highly the labours of the Chamber. The army and navy had to be reorganized in accordance with the new state of things. The country had to be divided into provinces, and these again into smaller administrative circumscriptions. Public charity had to be reorganized, the census had to be taken. Public instruction and public works had to be attended to. Custom-houses and tariffs had to be reformed and revised. The Treasury and all that related to it represented another enormous mass of labour. The legislative unification of the kingdom required hardly less attention, while foreign and ecclesiastical affairs were so complicated and so important as to claim for themselves many sittings which could be ill-spared from other hardly less pressing matters.

The first Parliament of the Italian kingdom, and its short-lived Sardinian predecessor, which was born on April 2, 1860, and died in December, of that year, had 831 sittings and passed 522 bills, besides doing a

vast amount of supplementary work in considering petitions, making interpellations, and the like.

Free Italy can boast of but one statesman; but then not only are the twenty years which have elapsed since life began to stir even in a single province of the Peninsula, only a moment in the existence of a nation, but the statesman whom she has produced has surpassed, we think, on the whole, any of his contemporaries. Far superior to Lord Palmerston in range of mind and depth of study, Cavour was more a man of the world than Thorbecke; bolder than Cornwall Lewis, though *he* was bolder than men thought, while he resembled Bismarck, with whom he is so often compared, in but one characteristic, the too ready acceptance of the maxim that the end justifies the means. Something less of this last peculiarity, something more of elevation and imaginativeness, would have put him in the very highest rank. As it was, he remained just below it.

In crediting Italy with Cavour, we should not forget that he was only half Italian. His mother was a Sellon, and alike in his education and disposition he was infinitely more Genevese than Sardinian. It was in the society of Pressings that he was formed, and it was thither that he returned alone, and on foot, after the catastrophe and agony of Villafrauca. It is, no doubt, a comparison beneath the 'dignity of history,' but the writer can never recall his voice and manner without involuntarily remembering the lines in which Tennyson has described the father of the 'Miller's Daughter.'

Victor Emmanuel has, of course, no pretensions to statesmanship. A mighty hunter and a brave soldier, he has till recently been hailed by all as a perfectly honest man, but the Castellani negotiation of last spring, and other unexplained transactions, raise a doubt, which will, we hope, turn out unfounded, whether a long course of debauchery, acting on a mind not devoid of superstitious inclinations, may not have imperilled his one great and saving virtue.

Rattazzi, intellectually so lithe and *svelte*, so soft and attractive in manner that he used to be called 'Mademoiselle,' is unquestionably an extremely clever politician; but whether he deserves to be called a statesman any more than most of our countrymen who bear that courtesy title, is a question which we hesitate to answer.

As unlike him as possible is Ricasoli, stiffest of men in features, figure, intellect, and character. Upright he is in intention, firm of will, sedulous in the management of his property, anxious for the good of the

State, but surely a learner in statesmanship rather than a statesman.

La Marmora is more of a soldier than a Minister. In both capacities he has been unfortunate; but well-informed persons say that much of the blame which has fallen on him should by rights have rested on a loftier head.

Farini's course was short, and he certainly did not rise to the Cavour level.

Cialdini again has to show himself. His merits as a soldier have been proved long ago in the forgotten campaigns of the Spanish Revolution, and more recently, within the memory of all men, in his own country. His great speech on the Capital excited and deserved great attention, but with it our knowledge of his capacity for the higher walks of political life breaks off short.

Italy has no want of active and able politicians, the material out of which statesmen are made, and they come from all corners of the country. Even Sicily has contributed at least her share. Out of their ranks, and those of their successors, there can be no doubt that men will arise with that breadth of view and fulness of knowledge which Cavour had, and which we hold essential to constitute the statesman; but the Italian upper class must first bend to what will soon be a necessity for the upper class in all countries, and educate its children for some years away from the narrowing influences of the 'clocher,' in lands other than their own.

The ideas of young men in Italy are a sealed book to nearly all Englishmen, but any one who could give us trustworthy information as to their ways of thinking and acting, would go far towards helping us to cast the horoscope of their country. If we compare the first chapter of Massimo d'Azeglio's Autobiography with Mazzini's article already alluded to, we should be inclined to draw rather desponding conclusions; but both these writers, we trust, take too gloomy a view of the rising generation.

Let us now sum up the results of our survey. Italy has a large and increasing population, a great extent of fertile land still lying waste, over which that population may extend, together with an infinite variety of climates and descriptions of country highly favourable to a many-sided national life. In agriculture much has been done, but much remains to do, and agriculture must ever remain the main element of her prosperity. Her mineral resources, though not very great, may be much developed. Her fine winter climate, her works of art, her historical recollections, and the charms of her scenery, are so many veins of wealth as yet very imperfectly worked. As a manufactur-

ing country she has no great future in the production of the commoner articles consumed by civilized man, at least for the purpose of export; but for producing works of art of every order below the highest, and, above all, for art manufactures, she has extraordinary facilities. Her position for commerce is admirable, and the return of prosperity to her Mediterranean neighbours will give indirectly a vast impulse to herself. Her people have great natural abilities, but they are very ignorant, and are in some districts mere barbarians, with a miserable superstition, which usurps the place of what in more fortunate countries is called religion or morality. Even the civilized classes have broken with the middle age and its ideas without getting anything very much better to put in their place. A religious revolution or reformation, going very deep and very wide, is the necessary complement of recent political changes, but there is not yet sufficient *initiative* in the long-demoralized nation to bring this about. It must come from abroad, and Italy can do little but make the path straight for it, by improving her education. In literature, in learning, in science, there is much aptitude, but little contemporary performance. The periodical press is very poor. For a free political life Italy has shown excellent dispositions, and has hitherto kept herself pretty free from those evils which her detractors prophesied would disgrace her Parliament. She has many respectable politicians, but has produced as yet only one great statesman. Cavour has had no successor. Lastly, looking at the rising generation, we do not see any evidence that they are likely to be better than their fathers. Such evidence as there is, seems to point the other way.

Italy, if she has many advantages, has also, it must be remembered, some peculiar disadvantages, to contend with. Nowhere is the Church question so large or so difficult. The finances are in a condition which alarmists might call desperate. Brigandage is an evil which draws in its train innumerable other evils. The violent political changes of the last few years, and the unscrupulous proceedings at which successive Governments have had to wink, have disorganized society, and thrown far too great power into the hands of that vast idle and semi-warlike class out of which the volunteers of Garibaldi are recruited. Another very serious mischief is the intolerable number of *employés*, swarms of whom are wholly useless, but whose connexions can bring pressure to bear upon the Chamber. These, taken in connexion with other difficulties to which we have alluded, and above all with the miserable

state of education, are things well calculated to make the most sanguine well-wisher of Italy hesitate to prophesy for her a very brilliant future during the next fifty years.

The best friends of Italy would, we think, address her somewhat as follows:—Keep your dynasty, in spite of any dissatisfaction that may be inspired by the King, or any want of confidence in his successor, but gradually diminish its power, thus obtaining the advantages of a republic without its agitations. Turn a deaf ear to the cries of ‘the heroic Trentino,’ till it suits Austria to part with it, and try to forget that Istria exists. Avoid as far as possible all foreign complications, and above all beware of interfering with the Eastern question, except for the purpose of preventing Constantinople falling to Russia, while that empire has still the aggressive instincts of a semi-barbarous power. ‘Seek peace and ensue it’ with all the world, and more especially with Germany, from which country you may obtain what you most need, learned men trained to interpret your own past to yourselves; trained to reinvigorate your education, and thereby indefinitely to extend your power. Restrict the temporal power of the Pope, as soon as you are able, to the limits of the Leonine City. Never be satisfied until the Church is supported exclusively by voluntary contributions. Diminish your army and navy to the utmost, but take pride in having both services as perfect as possible. Spare no expense in keeping up with the latest improvements in weapons. Abolish all unnecessary drill, and recruit your officers, as is already done in Holland, by competitive examination. As long as the *res dura* and the *regni novitas* oblige you to keep up your armaments even at their present diminished size, comfort yourself by regarding them as a school through which your half-civilized population is passed, and make your period of service as short as possible. Advance elementary education. Concentrate your universities, and train your professors north of the Alps. Have a few first-rate gymnasia, but above all direct attention to the class of schools which are known in Germany as *Realschulen*. Push on roads and railways. Encourage planting on a scientific method, as well as irrigation. Protect your works of art and your libraries, the last of which have been of late years not a little damaged. Give every possible facility to foreigners. Lay yourself out for a great transit trade, for being the emporium of the Mediterranean and the pleasure-place of Europe. Continually reduce your Customs duties, with a view of abolishing them altogether.

By these arts, Italy will, we believe, not

only attain a cosmopolitan position infinitely higher than she now occupies, and a far greater degree of happiness than the most favoured portions of her territory ever possessed, but be incomparably more powerful than she would be if she attempted prematurely to assert for herself a high place in the councils of Europe, and interfere in the settlement of matters in which she has no concern. By these arts she will indeed attain a *Primato*, but a *Primato* of a very different kind from that which some unwise persons have claimed or desired for her. It is not likely that for many a day she will be able, however wisely she may direct her course, to compare herself with this country; but we English may be permitted to sigh, as we think that while amongst the elements of Italian prosperity, which we have enumerated, there is none which is likely to be materially affected by time, it is quite otherwise with ourselves.

ART. VIII.—THE SOCIAL SORES OF BRITAIN.

IF an outside observer at once competent and impartial—endowed with a vision clear enough and information thorough enough to see facts as they really are, and with a judgment swayed by no prepossessions as to races or individuals, and guided by a true instinct as to what is really worthy and noble in national life—were to pronounce in plain language his estimate of the British people, he would assuredly amaze them not a little. Perhaps few contrasts are so great, or would be so startling could it be adequately painted and made clear, as that between the opinion which England entertains of herself, and the principles upon which it is founded or the results which could be adduced to justify it. Our habitual attitude towards other nations, our mental feeling with regard to them, if not our actual language to them, is ‘Stand aside, for I am holier than thou!’ yet there is scarcely one of those belonging to the same stage of civilisation as ourselves whose superiority in some essential points is not undeniable, at whose feet we might not be content modestly to sit, and from whom we might not learn many things which it greatly concerns us to practise and to know. We ought, no doubt, to be wiser, better, happier, socially superior, more successful, and in a more satisfactory condition than any other European State; we might have been had we earnestly and skilfully used our means and improved our

unrivalled opportunities; but no one who is not blinded by the fond partialities of national self-love will dare to say that we are. Ethnologically, probably, the English race is sprung from a blending of the finest organizations Europe has produced,—the Anglo-Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, with just an adequate infusion of the Celt—whose blood always seems such a mischievous and embarrassing element when it predominates, but yet is such an invaluable and even necessary ingredient in the highest human types, when in due moderation and subordination. Physically, we believe, the unspoiled Englishman of the genuine sort is the strongest, healthiest, most energetic and enduring being on the face of the earth; for generations and for centuries he has had the fullest scope for the development of his faculties by an amount of individual freedom, and for the perfection of his national life by an amount of political liberty and security, unparalleled in the Old World; he has had his energies stimulated at once by the difficulties presented by a somewhat harsh climate and unspontaneous soil, and by the facilities offered by more genial zones which his maritime propensities led him to colonize and conquer; while, to crown the whole, his historical antecedents have bequeathed to him—not, indeed, yet duly fused, but existing side by side—a depth and sincerity of religious conviction, and a freedom, or means of freedom, of religious thought, of which combined no other country has afforded an example. Yet, notwithstanding these rich gifts of nature and these rare advantages of circumstance, we are constrained to avow that in all that constitutes the happiness, the grandeur, in a word, the *success* and excellence of national life, we fall disgracefully short, not only of a very moderate, easily conceivable, and quite practicable and attainable ideal, but of what in several respects and at several times has been reached by other peoples, whom yet we presume to despise, and sometimes even to lecture. Our appreciation of the objects to be aimed at is faulty and astray, our estimate of the relative value of national qualities and achievements is often quite irrational, and even what we most directly aim at and most highly value, we only most imperfectly attain. The things we principally strive after are not the things we principally need, and the means we take to gain them are constantly clumsy, inadequate, or ill-adapted. We frequently fail most distinctly in the very fields in reference to which we most pride ourselves upon our special capacity and our manifest superiority; and are for ever singing pæans of glory and rejoicing when we ought to be pouring forth penitential psalms, and

weaving garlands for our brow when, if 'we could see ourselves as others see us,' we should be sitting in sackcloth and strewing ashes on our heads. Our current language and tone, especially when we compare ourselves with other nations, is simply and ludicrously Pharisaic—

'An eternal and triumphant hymn
Chanted by us unto our own great selves.'

We look round on our vast dominions, squalid with misery, steeped in crime, seething with discontent, and the predominant sentiment which swells our heart is that of the Babylonian despot, 'Is not this the great city which I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?' Every fresh comparison we institute between our talents and opportunities on the one side, and our achievements and our condition on the other, throws new light on the singular inappropriateness of our national vanity, and makes its usual manifestations almost ridiculous. We had excellent original materials to work upon and to work with; we have had ample scope and verge enough for every experiment and for every acquisition; we have had a political constitution which enabled us to call to our aid all the practical ability, all the indomitable energy, all the restless enterprise, all the matured wisdom, all the lived experience which might be found among the people; we have had a free press giving forth day by day the opinions, the knowledge, the suggestions, the exhortations of the highest intellects of the nation; we have had week by week twenty thousand pulpits echoing the sentiments of those who by courtesy are supposed to be wise and good, and who fill those pulpits avowedly and for no other end than to guide us aright; we certainly have had wealth and strength to accomplish any conceivable task which wisdom and righteousness might point out;—and yet, not only to the fancy of *frondeurs* and alarmists, but in the estimation of the soberest observers, the social state of our country, amid much that is beautiful and good and something that is great and noble, is 'full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in it.'

These are strong expressions, but they are not extravagant, and a few moments' reflection on notorious facts will suffice to justify them. Look first at our administration of justice. In no country in the world is the purity both of the Bench and of the Bar so free from the faintest shadow of suspicion or reproach. Nowhere does the morality of the entire profession—within professional limits,

and according to conventional ideas—stand so high. Nowhere is the independence of the judges fenced round with such ample securities, both by public opinion and by actual enactment. Nowhere is their dignity or their reputation for ability so well sustained; nowhere are their decisions more respected or more implicitly obeyed. No country has had the benefit of greater writers on Jurisprudence; nowhere are the necessities of the case more strongly felt, and nowhere has the entire subject been more thoroughly studied or more ably expounded. We *ought* to have a perfect system of judicial administration, if any country can, for no people need it more, or are more willing and able to pay for it, and to provide it. Yet what is the state of the case? The essentials of a good administration of justice are, that it should be prompt, certain, uniform, accessible, and cheap. Ours is notoriously the reverse of all this; it is so slow that commonly many months, and sometimes years, elapse between the commencement of a suit and its final decision, and this even in common-law cases, and when there is no appeal. Our appellate jurisdiction is in such a condition of inadequacy and confusion, that some reform is apparently about to be forced upon us. The delays in Equity are even worse, and have become proverbial. Chancery suits still occasionally last till the suitors die, and the property is eaten up. Few Assizes pass without a number of cases being made *remanents*, that is, being left over till next term, at a ruinous cost to the litigants, who had got their witnesses and documents and lawyers together, and who are thrown over simply because the judges have no time to hear their causes. For the same reason many other cases are almost forcibly referred to arbitrators, greatly to the disgust of the parties, who desired an authoritative decision from the Bench. All this arises merely from insufficient and defective machinery, which the energetic legislation of a single session, or the devotion of one single competent legal statesman, could supply. Then, as to uniformity and certainty, the decisions of our judges are, as is well known, doubtful in the extreme, and sometimes varying in different courts; of late we have seen several instances, and instances of the greatest importance, where, of five judges, three have gone for the plaintiff, and two for the defendant; in a word, the uncertainty of the law has become as proverbial as the delays of Chancery, and with as ample reason. It is so to an equal, or anything approaching an equal, degree in no other country. Elsewhere there is often corruption, ignorance, or incapacity; but nowhere do ability and purity co-exist with

such uncertainty as to the results as in England. Lastly, the *cost* of obtaining justice, or judicial decisions, is so enormous as to be itself a denial of justice of the worst form, and to the greatest extent. Honest solicitors constantly advise their clients *against* legal proceedings, even where their cause is good, in consequence of the doubtfulness of the result and the certainty of the expense; and not a day passes over us in which citizens are not forced to submit to wrong and oppression, or think it wisest to do so, because to right themselves would cost so much and take so long. That is to say, in this free and civilized land, where liberty and law are thought to have reached their culminating point, we habitually and deliberately acquiesce in injustice, because justice is so difficult and so expensive to procure. We do not mean to assert that in these matters we are quite as bad as we used to be, or that we have made, or are making, no moves in the right direction; no doubt the County Courts, whose jurisdiction is being progressively enlarged, is a most material step, but the actual state of things in this year of grace 1867, is still undeniably and without exaggeration such as we have here described; and probably in no European country, unless perhaps Spain and the Roman provinces, can similar enormities be found. In France, in Switzerland, in Prussia, even in Austria we believe, where no political matters are involved, in the Scandinavian countries, and in Belgium and Holland, justice as between citizen and citizen, between rich and poor, is incomparably cheaper, prompter, and more uniform than with us. We well remember a speech delivered some years ago in the Council of State at Geneva by an enthusiastic reformer, denouncing the abuses of the courts of law, wherein the orator averred that the extravagant costs of law-suits had arisen to such a height as to amount to a substantial denial of justice to the poor, and seriously to menace the reputation and prosperity of the nation; and when called upon to specify the sum, he declared that he had known it reach even '*jusqu'à vingt-trois francs!*'—an anti-climax which to his audience appeared by no means as ludicrous as it does to us. How often do we see a law-suit that costs as little as twenty-three pounds?

If we turn from Civil to Criminal justice, the facts are even more startling and discreditable. The very first duty of a Government is usually understood to be the protection of the life and property of its citizens, not only against the oppression of power and wealth, but against the outrages and depredations of ruffians, to prevent and punish crime, to maintain order, and give security to the well-

disposed. How does our Government discharge this duty? Our whole system,—a system to which we blindly and foolishly cling, and the associations connected with which colour our entire sentiments,—is adapted to a condition of circumstances utterly different from the present. We have outgrown it, but we will not alter it. It took its origin in days when the poor and feeble had to be protected from the high and powerful, when liberty and property were menaced *from above*, not from below; when the peasant and the citizen needed defence against the rapine of the noble or the tyranny of the Crown; when, as a rule, the accused and not society was in danger of being wronged;—and we are maintaining and endeavouring to apply it now when the danger that threatens us, and against which we need protection, is of altogether a different order, and comes from a different class. The comfort and safety of the community, the persons and possessions of industrious and decent citizens, the security of our daily life, are menaced now only by a criminal class, whom it is our reproach and our curse to have fostered and rendered possible, who live by outrage and depredation, who by profession and character are the enemies of the society in which they exist; and we are satisfied to contend against them, and endeavour to repress them, by the old, inadequate, outworn machinery of trial by jury, amateur magistrates, counsel for the prisoner, legal chicanery interpreting every doubtful point in favour of the accused; in short, by applying to criminals whom it is the object and interest of society to convict, the system which was contrived with a view to render conviction difficult. This criminal class is numerous, increasing, organized, daring, and skilful, and growing more formidable and audacious day by day. And how do we deal with it? First of all, by a most inadequate police, which is neither clever nor numerous, nor ubiquitous enough to afford protection to all who need it; which is neither as keen nor as skilful in detecting and preventing crime as ruffians are in committing it, and which, whenever the ‘roughs’ choose to make common cause with the thieves, is nearly sure to be overpowered. *Secondly*, by a system of legal proceedings expressly contrived to favour the escape of all criminals respecting whose guilt there may be no moral doubt, but on behalf of whom the faintest legal possibility or the absurdest technical flaw can be alleged,—proceedings among which trial by a jury of twelve crotchety, foolish, or muddle-headed men, is, as we have often seen of late, by no means the least favourable to the prisoner. *Thirdly*, by inflicting sentences on those found guilty,

so slight, so short, so inadequate, so inappropriate to the offence, as to in no way operate as a deterrent, as to leave the career of crime still a most lucrative one, a game far fuller of prizes than of blanks, and as to insure the reappearance of the same offenders time after time, to be imprisoned for repetition of similar crimes. When we multiply the number of reconvictions by the known proportion of depredations and outrages which escape detection, we may arrive at some faint conception of the inadequacy of our measures for repressing crime. *Fourthly*, by a system of prison discipline and of carrying out the sentences pronounced, which still (with all the recent and signal improvements introduced into it through the labours of Mr. M. D. Hill, Sir Walter Crofton, and others) is, and has long been, adapted rather to cultivate and multiply the criminal class than to reduce it. For generations back our system of punishment has actually fostered crime, and done so at a vast expense. *Fifthly*, and *lastly*, by a morbid, irrational, maudlin, and utterly unsound state of public sentiment on the subject of crime, which, acting upon judges and magistrates through social opinion and the press, and acting on legislation and Home-Office administration through speakers in Parliament, has discouraged the infliction of sentences of a wise and just severity; has perpetually insisted on their revision and mitigation, even when pronounced; has revolted from and usually prohibited precisely those appropriate punishments which the criminals themselves most deprecate and dread; which, in a word, out of tenderness to its own feelings, and in defiance of all experience, is for ever stepping in to save deliberate murderers from the gallows, and desperate and brutal ruffians from the lash.

Late events are beginning to work some change of feeling in this respect; but these events themselves are the greatest proofs we could adduce of the disgraceful blunders and the shameful incapacity of our past course. It is little credit to us to come slowly and partially to our senses, when the facts that bring us to our senses are such as have just come to light in Manchester and Sheffield, and as have been this year in the best streets of the metropolis. We need only to remember, that for some hours, in broad day, in the height of the London season, for several miles of streets, from the City, up Pall Mall and Regent Street to Paddington, passers-by were knocked down and robbed wholesale by a band of ruffians accompanying a militia procession, without protection or redress, and almost without interference; that both in Manchester and London, vans conveying

prisoners from court to jail can be attacked and opened with partial or complete success; that for years, in manufacturing towns, and there is every reason to know, in mining districts likewise, in the very heart of our wealthiest and most energetic centres of industry, oppression of the hardest and most vexatious kind has been habitually exercised on both labourers and employers, without any effectual interference by or protection from the laws, and submitted to simply because no redress could be obtained; and that secret tribunals, illegal in their nature, have issued their unjust and arbitrary decrees, which decrees have been carried into effect by a sliding scale of violent penalties, beginning with robbery and fine, advancing to beating and mutilation, and culminating in assassination as deliberate and cold-blooded as any sentence of death pronounced by a judge and executed by a sheriff; and that these things have gone on systematically in the face of police, magistracy, judges of assize, and Home Secretaries,—all of whom have proved too indolent, too incapable, or too feeble to prevent them. We need only remember and enumerate these things—to say nothing of a host of daily isolated atrocities—to warrant the assertion with which we set out, that our administrative arrangements for the repression of crime, and the protection of life and property, are, for their almost imbecile inefficiency, a disgrace to our civilization.*

* The following are the facts, as far as mere statistics can show them:—The population of England and Wales is, in round numbers, 20,000,000. The known number of the criminal classes at large and in prison is 141,000, or seven per 1000 of the entire population, and about fourteen per 1000 of the adult population. The number of persons convicted summarily, or on indictment of various offences, was 509,000, or twenty-six in every 1000. But this by no means shows the number of offences committed; for, in the first place, only a certain (unknown) proportion of actual crimes and outrages come at all under the cognisance of the police and the authorities; only a certain proportion of those known and reported lead to the apprehension of the criminals; and again, only a certain proportion of those apprehended are convicted. It is believed (but this is only conjecture, though a conjecture founded on inquiry) that more than five offences (larceny) out of six escape detection altogether. Only 27,000 persons in 1866 were apprehended for 50,000 indictable (*i.e.*, grave) offences known to have been committed; of those 27,000 only 19,000 were sent to trial, and of these only 14,700 were convicted and punished—*i.e.*, not much more than one conviction to every four detected crimes. Of the total number of offences charged before courts of summary jurisdiction, namely, 482,000, only 339,000 were convicted. The disproportion between crime and punishment is further illustrated by the fact, that coroners' juries found verdicts of murder in 272 cases the

We have always been accustomed, especially when fostering our insular vanity by comparisons with other nations, to plume ourselves upon the grandeur and extent of our Commercial enterprise, the vastness of our private associations for engineering or industrial purposes, the magnificence of our public schemes, and the unrivalled skill with which we conduct them. It has been a common phrase, it was an uncontradicted one a few years since,—‘It is true our Government is an habitual blunderer; nearly everything it undertakes it does ill, expensively, and too late. Parliamentary administration is so ignorant, so hampered, so clumsy—and perhaps intrinsically so—that the more its functions can be restricted the better. But look at our private undertakings and our voluntary associations, and see how splendidly they do their work in comparison. They choose the best men, they set about their objects in the directest way, they understand their business, they achieve their ends. It is only our governing classes who are jobbing, blundering, and incompetent; our middle classes are beyond example honest, sensible, and efficient; our merchants, if intrusted with the enterprise, would have brought upon us no Crimean catastrophes. The country ought to have contracted with two or three of our great houses or joint stock companies to take Sebastopol, and it would have been done in half the time, and at a tithe of the cost in men and money.’ There was a period when such language did not appear absurd, and when indeed it was in a measure warranted. Few would hold it now. There was a period, too, and not so long ago, when our merchants were princes, and had much of that delicate and scrupulous sense of honour which is supposed to belong to nobles; when a great merchant was as sensitive about his conduct and his fame as a woman about her chastity; when our commercial morality and reputation were the highest in the world; and when we deserved the character we held, and were proud of it. The events of the last ten or fifteen years have dissipated much of this, and have gone far to turn our glory into shame. We have little in these matters to be proud of now.

Glance at the commercial world first, and pass over the mere times of wild speculative excitement and fraudulent bubble companies,—though these never could have spread or

police report only 131; only 124 persons were apprehended for these crimes, only 94 committed for trial, only 55 were actually tried, only 26 found guilty, and only 12 executed—*i.e.*, only one person hanged, and one sentenced to penal servitude for every ten murders undeniably committed.—(See *Judicial Statistics for 1865–6*, Part i.)

flourished as they have done if our morality had been sound, or our prudence even moderate. But call to mind the banks without number that have come to ruin, even though they had eminent and honourable mercantile names on their direction and sometimes at their head, through a career of the most incredible mismanagement, through the most reckless disregard of every sound principle of business, through questionable proceedings scarcely distinguishable from actual dishonesty, through ignorance, jobbing, and incapacity, to which scarcely any Government office could produce a parallel. Remember that these instances have not been merely in one locality, or in one year of crisis, but that they have been many, and in many cities,—in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Leeds, in the west of Scotland, in the metropolis; remember, too, the wide-spread desolation they have caused, the wretchedness their wrong-doing and folly have brought upon hundreds of families who believed they might safely trust the savings of their life and the property of their children, to men enjoying so good a reputation for sagacity, integrity, and wealth, as those who were responsible for the management of these undertakings. Look again at the revelations of utter rottenness at the very heart of much of our most extended trade which was brought to light by the catastrophe of last autumn,—what an apocalypse of pervading unsoundness where confidence had been most undoubting! It would be both invidious and painful to specify individual cases where the delinquents were so numerous, but the two examples of Overend and Gurney, and Sir Morton Peto and the railway with which he was more specially connected, may be adduced to show how far even the highest and most respected names may swerve from the clear and right path, and walk in miry ways. On the latter case we wish to pronounce no judgment as between individuals, for it is still *sub judice*, and it is barely possible that some light may be thrown upon it to make it seem less monstrous; but the admitted facts, whoever be guilty, or most guilty, are enough to shake all confidence in the ability, judgment, and even integrity of the greatest financiers and managers. The instance of Overend and Gurney is a crucial one; no firm used to stand so high in public estimation; the personal characters of the chief partners were even peculiarly eminent both for honour, solid wealth, and commercial talent; yet it turned out that for years the business had been carried on in the most unsound fashion, and that, at the time it was sold for a large sum of money to a joint-stock company, the house was indisputably, and almost if not

quite consciously, insolvent. No such shock to confidence, credit, and commercial reputation has been felt in England in ours or in our fathers' days. It forced upon every one the painful conviction that, as regards mercantile honesty we are not the scrupulous and trustworthy community we once were, and it has grievously impaired our repute in foreign countries.

The habitual frauds practised by retail tradesmen on the poorer classes—and there is reason to fear by no means confined to them—by means of false weights and measures, bad articles, and wholesale and sometimes noxious adulterations, which are now every day being brought to light and occasionally punished, show that the canker of dishonesty is far more widely spread among us than our national self-complacency believed. This sort of fraud is closely connected with an evil in our economic arrangements or condition, to which Mr. J. S. Mill was, we believe, the first to call attention, but which, important as it is, we can do no more than allude to here,—we mean the disproportionate number of those who live by *distributing* compared with those who live by *producing*. We have by far too many shop-keepers; they are so needlessly numerous in nearly every district that the competition among them for custom has become excessive; they can none of them secure a *clientèle* large enough to give them adequate profit without resorting to fraudulent practices. One baker, or butcher, or grocer may thrive honestly in a place where *five* must either cheat or starve.

What is the explanation of these strange transactions, many of them of such questionable correctness, some of such unquestionable fraud? It is twofold. We do not believe that the sense of right and fair dealing is dying out or becoming obscured in the British mind. Many indications point to a directly contrary inference; we do not think that the genuine integrity and nice regard for pure reputation of the *individual* merchant is materially lessened. But of late associated enterprise has so largely taken the place of individual undertakings and of smaller partnerships, that a different standard of action and character has been insensibly introduced; the sense of responsibility has been weakened; men will do as a board and as directors of a joint-stock company, or will allow their colleagues to do, what no consideration would have induced them to do or to permit in their own partnership, or in their private capacity; they consider matters less carefully, they regard contrivances less sensitively, their voice has comparatively so little weight, and if they are outvoted they

feel as if they ceased to be answerable; and then, in short, both the risk and the infamy are divided among so many; and they fancy that people expect less scrupulousness in a Board than in a man. Many directors, again, are little more than sleeping partners, and regard themselves as such; they leave decisions to men who are cleverer and more active than themselves, and in these cases the cleverer and more active members of a Board are usually the most daring and the least nice. In short, partly from ignorance, partly from laziness, partly from careless, weak, good-humoured acquiescence, as we see every day, men do as a company things they would rather cut off their right hands than do as individual merchants. The second part of the explanation has its origin in the same circumstances. The gigantic character of most of the undertakings of recent years, which could only be carried into effect by great associations managed with great daring and working on a great scale, has introduced a sort of inflation and excitement into men's minds, eminently unfavourable to sober calculations, or small scruples, or regular humdrum principles of action; the same standard of propriety, the same caution and slowness of proceeding which snited the ordinary transactions of routine commerce, seem scarcely applicable to projects which are to change the face of nature; and men accustomed to deal with hundreds of thousands are apt to lose their head, and view matters through a magnified and hazy atmosphere when they find themselves dealing familiarly with millions and tens of millions. The magnitude of their transactions unsettles and deranges their ideas, at the same time that associated action with a number of other men, in a state of exaltation like their own, deadens their sense of the significance of their own individual share in their joint proceedings. Neither their brains nor their principles are quite strong enough for the novel and disturbing position.

Our railway system is unrivalled in extent, it was the first to come into existence, and it has been constructed with unexampled rapidity, but at a maximum waste of the national resources, and by no means with a maximum result of national accommodation. Our mode of proceeding combines at least three of the gravest errors it was possible to commit. We set about our work in the very worst way statesmen could devise. The aggregate of the capital expended reaches £400,000,000. It is not too much to say that as far as the gain of public convenience is concerned, two-fifths of this vast sum has been thrown away. First, it is calculated that £100,000,000 has gone in Parliamentary

expenses, in fees to counsel, solicitors, and witnesses, in mad contests between rival projects, some *bond fide*, some merely sham and artificial, in silencing opposition and bribing opponents in one form or another—by far the largest proportion of which would have been spared by the adoption of a sounder scheme. If, as in France, Belgium, and our Indian possessions, the Government, perceiving the gigantic and peculiar nature of the new class of undertakings, had recognised early in the day that they were national in character and aim, and required to be dealt with in a wholly different fashion from ordinary private schemes, had taken the matter into their own hands, and, calling the best wisdom and experience of the people to their aid, had laid down a comprehensive and well-considered plan, specifying what lines were most wanted, would best accommodate the public needs, and ought therefore to be first made, all the waste and private ruin caused by the insane competition we have witnessed would have been spared. We should not have had the discreditable spectacle of railways diverted from their best and most profitable course to buy off the opposition of an obstinate landowner, or to suit the private interests of a great capitalist; of lines which are not needed, and can never pay, constructed by one company simply to prevent them being constructed by another; or of two rival lines made where only one was required, or could ever be remunerative. This was the *second* great blunder,—for which Sir Robert Peel is more answerable than any single individual, but in the responsibility of which the whole nation shared,—that of admitting the principle of competition into a system of enterprises which in their nature are monopolies, and to which therefore it was quite inapplicable, and where, as the result has proved, its peculiar merit cannot operate, and where it can only produce mischief. Our *third* mistake was one which was early pointed out, in vain so far as England was concerned, but which both France and Belgium had the sagacity to avoid, at least in part. Railways, after their practicability was once proved, never ought to have been handed over absolutely and in perpetuity to private capitalists at all. Their promoters were forced to come to Parliament for powers to make them, and Parliament, had it been sagacious and forecasting, should have taken advantage of the position to insist upon terms which would at once have husbanded the resources of the country, secured the maximum accommodation to the people, and provided a vast future revenue for the Government. The petitioners for a Railway Bill claimed the property of others, asked for a virtual

monopoly, and must therefore have been content to obtain their demands on whatever conditions the Legislature had imposed, that would have left them adequate profits and sufficiently promising prospects. If, in place of granting these monopolies to private companies for ever, the concession had been made only for terms of thirty or fifty years, with reversion to the State, perhaps rather fewer might have been made, and less money would have been wasted, but before two generations had expired, the State, at little or no cost to itself, would have been in possession of a revenue raised with no more difficulty than that now yielded by the Post Office, and just as little onerous to its subjects, yet sufficient to enable it to dispense with or reduce every really objectionable impost, while, at the same time, it would have been able, under a better system of management, to reduce railway fares nearly to the Continental level. Instead of this ideal prospect, what is the actual fact? Railways yield no revenue to the State worth naming, and not half the revenue they ought to do the proprietors; English fares are higher, and English dividends are lower than abroad; and while engineers, contractors, jobbing speculators, and Parliamentary lawyers have made large fortunes out of them, railway companies have been a source of ruin instead of wealth to thousands and hundreds of thousands of our innocent and unknowing countrymen.

And this brings us to the worst feature of the case. The errors we have signalized were errors of judgment, lapses in sagacity, discreditable to our political capacity, but not otherwise shameful. The actual management of railways, in too many instances, as this year has made painfully notorious, has cast a slur upon our character for integrity and honorable dealing as deplorable as that signalized a few pages back in respect to the mercantile community. More than one of these gigantic enterprises has become insolvent under conditions which ought to have insured a fair measure of prosperity; more than one has concealed or endeavoured to conceal its insolvency by methods of 'cooking the accounts,' which it is impossible for a layman's eye to distinguish from distinct and deliberate fraud; more than one has brought on insolvency by a set of transactions so wild, so senseless, so indefensible, and on the face of them so ugly, as to imply something more than folly, when we reflect that it was the property of others, the property of helpless and confiding shareholders, that was thus recklessly dealt with. We need go into no details, the facts have been before the public too recently to be forgotten, and the revelations made by

committees of investigation in reference to the London and Brighton, the North British, and the London, Chatham, and Dover lines, will bear out the harshest language we have used. Certainly, it is not of their railway management that Britons have reason to be proud.

Is their Municipal Government a thing to boast of? On the contrary, is not its utter incapacity and unfitness for the state of circumstances to which it applied a subject of daily complaint, annoyance, ridicule, and mischief? In this, as in so many other matters, we, with our boasted powers of self-government and organization, are still trying to clothe ourselves in the garments and creep into the hovels which were contrived centuries ago, and are striving by a patch here and an addition there to make them fit and adequate. The internal administration of our vast metropolis, the largest, the most complicated, and in some respects the roughest in the world, is for the most part confided to the same parties and carried on by the same machinery which answered tolerably enough when it was a mere collection of neighbouring villages with one active commercial centre. For the supply, for the discipline, for the control, for the cleanliness, for the safety of three millions of people crowded into a few square miles, for the protection of such wealth as never in the world's history was concentrated into so small an area, for the management of a mass of poverty wholly without a parallel, we still trust, with scarcely an exception or two (and those of very recent date), to the antiquated contrivances of vestries and boards of guardians, unpaid and therefore careless, usually ignorant and often quite incompetent, to gas companies and water companies, unamalgamated police forces, paving boards, commissioners of sewers, Thames conservancy officers, and the like; and the result is a complicated outcome of impure water, bad gas, streets filthy and broken up, a poisoned river and pestilential drainage, abused and neglected poor, the law insulted, conflicting jurisdictions, crime rampant, and pauperism and disease swelling and spreading year by year; while, at the same time, we are paying for all these bad results heavier rates than under a wiser system would amply suffice for good ones. There is no exaggeration in all this, as every dweller in London knows to his cost, and we are at last awakening to the magnitude and menacing nature of the evil, and are *thinking* of some suitable effort for a remedy; but as yet we have done nothing save by dribblets, and Sir Robert Peel's Police, the Poor-Law Board, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, are about the

only steps we have taken in a right direction; but even these, both in their extent and the powers vested in them, are inadequate to the work they have to do. The municipal administration of our other towns and cities is similarly unsuited and insufficient, though less glaringly so, inasmuch as they are less unwieldy, and the practical energy and sense brought to bear upon the matter by local authorities is less disproportioned to the task; but the want of a sound system is felt in almost every village whenever a crisis or a difficulty or a novel phenomenon appears. It would seem as if we fail here precisely in those qualities of our superiority in which we are more accustomed to plume ourselves,—our common sense, our skill in applying practical remedies to felt grievances, our faculty of associated action, our power of doing for ourselves all that in other countries the people expect the Government to do for them. For certainly there is scarcely one of the great capitals of the more civilized countries in Europe—not Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Amsterdam, Bordeaux, Munich, Dresden, or Vienna—which, in all that regards municipal administration and its achievements, is not entitled to look down upon us.

The truest test, however, of a people's civilization,—of the degree to which the nation or the State has done its duty and attained its ends, has realized what is or ought to be its ideal as a Christian country in the very van of progress, has become that which it is guilty, unsuccessful, and humiliated if it be not,—is the condition, moral and material, of its lower classes, of those who live, as it were, from day to day, and subsist upon the wages of labour. They are the most numerous class in the community by far, and therefore the character of the community may fairly be measured (principally, at all events) by their condition. They are the most helpless class; and therefore their condition is a fair criterion of the degree in which the other classes, the rulers of the State, have been alive to their responsibilities, and have discharged their ruling and guiding functions with conscientiousness, energy, and wisdom. Now, what is the position of the working classes of Great Britain? Are they decently educated? Are they fitly cared for in those points in which, as they cannot care for themselves, it is for their superiors or for the State to care for them? Are they, as a rule, and where they are not themselves in fault, in comfort, and in reasonable plenty,—in such comfort and plenty, that is, as might be quite attainable, and as is attained elsewhere? Are they fairly housed? Do they habitually, *can* they always, or usually, lead a respectable life,—such a life as befits human

creatures with such attributes and capacities, and such a destiny as we still believe in? Are our social arrangements such that diligence, sobriety, and prudence will enable our people to live in health and comfort, with such reasonable leisure for enjoyment and cultivation as is needed to make life a blessing and a worthy course, and to make provision for sickness and old age? Are they, as a rule, in harmony with society, or in a state of chronic discontent against it? Can we, in comparing our lower orders with those of other lands, feel any pride or satisfaction or ease of conscience at the contrast?

Consider, first, the *education* of the poorer classes in this country, both actually and in comparison with Continental nations. We are not about to weary or disgust our readers with familiar or superfluous statistics; the few that are essential may be relegated to a foot-note.* In Ireland we established many years ago something like a national system, which, on the whole, has been admirably conducted, and has worked great good, but which is now menaced with overthrow from the hostility of the Roman Catholic clergy, who fear its operation in mitigating that severance and animosity between the members of the two religions, which every true friend to the people, one would fancy, must wish to extinguish. But in England, denominational jealousy and zeal has effectually prevented hitherto the introduction of any general system under the supervision of the State, though at the same time it has, it must be admitted, worked most energetically to supply the deficiencies thus caused. Yet what is the net result? We are not now comparing the present with the past, but what ought to be with what is. It is true we have made great strides towards improving as well as extending primary education; we have established a system of State grants-in-aid, which are augmenting every year; we have required the children employed in factories and some other trades to attend school for a fixed number of hours, and we are endeavouring to introduce a similar regulation among agricultural labourers; we

* According to the best information extant, the total number of scholars in average attendance in inspected schools, was, in 1858, in England and Wales, 736,000, or 18. per cent. of those between five and fifteen years. In 1866, it was 871,000, probably about 20 per cent. The number in attendance in all private and public schools together, by the Registrar-General's return, was in 1851, 1,754,000, or 44 per cent. of the youthful population. The expenditure on these schools was calculated to be in 1858 about £750,000, derived from miscellaneous sources, to which the State adds now about £500,000 more. Probably now one half the whole population may attend schools of some sort with more or less of regularity.

are discussing the principle of a school rate, obligatory, but under local supervision; and we are even beginning to talk about compulsory education. Sectarian enthusiasm has done much; private activity and munificence has done something. Yet in spite of all our efforts and all our wealth, the notorious facts cannot be gainsaid,—that our agricultural population is for the most part uninstructed mentally, and undeveloped even to stupidity; that a very large proportion of our town population never go near a school, and grow up in absolute brutality; that not one-half of the children of fitting age are to be found under instruction, and that of those who do attend or have attended school with tolerable regularity, a large proportion have their education cut short at an age which leaves little prospect of their retaining what they have acquired, and that these have few opportunities of supplementing their deficiencies in later years. In short, among the working classes, taking the country through, a fair and useful degree of *instructedness*—a degree which makes reading a pleasure, and enables it to bear fruit—is the exception and not the rule, while the mass, reckoning them by millions, is deplorably and disgracefully without the rudiments of culture. We are speaking here of England and Wales; Scotland and Ireland, we believe, are decidedly better off.

Without decent habitations for the poor, health, comfort, and content are unattainable, and self-respect and morality are made very difficult. Dwellings, roomy enough to afford the needful separation of the sexes, supplying the first necessities of air and light, drained or drainable so as at least to prevent them from becoming fosterers and propagators of disease, well-built enough to offer at least a shelter from the inclemencies of the weather, and within reasonable distance from the daily work of the residents, these would appear an indispensable condition in all civilized communities, and are certainly indispensable in every nation which aspires to look upon the position of its poorer classes with anything approaching to complacency. If the peculiarities of our social or legal arrangements be such that working men, if industrious and sober, cannot procure such suitable dwellings for themselves,—if they are too indigent, or too helpless, or too crowded,—it would certainly seem incumbent upon the superior ranks or upon the State authorities to provide them for them. We do not hold altogether the doctrines of that school which would throw upon the Government the obligation of taking entire charge of the people, and in all points rendering itself responsible for their well-being. It is evident that such an obli-

tion would involve a corresponding amount of interfering and controlling power which would be alien to the habits and notions of a race so peculiarly jealous of its individual liberty as Britons are. But it is surely not extravagant to require that the State should render it *possible* for its poorer classes to be well-housed, to house themselves well, where individual effort could secure that end, or to combine, direct, and facilitate associated effort, where, as in crowded cities, individual effort would be inadequate or at fault. At least it is bound to remove every legal impediment in the way of the erection of suitable dwellings in suitable localities, and to discourage and condemn in the strongest manner all attempts and all arrangements to hamper or prevent the erection of such dwellings. Especially must the provision of decent habitations for the poor be the bounden duty of all who for their own wealth or convenience have encouraged the congregation of large masses of labouring men into crowded or increasing localities, and where it is provable that such habitations can be provided so as to afford a reasonable remuneration for the capital expended on them.

Now what are the notorious unexaggerated facts of the case in these respects? Neither in towns nor in agricultural districts can the labouring classes build or purchase dwellings for themselves. They do not own the land on which to erect them, nor have the money necessary for the purpose, nor, except in the rarest cases, can they procure this money by even their best and steadiest exertions. In towns, of course, they cannot build houses without municipal or Government authority, or associated organization for purposes of street-paving and drainage. The establishment of railways, the erection of public buildings, the widening of thoroughfares, and city improvements generally, are day by day pulling down the houses where the poor huddled together in order to be near their work, and relegating them to greater distances. In rural parishes the same effect has been produced by the disinclination of some landowners, and the absolute refusal of others, to allow cottages to be built upon their property lest the rates should be thereby increased. Hence the terrible amount of crowding in towns, the fearfully demoralizing gang-system in the country, and in both, a cruel addition to the labour of the poor, who have not only to do their work but to walk a long way to get to it,—all evils and wrongs deplorably upon the increase, notwithstanding our few faint recent efforts for their mitigation. We attract vast multitudes to particular districts by the hope of high pay, and to further some hastily conceived or gigantic enterprise,

whether engineering or manufacturing, yet rarely make any adequate provision for housing them,—a provision which, as we all know, it is simply impossible in the majority of cases that they should make for themselves. Lastly, late experiments, and experiments by no means on a small scale, though made under considerable disadvantages, have shown beyond dispute that, even in the metropolis, really comfortable, roomy, well-fitted dwellings for the poor might be provided in every quarter at such rents as labour can well afford to pay, and yield such return in dividends as capital may be well content to receive,—nothing being needed to supply this first and greatest of our social wants, except the simplest legislative facilities, and the commonest associated enterprise. Yet the truth still remains that in our agricultural districts a vast proportion of the working classes live in hovels where decency is difficult and comfort and self-respect impossible, and that in many of our towns, and most of all in the metropolis, the number of persons who herd together in habitations scarcely ventilated, drained imperfectly or not at all, with no water supply, and, in reference to the filth, indecency, and pestilential condition of which no language can be too unmeasured, must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands at the least. There is no question as to these facts, no question as to their extent, no question as to their remediability, and, therefore, no question as to the deep reproach they cast upon our civilisation, our public spirit, and our sense of shame. We do not say that they may not be paralleled elsewhere; we do not say that similar horrors may not be witnessed in Madrid, in Paris, in Naples, or in Rome; but in Teutonic and Scandinavian cities and countries we believe they do not exist; and assuredly it is not with the worst but with the best of our neighbours that English self-complacency can be satisfied to compare ourselves. We have no right to call ourselves as civilized a people as the Prussians, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Austrians, the Dutch, the Belgians, or the Swiss, while our toiling millions are not housed as comfortably and decently as theirs. We have no right to call ourselves civilized at all, in any sound and liberal meaning of that word, so long as the actual character of the average dwellings of our poorer classes falls so far short, not only of the ideal, but of the possible and the easily attainable.

We will say nothing here of that section of our people who are virtually out of the pale of civilisation, the 'City Arabs,' as they are appropriately termed, the 'dangerous' as distinguished from the actually 'criminal' classes; though that there should be any

considerable numbers of uncivilized people in a highly civilized community must be held as a blot and a reproach. But we pass over this to signalize a far wider evil and a far deeper blot, viz., the *average* condition of the agricultural labourer in England. The first may be regarded as in some measure exceptional; the second is permanent, general, and the rule, not the exception. None of the other unsound features and symptoms of our social state appears to us so shameful or so perilous as this. Here, again, wishing to avoid the faintest approach to exaggeration, and preferring to be dull and unimpressive in our delineation to encountering the charge of over-vivid colouring, we will speak with brevity and in measured language, and describe only what every one knows and will admit to be the truth. The cultivators of the soil constitute far the largest industrial body in Great Britain, as in fact they must do in almost every country; they are in a manner the nucleus, the nursery, the enduring substratum of the people,—the perennial sources which recruit our cities, our workshops, and our armies, the substance, the fountain, the backbone of the population. Now, is 'this bold peasantry our country's pride'? What is their habitual, average condition? We will leave aside a few districts like the Lothians and parts of Lincolnshire, where improved and scientific farming has raised, as it always must, the earnings, the intelligence, and the social well-being of the labourer, and also the parts where the vicinity of large towns and the competition of manufacturing industries have nearly doubled the old rate of wages, and we look at the purely rural counties and parishes of England and Wales. There—that is, through four-fifths of the land—the families of the agricultural labourers are usually large; the houses in which they live habitually scanty and inadequate, unless where some æsthetic or benevolent proprietor chooses to ornament the neighbourhood of his park or his mansion with exceptional cottages of a superior order; their children always partly, often wholly, untrained and uninstructed, because schooling is costly, difficult, wretched, or distant, but still more, because their slender earnings are needed at the earliest age to eke out the subsistence of the household; the wages of the head of the family, in five cases out of six, in ten months out of twelve, for four-fifths of his whole career, notoriously insufficient (even when, all perquisites and easements are taken into account) to maintain his wife and children in health, decency, comfort, or frugal plenty, and *a fortiori*, therefore, yet more insufficient to afford a possible provision for sickness or old age.

The utmost industry can only secure *average* wages ranging from nine to thirteen shillings a week, and the utmost frugality, even if that frugality were aided by a culinary skill and a housewifely cleverness which the peasant's helpmate has rarely a chance of acquiring, would be unequal to the achievement of making these poor earnings feed, clothe, and shelter five or six hungry creatures—or at all events of leaving any margin after doing so. It is true that the resident gentry (and perhaps still more the clergy, to the extent of their limited means) are usually very charitable to their poorer neighbours, and mitigate their sufferings, and supply their most urgent needs in special cases, and that the parish often steps in to alleviate the extreme of poverty, or the incapacities of infirmity and age; but what a condemnation of the whole system is it, when we are reduced to point with complacency, or in arrest of judgment, to such imperfect mitigations of an evil state of things which ought never to exist at all! When we have said, when we can say without the possibility of contradiction, that the average, the almost invariable, the settled hereditary condition of the English peasant is such that, even when industrious and sober, he can neither own his own residence, nor provide in frugal plenty the fitting necessities of life for those dependent on him, or lay by anything for an evil day, nor (except by eleemosynary aid) keep out of the workhouse in his old age, *nor rise out of his condition, nor enable his children to do so*; that (*nota bene*) he can do none of these things, whatever may be his steadiness, or willingness, or exertion; surely we have said enough to warrant the severest sentence of reprobation upon the State, or upon the ruling, guiding, enjoying classes of the State where such things are, and have long been, and are tolerated and passed over as normal and not unnatural. We do not say that such a chronic and universal mischief and grievance is easy of rectification; we do not even mean to say that we see a distinct or speedy way to mend it; but we do say that the bare fact of its existence ought to shut our mouths whenever we are inclined to look with eyes of Pharisaic comparison on other nations, and to cure us for ever of our inveterate tendency to self-complacency and self-laudation.

We have been in the habit of boasting, and with reason, of our unrivalled progress and our assumed supremacy in manufactures and the useful arts. By our commerce, our enterprise, our maritime skill, our industrial ingenuity, our practical science, we have succeeded in making our country, though small in area,

with a poor climate and in many parts a barren soil, the richest, and perhaps the most powerful in the world. With scarcely a single natural production, except coal and iron, we have collected and turned to use the natural productions of every other land. Our woven fabrics are the cheapest and the most wide-spread, our cutlery is (or was) incomparably the best, our machinery the most complicated and the finest, and our workmanship in nearly all departments superior to that of any other people. The exports of our manufactured articles are increasing year by year at a rate that is absolutely wonderful; in fact, it is by those exports that we live and maintain our position among nations. This is the proud and bright side of the picture. Now turn to the shameful and the dark side. What is the condition of the producers of all this wealth? What are the mutual relations of the capital and labour which combine to create those articles that all admire and need? Is our industry so organized as to yield the fullest return and the greatest benefit to those concerned, or do waste and mal-distribution meet us everywhere? Are the skilled labourers and those who direct their skill and labour in relations of paralysing hostility or of cordial co-operation? What, morally and socially, is the condition of the artisans whose energy and capacity have so long supplied the sinews of England's power and prosperity? Is their comfort as great, are their lives as worthy, as these should be? Is the state of matters on the whole one for which we can thank God, or one for which we ought to ask God's forgiveness?

In answering these questions, we have no intention of even cursorily going over the whole field of fact. We need only point to two or three features recently and still prominently before the public mind. We will not speak of the heathen brutality of our iron-workers, of the discomfort and bad health of our factory population, of the infant mortality among the artisans of our crowded cities, or generally of the unrecreated, if not unrewarded toil, which makes up almost their whole life. These have often been displayed before us, and some of them perhaps in exaggerated or discoloured forms. But the extent of our mismanagement and *failure*—for failure in the truest sense it is—may be in some degree measured by comparing the earnings of our best-paid workmen with the condition in which they live and the amount of enjoyment they get out of life. In many trades, in certain branches of the iron manufacture, in machine and cutlery shops, in portions of the cotton and linen trades, and in others which it would be easy to enumerate, the earnings of a clever artisan and his family,

range from 30s. up to £4 a week,—from £80 to £200 a year (and sometimes more),—that is, from the pay of a curate to that of a merchant's clerk, or a good *employé*. Yet, except that they have ample food and clothing, what a scanty amount of comfort and respectability do the mass of them get out of this rich remuneration! They cannot, like the agricultural labourer, plead inability to rise, to lay by stores against a rainy day or an idle day, to educate their children, or provide for their old age. They might easily do all these things; they do sometimes; they might become capitalists, they might purchase time to be wise, 'leisure to be good.' They might, in short, regulate and command their own life, might dignify and beautify it,—if they knew how, and desired those ends earnestly enough,—if they were sober, frugal, intelligent, and aspiring. Some do these things, but they are comparatively rare exceptions. The mass, as they find their earnings increase, spend their surplus in animal enjoyments, or in idle quarrels, or in actual debauchery, leave their work for a day or for a week as they may fancy, and devote this day or week of easily earned leisure, not to improvement, not to refreshment, but to drink.

Again, we have constantly the spectacle, we have had it recently, we have it now, of large numbers of our labouring classes out of work at one period of the year, because they will not accept the payment offered them, and at another because they cannot get employment on any terms; refusing four shillings a day with coarse insolence in harvest time,—begging with shameless hardihood as soon as the frosts of winter interrupt their usual avocations; living wastefully when work is plentiful and well-paid, and left with nothing to fall back upon when work is scarce; reckless and extravagant in good times, destitute and squalid in bad times, yet in receipt of aggregate earnings that would make, if husbanded, an ample average. We have seen, within a shorter period than two years, large bodies of cotton operatives agitating for scantier hours of labour, throwing themselves voluntarily out of work rather than take the liberal wages previously paid, and again supported by public subscriptions and local charity by the hundred thousands, and for months, because work failed them from a famine of the raw material of their industry. It is even asserted (and we believe it, though unable at this moment to find our authority for the statement) that at one end of the kingdom owners of coal-mines were asking in vain for miners to labour in their unworked or half-worked shafts, while at the other end numbers of miners were supported in idleness by their fellows, lest they should lower wages

by competing with them for employment. And last winter, after a period of commercial and industrial activity and prosperity, long and glowing without a precedent, during which labourers could scarcely be obtained in sufficient numbers, or remunerated half enough, the eastern quarters of the metropolis saw thousands of dockyard labourers and shipwrights absolutely destitute, and subsisting on charity or on the poor-rate, because trade, over-stimulated at one moment, had undergone a temporary reaction and collapse, and no provision had been made for the very probable contingency. In December the same men might have been seen asking, cap in hand, food and cast-off clothes from the same masters from whom, in June, they had surlily refused five shillings a day. Nay, if facts published at the time can be trusted, the ship-yards of the Thames, in the very midst of the distress, saw shipbuilders obliged to refuse contracts which would have enabled them to employ thousands of starving workmen, because the organizations among those workmen objected to a reduction of wages which might have established an inconvenient precedent. What credit do facts like those throw upon our national reputation for organizing and utilizing our industrial resources?

But these circumstances, little honourable as they are to our sense and skill as a self-governing community, are mere trifles in comparison with the facts now in process of revelation by the Trades-Union Commission. We spoke of this subject so lately, that we need only allude to it now. The menacing and disgraceful character of those revelations can scarcely be overdrawn. They show a disorganization of industrial elements amounting to internecine warfare, where co-operation is most needful, and would seem to be most natural; a persistent and suicidal effort on the part of skilled labourers to render labour not as remunerative but as unproductive as they can, and to clog and paralyse it by artificial fetters; an ignorance on the part of the masses of the simplest economic truths, and a cowardly supineness in the hands of their leaders, which, if not surprising, is at all events deplorable and dangerous; a folly, a tyranny, a brutal injustice exercised by workmen on each other, of which the occasional outbreaks into crime and murder are perhaps its least grave features; and finally, an abnegation of its functions of protecting life and liberty and repressing outrage and oppression, on the part of Government, which is nearly as imbecile and criminal as the conduct of the illegal tribunals at whose proceedings it has for years virtually connived. We doubt whether the operatives of any other country would have acted so wickedly or so insanely.

We are confident that the rulers of no other country would have tolerated such madness or such crime. Yet we fancy ourselves entitled to look down upon our neighbours and to lecture them.

Perhaps, however, even these things are less sad than the general impression which a wider observation and comparison of the poorer classes in England, and in other countries, force upon every impartial mind of the superior *respectability*, worth, nobleness, and *sense* of Continental peasant and artisan life. On this subject we cannot do better than say what we have to say in the words of a recent writer, who spoke out of the fulness of heart of what he saw around him:—

‘Certainly the first characteristic, the most marked point of difference from the state of things at home, which forces itself on the Continental traveller in Sweden, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, and the North of Italy—we say nothing of Spain and Russia, for they are not civilized, nor of France, for that country has social sores as deep and patent as our own—is the superiority of their poorer classes, both in comforts, in manners, and in the degree and mode in which they enjoy life. We know that they are not usually nearly so well paid as our labourers and artisans, but their wages go much further, their life is far more respectable, their homes less dismal and squalid, their temper milder and more cheerful. They may not toil quite as hard, quite as efficiently, quite as ceaselessly; but they do something else beside toil. Their ideal of existence is decidedly higher, and they approach nearer to it. Indeed, when we have said that they *have* an ideal, we have at once signalized one main cause and point of their superiority. They seem to know how to enjoy themselves, and they enjoy themselves in a way our poor do not. They drink, but they drink moderately and socially. The Swiss or German imbibes light wine or pure beer with his family and friends at a tea-garden. The English artisan or peasant of the same class either gulps down a fierce dram at a gin-shop or besots himself at an ale-house. Bulwer, in his *England and the English*, written a third of a century ago, relates that one day in Normandy he overheard a peasant excusing himself for not accepting the convivial invitation of a comrade by saying, “I have promised to take my wife and children to the guinguette, dear souls!” A week later he had crossed the Channel and was riding in Dorsetshire, when he heard a labourer calling out to a great hulking lad swinging on a gate-post, “Bill, thee look to the old sow. I be just a going to the Blue Lion to get rid of my missus and the brats—rot ‘em!” The contrasted phrases speak volumes, and the contrast really is scarcely an exaggerated one. If you hear a number of men singing in the streets or lanes of English towns and villages, especially of an evening, or in numbers, ten to one it is some drunken carol or some obscene chorus. In

Switzerland and Germany, and we believe in Sweden and Denmark too, the singing out of doors is ceaseless after the day’s work is done; and it is generally good, always decent, and most often sentimental or patriotic. The very amusements are different, and, what is even more characteristic, the corresponding amusements are carried on in a different fashion. Music and dancing are often introduced into English (especially city) public-houses and gin-palaces, but these music saloons are among their worst and most disreputable attractions. In most towns and villages in Teutonic countries you find large rooms fitted with rude orchestra alcoves, all furniture and accessories being of the humblest and simplest description, but the music is always of at least moderate excellence, and the behaviour and manners of the frequenters usually unexceptionable.

‘It is not easy to see why there should be this mortifying contrast. The race is not naturally nobler or cast in a more refined and gentle mould. The reverse indeed should be the case, for the English have the Teutonic substratum, and have mingled with it the two finest organizations in Europe—the Danish and the Norman. It does not appear to depend upon political institutions, for the same peculiarities are found in the eminently free Switzerland and Denmark, the eminently despotic Austria, and the eminently bureaucratic Prussia. It does not belong to religious influences, for it is equally observable in South Germany and the Tyrol, which are superstitiously Catholic; and in North Germany, which is rationalistically Protestant. Climate has something to do with it, but less than is generally supposed; for the winters of Germany are more inclement than our own. It is partly owing, no doubt, to the fact that in these Continental States communities have never, as with us, outgrown their governmental institutions, so as to have got from under the hold of State control or of upper class influence. The population has never got congregated into such utterly unwieldy masses as we find in England. There is somebody to look after everybody; and the degree in which the authorities do look after every one, which would fret Englishmen, and which we are prone to regard as a symptom of their want of individual liberty, has a great deal to do with the result we are signalizing. The general diffusion of education must be one main contributor no doubt. All do and must go to school, and the education given there has an aesthetic element mingled with it, which our schools lack, and the refining and softening effect of which is invaluable. Then this universal training, which, since it is universal, there is nothing in after life and in their daily *entourage* to undo (as there is in England), enables them at once to make moderate earnings go a long way, and to be satisfied with those simple and rational enjoyments which are compatible with very moderate means, if only the desires are moderate also; and which, in fact, need nothing but reasonable leisure and reasonable sense to be brought within the reach of every one. Many are very poor; but no degree of poverty seems to

preclude a relish for the great boon of existence, or to degenerate into wretchedness and squalor.

'There appears also in Germany—and this must be one of the great helps to that respectability of life among the poor of which we are speaking—to be an entire absence of that very lowest and most degraded class whom we call "City Arabs"—habitual paupers and the like. There is not only a smaller "criminal class," but apparently no rascally, villainous, utterly brutal and vicious class at all. The "dangerous classes" in Germany have never been suffered to grow up, to congregate, to come to a head as it were. The Governments have looked after their duties far too vigilantly for that. The State may have been often unenlightened, selfish, and repressive, but it has never so abnegated or forgotten its functions as we have done. Among all its errors, the error of *laissez faire* has been avoided, and what *laissez faire* has done for England and the English masses we are just beginning to be dimly conscious. On the whole, of the two opposite systems it can scarcely be said that ours, to judge by such results as we can measure, has been the most successful. The insular one has secured freedom, but has paid very dear for the blessing. The continental one may have cramped men's energies and repressed their individual capacities and wills; but at least it has something to show for its proceedings in the shape of diffused comfort and sense, simplicity, and respectability of existence. The "dismal illiberal life of Islington," the ruffianly life of Sheffield, and the brutal wallowing life of St. Giles's seem alike unknown in Central Europe; and it is this which makes it so resting and refreshing for an English philanthropist to travel there.'

But it is not the life of the lower classes only that is unsatisfactory and unworthy. That often, perhaps we may say habitually, led by the middle and upper ranks is not such as can be contemplated with complacency by any one who has a due conception of the purposes for which life was given or the fruits it may be made to yield. We are not referring here to actual wrong doing or to positive neglect of duties; we merely mean that life is neither used as it ought to be, nor enjoyed as it might be; that though, next to the Americans, the most striving people upon earth, yet for want of a fit standard of the objects worth striving for, half our efforts are wasted; that, for want of a rational understanding of what constitutes happiness, our lives are incomparably less happy than they ought to be, and than we have the means of making them. Life among the middle classes is a race, a hurry, and a toil—often a mad rush; the predominant feature is that of struggling to *get on*; every man is labouring to be rich, and to be rich quickly, not that he may have enough to enjoy, to earn rest, to moderate his pace, but that he may grow richer and richer still, and

rise into a higher social niche. No doubt this characteristic makes us the energetic and achieving people that we are; but it has its dark and indefensible side; it makes us dwell in means and forget ends, *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*; it gives us success, but success often in objects that neither embellish, nor endear, nor dignify existence, objects which we scarcely relish when acquired, and which, if we did relish, would rather sink than raise us in worthiness. Continental people *enjoy* while we are incessantly striving to *acquire*, and to acquire what often brings no peace and little pleasure. We spend all our years in gaining wealth, but we do not spend our wealth when gained so as to secure happiness; we neither repose, nor pause, nor stop in our pursuit; we have no *content* in us; we purchase spreading vines, and plant shady fig-trees, but we never sit under them to enjoy the shadow and the fruit at leisure.

With a great proportion of the upper classes the case is different, but even more unsatisfactory. They have ample wealth, but wealth with them only purchases luxury, and luxury does not bring them happiness. The requirements of society increase as affluence increases, till life becomes almost as difficult to the rich as to the poor. Thousands upon thousands of men and women in the higher circles (as all know too well who mix familiarly among them) are wretched because they have nothing to do and nothing to desire, and commit every folly and extravagance simply because life offers no object, and yields them no joy.

'I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine amid your lordly towers,
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is weary of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
Yet sickening of a vague disease.'

We do not complain of the one class because they toil for money, nor of the other because they squander it, but of both because they seem incapable of so using it as to make life enjoyable and bright. If they either devoted it to great aims or spent it in real pleasure, it would at least yield some appropriate fruit. As it is, Englishmen, while the wealthiest people in the world, are, with the exception of the Americans, the least happy or contented, and all through mistaken views and unchastened tempers.

The increasing luxury of the age, and luxury of an unworthy and unrewarding kind, is, as we all know, the trite theme of moralists, and we have no idea of repeating their teachings and reproaches. But before closing this paper, we wish to signalize one feature of our present social state, which, if it has not escaped attention among close ob-

servers, has, so far as we know, been little spoken of in print, which has deeper meaning and consequences than are at first view apparent, and which we believe is almost peculiar to Great Britain among European nations. It is closely connected with the luxury of which we have just been speaking. We refer to the increasing disuse of and disinclination to marriage among the upper and upper middle ranks. England has always been the country of old maids; it is becoming so more and more. In France, in Germany, on the Continent generally, nearly all women are married sooner or later, usually pretty soon; female celibacy (out of conventional life) is a rare exception;—in this country, in the higher ranks at least, it is growing alarmingly common.

Let us first look at a few facts and figures. As a general, almost universal rule, it is well known that while more males than females are born, more females are always living than males. At birth there is a preponderance of the male sex to the extent of three or four per cent., but boys die faster as well as men, so that towards the age of eighteen the sexes are about equal in number, and after that age women preponderate. The average excess of women would appear to be about 3 per cent.—*i. e.*, 103 women to every 100 men,—or, above the age of twenty, 5 or 6 per cent., say 105 women to every 100 men. This excess varies in different countries, and there is some reason to believe that it is gradually increasing.* Now, without going into any discussion on the point, we may assume that this proportion points to the ratio of women who, in a natural state of things, would remain unmarried, there being no mates for them, or they having no vocation for married life, or Providence having other duties for them to discharge. Some reasoners are of opinion that it may indicate a provision for limited polygamy. We are all well aware that some such moderate number of single women is greatly needed; we should get on ill indeed without them; they are often the most valuable and indispensable members of society. There are also, probably, about this proportion, say 4 or 5 per cent., who prefer celibacy from taste or temperament. But as a rule, it would seem as if all except this small excess were intended to marry, and as a rule also, we know that in

most countries they do, and that when social circumstances do not interfere they generally would, and on an average by the age of twenty-five years. Now, what is the case in England and Wales, to which, for the convenience of figures, we will confine our statement? * The excess of women, taken at 3 per cent., would be 300,000;—it is (*at home*) 513,000, or, allowing for soldiers and sailors abroad, 350,000. The excess of women over the age of twenty is 390,000. The excess between the ages of twenty and forty is 280,000. The *inevitable* number of spinsters of mature age would therefore be (say) from 300,000 to 400,000. The *actual* number is 1,230,000 between twenty and forty years of age, and 1,537,000 if we take all ages over twenty. That is to say, whereas, naturally, only about 400,000 women over twenty would be unmarried, as a fact 1,537,000 are so. Of all adult women 5 per cent. would naturally and voluntarily be spinsters; as a fact 27 per cent. are so. Of women of marrying ages,—*i. e.*, between twenty and forty,—58 per cent. are married, 39 per cent. are spinsters, and 3 per cent. are widows. Or, to place it in a succincter form still, three are married and two are single out of every five. The proportion varies much in different parts of the country. Thus, in London, 41 per cent. of the women of the specified ages are spinsters; in Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, an average of 45 per cent.; in Staffordshire and Monmouth only 30 per cent. In fact, the ratio ranges from about a third to nearly half.

Now, it is to be presumed that of the million and a half of adult women who are spinsters, upwards of a million, probably a million and a quarter, would have been married if they could; that is, if they had had offers, and eligible offers, if they had not had more pressing ties and obligations, if the men who proposed had been able to maintain them, or if they had not feared falling into a lower grade of comfort or society, or if, in some way or other, marriage were either not out of their reach, or had not to be bought too dear. In other words, the difference between the 4 or 5 per cent. who must remain in celibacy, and the 27 or 39 per cent. who do, is the *measure of our divergence from a thoroughly natural, sound, healthy, social condition*. We scarcely see how this inference can be evaded or invalidated.

But these figures do not give us accurately the full measure of the evil we are signaling;

* According to the figures given by the Registrar-General for Scotland in his report on the census of 1861, the proportion is as follows:—Sweden, 63 per cent.; Norway, 42; German Union, 23; Holland, 18; Spain, 15; France (1856), 19; do. 1860, 105; Denmark, 8; Prussia, 7. In America, as might be anticipated, there is an excess of men of about 5 per cent.

* The excess of women of all ages is in Scotland 11 per cent., and in Ireland 4½; of women between twenty and forty years of age, 23 per cent. in Scotland, and 9 per cent. in Ireland. Scotland is quite abnormal in this respect.

mere figures never can. An inordinate proportion of these involuntary and undesirable spinsters is to be found in the upper and upper middle ranks,—in what Basil Hall used to call the spending classes,—in what we are accustomed to regard as the ‘easy classes,’ and what would be the easy classes were our ideas rational and our life worthy. Putting aside domestic servants, the great majority of women in the lower classes do marry, and often marry early. The same may be said of the lower middle class. Men in both these ranks *want* wives, find them in many respects a help rather than a burden, and have no substitute for them. It is when we reach those who have fixed incomes, who have ‘appearances to keep up’ on moderate means, who do not see any way of rising, and yet are anxious not to sink; and still more when we go higher, and come to those who live among the rich without being rich themselves, who possess what to a country clergyman would be a welcome competence, but to a swell guardsman, or a scion of a noble family, or a ‘younger son,’ is a bare pittance, who would despise trade, and have no brains or industry for a profession; in a word, who have enough for a luxurious life, if single, but only for a pinched, or at least for a retired and humble life, if married; it is these who avoid marriage, and who condemn the women of society to celibacy. No one who knows anything of the ranks of which we speak can fail to see that marriage for at least half, perhaps a majority of their women, is becoming rather an improbability than otherwise; but only those who see into the interior life of those ranks can be fully aware of all the misery, the deterioration of character, the loss of health, the bitterness of feeling, to say nothing of actual vice and sin, which spring out of or are connected with this unnatural state of things. It is a positive and a growing social gangrene, which is eating very deep into the heart of the nation, and the various symptoms of the malady react upon and aggravate each other. It is unnatural; and nature always avenges herself for any departure from her instincts and her rules. It is of no use blinking the facts: celibacy is as abnormal a condition for women as for men. Leaving out of view the exceptionally intellectual, the exceptionally spiritual, the exceptionally occupied—those who are nuns and *sœurs de charité* spontaneously and by inherent vocation—marriage is the natural and normal state for women, for many at eighteen, for all before five-and-twenty;—those who embrace single life from sincere, deliberate, native *preference*, will always, in a healthy condition of society, be comparatively few. Those on whom it is forced

by the selfishness and self-indulgence of men, by their own love of luxury and show, by the fancied requirements and the iron tyranny of their own circles, by the inveterate habit of grasping at the shadow and not at the substance, are deplorably many. The mischievous operation of this enforced celibacy is multifarious; we can only glance at a few of its manifestations; some of them it is even difficult to hint at. We need not say much of its effect on health and temper; the victims themselves know a little of this; mothers know or guess at something more; physicians only are or can be fully conscious of the depth or prevalence of the mischief. Next to this comes the *désœuvrement* that makes the life of girls in the upper ranks, after the first glow of youth is past, so profoundly uninteresting; *they have nothing to do*; pleasure has begun to pall; no distinct duties press upon them; amusements and social recreations and shallow accomplishments are the nearest approach to duties or *functions* they have never known. Having no husband or children, the thousand little cares and toils that fill up and bless and harass the lives of others are lost to them; dawdling over painting or music or books don’t answer the purpose; they have no employment for the rolling hours, and are weary of them; they vainly try to find occupation or to make it; and to our fancy the sun in his wide circuit scarcely shines down upon a sadder or more touching spectacle than that of a crowd of beautiful lay nuns turning charitable or missionary or ritualistic because debarred from the natural vent for their emotions and capacities. Half the ritualism, as well as half the ‘fastness’ which infest our high class life, is nothing but a form and an outbreak of unconscious or suppressed hysteria. But this is not all; most of the fierceness with which pleasure is pursued by women of rank and fashion, most of the costly excess in ornament and dress, is traceable to the same source. Children and domestic life—if *children and domestic life were the almost invariable rule, and could therefore give the tone and lay down the law*—would soon tame down all that wild extravagance. Pleasure is sought because life must have some interest to render it endurable; and pleasure grows morbid, eccentric, and meretricious, because its ordinary forms soon cease to please. Pleasure, too, can afford to be expensive, because the pleasure-seekers have no babies to nurse or to provide for. There is worse still behind; women, because marriage is so often unattainable, do not seek it or desire it less for that; on the contrary, for desirable or desired connexions they are willing to make the most stupendous sacri-

fices and exertions; the more shy the deer the greater the skill and courage necessary for the stalking; to please and to win, things are done and manners are assumed which ought not to please any man or to win any prize; and the *monde* is seen to imitate and trench upon the *demi-monde* in the hope of rivalling its attractions and enticing back the victims it has lured away. Nay, we have been assured by those who have good means of knowing the facts, that even the above enumeration does not exhaust the entire catalogue of mischiefs and insurgencies arising out of the evil we have signalized. This is a matter which it is not easy to speak of, and which it is impossible to prove; but we believe it is so, and we should be astonished were it otherwise.

Now, whence, in the last resort, does all this spring? No necessity can be pleaded for it, and therefore no excuse. It is not more difficult to live than formerly, but less so. Population has increased, but wealth has increased far faster. Production has increased at a greater ratio than our numbers; and the production of nearly every article of comfort or necessity. It is that luxury has increased in the greatest ratio of all; that our wants—our *requisitions*, not our *needs*—have increased faster than our means. It is not that the same income, which in the last generation enabled a man to maintain a wife and children, in the present generation will enable him only to maintain himself; and this, *nota bene*, not because the prices of the real necessities of life have risen—for often where they have risen, the rise is due to the very mischief we are signalizing (our wasteful extravagance of life)—but because he insists on having more of them; because he drinks champagne now where he drank port then; because he keeps a powdered flunkey where his father was content with ‘a neat-handed Phillis,’ and was incomparably more comfortable with her; because he will keep a cab and be a member of one or two luxurious clubs. No common income will enable a man to burn a candle at both ends, to keep horses and carriages and a *wife as well*, to indulge in all the luxuries and amenities of the most gilded civilisation in the world, and in the sweeter and deeper joys of domestic life into the bargain; and the young men of this generation, the *jeunesse dorée* of the day—with their puny passions, their languid affections, and their feeble wills—deliberately prefer to forego the wife, for whom they can find a passable substitute, rather than surrender the smooth, self-indulgent, unanxious, amused existence, the unworthiness of which they have no brain to recognise, and the hollowness of which they have no heart to feel.

The fault lies with the men. The women are to blame, but men are incomparably more so, for it is they who do, or might give the tone on all social matters. Thousands of women would prefer love to splendour,—a bare competence, even a struggling poverty, with children, to the most luxurious life without,—if men had the courage to offer them the choice. But the force and romance of passion seems so to have died out among our higher circles, the love of this generation of young men is so languid and feeble a preference, that they will dare and sacrifice nothing for it; still less embrace a life of toil for it. They engage the affections of young girls, or find them within their reach, and then sheer off, and (as they call it) ‘save themselves,’ because they find they will have only seven or eight hundred a year to live upon, and ‘that, you know, my dear, is squalid poverty.’ They prefer a vicious and heartless youth, and a joyless and loveless old age, because they have no nerve to work, and no fortitude to forego; or because they have no true conception of what are the essential realities, and what the mere accidents and appendages of life. There is yet another and more conclusive reason why men must take the lion’s share of the blame. They will not marry, but they do not lead a life of celibacy; it is notorious that they do not. If their choice lay, as that of women in their rank ordinarily does, between chastity and marriage, there is no question that they would choose marriage, though they would enforce chastity on women. But they provide themselves with the physical indulgences of love at what they consider a cheaper rate; and as for the sentiment and the affection of love, they value those too little to be willing to pay the necessary price. They can afford themselves a mistress, but not a wife; at least they fancy so, though sometimes the mistress turns out in the end the costlier luxury of the two. But they obtain the one without the daily *gêne*, and without the life-long lie, and without the *possible* sacrifice of social position and accustomed self-indulgent luxury, and therein lies the secret of the ignoble preference.

We have no wish to *preach*; no writer accountable to God for the use of his time would preach on such a subject to such an audience. We have no idea of calling upon the luxurious classes of society to give up the pursuit of ease because it is unworthy, or the practice of pleasure because it is vicious. But if all would merely forego those luxuries which bring them no enjoyment, and that splendour which yields no real comfort, and that indolence which renders life a burden sometimes very weary to bear; if they

would cut down those large establishments which they constantly complain are a trouble and embarrassment, and not a facility to life; if they would abandon those heavy feasts which entail disease and dyspepsia in place of health and strength; if they would give up the ponderous and fatiguing magnificence which makes the *monde* so dull, and sends so many of its votaries to the *demi-monde* for relaxation; if, in short, they would limit their expenditure to that which really adds to their enjoyment, without retrenching a single article that gives them a balance of pleasure, the battle would be nearly won. We do not ask them to cultivate simplicity of life, though thousands of the rich and great sigh after that wisely, but feebly, and therefore in vain; but if they would cut off all those superfluities and complications which neither oil the wheels of life, nor embellish, nor enrich it,—which, in a word, they do not relish or enjoy; let every one follow out the calculation and see where it would land him. Fewer servants, and those that were retained in consequence far cheaper, more efficient, more willing, and valuing their places more; in fact real helps instead of lazy and powdered encumbrances. Fewer horses and carriages, less state to keep up, *i.e.*, less *gêne* to endure. Banquets shorter, wholesomer, less costly, and incomparably livelier and more agreeable; society far easier, simpler, more attractive. Prices of nearly everything lower, tradesmen more honest, because better looked after, if perhaps a trifle less obsequious. Life less monotonous and wearisome. Larger allowances to younger sons, larger dowries to marry daughters; marriage brought within the reach of thousands now really or in fancy debarred from it; substitutes for marriage in consequence less common, and by degrees considered less reputable. Incomes now held to be insufficient, becoming adequate and ample; a host of carking and degrading anxieties falling away from the liberated soul of man. How few noble and wealthy families might not cut down their expenditure thirty per cent., and be the happier for the saving! and what a change would come over the whole face of 'society,' if this were done! If something of this kind be not done, the higher classes will grow weaker and less energetic—less *living* and less worthy to live—as those beneath grow stronger and more powerful, and society will be recruited from below instead of being influenced from above. And if some change of this sort be not wrought, there will be small reason to regret the inevitable issue.*

Burke said, nearly a century ago, that he could not draw up an indictment against a whole nation. We, it will be thought, have

wordy but most curious and suggestive book, *New America*, depicts analogous social evils to some of those alluded to in the text, as existing in the United States in even an aggravated form, and as springing there from a disproportion of the sexes in exactly the opposite direction to that which prevails here. According to him the aggregate excess of *white* women there is 730,000; only eight of the States show an equality of the sexes in number. In some of the more newly settled territories the disproportion is frightful, there being often three or four men to one woman. We scarcely know to what extent his general and more unstatistical statements can be accepted as unreservedly accurate and trustworthy, but all who wish either to get to the heart of this intricate and painful subject, or to gain an adequate conception *how* intricate and grave it is, should read the second volume of his work with care, especially chapters iii.-xxv. He declares that in New York, and in other cities of the Union, the very same reckless profligacy—only in a more outrageous and extreme form—which here has been considered to be caused or promoted by the great redundancy and consequent poverty and helplessness and enforced celibacy of women, is there traceable to the redundancy of the other sex (ii. pp. 28-31). He affirms further (ii. pp. 265-272), that the ladies of the Eastern and more polished States, both New England and New York, though they habitually marry and have a choice in marriage rarely vouchsafed to their European sisters, object to becoming mothers, and are in a sort of tacit (not always tacit) conspiracy to limit the number of their children; and that to such an extent is this carried, and so obvious are already its effects, that the native-born population is diminishing, and Irish and Germans bid fair to be the chief progenitors of the future citizens of the United States. We have no means of knowing how much of truth, and how much of exaggeration, there may be in this statement. We believe, however, that confirmatory statistics might be appealed to; and we remember meeting with an assertion (by an American writer), quoted some years since in Captain Marryatt's *Diary on America* (iii. p. 177), corroborative of some of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's assertions. Mr. Dixon traces, with much apparent reason, to this scarcity of women in the United States, not only the commanding position they assert and hold, but the wild vagaries into which they often run; their agitation for 'women's rights'; their new and daring social and sexual experiments, such as Mormonism, Shakerism, Free-Love, and the like; their eccentricities in dress and customs; their demand for professional equality (or *promiscuity*, if we may so call it) with men; the rational desire of many to amend the laws relating to the marriage-tie; the irrational notion of others that it may be superseded altogether, or some substitute or supplement contrived for it. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in these remarkable chapters, has opened a great question, but has not fathomed it. Indeed, how could he, in a work expressly designed for a wide and miscellaneous circulation?

It must, however, be noticed, in qualification of his argument, that in all the New England States (except two) where these female vagaries most break out, there is an *excess* of women, as also in New York, where vulgar profligacy is said to be most rife.

* Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his astonishingly

done so, and the nation is our own; and on every count in the indictment a verdict of guilty must be recorded. If we have denounced much, we have passed over even more. We have not said a word of Army and Navy mismanagement, of the mal-administration and incapacity which, especially in the former case, wastes so much money, sacrifices so many lives, blunders over so many enterprises, fails in so many efforts, incurs so much ridicule and reproach, and does all this annually, repeatedly, perennially, with impunity and apparently without shame. We have not even touched upon the wide and disgusting field of workhouse abuses, of the brutality of officials, the cold, vulgar, parsimonious cruelty of guardians, the languid apathy and frequent inefficiency of the central inspection. We have been silent upon the false delicacy and wretched affectation which insists upon shutting its eyes to some of the most eating cancers that prey upon the public morals and the public health, while they spread and deepen and grow inveterate under our fostering neglect. We have passed over the prevalent vice of drunkenness, which is known to lie at the root of half the misery, and more than half the crime of the lower classes, and which yet we do so much to encourage, and so little to check. We have not even alluded to our frivolous literature, our feeble and divided Churches playing feebly with the greatest problems of the age or shirking them like cowards, our sham religion and our fierce impiety, the false gods we follow after, the miserable creeds we impose on others and half fancy we believe ourselves. But we have enumerated evils, wrongs, and grievances enough to give work to our legislators,

moralists, and philanthropists for long years to come, and one would hope to cure us for ever of our incredible propensity to self-acquittal and self-glorification. *Pavoneggiosi*, as the Italians picturesquely express it, ought to be our national vice no longer. We have seen that our boasted purity in the administration of justice succeeds neither in righting wrong, nor in deciding disputes, nor in repressing crime, nor in protecting property and life; that we neither educate our people, nor house our poor, nor drain our streets, nor govern our cities with even ordinary decency or skill; that our vast associated enterprises are as gigantic in their blunders and their failures as in their aims, and are not free from a terrible stain of immorality; that our most brilliant national industries display a grievous lack of that organization and internal harmony, without which nothing can flourish long; that the largest section of our working class is the most hopeless in its condition and its prospects, the most helpless and the least helped; that, in a word, the habitual life of both upper and lower ranks is in its truest essence neither happy, respectable, nor worthy; and that society, in what may be termed the easy and leisure classes, is deeply tainted with a new and growing evil, of which no eye can measure the full mischief or trace the ultimate ramifications. In short, while careful to avoid not merely any statement that could be questioned, but any delineation of unquestioned facts which could be charged with over-colouring or exaggeration, we have drawn a picture of a nation unsound in many of its most vital parts, yet almost unconscious of its diseases, and even proud of its fancied health.

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